

THE WORKES OF Beniamin Jonson

— neque, me vt miretur turba, laboro:
Contentus paucis lectoribus.

LONDON
printed by W. Stansby, and are to be Sould by Rich. Meighen.

Anno D. 1616.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



The Catalogue.

Euery Man in his Humor,	To Mr. Cambden.
Euery Man out of his Humor,	To the Innes of Covrt.
Cynthias Reuells,	To the Covrt.
Poëtaster,	To Mr. Rich. Martin.
Seianus,	To Esme Lo. Aubigny.
The Foxe,	To the Vniversities.
The silent Woman,	To Sir Fran. Stvart.
The Alchemist,	To the Lady Wroth.
Catiline,	To the Earle of Pembrok.
Epigrammes,	To the same.

The Forrest,
Entertaynments,
Panegyre,
Masques,
Barriers.

Ad

V. CL.

BEN. IONSONIVM,

Carmen protrepticon.

Raptam Thrëicŷ lyram Neanthus
Pulſet; carmina circulis Palæmon
Scribat; qui manibus facit Deabus
Illotis, metuat Probum. Placere
Te doctis iuuat auribus, placere
Te raris iuuat auribus. Camænas
Cùm totus legerem tuas (camænæ
Nam totum rogitant tuæ, nec vllam
Qui pigrè trahat oſcitationem,
Lectorem) & Numeros, Acumen, Artem,
Mirum Iudicium, quod ipſe cenſor,
Ionſoni, nimiùm licèt malignus,
Si doctus ſimùl, exigat, viderem,
Sermonem & nitidum, Facetiáſq;
Dignas Mercurio, nouáſq; Gnomas
Morum ſed veterum, tuiq; iuris
Quicquid Dramaticum tui legebam,
Tam ſemper fore, támq; te loquutum,
Vt nec Lemnia notior ſigillo
Tellus, nec maculâ ſacrandus Apis,
Non ceſto Venus, aut comis Apollo,
Quàm Musâ fueris ſciente notus,
Quàm Musâ fueris tuâ notatus,
Illâ, quæ vnica, ſydus vt refulgens,
Strictturas, ſuperat comis, Minorum:
In mentem ſubijt Stolonis illud,
Lingua Pieridas fuiſſe Plauti
Vſuras, Ciceronis atq; dictum,
Saturno genitum phraſi Platonis,
Muſæ ſi Latio, Iouiſq; Athenis
Dixißent. Fore iam ſed hunc & illas
JonſonI numeros puto loquutos,

Anglis

Anglis si fuerint vtriq; fati.
Tam, mi, tu sophiam doces amænè,
Sparsim támq; sophos amæna sternis!
Sed, tot delicias, minùs placebat,
Sparsis distraherent tot in libellis
Cerdoi caculæ. Volumen vnum,
Quod seri Britonum terant nepotes,
Optabam, & thyasus chorúsq; amantum
Musas hoc cupiunt, tui laborum
Et quicquid reliquùm est, adhuc tuísq;
Seruatum pluteis. Tibi at videmur
Non tàm quærere quàm parare nobis
Laudem, dum volumus palàm merentis
Tot laurus cupidi reposta scripta;
Dum secernere te tuásq; Musas
Audemus numero vngulæ liquorem
Gustante, vt veteres nouem sorores
Et sirenibus & solent cicadis;
Dum & secernere posse te videmur,
Efflictim petimus nouúmq; librum,
Qui nullo sacer haùt petatur æuo,
Qui nullo sacer exolescat æuo,
Qui curis niteat tuis secundis;
Vt nos scire aliquid simùl putetur.
Atqui hoc mactè sies, velútq; calpar,
Quod dijs inferium, tibi sacremus,
Vt nobis benè sit, tuámq; frontem
Perfundant ederæ recentiores
Et splendor nouus. Inuident coronam
Hanc tantam patriæ tibiq; (quantà
Æternùm à merito tuo superbum
Anglorum genus esse possit olìm)
Tantùm qui penitùs volunt amænas
Sublatas literas, timéntue lucem
Jonsonl nimiam tenebriones.

I. Selden I. C.

TO BEN. IONSON,
on his workes.

MAy I ſubſcribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whoſe frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the ſky?
Yes. Since the moſt cenſures, beleeues, and faith
By an implicit faith:
Leaſt their miſſortune make them chance amiſſe,
I'le waft them right by this.
Of all I know thou onely art the man
That dares but what he can:
Yet by performance ſhowes he can do more
Then hath bene done before,
Or will be after. (ſuch aſſurance giues
Perfection where it liues.)
Words ſpeake thy matter; matter fills thy words;
And choyce that grace affords
That both are beſt: and both moſt fitly plac't,
Are with new VENVS grac't
From artfull method. all in this point meet,
With good to mingle ſweet.
Theſe are thy lower parts. what ſtands aboue
Who ſees not yet muſt loue,
When on the Baſe he reads BEN. IONSONS name,
And heares the reſt from Fame.
This from my loue of truth: which payes this due
To your iuſt worth, not you.

Ed. Heyward.

VPON SEIANVS.

SO brings the wealth-contracting ieweller
Pearles and deare ſtones, from richeſt ſhores and ſtreames,
As thy accompliſht trauaile doth conferr
From skill-inriched ſoules, their wealthyer gems;

So

So doth his hand enchase in ammeld gold,
Cut, and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
His solid flames, as thine hath here inrold
In more then golden verse, those better'd spirits;
So he entreasures Princes cabinets,
As thy wealth will their wished libraries;
So, on the throate of the rude sea, he sets
His ventrous foot, for his illustrous prise;
And through wild desarts, arm'd with wilder beasts,
As thou adventur'st on the multitude,
Vpon the boggie, and engulfed brests
Of hyrelings, sworne to find most right, most rude:
And he, in stormes at sea, doth not endure,
Nor in vast desarts, amongst wolues, more danger;
Then we, that would with vertue line secure,
Sustayne for her in every vices anger.
Nor is this Allegorie vniustly rackt,
To this strange length: Onely, that iewells are,
In estimation meerely, so exalt:
And thy worke, in it selfe, is deare and rare.
Wherein MINERVA had beene vanquished,
Had shee, by it, her sacred loomes aduanc't,
And through thy subiect woven her graphicke thred,
Contending therein, to be more entranc't;
For, though thy hand was scarce addrest to draw
The semi-circle of SEIANVS life,
Thy Muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law
To all State lines: and bounds ambition's strife.
And as a little brooke creepes from his spring,
With shallow tremblings, through the lowest vales,
As if he fear'd his streame abroad to bring,
Least prophane feet should wrong it, and rude gales;
But finding happy channels, and supplyes
Of other foords mixe with his modest course,
He growes a goodly riuer, and descryes
The strength, that man'd him, since he left his source;
Then takes he in delightsome meades, and groues,
And, with his two-edg'd waters, flourishes
Before great palaces, and all mens loues
Build by his shores, to greet his passages:
So thy chaste Muse, by vertuous selfe-mistrust,
Which is a true marke of the truest merit;
In virgin feare of mens illiterate lust,
Shut her soft wings, and durst not shew her spirit;
Till, nobly cherisht, now thou let'st her flie,
Singing the sable orgies of the Muses,
And in the highest pitch of tragœdie,
Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
Besides, thy Poëme hath this due respect,
That it lets passe nothing, without obseruing,

Worthie

TO BEN. IONSON,
on his workes.

MAy I ſubſcribe a name? dares my bold quill
Write that or good or ill,
Whoſe frame is of that height, that, to mine eye,
Its head is in the sky?
Yes. Since the moſt cenſures, beleeues, and ſaith
By an implicit faith:
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Mak'st her command, all things thy ground produces.
Besides, thy Poëme *hath this due respect,*
That it lets passe nothing, without obseruing,

Worthie

Worthie inſtruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renowme the well deſeruing:
Performing ſuch a liuely euidence
In thy narrations, that thy hearers ſtill
Thou turn'ſt to thy ſpectators; and the ſenſe
That thy ſpectators haue of good or ill,
Thou iniect'ſt ioyntly to thy readers ſoules.
So deare is held, ſo deckt thy numerous taske,
As thou putt'ſt handles to the Theſpian *boules,*
Or ſtuck'ſt rich plumes in the Palladian *caske.*
All thy worth, yet, thy ſelfe muſt patroniſe,
By quaffing more of the Caſtalian *head;*
In expiſcation of whoſe myſteries,
Our nets muſt ſtill be clogd, with heauie lead,
To make them ſinke, and catch: For cheare full gold
Was neuer found in the Pierian *ſtreames,*
But wants, and ſcornes, and ſhames for ſiluer ſold.
What? what ſhall we elect in theſe extreames?
Now by the ſhafts of the great CYRRHAN *Poet,*
That beare all light, that is, about the world;
I would haue all dull Poet-haters *knowit,*
They ſhall be ſoule-bound, and in darkneſſe hurld,
A thouſand yeares (as Sathan *was, their ſyre)*
Ere any, worthie the poetique *name,*
(Might I, that warme but at the Muſes *fire,*
Preſume to guard it) ſhould let deathleſſe Fame
Light halfe a beame of all her hundred eyes,
At his dimme taper, in their memories.
Flie, flie, you are too neere; ſo, odorous flowers
Being held too neere the ſenſor of our ſenſe,
Render not pure, nor ſo ſincere their powers,
As being held a little diſtance thence.
O could the world but feele how ſweet a touch
The Knowledge hath, which is in loue with goodneſſe,
(If Poeſie *were not rauiſhed ſo much,*
And her compoſ'de rage, held the ſimpleſt woodneſſe,
Though of all heats, that temper humane braines,
Hers euer was moſt ſubtle, high, and holy,
Firſt binding ſauage liues, in ciuile chaines:
Solely religious, and adored ſolely,
If men felt this) they would not thinke a loue,
That giues it ſelfe, in her, did vanities giue;
Who is (in earth, though low) in worth aboue,
Moſt able t'honour life, though leaſt to liue.
And ſo good Friend, *ſafe paſſage to thy freight,*
To thee a long peace, through a vertuous ſtriſe,
In which, lets both contend to vertues *height,*
Not making fame *our obiect, but* good life.

GEOR. CHAPMAN.

To his worthy friend, the Author,

H. HOLLAND.

IN that, this booke doth deigne SEIANVS name,
Him vnto more, then CAESARS loue, it brings:
For, where he could not with ambition's wings,
One quill doth heaue him to the height of fame.
Yee great-ones though (whose ends may be the same)
Know, that, how euer we doe flatter kings,
Their fauours (like themselues) are fading things,
With no lesse enuie had, then lost with shame.
Nor make your selues lesse honest then you are,
To make our author wiser then he is:
Ne of such crimes accuse him, which I dare
By all his *Muses* sweare, be none of his.
The men are not, some faults may be these times:
He acts those men, and they did act these crimes.

Amicissimo, & meritissimo BEN: IONSON.

QVod arte ausus es hic tuâ, Poeta,
Si auderent hominum Deiq; iuris
Consulti, veteres sequi æmulariq;
O omnes saperemus ad salutem.
His sed sunt veteres araneosi;
Tam nemo veterum est sequutor, vt tu
Illos quòd sequeris nouator audis.
Fac tamen quod agis; tuiq; primâ
Libri canitie induantur horâ:
Nam chartis puerilia est neganda,
Nascuntúrq; senes, oportet, illis
Libri, queis dare vis perennitatem.
Priscis, ingenium facit, laborq;
Te parem; hos superes, vt & futuros,
Ex nostrâ vitiositate sumas,
Quâ priscos superamus, & futuros.

I. D.

AD VTRAMQVE ACADEMIAM,

DE BENIAMIN IONSONIO.

HIc ille est primus, qui doctum drama Britannis,
Graiorum *antiqua, &* Latij *monimenta Theatri,*
Tanquam explorator *versans, fælicibus ausis*
Prebebit: Magnis cœptis Gemina astra *fauete.*
Alterutrâ veteres contenti laude: Cothurnum *hic,*
Atq; pari soccum *tractat* Sol scenicus *arte;*
Das VOLPONE *iocos, fletus* SEIANE *dedisti.*
At si IONSONIAS *mulctatas limite* Musas
Angustâ plangent quiquam: Vos, dicite, contrà,
O nimiùm miseros quibus ANGLIS ANGLICA *lingua*
Aut non sat nota est; aut queis (seu trans mare natis)
Haud nota omnino: Vegetet cum tempore Vates,
Mutabit patriam, fietq; ipse ANGLVS APOLLO.

E. BOLTON.

Vpon his Foxe.

To my deare friend, M. Ben: Ionson.

If it might ſtand with iuſtice, to allow
The ſwift conuerſion of all follies; now,
Such is my mercy, *that I could admit*
All ſorts ſhould equally approue the wit
Of this thy euen worke: whoſe growing fame
Shall raiſe thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners, and my loue command
Me to forbeare to make thoſe vnderſtand,
Whom thou, perhaps, haſt in thy wiſer doome
Long ſince, firmely reſolu'd, ſhall neuer come
To know more then they doe; I would haue ſhowne
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Haſt taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, deliuer'd, with the grace
Of comick *ſtile, which only, is farre more,*
Then any Engliſh *ſtage hath knowne before.*
But, ſince our ſubtle gallants thinke it good
To like of nought, that may be vnderſtood,
Leſt they ſhould be diſproud; or haue, at beſt,
Stomacks ſo raw, that nothing can digeſt
But what's obſcene, or barkes: Let vs deſire
They may continue, ſimply, to admire (age,
Fine clothes, *and ſtrange* words; *& may line, in*
To ſee themſelues ill-brought vpon the ſtage,
And like it. Whilſt thy bold, and knowing Muſe
Contemnes all praiſe, but ſuch as thou wouldſt chuſe

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

VPON THE SILENT WOMAN.

Heare you bad writers, and though you not ſee,
I will informe you where you happy bee:
Prouide the moſt malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all againſt ſome priuate man,
To bring him, not his vices, on the ſtage;
Your enuie ſhall be clad in ſo poore rage,
And your expreſſing of him ſhall be ſuch,
That he himſelfe ſhall thinke he hath no touch.
Where he that ſtrongly writes, although he meane
To ſcourge but vices in a labour'd ſcene,
Yet ptiuate faults ſhall be ſo well expreſt
As men doe act 'hem, that each priuate breſt,
That findes theſe errors in it ſelfe, ſhall ſay,
He meant me, not my vices, in the play.

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

Vpon his Catiline.

To my friend M. Ben: Ionson.

If thou had'ſt itch'd after the wild applauſe
Of common people, and had'ſt made thy lawes
In writing, ſuch, as catch'd at preſent voice,
I ſhould commend the thing, but not thy choiſe.
But thou haſt ſquar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art, three ages yet, from vnderſtood:
And (I dare ſay) in it, there lyes much wit
Loſt, till thy readers can grow vp to it.
Which they can ne're out-grow, to find it ill,
But muſt fall backe againe, or like it ſtill.

FRANC. BEAVMONT.

Euery MAN IN HIS HVMOVR.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1598. By the then Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

The Author B. I.

IVVEN.

Haud tamen inuideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

MANIS

HYMOVR

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOR'D FRIEND,

Mr. Cambden.

SIR,

THere are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an iniurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to vse the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, or the Professors: But, my gratitude must not leaue to correct their error; since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits confer'd vpon my youth, to perish with my age. It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the fauour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could haue brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first. Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to haue beene the instructer: And, for the profession of my thanke-fulnesse, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse.

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

KNO'WELL, *An old Gentleman.*

ED. KNO'WELL, *His Sonne.*

BRAYNE-WORME, *The Fathers man.*

Mr. STEPHEN, *A countrey Gull.*

DOWNE-RIGHT, *A plaine Squier.*

WELL-BRED, *His halfe Brother.*

IVST. CLEMENT, *An old merry Magistrat.*

ROGER FORMALL, *His Clarke.*

KITELY, *A Merchant.*

DAME KITELY, *His Wife.*

Mrs. BRIDGET, *His Sister.*

Mr. MATTHEW, *The towne-gull.*

CASH, KITELIES *Man.*

COB, *A Water-bearer.*

TIB, *His Wife.*

CAP. BOBADILL, *A Paules-man.*

THE SCENE

LONDON.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HVMOVR.

PROLOGVE.

THough neede make many *Poets*, and some such
As art, and nature haue not betterd much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so lou'd the stage
As he dare serue th'ill customes of the age:
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himselfe must iustly hate.
To make a child, now swadled, to proceede
Man, and then shoote vp, in one beard, and weede,
Past threescore yeeres: or, with three rustie swords,
And helpe of some few foot-and-halfe-foote words,
Fight ouer *Yorke*, and *Lancasters* long iarres:
And in the tyring-house bring wounds, to scarres.
He rather prayes, you will be pleas'd to see
One such, to day as other playes should be;
Where neither *Chorus* wafts you ore the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes downe, the boyes to please;
Nor nimble squibbe is seene, to make afear'd
The gentlewomen; nor roul'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drumme
Rumbles, to tell you when the storme doth come;
But deedes, and language, such as men doe vse:
And persons, such as *Comœdie* would chuse,
When she would shew an Image of the times,
And sport with humane follies, not with crimes.

Except, we make 'hem ſuch by louing ſtill
Our popular errors, when we know th'are ill.
I meane ſuch errors, as you'll all confeſſe
By laughing at them, they deſerue no leſſe:
Which when you heartily doe, there's hope left, then,
You, that haue ſo grac'd monſters, may like men.

Act I. *Scene* I.

KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, Mr STEPHEN.

A Goodly day toward! and a freſh morning! BRAYNE-WORME,
Call vp your yong maſter: bid him riſe, ſir.
Tell him, I haue ſome buſineſſe to employ him.
BRA. I will ſir, preſently. KNO. But heare you, ſirah,
If he be at his booke, diſturbe him not. BRA. Well ſir.
KNO. How happie, yet, ſhould I eſteeme my ſelfe
Could I (by any practiſe) weane the boy
From one vaine courſe of ſtudie, he affects.
He is a ſcholler, if a man may truſt
The liberall voice of fame, in her report
Of good accompt, in both our *vniuerſities*,
Either of which hath fauour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence, muſt not ſpring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot erre.
My ſelfe was once a ſtudent; and, indeed,
Fed with the ſelfe-ſame humour, he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle *poetrie*,
That fruitleſſe, and vnprofitable art,
Good vnto none, but leaſt to the profeſſors,
Which, then, I thought the miſtreſſe of all knowledge:
But ſince, time, and the truth haue wak'd my iudgement,
And reaſon taught me better to diſtinguiſh,
The vaine, from th'vſefull learnings. Coſſin STEPHEN!
What newes with you, that you are here ſo early?
STE. Nothing, but eene come to ſee how you doe, vncle.
KNO. That's kindly done, you are wel-come, couſſe.
STE. I, I know that ſir, I would not ha' come elſe.
How doe my couſſin EDWARD, vncle?
KNO. O, well couſſe, goe in and ſee: I doubt he be ſcarſe ſtirring yet.
STE. Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, an' he haue ere a booke of the ſciences of hawking, and hunting? I would faine borrow it.
KNO. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?
STEP. No wuſſe; but I'll practiſe againſt next yeere vncle: I haue bought me a hawke, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

KNO,

KNO. O, most ridiculous.

STEP. Nay, looke you now, you are angrie, vncle: why you know, an' a man haue not skill in the hawking, and hunting-languages now a dayes, I'll not giue a rush for him. They are more studied then the *Greeke*, or the *Latine*. He is for no gallants companie without 'hem. And by gads lid I scorne it, I, so I doe, to be a consort for euery *hum-drum*, hang 'hem scroyles, there's nothing in 'hem, i' the world. What doe you talke on it? Because I dwell at *Hogsden*, I shall keepe companie with none but the archers of *Finsburie*? or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington* ponds? A fine iest ifaith! Slid a gentleman mun show himselfe like a gentleman. Vncle, I pray you be not angrie, I know what I haue to doe, I trow, I am no nouice.

KNO. You are a prodigall absurd cocks-combe: Goe to.
Nay neuer looke at me, it's I that speake.
Tak't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found meanes enow, to wast
That, which your friends haue left you, but you must
Goe cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keepe it, when you ha' done?
O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well cosen, well! I see you are eene past hope
Of all reclaime. I, so, now you are told on it,
You looke another way. STEP. What would you ha' me doe?

KNO. What would I haue you doe? I'll tell you kinsman,
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thriue,
That would I haue you doe: and not to spend
Your coyne on euery bable, that you phansie,
Or euery foolish braine, that humors you.
I would not haue you to inuade each place,
Nor thrust your selfe on all societies,
Till mens affections, or your owne desert,
Should worthily inuite you to your ranke.
He, that is so respectlesse in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation, at cheape market.
Nor would I, you should melt away your selfe
In flashing brauerie, least while you affect
To make a blaze of gentrie to the world,
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,
And you be left, like an vnsauorie snuffe,
Whose propertie is onely to offend.
I'ld ha' you sober, and containe your selfe;
Not, that your sayle be bigger then your boat:
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keepe the same proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your gentilitie,

Which

Which is an aërie, and meere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens duſt, and bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Act. I. *Scene* II.

SERVANT, Mr. STEPHEN, KNOWELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

SAue you, gentlemen.

STEP. Nay, we do not ſtand much on our gentilitie, friend; yet, you are wel-come, and I aſſure you mine vncle, here, is a man of a thouſand a yeare, *Middleſex* land: hee has but one ſonne in all the world, I am his next heire (at the common law) maſter STEPHEN, as ſimple as I ſtand here, if my coſſen die (as there's hope he will) I haue a prettie liuing o' mine owne too, beſide, hard-by here.

SERV. In good time, ſir.

STEP. In good time, ſir? why! and in a very good time, ſir. You doe not flout, friend, doe you?

SERV. Not I, ſir.

STEP. Not you ſir? you were not beſt, ſir; an' you ſhould, here bee them can perceiue it, and that quicky too: goe to. And they can giue it againe ſoundly too, and neede be.

SERV. Why, ſir, let this ſatisfie you: good faith, I had no ſuch intent.

STEP. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talke with you, and that preſently.

SERV. Good maſter STEPHEN, ſo you may, ſir, at your pleaſure.

STEP. And ſo I would ſir, good my ſaucie companion! an' you were out o' mine vncles ground, I can tell you; though I doe not ſtand vpon my gentilitie neither in't.

KNO. Coſſen! coſſen! will this nere be left?

STEP. Whorſon baſe fellow! a mechanicall ſeruing-man! By this cudgell, and 't were not for ſhame, I would——

KNO. What would you doe, you peremptorie gull?
If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
You ſee, the honeſt man demeanes himſelfe
Modeſtly to'ards you, giuing no replie
To your vnſeaſon'd, quarrelling, rude faſhion:
And, ſtill you huffe it, with a kind of cariage,
As voide of wit, as of humanitie.
Goe, get you in; fore heauen, I am aſham'd
Thou haſt a kinſmans intereſt in me.

SERV. I pray you, ſir. Is this maſter KNO'WELL's houſe?

KNO. Yes, marie, is it ſir.

SERV. I ſhould enquire for a gentleman, here, one maſter EDWARD KNOWELL:

KNO'WELL: doe you know any such, sir, I pray you?

KNO. I should forget my selfe else, sir.

SERV. Are you the gentleman? crie you mercie sir: I was requir'd by a gentleman i' the citie, as I rode out at this end o' the towne, to deliuer you this letter, sir.

KNO. Tome, sir! What doe you meane? pray you remember your court'sie. (*To his most selected friend, master* EDWARD KNO'WELL.) What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be couer'd.

SERV. One master WELL-BRED, sir.

KNO. Master WELL-BRED! A yong gentleman? is he not?

SERV. The same sir, master KITELY married his sister: the rich merchant i' the old *Iewrie*.

KNO. You say very true. BRAINE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

KNO. Make this honest friend drinke here: pray you goe in.
This letter is directed to my sonne:
Yet, I am EDWARD KNO'WELL too, and may
With the safe conscience of good manners, vse
The fellowes error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will breake it ope (old men are curious)
Be it but for the stiles sake, and the phrase,
To see, if both doe answere my sonnes praises,
Who is, almost, growne the idolater.
Of this yong WELL-BRED: what haue we here? what's this?

Why, NED, *I beseech thee; hast thou for-sworne all thy friends i' the old* Iewrie? *or dost thou thinke vs all* Iewes *that inhabit there, yet? If thou dost, come ouer, and but see our fripperie: change an olde shirt, for a whole smocke, with vs. Doe not conceiue that antipathy betweene vs, and* Hogs-den; *as was betweene* Iewes, *and hogs-flesh. Leaue thy vigilant father, alone, to number ouer his greene apricots, euening, and morning, o' the north-west wall: An' I had beene his sonne, I had sau'd him the labor, long since, if, taking in all the yong wenches, that passe by, at the back-dore, and codling euery kernell of the fruit for' hem, would ha' seru'd. But, pr'y thee, come ouer to me, quickly, this morning: I haue such a present for thee (our* Turkie *companie neuer sent the like to the* Grand-SIGNIOR.) *One is a Rimer sir, o' your owne batch, your owne leuin; but doth think himselfe* Poet-maior, *o' the towne: willing to be showne, and worthy to be seene. The other——I will not venter his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make better with an appetite. If the worst of 'hem be not worth your iorney, draw your bill of charges,* The letter.

as

as vnconscionable, as any Guild-hall verdict will giue it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;
The *Spittle*: or *Pict-hatch*. Is this the man,
My sonne hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choysest braine, the times hath sent vs forth?
I know not what he may be, in the arts;
Nor what in schooles: but surely, for his manners,
I iudge him a prophane, and dissolute wretch:
Worse, by possession of such great good guifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what vnhallow'd ruffian would haue writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend!
Why should he thinke, I tell my Apri-cotes?
Or play th' *Hesperian* Dragon, with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my sonne, I'had thought
Y'had had more iudgement, t'haue made election
Of your companions, t'haue tane on trust,
Such petulant, geering gamsters, that can spare
No argument, or subiect from their iest.
But I perceiue, affection makes a foole
Of any man, too much the father. BRAYNE-WORME,

BRAY. Sir.

KNO. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

BRA. Yes, sir, a pretie while since.

KNO. And, where's your yong master?

BRA. In his chamber sir.

KNO. He spake not with the fellow! did he?

BRA. No sir, he saw him not.

KNO. Take you this letter, and deliuer it my sonne
But with no notice, that I haue open'd it, on your life.

BRA. O lord, sir, that were a iest, indeed!

KNO. I am resolu'd, I will not stop his iourney;
Nor practise any violent meane, to stay
The vnbridled course of youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, growes more impatient, and, in-kind,
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound;
Who ne're so little from his game with-held,
Turnes head, and leapes vp at his holders throat.
There is a way of winning, more by loue,
And vrging of the modestie, then feare:
Force workes on seruile natures, not the free.
He, that's compell'd to goodnesse, may be good;

But 'tis but for that fit: where others drawne
By ſoftneſſe, and example, get a habit.
Then, if they ſtray, but warne 'hem: and, the ſame
They ſhould for vertu' haue done, they'll doe for ſhame.

Act I. *Scene* II.

EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, Mr. STEPHEN.

DId he open it, ſayeſt thou?

BRAY. Yes, o' my word ſir, and read the contents.

E. KN. That ſcarſe contents me. What countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it? was he angrie, or pleas'd?

BRAY. Nay ſir, I ſaw him not reade it, nor open it, I aſſure your worſhip.

E. KN. No? how know'ſt thou, then, that he did either?

BRAY. Marie ſir, becauſe he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobodie, that he open'd it: which, vnleſſe hee had done, hee would neuer feare to haue it reueal'd.

E. KN. That's true: well I thanke thee, BLAYNE-WORME.

STEP. O, BRAYNE-WORME, did'ſt thou not ſee a fellow here in a what-ſha'-call-him doublet! he brought mine vncle a letter e'en now.

BRAY. Yes, maſter STEPHEN, what of him?

STEP. O, I ha' ſuch a minde to beate him——Where is hee? canſt thou tell?

BRAY. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, maſter STEPHEN.

STEP. Gone? which way? when went he! how long ſince?

BRAY. He is rid hence. He tooke horſe, at the ſtreete dore.

STEP. And, I ſtaid i' the fields! horſon *ſcander-bag* rogue! ô that I had but a horſe to fetch him backe againe.——

BRAY. Why, you may ha' my mr. gelding, to ſaue your longing, ſir.

STEP. But, I ha' no bootes, that's the ſpight on't.

BRAY. Why, a fine wiſpe of hay, rould hard, maſter STEPHEN.

STEP. No faith, it's no boote to follow him, now: let him eene goe, and hang. 'Pray thee, helpe to truſſe me, a little. He dos ſo vexe me——

BRAY. You'll be worſe vex'd, when you are truſs'd, maſter STEPHEN. Beſt, keepe vn-brac'd; and walke your ſelfe, till you be cold: your choller may foundre you elſe.

STEP. By my faith, and ſo I will, now thou tell'ſt me on't: How doſt thou like my legge, BRAYNE-WORME?

BRAY. A very good leg! maſter STEPHEN! but the woollen ſtocking do's not commend it ſo well.

STEP. Foh, the ſtockings be good inough, now ſummer is comming on, for the duſt: Ile haue a paire of ſilke, againſt winter, that I goe to dwell

i' the

i' the towne. I thinke my legge would ſhew in a ſilke-hoſe.

BRAP. Beleeue me, maſter STEPHEN, rarely well,

STEP. In ſadneſſe, I thinke it would: I haue a reaſonable good legge.

BRAY. You haue an excellent good legge, maſter STEPHEN, but I cannot ſtay, to praiſe it longer now, and I am very ſorie for't.

STEP. Another time wil ſerue, BRAYNE-WORME. Gramercie for this.

Knowell laughes hauing read the letter.

E. KN. Ha, ha, ha!

STEP. Slid, I hope, he laughes not at me, and he doe——

E. KN. Here was a letter, indeede, to be intercepted by a mans father, and doe him good with him! Hee cannot but thinke moſt vertuouſly, both of me, and the ſender, ſure; that make the carefull Coſtar'-monger of him in our *familiar Epiſtles*. Well, if he read this with patience, Ile be-gelt, and troll ballads for Mr. IOHN TRVNDLE, yonder, the reſt of my mortalitie. It is true, and likely, my father may haue as much patience as another man; for he takes much phyſicke: and, oft taking phyſicke makes a man very patient. But would your packet, maſter WEL-BRED, had arriu'd at him, in ſuch a minute of his patience; then, we had knowne the end of it, which now is doubtfull, and threatens——What! my wiſe coſſen! Nay, then, Il eſurniſh our feaſt with one gull more to'ard the meſſe. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth; Fortune, if euer thou'lt vſe thine eyes, I intreate thee——

STEP. O, now I ſee, who hee laught at. Hee laught at ſome-body in that letter. By this good light, and he had laught at me——

E. KN. How now, couſſen STEPHEN, melancholy'?

STEP. Yes, a little. I thought, you had laught at me, coſſen.

E. KN. Why, what an' I had couſſe, what would you ha' done?

SERV. By this light, I would ha' told mine vncle.

E. KN. Nay, if you wold ha' told your vncle, I did laugh at you, couſſe.

SERV. Did you, indeede?

E. KN. Yes, indeede.

STEP. Why, then——

E. KN. What then?

STEP. I am ſatisfied, it is ſufficient.

E. KN. Why, bee ſo gentle couſſe. And, I pray you let me intreate a courteſie of you. I am ſent for, this morning, by a friend i' the old *Iewrie* to come to him; It's but croſſing ouer the fields to *More-gate*: Will you beare me companie? I proteſt, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot againſt the ſtate, couſſe.

STEP. Sir, that's all one, and 't were; you ſhall command me, twiſe ſo farre as *More-gate* to doe you good, in ſuch a matter. Doe you thinke I would leaue you? I proteſt——

E. KN. No, no, you ſhall not proteſt, couſſe.

STEP. By my fackins, but I will, by your leaue; Ile proteſt more to my friend, then Ile ſpeake off, at this time.

E. KN. You ſpeake very well, couſſe.

STEPH.

STEP. Nay, not ſo neither, you ſhall pardon me: but I ſpeake, to ſerue my turne.

E.KN. Your turne, couſſ? Doe you know, what you ſay? A gentleman of your ſort, parts, carriage, and eſtimation, to talke o' your turne i' this companie, and to me, alone, like a tankard-bearer, at a conduit! Fie. A wight, that (hetherto) his euery ſtep hath left the ſtampe of a great foot behind him, as euery word the ſauour of a ſtrong ſpirit! and he! this man! ſo grac'd, guilded, or (to vſe a more fit *metaphore*) ſo tin-foild by nature, as not ten houſe-wiues pewter (again' a good time) ſhew's more bright to the world then he! and he (as I ſaid laſt, ſo I ſay againe, and ſtill ſhall ſay it) this man! to conceale ſuch reall ornaments as theſe, and ſhaddow their glorie, as a Millaners wife do's her wrought ſtomacher, with a ſmokie lawne, or a black cypreſſe? O couſſ! It cannot be anſwer'd, goe not about it. DRAKES old ſhip, at *Detford*, may ſooner circle the world againe. Come, wrong not the qualitie of your deſert, with looking downeward, couz; but hold vp your head, ſo: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may reade i' your phyſnomie, (*Here, within this place, is to be ſeene the true, rare, and accompliſh'd monſter, or miracle of nature*, which is all one.) What thinke you of this, couſſ?

STEP. Why, I doe thinke of it; and I will be more prowd, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, then I haue beene: I'le enſure you.

E.KN. Why, that's reſolute maſter STEPHEN! Now, if I can but hold him vp to his height, as it is happily begunne, it will doe well for a ſuburbe-humor: we may hap haue a match with the citie, and play him for fortie pound. Come, couſſ.

STEP. I'le follow you.

E.KN. Follow me? you muſt goe before.

STEP. Nay, an' I muſt, I will. Pray you, ſhew me, good couſin.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

Mr. MATTHEW, COB.

I Thinke, this be the houſe: what, hough?

COB. Who's there? O, maſter MATTHEW! gi' your worſhip good morrow.

MAT. What! COB! how do'ſt thou, good COB? do'ſt thou inhabite here, COB?

COB. I, ſir, I and my linage ha' kept a poore houſe, here, in our dayes.

MAT. Thy linage, *Monſieur* COB, what linage? what linage?

COB. Why ſir, an ancient linage, and a princely. Mine ance'trie came from a Kings belly, no worſe man: and yet no man neither (by your worſhips leaue, I did lie in that) but *Herring* the King of fiſh (from his belly, I proceed) one o' the Monarchs o' the world, I aſſure you. The firſt red herring, that was broil'd in ADAM, and EVE's kitchin, doe I fetch my

pedigree from, by the Harrots bookes. His COB, was my great-great-mighty-great Grand father.

MAT. Why mightie? why mightie? I pray thee.

COB. O, it was a mightie while agoe, sir, and a mightie great COB.

MAT. How know'st thou that?

COB. How know I? why, I smell his ghost, euer and anon.

MAT. Smell a ghost? ô vnsauoury iest! and the ghost of a herring COB!

COB. I sir, with fauour of your worships nose, Mr. MATHEW, why not the ghost of a herring-cob, as well as the ghost of rasher-bacon?

MAT. ROGER BACON, thou wouldst say?

COB. I say rasher-bacon. They were both broyl'd o' the coles? and a man may smell broyld-meate, I hope? you are a scholler, vpsolue me that, now.

MAT. O raw ignorance! COB, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Captayne BOBADILL, where his lodging is?

COB. O, my gueſt, sir! you meane.

MAT. Thy gueſt! Alas! ha, ha.

COB. Why doe you laugh, sir? Doe you not meane Captayne BOBADILL?

MAT. COB, 'pray thee, aduise thy selfe well: doe not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare bee sworne, hee scornes thy house: hee! He lodge in such a base, obscure place, as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if tho'uldst gi' it him.

COB. I will not giue it him, though, sir. Masse, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, sir, though he lye not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench: an't please you to goe vp, sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither wun nor loft, and yet (I warrant) he ne're cast better in his life, then he has done, to night.

MAT. Why? was he drunke?

COB. Drunke, sir? you heare not me say so. Perhaps, hee swallow'd a tauerne-token, or some such deuice, sir: I haue nothing to doe withall. I deale with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my tankard there, hough. God b'w'you, sir. It's fixe a clocke: I should ha' carried two turnes, by this. What hough? my stopple? come.

MAT. Lye in a water-bearers house! A gentleman of his hauings! Well, I'le tell him my mind.

COB. What TIB, shew this gentleman vp to the Captayne. O, an' my house were the *Brasen-head* now! faith, it would eene speake, *Mo fooles yet*. You should ha' some now would take this Mr. MATTHEW to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipfull fishmonger, and so forth; and now dos he creepe, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my gueſt is: (ô, my gueſt is a fine man) and they flout him invincibly. Hee vseth

euery

euery day to a Merchants house (where I serue water) one master KITELY's, i' the *old Iewry*; and here's the iest, he is in loue with my masters sister, (mistris BRIDGET) and calls her mistris: and there hee will sit you a whole after-noone some-times, reading o' these same abominable, vile, (a poxe on 'hem, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, *poyetrie*, *poyetrie*, and speaking of *enterludes*, 'twill make a man burst to heare him. And the wenches, they doe so geere, and ti-he at him—well, should they do so much to me, Ild for-sweare them all, by the foot of PHARAOH. There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you heare sweare such an oath? ô, I haue a guest (he teaches me) he dos sweare the legiblest, of any man christned: By S^t. GEORGE, the foot of PHARAOH, the body of me, as I am gentleman, and a souldier: such daintie oathes! and withall, he dos take this same filthy roguish *tabacco*, the finest, and cleanliest! it would doe a man good to see the fume come forth at 's tonnells! Well, he owes mee fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixe-pence a time) besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he saies, the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, vp-tailes all, and a louse for the hang-man.

Act I. *Scene* V.

BOBADILL, TIB, MATTHEW.

Bobad. is discouered lying on his bench.

HOstesse, hostesse.

TIB. What say you, sir?

BOB. A cup o' thy small beere, sweet hostesse.

TIB. Sir, there's a gentleman, below, would speake with you.

BOB. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

TIB. My husband told him you were, sir.

BOB. What a plague——what meant he?

MAT. Captaine BOBADILL?

BOB. Who's there? (take away the bason, good hostesse) come vp, sir.

TIB. He would desire you to come vp, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

MAT. 'Saue you, sir. 'Saue you, Captayne.

BOB. Gentle master MATTHEW! Is it you, sir? Please you sit downe.

MAR. Thanke you, good Captaine, you may see, I am some-what audacious.

BOB. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunke to, I assure you.

MAT. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captaine.

BOB. Mary, by yong WELL-BRED, and others: Why, hostesse, a stoole here, for this gentleman.

MAT. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

BOB. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarse open my eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

MAT. Faith, some halfe houre to seuen: now trust mee, you haue an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate!

BOB. I, sir: sit downe, I pray you. Master MATTHEW (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

MAT. Who? I sir? no.

BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, for the Cabbin is conuenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

MAT. True, Captaine, I conceiue you.

BOB. For, doe you see, sir, by the heart of valour, in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as your selfe, or so) I could not extend thus farre.

MAT. O Lord, sir, I resolue so.

BOB. I confesse, I loue a cleanely and quiet priuacy, aboue all the tumult, and roare of fortune. What new booke ha' you there? What! *Goe by*, HIERONYMO!

MAT. I, did you euer see it acted? is't not well pend?

BOB. Well pend? I would faine see all the *Poets*, of these times, pen such another play as that was! they'll prate and swagger, and keepe a stir of arte and deuices, when (as I am a gentleman) reade 'hem, they are the most shallow, pittifull, barren fellowes, that liue vpon the face of the earth, againe!

MAT. Indeed, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke! *O eyes, no eyes, but fountaynes fraught with teares!* There's a conceit! fountaines fraught with teares! *O life, no life, but liuely forme of death!* Another! *O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs!* A third! *Confus'd and fil'd with murder, and misdeeds!* A fourth! O, the *Muses!* Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that euer you heard, Captayne? Ha? How doe you like it?

BOB. 'Tis good.

MAT. *To thee, the purest obiect to my sense,*
The most refined essence heauen couers,
Send I these lines, wherein I doe commence
The happy state of turtle-billing louers.
If they proue rough, vn-polish't, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus, mildly, I conclude.

Bobadill is making him ready all this while.

BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

MAT. This, sir? a toy o' mine owne, in my nonage: the infancy of my *Muses!* But, when will you come and see my studie? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I haue done of late—— That boot becomes your legge, passing well, Captayne, me thinkes!

BOB. So, so, It's the fashion, gentlemen now vse.

MAT. Troth, Captayne, an' now you speake o' the fashion, master WELL-BRED's elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion, and worke-man-ship, was most peremptory-beautifull, and

and gentleman-like! Yet, he condemn'd, and cry'd it downe, for the most pyed, and ridiculous that euer he saw.

Bob. Squire Downe-right? the halfe-brother? was't not?

Mat. I sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rooke, he! why, he has no more iudgement then a malt-horse. By S. George, I wonder youl'd loose a thought vpon such an animal: the most peremptory absurd clowne of *christendome*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, I ne're chang'd wordes, with his like. By his discourse, he should eate nothing but hay. He was borne for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He ha's not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rustie prouerbes! a good commoditie for some smith, to make hob-nailes of.

Mat. I, and he thinks to carry it away with his man-hood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the *bastinado*, as I heare.

Bob. How! He the *bastinado*! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgell me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may bee: For I was sure, it was none of his word. But, when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a friend of mine told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, and't were my case now, I should send him a *chartel*, presently. The *bastinado*! A most proper, and sufficient *dependance*, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither. You shall *chartel* him. I'll shew you a trick, or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first *stoccata*, if you will, by this ayre.

Mat. Indeed, you haue absolute knowledge i' the mysterie, I haue heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? Of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I haue heard it spoken of diuers, that you haue very rare, and vn-in-one-breath-vtter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heauen, no, not I; no skill i' the earth: some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I haue profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise, I assure you. Hostesse, accommodate vs with another bed-staffe here, quickly: Lend vs another bed-staffe. The woman do's not vnderstand the wordes of *Action*. Looke you, sir. Exalt not your point aboue this state, at any hand, and let your poynard maintayne your defence, thus: (giue it the gentleman, and leaue vs) so, sir. Come on. O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keepe your due proportion of time—— Oh, you disorder your point, most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it, now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill! A well-experienc'd hand would passe vpon you, at pleasure.

MAT. How meane you, sir, passe vpon me?

BOB. Why, thus sir (make a thrust at me) come in, vpon the answere, controll your point, and make a full carreere, at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time, name it the *passada*: a most desperate thrust, beleeue it!

MAT. Well, come, sir.

BOB. Why, you doe not manage your weapon with any facilitie, or grace to inuite mee: I haue no spirit to play with you. Your dearth of iudgement renders you tedious.

MAT. But one *venue*, sir.

BOB. *Venue!* Fie. Most grosse denomination, as euer I heard. O, the *stoccata*, while you liue, sir. Note that. Come, put on your cloke, and wee'll goe to some priuate place, where you are acquainted, some tauerne, or so—and haue a bit—— Ile send for one of these Fencers, and hee shall breath you, by my direction; and, then, I will teach you your tricke. You shall kill him with it, at the first, if you please. Why, I will learne you, by the true iudgement of the eye, hand, and foot, to controll any enemies point i' the world. Should your aduersarie confront you with a pistoll, 'twere nothing, by this hand, you should, by the same rule, controll his bullet, in a line: except it were hayle-shot, and spred. What money ha' you about you, Mr. MATTHEW?

MAT. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but, come. We will haue a bunch of redish, and salt, to tast our wine; and a pipe of *tabacco*, to close the orifice of the stomach: and then, wee'll call vpon yong WEL-BRED. Perhaps wee shall meet the CORIDON, his brother, there: and put him to the question.

Act II. *Scene* I.

KITELY, CASH, DOWNE-RIGHT.

THOMAS, Come hither,
There lyes a note, within vpon my deske,
Here, take my key: It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy? CAS. Within, sir, i' the ware-house.
KIT. Let him tell ouer, straight, that *Spanish* gold,
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Doe you
See the deliuery of those siluer stuffes,
To Mr. LVCAR. Tell him, if he will,
He shall ha' the grogran's, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.
CAS. Good, sir.
KIT. Doe you see that fellow, brother DOWNE-RIGHT?
DOW. I, what of him?
KIT. He is a iewell, brother,

I tooke

I tooke him of a child, vp, at my dore,
And christned him, gaue him mine owne name, THOMAS,
Since bred him at the Hospitall; where prouing
A toward impe, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I haue made him my Cashier,
And giu'n him, who had none, a surname, CASH:
And find him, in his place so full of faith,
That, I durst trust my life into his hands.

DOW. So, would not I in any bastards, brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
My selfe his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother, what is't? what is't?

KIT. Faith, I am very loath, to vtter it,
As fearing, it may hurt your patience:
But, that I know, your iudgement is of strength,
Against the neerenesse of affection——

DOW. What need this circumstance? pray you be direct.

KIT. I will not say, how much I doe ascribe
Vnto your friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your loue: but, let my past behauiour,
And vsage of your sister, but confirme
How well I'aue beene affected to your——

DOW. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter.

KIT. Then (without further ceremonie) thus.
My brother WELL-BRED, sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne're trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Me thought he bare himselfe in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetnesse in his carriage,
And (what was chiefe) it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his owne,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As breath, with life, or colour, with the bloud.
But, now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriu'd of grace,
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off
From that first place, as scarse no note remaines,
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood.
Hee's growne a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content
To stale himselfe in all societies,
He makes my house here common, as a *Mart*,
A *Theater*, a publike receptacle

For

For giddie humour, and diſeaſed riot;
And here (as in a tauerne, or a ſtewes)
He, and his wild aſſociates, ſpend their houres,
In repetition of laſciuious ieſts,
Sweare, leape, drinke, dance, and reuell night by night,
Controll my ſeruants: and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdeynes, I know not what I ſhould ſay to him, i' the whole world! He values me, at a crackt three-farthings, for ought I ſee: It will neuer out o' the fleſh that's bred i' the bone! I haue told him inough, one would thinke, if that would ſerue: But, counſell to him, is as good, as a ſhoulder of mutton to a ſicke horſe. Well! he knowes what to truſt to, for GEORGE. Let him ſpend, and ſpend, and domineere, till his heart ake; an' hee thinke to bee relieu'd by me, when he is got into one o' your citie pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong ſow by the eare, ifaith: and claps his diſh at the wrong mans dore. I'le lay my hand o' my halfe-peny, e're I part with't, to fetch him out, I'le aſſure him.

KIT. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you, thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eate my very ſpur-lethers, for anger! But, why are you ſo tame? Why doe not you ſpeake to him, and tell him how he diſquiets your houſe?

KIT. O, there are diuers reaſons to diſſwade, brother.
But, would your ſelfe vouchſafe to trauaile in it,
(Though but with plaine, and eaſie circumſtance)
It would, both come much better to his ſenſe,
And ſauour leſſe of ſtomack, or of paſſion.
You are his elder brother, and that title
Both giues, and warrants you authoritie;
Which (by your preſence ſeconded) muſt breed
A kinde of dutie in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I ſhould intimate the leaſt,
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,
Heape worſe on ill, make vp a pile of hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottring downe,
And, in the ruine, burie all our loue.
Nay, more then this, brother, if I ſhould ſpeake
He would be readie from his heate of humor,
And ouer-flowing of the vapour, in him,
To blow the eares of his familiars,
With the falſe breath, of telling, what diſgraces,
And low diſparadgments, I had put vpon him.
Whilſt they, ſir, to relieue him, in the fable,
Make their looſe comments, vpon euery word,
Geſture, or looke, I vſe; mocke me all ouer,
From my flat cap, vnto my ſhining ſhooes:
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ſies,

Beget ſome ſlander, that ſhall dwell with me.
And what would that be, thinke you? mary, this.
They would giue out (becauſe my wife is faire,
My ſelfe but lately married, and my ſiſter
Here ſoiourning a virgin in my houſe)
That I were iealous! nay, as ſure as death,
That they would ſay. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purpoſely, thereby to finde
An apt pretext, to baniſh them my houſe.

Dow. Maſſe perhaps ſo: They'are like inough to doe it.

Kit. Brother, they would, beleeue it: ſo ſhould I
(Like one of theſe penurious quack-ſaluers)
But ſet the bills vp, to mine owne diſgrace,
And trie experiments vpon my ſelfe:
Lend ſcorne and enuie, oportunitie,
To ſtab my reputation, and good name———

Act II. *Scene* II.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, DOWNE-RIGHT, KITELY.

I Will ſpeake to him———

Bob. Speake to him? away, by the foot of PHARAOH, you ſhall not, you ſhall not doe him that grace. The time of day, to you, Gentleman o'the houſe. Is Mr. WELL-BRED ſtirring?

Dow. How then? what ſhould he doe?

Bob. Gentleman of the houſe, it is to you: is he within, ſir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to night ſir, I aſſure you.

Dow. Why, doe you heare? you.

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath ſatisfied mee, Ile talke to no ſcauenger.

Dow. How, ſcauenger? ſtay ſir, ſtay?

Kit. Nay, brother DOWNE-RIGHT.

Dow. 'Heart! ſtand you away, and you loue me.

Kit. You ſhall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
Good faith you ſhall not: I will ouer-rule you.

Dow. Ha? ſcauenger? well, goe to, I ſay little: but, by this good day (god forgiue me I ſhould ſweare) if I put it vp ſo, ſay, I am the rankeſt cow, that euer piſt. 'Sdeynes, and I ſwallow this, Ile ne're draw my ſword in the ſtreets of *Fleet-ſtreet* againe, while I liue; Ile ſit in a barne, with Madge-owlet, and catch mice firſt. Scauenger? 'Heart, and Ile goe neere to fill that huge tumbrell-ſlop of yours, with ſomewhat, and I haue good lucke; your GARAGANTVA breech cannot carry it away ſo.

Kit. Oh doe not fret your ſelfe thus, neuer thinke on't.

Dow.

Dow. These are my brothers consorts, these! these are his *Cam'rades*, his walking mates! hee's a gallant, a *Caualiero* too, right hang-man cut! Let me not liue, and I could not finde in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'hem, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieu'd, it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Wel, as he brewes, so he shall drinke, for GEORGE, againe. Yet, he shall heare on't, and that tightly too, and I liue, Ifaith.

KIT. But, brother, let your reprehension (then)
Runne in an easie current, not ore-high
Carried with rashnesse, or deuouring choller;
But rather vse the soft perswading way,
Whose powers will worke more gently, and compose
Th'imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime:
More winning, then enforcing the consent.

Bell rings. DOW. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

KIT. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakefast.
Brother, I pray you goe in, and beare my wife
Companie, till I come; Ile but giue order
For some dispatch of businesse, to my seruants——

To them.

Act II. *Scene* III.

KITELY, COB, DAME KITELY.

WHat, COB? our maides will haue you by the back (Ifaith)
For comming so late this morning.

COB. Perhaps so, sir, take heed some body haue not them by the belly, for walking so late in the euening.

He passes by with his tankard.

KIT. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd,
Though not repos'd in that securitie,
As I could wish: But, I must be content.
How e're I set a face on't to the world,
Would I had lost this finger, at a venter,
So WELL-BRED had ne're lodg'd within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and yong reuellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
I'st like, that factious beautie will preserue
The publike weale of chastitie, vn-shaken,
When such strong motiues muster, and make head
Against her single peace? no, no. Beware,
When mutuall appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kinde, and qualitie,
Come once to parlee, in the pride of bluod;
It is no slow conspiracie, that followes.

Well

Well (to be plaine) if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their affections: all the world
Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold.
Mary, I hope, they ha' not got that start:
For oportunitie hath balkt 'hem yet,
And shall doe still, while I haue eyes, and eares
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron barre,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, euery looke, or glance, mine eye ejects,
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

DAME. Sister BRIDGET, pray you fetch downe the rose-water aboue in the closet. Sweet heart, will you come in, to breakefast.

KITE. An' shee haue ouer-heard me now?

DAME. I pray thee (good MVSSE) we stay for you.

KITE. By heauen I would not for a thousand angells.

DAME. What aile you sweet heart, are you not well, speake good MVSSE.

KITE. Troth my head akes extremely, on a sudden.

DAME. Oh, the lord!

KITE. How now? what?

DAME. Alas, how it burnes? MVSSE, keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease! there's a number are troubled withall! for loues sake, sweet heart, come in, out of the aire.

KITE. How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?
A new disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true: shee heard me, all the world to nothing.

DAME. I pray thee, good sweet heart, come in; the aire will doe you harme in, troth.

KITE. The aire! shee has me i' the wind! sweet heart!
Ile come to you presently: 't will away, I hope.

DOW. Pray heauen it doe.

KITE. A new disease? I know not, new, or old,
But it may well be call'd poore mortalls plague:
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the braine. First, it begins
Solely to worke vpon the phantasie,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,
As soone corrupts the iudgement; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memorie:
Still each to other giuing the infection.
Which, as a subtle vapor, spreads it selfe,
Confusedly, through euery sensiue part,
Till not a thought, or motion, in the mind,

Be free from the blacke poyſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what miſerie is it, to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
In ſuch extremes? Well, I will once more ſtriue,
(In ſpight of this black cloud) my ſelfe to be,
And ſhake the feauer off, that thus ſhakes me.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNO'WELL, Mr. STEPHEN.

S'Lid, I cannot chooſe but laugh, to ſee my ſelfe tranſlated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of lyes, or my preſent profeſſion looſes the grace: and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *Fico*. O ſir, it holds for good politie euer, to haue that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed ſhape. Well, the troth is, my old maſter intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer *More-fields*, to *London*, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather conſpiracie, and to inſinuate with my yong maſter (for ſo muſt we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and ſeruice doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) haue got me afore, in this diſguiſe, determining here to lye in *ambuſcado*, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purſe, his hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his iourney, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with Captayne CAESAR, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now muſt I practice to get the true garb of one of theſe *Lance-knights*, my arme here, and my—yong maſter! and his couſin, Mr. STEPHEN, as I am true counterfeit man of warre, and no ſouldier!

E. KN. So ſir, and how then, couſſ?

STEP. 'Sfoot, I haue loſt my purſe, I thinke.

E. KN. How? loſt your purſe? where? when had you it?

STEP. I cannot tell, ſtay.

BRAY. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them.

E. KN. What? ha' you it?

STEP. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I——

E. KN. Nay, doe not weepe the loſſe, hang it, let it goe.

STEP. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene loſt, I had not car'd, but for a iet ring miſtris MARY ſent me.

E. KN. A iet ring? oh, the *poeſie*, the *poeſie*?

STEP. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie ſleep, my loue is deepe*. Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet ſhee loued me dearely.

E. KN. Moſt excellent!

STEP.

STEP. And then, I ſent her another, and my *poeſie* was: *The deeper, the ſweeter, Ile be tudg'd by* St. PETER.

E. KN. How, by St. PETER? I doe not conceiue that!

STEP. Mary, St. PETER, to make vp the meeter.

E. KN. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at your need: thanke him, thanke him.

He is come back.

BRAY. I cannot take leaue on'hem, ſo: I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, pleaſe you change a few crownes, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poore gentleman, a ſouldier, one that (in the better ſtate of my fortunes) ſcorn'd ſo meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of neceſſitie, to haue it ſo. You ſeeme to be gentlemen, well affected to martiall men, elſe I ſhould rather die with ſilence, then liue with ſhame: how euer, vouchſafe to remember, it is my want ſpeakes, not my ſelfe. This condition agrees not with my ſpirit———

E. KN. Where haſt thou ſeru'd?

BRAY. May it pleaſe you, ſir, in all the late warres of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, ſir? I haue beene a poore ſeruitor, by ſea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the beſt Commanders in *chriſtendome*. I was twice ſhot at the taking of *Alepo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *Marſeilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatique* gulfe, a gentleman-ſlaue in the galleys, thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my ſcarres, the noted markes of my reſolution.

STEP. How will you ſell this rapier, friend?

BRAY. Generous ſir, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you pleaſe.

STEP. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: but what though? I pray you ſay, what would you aske?

BRAY. I aſſure you, the blade may become the ſide, or thigh of the beſt prince, in *Europe*.

E. KN. I, with a veluet ſcabberd, I thinke.

STEP. Nay, and 't be mine, it ſhall haue a veluet ſcabberd, Couſſ, that's flat: I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would giue me an angell.

BRAY. At your worſhips pleaſure, ſir; nay, 'tis a moſt pure *Toledo*.

STEP. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what ſhall I giue you for it? An' it had a ſiluer hilt———

E. KN. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a ſhilling fellow, take thy rapier.

STEP. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo, and there's another ſhilling, fellow. I ſcorne to be out-bidden. What, ſhall I walke with a cudgell, like *Higgin-Bottom*? and may haue a rapier, for money?

E. KN. You may buy one in the citie.

STEP. Tut, Ile buy this i'the field, ſo I will, I haue a mind to't, becauſe 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your loweſt price.

Be free from the blacke poyſon of ſuſpect.
Ah, but what miſerie is it, to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mindes erection,
In ſuch extremes? Well, I will once more ſtriue,
(In ſpight of this black cloud) my ſelfe to be,
And ſhake the feauer off, that thus ſhakes me.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

BRAYNE-WORME, ED. KNO'WELL, Mr. STEPHEN.

'Slid, I cannot chooſe but laugh, to ſee my ſelfe tranſlated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now muſt I create an intolerable ſort of lyes, or my preſent profeſſion looſes the grace: and yet the lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit, as the *Fico*. O ſir, it holds for good politie euer, to haue that outwardly in vileſt eſtimation, that inwardly is moſt deare to vs. So much, for my borrowed ſhape. Well, the troth is, my old maſter intends to follow my yong, drie foot, ouer *More-fields*, to *London*, this morning: now I, knowing, of this hunting-match, or rather conſpiracie, and to inſinuate with my yong maſter (for ſo muſt we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and ſeruice doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know) haue got me afore, in this diſguiſe, determining here to lye in *ambuſcado*, and intercept him, in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purſe, his hat, nay, any thing, to cut him off, that is, to ſtay his iourney, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may ſay with Captayne CAESAR, I am made for euer, ifaith. Well, now muſt I practice to get the true garb of one of theſe *Lance-knights*, my arme here, and my--yong maſter! and his couſin, Mr. STEPHEN, as I am true counterfeit man of warre, and no ſouldier!

E. KN. So ſir, and how then, couſ?

STEP. 'Sfoot, I haue loſt my purſe, I thinke.

E. KN. How? loſt your purſe? where? when had you it?

STEP. I cannot tell, ſtay.

BRAY. 'Slid, I am afeard, they will know mee, would I could get by them.

E. KN. What? ha' you it?

STEP. No, I thinke I was bewitcht, I——

E. KN. Nay, doe not weepe the loſſe, hang it, let it goe.

STEP. Oh, it's here: no, and it had beene loſt, I had not car'd, but for a iet ring miſtris MARY ſent me.

E. KN. A iet ring? oh, the *poeſie*, the *poeſie*?

STEP. Fine, ifaith! *Though fancie ſleep, my loue is deepe*. Meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet ſhee loued me dearely.

E. KN. Moſt excellent!

STEP.

STEP. And then, I ſent her another, and my *poeſie* was: *The deeper, the ſweeter, Ile be iudg'd by* St. PETER.

E. KN. How, by St. PETER? I doe not conceiue that!

STEP. Mary, St. PETER, to make vp the meeter.

E. KN. Well, there the Saint was your good patron, hee help't you at your need: thanke him, thanke him.

He is come back.

BRAY. I cannot take leaue on'hem, ſo: I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, pleaſe you change a few crownes, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poore gentleman, a ſouldier, one that (in the better ſtate of my fortunes) ſcorn'd ſo meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of neceſſitie, to haue it ſo. You ſeeme to be gentlemen, well affected to martiall men, elſe I ſhould rather die with ſilence, then liue with ſhame: how euer, vouchſafe to remember, it is my want ſpeakes, not my ſelfe. This condition agrees not with my ſpirit——

E. KN. Where haſt thou ſeru'd?

BRAY. May it pleaſe you, ſir, in all the late warres of *Bohemia*, *Hungaria*, *Dalmatia*, *Poland*, where not, ſir? I haue beene a poore ſeruitor, by ſea and land, any time this fourteene yeeres, and follow'd the fortunes of the beſt Commanders in *chriſtendome*. I was twice ſhot at the taking of *Alepo*, once at the reliefe of *Vienna*; I haue beene at *Marſeilles*, *Naples*, and the *Adriatique* gulfe, a gentleman-ſlaue in the galleys, thrice, where I was moſt dangerouſly ſhot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maym'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my ſcarres, the noted markes of my reſolution.

STEP. How will you ſell this rapier, friend?

BRAY. Generous ſir, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, giue me what you pleaſe.

STEP. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend: but what though? I pray you ſay, what would you aske?

BRAY. I aſſure you, the blade may become the ſide, or thigh of the beſt prince, in *Europe*.

E. KN. I, with a veluet ſcabberd, I thinke.

STEP. Nay, and 't be mine, it ſhall haue a veluet ſcabberd, Couſſ, that's flat: I'de not weare it as 'tis, and you would giue me an angell.

BRAY. At your worſhips pleaſure, ſir; nay, 'tis a moſt pure *Toledo*.

STEP. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what ſhall I giue you for it? An' it had a ſiluer hilt——

E. KN. Come, come, you ſhall not buy it; hold, there's a ſhilling fellow, take thy rapier.

STEP. Why, but I will buy it now, becauſe you ſay ſo, and there's another ſhilling, fellow. I ſcorne to be out-bidden. What, ſhall I walke with a cudgell, like *Higgin-Bottom*? and may haue a rapier, for money?

E. KN. You may buy one in the citie.

STEP. Tut, Ile buy this i'the field, ſo I will, I haue a mind to't, becauſe 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your loweſt price.

E. Kn. You ſhall not buy it, I ſay.
Step. By this money, but I will, though I giue more then 'tis worth.
E. Kn. Come away, you are a foole.
Step. Friend, I am a foole, that's granted: but Ile haue it, for that words ſake. Follow me, for your money.
Bray. At your ſeruice, ſir.

Act II. *Scene* V.

Kno'well, Brayne-worme.

I Cannot looſe the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my ſonne: nor leaue t'admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth,
Within the kingdome, ſince my ſelfe was one.
When I was yong, he liu'd not in the ſtowes,
Durſt haue conceiu'd a ſcorne, and vtter'd it,
On a grey head; age was authoritie
Againſt a buffon: and a man had, then,
A certaine reuerence pai'd vnto his yeeres,
That had none due vnto his life. So much
The ſanctitie of ſome preuail'd, for others.
But, now, we all are fall'n; youth, from their feare:
And age, from that, which bred it, good example.
Nay, would our ſelues were not the firſt, euen parents,
That did deſtroy the hopes, in our owne children:
Or they not learn'd our vices, in their cradles,
And ſuck'd in our ill cuſtomes, with their milke.
Ere all their teeth be borne, or they can ſpeake,
We make their palats cunning! The firſt wordes,
We forme their tongues with, are licentious ieſts!
Can it call, whore? crie, baſtard? Ô, then, kiſſe it,
A wittie child! Can't ſweare? The fathers dearling!
Giue it two plums. Nay, rather then 't ſhall learne
No bawdie ſong, the mother'her ſelfe will teach it!
But, this is in the infancie; the dayes
Of the long coate: when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this. I, it is like:
When it is gone into the bone alreadie.
No, no: This die goes deeper then the coate,
Or ſhirt, or skin. It ſtaines, vnto the liuer,
And heart, in ſome. And, rather, then it ſhould not,
Note, what we fathers doe! Looke, how we liue!
What miſtreſſes we keepe! at what expenſe,
In our ſonnes eyes! where they may handle our gifts,

Heare

Heare our lasciuious courtships, see our dalliance,
Tast of the same prouoking meates, with vs,
To ruine of our states! Nay, when our owne
Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice!
Baite 'hem with the yong chamber-maid, to seale!
And teach 'hem all bad wayes, to buy affliction!
This is one path! but there are millions more,
In which we spoile our owne, with leading them.
Well, I thanke heauen, I neuer yet was he,
That trauail'd with my sonne, before sixteene,
To shew him, the *Venetian cortezans*.
Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made
To my sharpe boy, at twelue: repeating still
The rule, *Get money; still, Get money, Boy;*
No matter, by what meanes; Money will doe
More, Boy, then my Lords letter. Neither haue I
Dreſt snailes, or mushromes curiously before him,
Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem;
Preceding still, with my grey gluttonie,
At all the ordinaries: and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers, now! howeuer
My sonne, I hope, hath met withinmy threshold,
None of these household precedents; which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth, to their precipice.
But, let the house at home be nere so cleane-
Swept, or kept sweet from filth; nay, dust, and cob-webs:
If he will liue, abroad, with his companions,
In dung, and leystalls; it is worth a feare.
Nor is the danger of conuersing lesse,
Then all that I haue mention'd of example.

BRAY. My master? nay, faith haue at you: I am fleſht now, I haue sped so well. Worshipfull sir, I beseech you, respect the estate of a poore souldier; I am asham'd of this base course of life (god's my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to't, what remedie?

KNO. I haue not for you, now.

BRAY. By the faith I beare vnto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome in me, but only to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I haue beene, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

KNO. 'Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

BRAY. Good sir, by that hand, you may doe the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore souldier the price of two cannes of beere (a matter of small value) the king of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull: sweet worship——

KNO. Nay, and you be ſo importunate——

BRAY. Oh, tender ſir, need will haue his courſe: I was not made to this vile vſe! well, the edge of the enemie could not haue abated mee ſo much: It's hard when a man hath ſeru'd in his Princes cauſe, and be thus— Honorable worſhip, let me deriue a ſmall piece of ſiluer from you, it ſhall not bee giuen in the courſe of time, by this good ground, I was faine to pawne my rapier laſt night for a poore ſupper, I had ſuck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan elſe: ſweet honor.

Hee weepes.

KNO. Beleeue me, I am taken with ſome wonder,
To thinke, a fellow of thy outward preſence
Should (in the frame, and faſhion of his mind)
Be ſo degenerate, and ſordid-baſe!
Art thou a man? and ſham'ſt thou not to beg?
To practiſe ſuch a ſeruile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne're ſo meane,
Hauing thy limbs, a thouſand fairer courſes
Offer themſelues, to thy election.
Either the warres might ſtill ſupply thy wants,
Or ſeruice of ſome vertuous gentleman,
Or honeſt labour: nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better then to beg?
But men of thy condition feed on ſloth,
As doth the beetle, on the dung ſhee breeds in,
Not caring how the mettall of your minds
Is eaten with the ruſt of idleneſſe.
Now, afore me, what e're he be, that ſhould
Relieue a perſon of thy qualitie,
While thou inſiſt's in this looſe deſperate courſe,
I would eſteeme the ſinne, not thine, but his.

BRAY. Faith ſir, I would gladly finde ſome other courſe, if ſo——

KNO. I, you'ld gladly finde it, but you will not ſeeke it.

BRAY. Alas ſir, where ſhould a man ſeeke? in the warres, there's no aſcent by deſert in theſe dayes, but—— and for ſeruice, would it were as ſoone purchaſt, as wiſht for (the ayre's my comfort) I know, what I would ſay——

KNO. What's thy name?

BRAY. Pleaſe you, FITZ-SWORD, ſir.

KNO. FITZ-SWORD?
Say, that a man ſhould entertayne thee now,
Would'ſt thou be honeſt, humble, iuſt, and true?

BRAY. Sir, by the place, and honor of a ſouldier——

KNO. Nay, nay, I like not thoſe affected othes;
Speake plainely man: what think'ſt thou of my wordes?

BRAY. Nothing, ſir, but wiſh my fortunes were as happy, as my ſeruice ſhould be honeſt.

KNO.

KNO. Well, follow me, Ile proue thee, if thy deedes
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

BRAY. Yes sir, straight, Ile but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing! neuer was bottle, or bag-pipe fuller. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeeres to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his counsells: and, by that conduit, my yong master. Well, hee is resolu'd to proue my honestie; faith, and I am resolu'd to proue his patience: oh I shall abuse him intollerably. This small piece of seruice, will bring him cleane out of loue with the souldier, for euer. He will neuer come within the signe of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot giue him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better then to haue staid his iourney! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee imployed.

Act III. *Scene* I.

MATTHEW, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, ED: KNO'WELL, STEPHEN.

YEs faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you, too.

WEL. Oh, I came not there to night.

BOB. Your brother deliuered vs as much.

WEL. Who? my brother DOWNE-RIGHT?

BOB. He. Mr. WELL-BRED, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this: as sure as honor, I esteeme it so much out of the sunne-shine of reputation, to through the least beame of reguard, vpon such a———

WEL. Sir, I must heare no ill wordes of my brother.

BOB. I, protest to you, as I haue a thing to be sau'd about me, I neuer saw any gentleman-like part———

WEL. Good Captayne, *faces about*, to some other discourse.

BOB. With your leaue, sir, and there were no more men liuing vpon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him, by S. GEORGE.

MAT. Troth, nor I, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himselfe like a gentleman of fashion——

WEL. Oh, Mr. MATTHEW, that's a grace peculiar but to a few; *quos aquus amauit* IVPITER.

MAT. I vnderstand you sir.

WEL. No question, you doe, or you doe not, sir. NED KNO'WELL! by my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet spirit, my *Genius*? S'lid I shall loue APOLLO, and the mad *Thespian* girles the better, while I liue, for this; my deare *furie*: now, I see there's some loue in thee! Sirra, these bee the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsie humour is this now? why doest thou not speake?) *Yong Knowell enters.*

E. Kn. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you ſent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kn. Yes, Ile bee ſworne, I was ne're guiltie of reading the like; match it in all Plinie, or Symmachvs epiſtles, and Ile haue my iudgement burn'd in the eare for a rogue: make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camell it was, that had the carriage of it? for doubtleſſe, he was no ordinarie beaſt, that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kn. Why, ſaieſt thou? why doeſt thou thinke that any reaſonable creature, eſpecially in the morning (the ſober time of the day too) could haue miſ-tane my father for me?

Wel. S'lid, you ieſt, I hope?

E. Kn. Indeed, the beſt vſe wee can turne it too, is to make a ieſt on't, now: but Ile aſſure you, my father had the full view o' your flouriſhing ſtile, ſome houre before I ſaw it.

Wel. What a dull ſlaue was this? But, ſirrah, what ſaid hee to it, Ifaith?

E. Kn. Nay, I know not what he ſaid: but I haue a ſhrewd geſſe what hee thought.

Wel. What? what?

E. Kn. Mary, that thou art ſome ſtrange diſſolute yong fellow, and I a graine or two better, for keeping thee companie.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moone in her laſt quarter, 'twill change ſhortly: but, ſirrha, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's, here; thou wilt take exceeding pleaſure in 'hem if thou hear'ſt 'hem once goe: my wind-inſtruments. Ile wind 'hem vp—— but what ſtrange piece of ſilence is this? the ſigne of the dumbe man?

E. Kn. Oh, ſir, a kinſman of mine, one that may make your muſique the fuller, and he pleaſe, he has his humour, ſir.

Wel. Oh, what iſt? what iſt?

E. Kn. Nay, Ile neither doe your iudgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehenſion: Ile leaue him to the mercy o' your ſearch, if you can take him, ſo.

Wel. Well, Captaine Bobadill, Mr. Matthew, pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deſerue your affection. I know not your name ſir, but I ſhall be glad of any occaſion, to render me more familiar to you

To Maſter Stephen.

Step. My name is Mr. Stephen, ſir, I am this gentlemans owne couſin, ſir, his father is mine vnckle, ſir, I am ſomewhat melancholy, but you ſhall command me, ſir, in whatſoeuer is incident to a gentleman.

To Kno'well.

Bob. Sir, I muſt tell you this, I am no generall man, but for Mr. Welbred's ſake (you may embrace it, at what height of fauour you pleaſe) I doe communicate with you: and conceiue you, to bee a gentleman of ſome parts, I loue few wordes.

E. Kn. And I fewer, ſir. I haue ſcarce inow, to thanke you.

Mat.

MAT. But are you indeed, Sir? so giuen to it? *To Master Stephen.*

STEP. I, truely, sir, I am mightily giuen to melancholy.

MAT. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy, breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy my selfe diuers times, sir, and then doe I no more but take pen, and paper presently, and ouerflow you halfe a score, or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

(E. KN. Sure, he vtters them then, by the grosse.)

STEP. Truely sir, and I loue such things, out of measure.

E. KN. I faith, better then in measure, Ile vnder-take.

MAT. Why, I pray you, sir, make vse of my studie, it's at your seruice.

STEP. I thanke you sir, I shall bee bold, I warrant you; haue you a stoole there, to be melancholy' vpon?

MAT. That I haue, sir, and some papers there of mine owne doing, at idle houres, that you'le say there's some sparkes of wit in 'hem, when you see them.

WEL. Would the sparkes would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'hem, I might see selfe-loue burn't for her heresie.

STEP. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy inough?

E. KN. Oh I, excellent!

WEL. Captaine BOBADILL: why muse you so?

E. KN. He is melancholy, too.

BOB. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice, was perform'd to morrow, being S^t. MARKES day: shall bee some ten yeeres, now?

E. KN. In what place, Captaine?

BOB. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their liues vpon the breach. Ile tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure, that euer I beheld, with these eies, except the taking in of—what doe you call it, last yeere, by the *Genowayes*, but that (of all other) was the most fatall, and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemie, as I am a gentleman, & souldier.

STEP. 'So, I had as liefe, as an angell, I could sweare as well as that gentleman!——

E. KN. Then, you were a seruitor, at both it seemes! at *Strigonium*? and what doe you call't?

BOB. Oh lord, sir? by S. GEORGE, I was the first man, that entred the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had beene slaine, if I had had a million of liues.

E. KN. 'Twas pittie, you had not ten; a cats, and your owne, ifaith. But, was it possible?

(MAT. 'Pray you, marke this discourse, sir.

STEP. So, I doe.)

BOB. I assure you (vpon my reputation) 'tis true, and your selfe shall confesse.

E. KN.

E. Kn. You muſt bring me to the racke, firſt.

Bob. Obſerue me iudicially, ſweet ſir, they had planted mee three demi-culuerings, iuſt in the mouth of the breach; now, ſir (as we were to giue on) their maſter gunner (a man of no meane skill, and marke, you muſt thinke) confronts me with his linſtock, readie to giue fire; I ſpying his intendment, diſcharg'd my petrionel in his boſome, and with theſe ſingle armes, my poore rapier, ranne violently, vpon the *Moores*, that guarded the ordinance, and put 'hem pell-mell to the ſword.

Wel. To the ſword? to the rapier, Captaine?

E.Kn. Oh, it was a good figure obſeru'd, ſir! but did you all this, Captaine, without hurting your blade.

Bob. Without any impeach, o' the earth: you ſhall perceiue ſir. It is the moſt fortunate weapon, that euer rid on poore gentlemans thigh: ſhal I tell you, ſir? you talke of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or ſo? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'hem, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare, the boldlier, maintaine it.

Step. I mar'le whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A moſt perfect *Toledo*, I aſſure you, ſir.

Step. I haue a countriman of his, here.

Mat. Pray you, let's ſee, ſir: yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? piſh.

Step. Why doe you piſh, Captaine?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by heauen, Ile buy them for a guilder, a piece, an' I would haue a thouſand of them.

E.Kn. How ſay you, couſin? I told you thus much?

Wel. Where bought you it, Mr. Stephen?

Step. Of a ſcuruie rogue ſouldier (a hundred of lice goe with him) he ſwore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poore prouant rapier, no better.

Mat. Maſſe, I thinke it be, indeed! now I looke on't, better.

E.Kn. Nay, the longer you looke on't, the worſe. Put it vp, put it vp.

Step. Well, I will put it vp, but by—— (I ha' forgot the Captaynes oath, I thought to ha' ſworne by it) an' ere I meet him——

Wel. O, it is paſt helpe now, ſir, you muſt haue patience.

Step. Horſon connie-catching raskall! I could eate the very hilts for anger!

E.Kn. A ſigne of good digeſtion! you haue an oſtrich ſtomack, couſin.

Step. A ſtomack? would I had him here, you ſhould ſee, an' I had a ſtomack.

Wel. It's better as 'tis: come, gentlemen, ſhall we goe?

Act III. *Scene* II.

E. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, STEPHEN, WELL-BRED, BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

A Miracle, couſin, looke here! looke here!

STEP. Oh, gods lid, by your leaue, doe you know me, ſir?

BRAY. I ſir, I know you, by ſight.

STEP. You ſold me a rapier, did you not?

BRAY. Yes, marie, did I ſir.

STEP. You ſaid, it was a *Toledo*, ha?

BRAY. True, I did ſo.

STEP. But, it is none?

BRAY. No ſir, I confeſſe it, it is none.

STEP. Doe you confeſſe it? gentlemen, beare witneſſe, he has confeſt it. By gods will, and you had not confeſt it——

E. KN. Oh couſin, forbeare, forbeare.

STEP. Nay, I haue done, couſin.

WEL. Why you haue done like a gentleman, he ha's confeſt it, what would you more?

STEP. Yet, by his leaue, he is a raskall, vnder his fauour, doe you ſee?

E. KN. I, by his leaue, he is, and vnder fauour: a prettie piece of ciuilitie! Sirra, how doeſt thou like him?

WEL. Oh, it's a moſt pretious foole, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, then a drumme; for euery one may play vpon him.

E. KN. No, no, a childes whiſtle were farre the fitter.

BRAY. Sir, ſhall I intreat a word with you?

E. KN. With me, ſir? you haue not another *Toledo* to ſell, ha' you?

BRAY. You are conceipted, ſir, your name is Mr. KNO'WELL, as I take it?

E. KN. You are, i' the right? you meane not to proceede in the catechiſme, doe you?

BRAY. No ſir, I am none of that coat.

E. KN. Of as bare a coat, though? well, ſay ſir.

BRAY. Faith ſir, I am but ſeruant to the drum extraordinarie, and indeed (this ſmokie varniſh being waſht off, and three or foure patches remou'd) I appeare your worſhips in reuerſion, after the deceaſe of your good father, BRAYNE-WORME.

E. KN. BRAYNE-WORME! S'light, what breath of a coniurer, hath blowne thee hither in this ſhape.

BRAY. The breath o' your letter, ſir, this morning: the ſame that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. KN.

E. Kn. My father?

Bray. Nay, neuer ſtart, 'tis true, he has follow'd you ouer the field's, by the foot, as you would doe a hare i' the ſnow.

E. Kn. Sirra, Wel-bred, what ſhall we doe, ſirra? my father is come ouer, after me.

Wel. Thy father? where is he?

Bray. At Iuſtice Clements houſe here, in *Colman*-ſtreet, where he but ſtaies my returne; and then———

Wel. Who's this? Brayne-worme?

Bray. The ſame, ſir.

Wel. Why how, i' the name of wit, com'ſt thou tranſ-muted, thus?

Bray. Faith, a deuiſe, a deuiſe: nay, for the loue of reaſon, gentlemen, and auoiding the danger, ſtand not here, withdraw, and Ile tell you all.

Wel. But, art thou ſure, he will ſtay thy returne?

Bray. Doe I liue, ſir? what a queſtion is that?

Wel. Wee'le prorogue his expectation then, a little: Brayne-worme, thou ſhalt goe with vs. Come on, gentlemen, nay, I pray thee, ſweet Ned, droope not: 'heart, and our wits be ſo wretchedly dull, that one old plodding braine can out-ſtrip vs all, would we were eene preſt, to make porters of; and ſerue out the remnant of our daies, in *Thames*-ſtreet, or at *Cuſtome*-houſe key, in a ciuill warre, againſt the car-men.

Bray. Amen, Amen, Amen, ſay I.

Act III. *Scene* III.

Kitely, Cash.

WHat ſaies he, Thomas? Did you ſpeake with him?

Cas. He will expect you, ſir, within this halfe houre.

Kit. Has he the money readie, can you tell?

Cas. Yes, ſir, the money was brought in, laſt night.

Kit. O, that's well: fetch me my cloke, my cloke.
Stay, let me ſee, an houre, to goe and come;
I, that will be the leaſt: and then 'twill be
An houre, before I can diſpatch with him;
Or very neere: well, I will ſay two houres.
Two houres? ha? things, neuer dreamt of yet,
May be contriu'd, I, and effected too,
In two houres abſence: well, I will not goe.
Two houres; no, fleering oportunitie,
I will not giue your ſubtiltie that ſcope.
Who will not iudge him worthie to be rob'd,
That ſets his doores wide open to a thiefe,
And ſhewes the fellon, where his treaſure lies?
Againe, what earthie ſpirit but will attempt

To the taſte fruit of beauties golden tree,
When leaden ſleepe ſeales vp the Dragons eyes?
I will not goe. Buſineſſe, goe by, for once.
No beautie, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left ſo, without a guard, or open!
Your luſtre too'll enflame, at any diſtance,
Draw courtſhip to you, as a iet doth ſtrawes,
Put motion in a ſtone, ſtrike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leape you, with his burden!
You muſt be then kept vp, cloſe, and well-watch'd,
For, giue you oportunitie, no quick-ſand
Deuoures, or ſwallowes ſwifter! He that lends
His wife (if ſhee be faire) or time, or place;
Compells her to be falſe. I will not goe.
The dangers are to many. And, then, the dreſſing
Is a moſt mayne attractiue! Our great heads,
Within the citie, neuer were in ſafetie,
Since our wiues wore theſe little caps: Ile change 'hem,
Ile change 'hem, ſtreight, in mine. Mine ſhall no more
Weare three-pild akornes, to make my hornes ake.
Nor, will I goe. I am reſolu'd for that.
Carry'in my cloke againe. Yet, ſtay. Yet, doe too.
I will deferre going, on all occaſions.

CASH. Sir. SNARE, your ſcriuener, will be there with th'bonds.

KITE. That's true! foole on me! I had cleane forgot it;
I muſt goe. What's a clocke? CASH. *Exchange* time, ſir.

KITE. 'Heart, then will WELL-BRED preſently be here, too,
With one, or other of his looſe conſorts.
I am a knaue, if I know what to ſay,
What courſe to take, or which way to reſolue.
My braine (me thinkes) is like an houre-glaſſe,
Wherein, my imaginations runne, like ſands,
Filling vp time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to ſtay vpon,
And leſſe, to put in act. It ſhall be ſo.
Nay, I dare build vpon his ſecrecie,
He knowes not to deceiue me. THOMAS? CASH. Sir.

KITE. Yet now, I haue bethought me, too, I will not.
THOMAS, is COB within? CASH. I thinke he be, ſir.

KITE. But hee'll prate too, there's no ſpeech of him.
No, there were no man o' the earth to THOMAS,
If I durſt truſt him; there is all the doubt.
But, ſhould he haue a chinke in him, I were gone,
Loſt i' my fame for euer: talke for th'Exchange.
The manner he hath ſtood with, till this preſent,

Doth

Doth promiſe no ſuch change! what ſhould I feare then?
Well, come what will, Ile tempt my fortune, once.
THOMAS—you may deceiue me, but, I hope———
Your loue, to me, is more— CAS. Sir, if a ſeruants
Duetie, with faith, may be call'd loue, you are
More then in hope, you are poſſeſs'd of it.
KIT. I thanke you, heartily, THOMAS; Gi' me your hand:
With all my heart, good THOMAS. I haue, THOMAS,
A ſecret to impart, vnto you—but
When once you haue it, I muſt ſeale your lips vp:
(So farre, I tell you, THOMAS.) CAS. Sir, for that———
KIT. Nay, heare me, out. Thinke, I eſteeme you, THOMAS,
When, I will let you in, thus, to my priuate.
It is a thing ſits, neerer, to my creſt,
Then thou art ware of, THOMAS. If thou ſhould'ſt
Reueale it, but— CAS. How? I reueale it? KIT. Nay,
I doe not thinke thou would'ſt; but if thou ſhould'ſt:
Twere a great weakeneſſe. CAS. A great trecherie.
Giue it no other name. KIT. Thou wilt not do't, then?
CAS. Sir, if I doe, mankind diſclaime me, euer.
KIT. He will not ſweare, he has ſome reſeruation,
Some conceal'd purpoſe, and cloſe meaning, ſure:
Elſe (being vrg'd ſo much) how ſhould he chooſe,
But lend an oath to all this proteſtation?
H'is no preciſian, that I am certaine of.
Nor rigid *Roman*-catholike. Hee'll play,
At *Fayles*, and *Tick-tack*, I haue heard him ſweare.
What ſhould I thinke of it? vrge him againe,
And by ſome other way? I will doe ſo.
Well, THOMAS; thou haſt ſworne not to diſcloſe;
Yes, you did ſweare? CAS. Not yet, ſir, but I will,
Pleaſe you— KIT. No, THOMAS, I dare take thy word.
But; if thou wilt ſweare, doe, as thou think'ſt good;
I am reſolu'd without it; at thy pleaſure.
CAS. By my ſoules ſafetie then, ſir, I proteſt.
My tongue ſhall ne're take knowledge of a word,
Deliuer'd me in nature of your truſt.
KIT. It's too much, theſe ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firme as rock.
THOMAS, come hither, neere: we cannot be
Too priuate, in this buſineſſe. So it is,
(Now, he ha's ſworne, I dare the ſafelier venter)
I haue of late, by diuers obſeruations———
(But, whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no',
Being not taken lawfully? ha? ſay you?

I will

I will aske counſell, ere I doe proceed:)
THOMAS, it will be now too long to ſtay,
Ile ſpie ſome fitter time ſoone, or to morrow.
CAS. Sir, at your pleaſure? KIT. I will thinke. And, THOMAS,
I pray you ſearch the bookes 'gainſt my returne,
For the receipts 'twixt me, and TRAPS. CAS. I will, ſir.
KIT. And, heare you, if your miſtris brother, WEL-BRED,
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,
Ere I come backe; let one ſtraight bring me word.
CAS. Very well, ſir. KIT. To the Exchange; doe you heare?
Or here in *Colman*-ſtreet, to Iuſtice CLEMENTS.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.
CAS. I will not, ſir. KIT. I pray you haue a care on't.
Or whether he come, or no, if any other,
Stranger, or elſe, faile not to ſend me word.
CAS. I ſhall not, ſir. KIT. Be't your ſpeciall buſineſſe
Now, to remember it. CAS. Sir. I warrant you.
KIT. But, THOMAS, this is not the ſecret, THOMAS,
I told you of. CAS. No, ſir. I doe ſuppoſe it.
KIT. Beleeue me, it is not. CAS. Sir. I doe beleeue you.
KIT. By heauen, it is not, that's enough. But, THOMAS,
I would not, you ſhould vtter it, doe you ſee?
To any creature liuing, yet, I care not.
Well, I muſt hence. THOMAS, conceiue thus much.
It was a tryall of you, when I meant
So deepe a ſecret to you, I meane not this,
But that I haue to tell you, this is nothing, this.
But, THOMAS, keepe this from my wife, I charge you;
Lock'd vp in ſilence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell, then to be ſlaue to feare.
CAS. Lock'd vp in ſilence, mid-night, buried here.
Whence ſhould this floud of paſſion (trow) take head? ha?
Beſt, dreame no longer of this running humour,
For feare I ſinke! the violence of the ſtreame
Alreadie hath tranſported me ſo farre,
That I can feele no ground at all! but ſoft,
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: ſomewhat ha's croſt him, now.

Act III *Scene* IIII.

COB, CASH.

FAſting dayes? what tell you me of faſting dayes? S'lid, would they were all on a light fire for me: They ſay, the whole world ſhall bee conſum'd with fire one day, but would I had theſe ember-weekes, and villanous fridayes burnt, in the meane time, and then——
CAS. Why, how now COB, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas? I scorne your collar, I sir, I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap shew you a jades trick, sir.

Cas. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, sir.

Cas. Thy rewme, Cob? thy humour, thy humour? thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour? mack, I thinke it be so, indeed: what is that humour? some rare thing, I warrant.

Cas. Mary, Ile tell thee, Cob: It is a gentleman-like monster, bred, in the speciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How? must it be fed?

Cas. Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didst thou neuer heare that? it's a common phrase, *Feed my humour*.

Cob. Ile none on it: Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monster-ship, it shall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my selfe; especially, on these leane rascally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a fasting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might haue done the common-wealth good seruice, and haue drown'd them all i' the floud, two or three hundred thousand yeeres agoe. O, I doe stomack them hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sr Bevis his horse, against 'hem.

Cas. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of loue with fasting-dayes?

Cob. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. First, they are of a *Flemmish* breed, I am sure on't, for they rauen vp more butter, then all the dayes of the weeke, beside; next, they stinke of fish, and leeke-porridge miserably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day, and at night send him supperlesse to bed.

Cas. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, and this were all, 'twere something, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A fasting-day, no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne Hannibal, and eate my owne fish, and bloud: My princely couz, fear nothing; I haue not the hart to deuoure you, & I might be made as rich as King Cophetva. O, that I had roome for my teares, I could weepe salt-water enough, now, to preserue the liues of ten thousand of my kin. But, I may curse none but these filthie *Almanacks*, for an't were not for them, these dayes of persecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' some Fish-mongers sonne doe not make of hem; and puts in more fasting-dayes then he should doe, because hee would vtter his fathers dryed stock-fish, and stinking conger.

He pulls out a red herring.

Cas. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a stock-fish, else: here is M^r^. Matthew. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my master.

Act

Act III. *Scene* V.

WELL-BRED, ED. KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME, BOBADILL, MATTHEW, STEPHEN, THOMAS, COB.

BEshrew me, but it was an absolute good ieſt, and exceedingly well carried!

E. KNO. I, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

WEL. Yes faith, but was't poſſible thou ſhould'ſt not know him? I forgiue Mr. STEPHEN, for he is ſtupiditie it ſelfe!

E. KN. 'Fore god, not I, and I might haue been ioyn'd patten with one of the ſeuen wiſe maſters, for knowing him. He had ſo writhen himſelfe, into the habit of one of your poore *Infanterie*, your decay'd, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round: ſuch as haue vowed to ſit on the skirts of the citie, let your Prouoſt, and his halfe-dozen of halberdeirs doe what they can; and haue tranſlated begging out of the old hackney pace, to a fine eaſie amble, and made it runne as ſmooth, of the tongue, as a ſhoue-groat ſhilling. Into the likeneſſe of one of theſe *Reformado's* had he moulded himſelfe ſo perfectly, obſeruing euery tricke of their action, in varying the accent, ſwearing with an *emphaſis*, indeed all, with ſo ſpe-riall, and exquiſite a grace, that (hadſt thou ſeene him) thou would'ſt haue ſworne, he might haue beene Serieant-*Maior*, if not Lieutenant-*Coronell* to the regiment.

WEL. Why, BRAYNE-WORME, who would haue thought thou hadſt beene ſuch an artificer?

E. KN. An artificer? An architect! except a man had ſtudied begging all his life-time, and beene a weauer of language, from his infancie, for the clothing of it! I neuer ſaw his riuall.

WEL. Where got'ſt thou this coat, I marl'e?

BRAY. Of a *Hounds-ditch* man, ſir. One of the deuil's neere kinſmen, a broker.

WEL. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold; for, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

BRAY. True ſir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo*.

WEL. (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll ſay,

E. KN. Tut, he ha's more of theſe ſhifts.

BRAY. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten, ſir,

THO. FRANCIS, MARTIN, ne're a one to be found, now? what a ſpite's this?

WEL. How now, THOMAS? is my brother KITELY, within?

THO. No ſir, my maſter went forth eene now: but maſter DOWNE-RIGHT is within. COB, what COB? is he gone too?

WEL. VVhither went your maſter? THOMAS, canſt thou tell?

THO. I know not, to Iuſtice CLEMENTS, I thinke, ſir. COB.

Cob. Collar, maſter Thomas? I ſcorne your collar, I ſir, I am none o' your cart-horſe, though I carry, and draw water. An' you offer to ride me, with your collar, or halter either, I may hap ſhew you a jades trick, ſir.

Cas. O, you'll ſlip your head out of the collar? why, goodman Cob, you miſtake me.

Cob. Nay, I haue my rewme, & I can be angrie as well as another, ſir.

Cas. Thy rewme, Cob? thy humour, thy humour? thou miſtak'ſt.

Cob. Humour? mack, I thinke it be ſo, indeed: what is that humour? ſome rare thing, I warrant.

Cas. Mary, Ile tell thee, Cob: It is a gentleman-like monſter, bred, in the ſpeciall gallantrie of our time, by affectation; and fed by folly.

Cob. How? muſt it be fed?

Cas. Oh I, humour is nothing, if it bee not fed. Didſt thou neuer heare that? it's a common phraſe, *Feed my humour.*

Cob. Ile none on it: Humour, auant, I know you not, be gone. Let who will make hungrie meales for your monſter-ſhip, it ſhall not bee I. Feed you, quoth he? S'lid, I ha' much adoe, to feed my ſelfe; eſpecially, on theſe leane raſcally dayes, too; and't had beene any other day, but a faſting-day (a plague on them all for mee) by this light, one might haue done the common-wealth good ſeruice, and haue drown'd them all i' the floud, two or three hundred thouſand yeeres agoe. O, I doe ſtomack them hugely! I haue a maw now, and't were for Sr Bevis his horſe, againſt 'hem.

Cas. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee ſo out of loue with faſting-dayes?

Cob. Mary that, which will make any man out of loue with 'hem, I thinke: their bad conditions, and you will needs know. Firſt, they are of a *Flemmiſh* breed, I am ſure on't, for they rauen vp more butter, then all the dayes of the weeke, beſide; next, they ſtinke of fiſh, and leeke-porridge miſerably: thirdly, they'le keepe a man deuoutly hungrie, all day, and at night ſend him ſupperleſſe to bed.

Cas. Indeed, theſe are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, and this were all, 'twere ſomething, but they are the only knowne enemies, to my generation. A faſting-day, no ſooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore cobs they ſmoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in paſſion: and your maides too know this, and yet would haue me turne Hannibal, and eate my owne fiſh, and bloud: My princely couz, fear nothing; I haue not the hart to deuoure you, & I might be made as rich as King Cophetva. O, that I had roome for my teares, I could weepe ſalt-water enough, now, to preſerue the liues of ten thouſand of my kin. But, I may curſe none but theſe filthie *Almanacks*, for an't were not for them, theſe dayes of perſecution would ne're be knowne. Ile bee hang'd, an' ſome Fiſh-mongers ſonne doe not make of hem; and puts in more faſting-dayes then he ſhould doe, becauſe hee would vtter his fathers dryed ſtock-fiſh, and ſtinking conger.

He pulls out a red herring.

Cas. S'light, peace, thou'lt bee beaten like a ſtock-fiſh, elſe; here is M^r^. Matthew. Now muſt I looke out for a meſſenger to my maſter.

Act III. *Scene* V.

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WEL. Why, BRAYNE-WORME, who would haue thought thou hadſt beene ſuch an artificer?

E. KN. An artificer? An architect! except a man had ſtudied begging all his life-time, and beene a weauer of language, from his infancie, for the clothing of it! I neuer ſaw his riuall.

WEL. Where got'ſt thou this coat, I marle?

BRAY. Of a *Hounds-ditch* man, ſir. One of the deuil's neere kinſmen, a broker.

WEL. That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold; for, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

BRAY. True ſir, but I did need a broker, *Ergo*.

WEL. (Well put off) no craftie knaue, you'll ſay,

E. KN. Tut, he ha's more of theſe ſhifts.

BRAY. And yet where I haue one, the broker ha's ten, ſir,

THO. FRANCIS, MARTIN, ne're a one to be found, now? what a ſpite's this?

WEL. How now, THOMAS? is my brother KITELY, within?

THO. No ſir, my maſter went forth eene now: but maſter DOWNE-RIGHT is within. COB, what COB? is he gone too?

WEL. VVhither went your maſter? THOMAS, canſt thou tell?

THO. I know not, to Iuſtice CLEMENTS, I thinke, ſir. COB.

E.Kn. Iuſtice Clement, what's he?

Wel. Why, doeſt thou not know him? he is a citie-magiſtrate, a Iuſtice here, an excellent good Lawyer, and a great ſcholler: but the onely mad, merrie, old fellow in *Europe*! I ſhew'd him you, the other day.

E.Kn. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he ha's a very ſtrange preſence, mee thinkes; it ſhewes as if hee ſtood out of the ranke, from other men: I haue heard many of his ieſts i' *vniuerſitie*. They ſay, he will commit a man, for taking the wall, of his horſe.

Wel. I, or wearing his cloke of one ſhoulder, or ſeruing of god: any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Caſh goes in and out calling.

Cas. Gasper, Martin, Cob: 'heart, where ſhould they be, trow?

Bob. Maſter Kitely's man, 'pray thee vouchſafe vs the lighting of this match.

Cas. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchſafe? Francis. Cob.

Bob. Bodie of me! here's the remainder of ſeuen pound, ſince yeſterday was ſeuen-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*! did you neuer take any, maſter Stephen?

Step. No truely, ſir? but I'le learne to take it now, ſince you commend it, ſo.

Bob. Sir, beleeue mee (vpon my relation) for what I tell you, the world ſhal not reproue. I haue been in the *Indies* (where this herb growes) where neither my ſelfe, nor a dozen gentlemen more (of my knowledge) haue receiued the taſt of any other nutriment, in the world, for the ſpace of one and twentie weekes, but the fume of this ſimple onely. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis moſt diuine! Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind ſo, it makes an *antidote*, that (had you taken the moſt deadly poyſonous plant in all *Italy*, it ſhould expell it, and clarifie you, with as much eaſe, as I ſpeake. And, for your greene wound, your *Balſamum*, and your S^t. Iohn's *woort* are all mere gulleries, and traſh to it, eſpecially your *Trinidado*: your *Nicotian* is good too. I could ſay what I know of the vertue of it, for the expulſion of rhewmes, raw humours, crudities, obſtructions, with a thouſand of this kind; but I profeſſe my ſelfe no *quack-ſaluer*. Only, thus much, by Hercvles, I doe hold it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in *Europe*) to be the moſt ſoueraigne, and precious weede, that euer the earth tendred to the vſe of man.

E.Kn: This ſpeech would ha' done decētly in a *tabacco*-traders mouth!

Cas. At Iuſtice Clements, hee is: in the middle of *Colman*-ſtreet.

Cob. O, oh?

Bob. Where's the match I gaue thee? Maſter Kitelies man?

Cas. Would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it.

Cob. By gods mee, I marle, what pleaſure, or felicitie they haue in taking this roguiſh *tabacco*! it's good for nothing, but to choke a man, and fill him full of ſmoke, and embers: there were foure dyed out of one houſe,

house, last weeke, with taking of it, and two more the bell went for, yester-night; one of them (they say) will ne're scape it: he voided a bushell of soot yester-day, vpward, and downeward. By the stocks, an' there were no wiser men then I, I'ld haue it present whipping, man, or woman, that should but deale with a *tabacco*-pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as vse it; it's little better then rats bane, or rosaker.

ALL. Oh, good Captayne, hold, hold.

Bobadil beates him with a cudgell.

BOB. You base cullion, you.

CAS. Sir, here's your match: come, thou must needs be talking, too, tho'art well inough seru'd.

COB. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well it shall be a deare beating, and I liue.

BOB. Doe you prate? Doe you murmure?

E.KN. Nay, good Captayne, will you regard the humour of a foole? away, knaue.

WEL. THOMAS, get him away.

BOB. A horson filthie slaue, a dung-worme, an excrement! Body o' CAESAR, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I'ld ha' stab'd him, to the earth.

WEL. Mary, the law forbid, sir.

BOB. By PHAROAHS foot, I would haue done it.

STEP. Oh, he sweares admirably! (by PHAROAHS foot) (body of CAESAR) I shall neuer doe it, sure (vpon mine honor, and by Saint GEORGE) no, I ha' not the right grace.

MAT. Master STEPHEN, will you any? By this aire, the most diuine *tabacco*, that euer I drunke!

STEP. None, I thanke you, sir. O, this gentleman do's it, rarely too! but nothing like the other. By this aire, as I am a gentleman: by——

Master Stephen is practising, to the post.

BRAY. Master, glance, glance! Master WELL-BRED!

STEP. As I haue somewhat to be saued, I protest——

WEL. You are a foole: It needes no *affidauit*.

E.KN. Cousin, will you any *tabacco*?

STEP. I sir! vpon my reputation——

E.KN. How now, cousin!

STEP. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no souldier, indeed——

WEL. No, Master STEPHEN? as I remember your name is entred in the artillerie garden?

STEP. I sir, that's true: Cousin, may I swear, as I am a souldier, by that?

E.KN. Oh yes, that you may. It's all you haue for your money.

STEP. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine *tabacco*!

WEL. But soft, where's Mr. MATTHEW? gone?

BRAY. No, sir, they went in here.

WEL. O, let's follow them: master MATTHEW is gone to salute his mistris, in verse. VVee shall ha' the happinesse, to heare some of his poetrie, now. Hee neuer comes vnfurnish'd. BRAYNE-WORME?

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?
E.KN. I, couſin, no wordes of it, vpon your gentilitie.
STEP. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. GEORGE, and the foot of PHAROAH.
WEL. Rare! your couſins diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with oathes.
E.KN. 'Tis larded with 'hem. A kind of french dreſſing, if you loue it.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

KITELY, COB.

HA? how many are there, ſayeſt thou?
COB. Mary ſir, your brother, maſter VVELL-BRED——
KIT. Tut, beſide him: what ſtrangers are there, man?
COB. Strangers? let me ſee, one, two; maſſe I know not well, there are ſo many.
KIT. How? ſo many?
COB. I, there's ſome fiue, or ſixe of them, at the moſt.
KIT. A ſwarme, a ſwarme,
Spight of the deuill, how they ſting my head
VVith forked ſtings, thus wide, and large! But, COB,
How long haſt thou beene comming hither, COB?
COB. A little while, ſir.
KIT. Did'ſt thou come running?
COB. No, ſir.
KIT. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haſte!
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rankt in ſuch content,
My mind at reſt too, in ſo ſoft a peace,
Being free maſter of mine owne free thoughts,
And now become a ſlaue? VVhat? neuer ſigh,
Be of good cheere, man: for thou art a cuckold,
'Tis done, 'tis done! nay, when ſuch flowing ſtore,
Plentie it ſelfe, falls in my wiues lap,
The *Cornu-copie* will be mine, I know. But, COB,
VVhat entertaynement had they? I am ſure
My ſiſter, and my wife, would bid them welcome! ha?
COB. Like inough, ſir, yet, I heard not a word of it.
KIT. No: their lips were ſeal'd with kiſſes, and the voyce
Drown'd in a floud of ioy, at their arriuall,
Had loſt her motion, ſtate, and facultie.
COB, which of them was't, that firſt kiſt my wife?
(My ſiſter, I ſhould ſay) my wife, alas,
I feare not her: ha? who was it, ſay'ſt thou?
COB. By my troth, ſir, will you haue the truth of it?

KIT. Oh I, good COB: I pray thee, heartily.

COB. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-well*, then your worſhips companie, if I ſaw any bodie to be kiſt, vnleſſe they would haue kiſt the poſt, in the middle of the ware-houſe; for there I left them all, at their *tabacco*, with a poxe.

KIT. How? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'ſt?

COB. Oh no ſir.

KIT. Spite of the deuill! what doe I ſtay here, then? COB, follow me.

COB. Nay, ſoft and faire, I haue egges on the ſpit; I cannot goe yet, ſir. Now am I for ſome fiue and fiftie reaſons hammering, hammering reuenge: oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to ſharpen my wits. Reuenge, vineger reuenge: vineger, and muſtard reuenge: nay, and hee had not lyen in my houſe, 't would neuer haue grieu'd me, but being my gueſt, one, that Ile be ſworne, my wife ha's lent him her ſmock off her back, while his one ſhirt ha's beene at waſhing; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him; ſold almoſt all my platters, to buy him *tabacco*; and he to turne monſter of ingratitude, and ſtrike his lawfull hoſt! well, I hope to raiſe vp an hoſt of furie for't: here comes Iuſtice CLEMENT.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

WHat's maſter KITELY gone? ROGER?

FOR. I, ſir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me! what made him leaue vs ſo abruptly! How now, ſirra? what make you here? what would you haue, ha?

COB. And't pleaſe your worſhip, I am a poore neighbour of your worſhips——

CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine? why, ſpeake poore neighbour.

COB. I dwell, ſir, at the ſigne of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice: I haue paid ſcot, and lot there, any time this eighteene yeeres.

CLEM. To the greene lattice?

COB. No, ſir, to the pariſh: mary, I haue ſeldome ſcap't ſcot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well! what buſineſſe ha's my poore neighbour with me?

COB. And't like your worſhip, I am come, to craue the peace of your worſhip.

CLEM. Of mee knaue? peace of mee, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

COB. No, ſir, but your worſhips warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, ſir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compaſſe it, with your worſhip.

CLEM. Thou goeſt farre inough about for't, I am ſure.

KNO.

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?
E.KN. I, couſin, no wordes of it, vpon your gentilitie.
STEP. Not I, body of me, by this aire, S. GEORGE, and the foot of PHAROAH.
WEL. Rare! your couſins diſcourſe is ſimply drawn out with oathes.
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KIT. How? ſo many?
COB. I, there's ſome fiue, or ſixe of them, at the moſt.
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VVith forked ſtings, thus wide, and large! But, COB,
How long haſt thou beene comming hither, COB?
COB. A little while, ſir.
KIT. Did'ſt thou come running?
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KIT. Oh I, good COB: I pray thee, heartily.

COB. Then, I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-well*, then your worships companie, if I saw any bodie to be kist, vnlesse they would haue kist the post, in the middle of the ware-house; for there I left them all, at their *tabacco*, with a poxe.

KIT. How? were they not gone in, then, e're thou cam'st?

COB. Oh no sir.

KIT. Spite of the deuill! what doe I stay here, then? COB, follow me.

COB. Nay, soft and faire, I haue egges on the spit; I cannot goe yet, sir. Now am I for some fiue and fiftie reasons hammering, hammering reuenge: oh, for three or foure gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits. Reuenge, vineger reuenge: vineger, and mustard reuenge: nay, and hee had not lyen in my house, 't would neuer haue grieu'd me, but being my guest, one, that Ile be sworne, my wife ha's lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt ha's beene at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him; sold almost all my platters, to buy him *tabacco*; and he to turne monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawfull host! well, I hope to raise vp an host of furie for't: here comes Iustice CLEMENT.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

WHat's master KITELY gone? ROGER?

FOR. I, sir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me! what made him leaue vs so abruptly! How now, sirra? what make you here? what would you haue, ha?

COB. And 't please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships——

CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine? why, speake poore neighbour.

COB. I dwell, sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice: I haue paid scot, and lot there, any time this eighteene yeeres.

CLEM. To the greene lattice?

COB. No, sir, to the parish: mary, I haue seldome scap't scot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well! what businesse ha's my poore neighbour with me?

COB. And 't like your worship, I am come, to craue the peace of your worship.

CLEM. Of mee knaue? peace of mee, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

COB. No, sir, but your worships warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, sir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compasse it, with your worship.

CLEM. Thou goest farre inough about for't, I am sure.

KNO.

STEP. BRAYNE-WORME? Where? Is this BRAYNE-WORME?
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KIT. Did'ſt thou come running?
COB. No, ſir.
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COB. Oh no ſir.

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Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, FORMALL, COB.

WHat's maſter KITELY gone? ROGER?

FOR. I, ſir.

CLEM. 'Hart of me! what made him leaue vs ſo abruptly! How now, ſirra? what make you here? what would you haue, ha?

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CLEM. A poore neighbour of mine? why, ſpeake poore neighbour.

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CLEM. To the greene lattice?

COB. No, ſir, to the pariſh: mary, I haue ſeldome ſcap't ſcot-free, at the lattice.

CLEM. O, well! what buſineſſe ha's my poore neighbour with me?

COB. And 't like your worſhip, I am come, to craue the peace of your worſhip.

CLEM. Of mee knaue? peace of mee, knaue? did I e're hurt thee? or threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

COB. No, ſir, but your worſhips warrant, for one that ha's wrong'd me, ſir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine haue them bound to a treatie of peace, an' my credit could compaſſe it, with your worſhip.

CLEM. Thou goeſt farre inough about for't, I am ſure.

KNO.

KNO. Why, doeſt thou goe in danger of thy life for him? friend?

COB. No ſir; but I goe in danger of my death, euery houre, by his meanes: an' I die, within a twelue-moneth and a day, I may ſweare, by the law of the land, that he kill'd me.

CLEM. How? how knaue? ſweare he kill'd thee? and by the law? what pretence? what colour haſt thou for that?

COB. Mary, and't pleaſe your worſhip, both black, and blew; colour inough, I warrant you. I haue it here, to ſhew your worſhip.

CLEM. What is he, that gaue you this, ſirra?

COB. A gentleman, and a ſouldier, he ſaies he is, o' the citie here.

CLEM. A ſouldier o' the citie? What call you him?

COB. Captayne BOBADIL.

CLEM. BOBADIL? And why did he bob, and beate you, ſirrah? How began the quarrell betwixt you? ha: ſpeake truely knaue, I aduiſe you.

COB. Mary, indeed, and pleaſe your worſhip, onely becauſe I ſpake againſt their vagrant *tabacco*, as I came by 'hem, when they were taking on't, for nothing elſe.

CLEM. Ha? you ſpeake againſt *tabacco*? FORMALL, his name.

FORM. What's your name, ſirra?

COB. OLIVER, ſir, OLIVER COB, ſir.

CLEM. Tell OLIVER COB, he ſhall goe to the iayle, FORMALL.

FORM. OLIVER COB, my maſter, Iuſtice CLEMENT, ſaies, you ſhall goe to the iayle.

COB. O, I beſeech your worſhip, for gods ſake, deare maſter Iuſtice.

CLEM. Nay, gods pretious: and ſuch drunkards, and tankards, as you are, come to diſpute of *tabacco* once; I haue done! away with him.

COB. O, good maſter Iuſtice, ſweet old gentleman.

KNO. Sweet OLIVER, would I could doe thee any good: Iuſtice CLEMENT, let me intreat you, ſir.

CLEM. What? a thred-bare raſcall! a begger! a ſlaue that neuer drunke out of better then piſſe-pot mettle in his life! and he to depraue, and abuſe the vertue of an herbe, ſo generally receiu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of ſweet ladies, the cabbins of ſouldiers! ROGER, away with him, by gods pretious—I ſay, goe too.

COB. Deare maſter Iuſtice; Let mee bee beaten againe, I haue deſeru'd it: but not the priſon, I beſeech you.

KNO. Alas, poore OLIVER!

CLEM. ROGER, make him a warrant (hee ſhall not goe) I but feare the knaue.

FORM. Doe not ſtinke, ſweet OLIVER, you ſhall not goe, my maſter will giue you a warrant.

COB. O, the Lord maintayne his worſhip, his worthy worſhip.

CLEM. Away, diſpatch him. How now, maſter KNO'WEL! In dumps? In dumps? Come, this becomes not.

KNO. Sir, would I could not feele my cares——

CLEM.

CLEM. Your cares are nothing! they are like my cap, ſoone put on, and as ſoone put off. What? your ſonne is old inough, to gouerne himſelfe: let him runne his courſe, it's the onely way to make him a ſtay'd man. If he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liuer, then you had reaſon; you had reaſon to take care: but, being none of theſe, mirth's my witneſſe, an' I had twiſe ſo many cares, as you haue, I'ld drowne them all in a cup of ſacke. Come, come, let's trie it: I muſe, your parcell of a ſouldier returnes not all this while.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

DOWNE-RIGHT, DAME KITELY.

WELl ſiſter, I tell you true: and you'll finde it ſo, in the end.

DAME. Alas brother, what would you haue mee to doe? I cannot helpe it: you ſee, my brother brings 'hem in, here, they are his friends.

DOW. His friends? his fiends. S'lud, they doe nothing but hant him, vp and downe, like a ſort of vnluckie ſprites, and tempt him to all manner of villanie, that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the deuill with ſome of 'hem; and 'twere not more for your huſbands ſake, then any thing elſe, I'ld make the houſe too hot for the beſt on hem: they ſhould ſay, and ſweare, hell were broken looſe, e're they went hence. But, by gods will, 'tis no bodies fault, but yours: for, an' you had done, as you might haue done, they ſhould haue beene perboyl'd, and bak'd too, euery mothers ſonne, e're they ſhould ha' come in, e're a one of 'hem.

DAME. God's my life! did you euer heare the like? what a ſtrange man is this! Could I keepe out all them, thinke you? I ſhould put my ſelfe, againſt halfe a dozen men? ſhould I? Good faith, you'ld mad the patient'ſt body in the world, to heare you talke ſo, without any ſenſe, or reaſon!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

Mrs. BRIDGET, Mr. MATTHEW, DAME KITELY, DOWNE-RIGHT, WEL-BRED, STEPHEN, ED. KNOWELL, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, GASH.

SEruant (in troth) you are too prodigall
Of your wits treaſure, thus to powre it forth,
Vpon ſo meane a ſubiect, as my worth?

MAT. You ſay well, miſtris; and I meane, as well.

DOWN.

DOWN. Hoy-day, here is ſtuffe!

WELL. O, now ſtand cloſe: pray heauen, ſhee can get him to reade: He ſhould doe it, of his owne naturall impudencie.

BRID. Seruant, what is this ſame, I pray you?

MATT. Mary, an *Elegie*, an *Elegie*, an odde toy——

DOWN. To mock an ape withall. O, I could ſow vp his mouth, now.

DAME. Siſter, I pray you let's heare it.

DOWN. Are you rime-giuen, too?

MATT. Miſtris, Ile reade it, if you pleaſe.

BRID. Pray you doe, ſeruant.

DOWN. O, here's no fopperie! Death, I can endure the ſtocks, better.

E. KN. What ayles thy brother? can he not hold his water, at reading of a ballad?

WELL. O, no: a rime to him, is worſe then cheeſe, or a bag-pipe. But, marke, you looſe the proteſtation.

MATT. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is: but, pleaſe you come neere, ſir. This gentleman ha's iudgement, hee knowes how to cenſure of a—— pray you ſir, you can iudge.

STEP. Not I, ſir: vpon my reputation, and, by the foot of PHAROAH.

WELL. O, chide your coſſen, for ſwearing.

E. KN. Not I, ſo long as he do's not forſweare himſelfe.

BOB. Maſter MATTHEW, you abuſe the expectation of your deare miſtris, and her faire ſiſter: Fie, while you liue, auoid this prolixitie.

MATT. I ſhall, ſir: well, *Incipere dulce.*

E. KN. How! *Inſipere dulce*? a ſweet thing to be a foole, indeed.

WELL. What, doe you take *Inſipere*, in that ſenſe?

E. KN. You doe not? you? This was your villanie, to gull him with a *motte.*

WELL. O, the Benchers phraſe: *pauca verba, pauca verba.*

MATT. *Rare creature, let me ſpeake without offence,*
Would god my rude wordes had the influence,
To rule thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then ſhoul'ſt thou be his priſoner, who is thine.

E. KN. This is in HERO and LEANDER?

WELL. O, I! peace, we ſhall haue more of this.

MATT. *Be not vnkinde, and faire, miſhapen ſtuffe*
Is of behauiour boyſterous, and rough:

Maſter Stephen anſweres with ſhaking his head.

WELL. How like you that, ſir?

E. KN. S'light, he ſhakes his head like a bottle, to feele and there be any braine in it!

MATT. But obſerue the *cataſtrophe*, now,
And I in dutie will exceede all other,
As you in beautie doe excell loues mother.

E. KN. Well, Ile haue him free of the wit-brokers, for hee vtters nothing, but ſtolne remnants.

WEL.

WEL. O, forgiue it him.

E.KN. A filtching rogue? hang him. And, from the dead? it's worſe then ſacrilege.

WEL. Siſter, what ha' you here? verſes? pray you, lets ſee. Who made theſe verſes? they are excellent good!

MAT. O, maſter WEL-BRED, 'tis your diſpoſition to ſay ſo, ſir. They were good i' the morning, I made 'hem, *extempore*, this morning.

WEL. How? *extempore?*

MAT. I, would I might bee hang'd elſe: aske Captayne BOBADILL. He ſaw me write them, at the—(poxe on it) the ſtarre, yonder.

BRAY. Can he find, in his heart, to curſe the ſtarres, ſo?

E.KN. Faith, his are euen with him: they ha' curſt him ynough alreadie.

STEP. Coſen, how doe you like this gentlemans verſes?

E.KN. O, admirable! the beſt that euer I heard, couſſe!

STEP. Body o' CAESAR! they are admirable!
The beſt, that euer I heard, as I am a ſouldier.

DOW. I am vext, I can hold ne're a bone of mee ſtill! Heart, I thinke, they meane to build, and breed here!

WEL. Siſter, you haue a ſimple ſeruant, here, that crownes your beautie, with ſuch *encomions*, and deuiſes: you may ſee, what it is to be the miſtris of a wit! that can make your perfections ſo tranſparent, that euery bleare eye may looke through them, and ſee him drown'd ouer head, and eares, in the deepe well of deſire. Siſter KITELY, I maruaile, you get you not a ſeruant, that can rime, and doe tricks, too.

DOWN. Oh monſter! impudence it ſelfe! tricks?

DAME. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

BRID. Nay, ſpeake, I pray you, what tricks?

DAME. I, neuer ſpare any body here: but ſay, what tricks?

BRID. Paſſion of my heart! doe tricks?

WEL. S'light, here's a trick vyed, and reuyed! why, you munkies, you? what a catter-waling doe you keepe? ha's hee not giuen you rimes, and verſes, and tricks?

DOW. O, the fiend!

WEL. Nay, you, lampe of virginitie, that take it in ſnuffe ſo! come, and cheriſh this tame *poeticall furie*, in your ſeruant, you'll be begg'd elſe, ſhortly, for a concealement: goe to, reward his muſe. You cannot giue him leſſe then a ſhilling, in conſcience, for the booke, he had it out of, coſt him a teſton, at leaſt. How now, gallants? Mr. MATTHEW? Captayne? What? all ſonnes of ſilence? no ſpirit?

DOW. Come, you might practiſe your ruffian-tricks ſomewhere elſe, and not here, I wuſſe: this is no tauerne, nor drinking-ſchole, to vent your exploits in.

WEL. How now! whoſe cow ha's calu'd?

DOW.

Dow. Mary, that ha's mine, ſir. Nay, Boy, neuer looke askance at me, for the matter; Ile tell you of it, I, ſir, you, and your companions, mend your ſelues, when I ha' done?

Wel. My companions?

Dow. Yes ſir, you companions, ſo I ſay, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither: your hang-byes here. You muſt haue your Poets, and your potlings, your *ſoldado's*, and *foolado's*, to follow you vp and downe the citie, and here they muſt come to domineere, and ſwagger. Sirrha, you, ballad-ſinger, and ſlops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home: or (by this ſteele) Ile cut off your eares, and that, preſently.

Wel. S'light, ſtay, let's ſee what he dare doe: cut off his eares? cut a whetſtone. You are an aſſe, doe you ſee? touch any man here, and by this hand, Ile runne my rapier to the hilts in you.

They all draw, and they of the houſe make out to part them.

Dow. Yea, that would I faine ſee, boy.

Dame. O Ieſu! murder. Thomas, Gaspar!

Brid. Helpe, helpe, Thomas.

E.Kn. Gentlemen, forbeare, I pray you.

Bob. Well, ſirrah, you, Holofernes: by my hand, I will pinck your fleſh, full of holes, with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heauen: Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of Saint George, Ile not kill him.

They offer to fight againe, and are parted.

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whorſon, bragging coyſtrill!

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

To them.

Kitely.

WHy, how now? what's the matter? what's the ſtirre here?
Whence ſprings the quarrell? Thomas! where is he?
Put vp your weapons, and put off this rage.
My wife and ſiſter, they are cauſe of this,
What, Thomas? where is this knaue?

Cash. Here, ſir.

Wel. Come, let's goe: this is one of my brothers ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad, no body was hurt by his ancient humour.

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforſt this brawle?

Dow. A ſort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for god, nor the deuill! And, they muſt come here to reade ballads, and rogery, and traſh! Ile marre the knot of 'hem ere I ſleepe, perhaps: eſpecially Bob, there: he that's all manner of ſhapes! and *Songs, and ſonnets*, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,
To ſudden, in your humour: and, you know

My

My brother WEL-BREDS temper will not beare
Anie reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,
Where euery slight disgrace, he should receiue,
Might wound him in opinion, and respect.

DOWN. Respect? what talke you of respect 'mong such,
As ha' nor sparke of manhood, nor good manners?
'Sdeynes I am asham'd, to heare you! respect?

BRID. Yes, there was one a ciuill gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himselfe!

KITE. O, that was some loue of yours, sister!

BRID. A loue of mine? I would it were no worse, brother!
You'lld pay my portion sooner, then you thinke for.

DAME. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding faire disposition, and of verie excellent good parts!

KITE. Her loue, by heauen! my wifes minion!
Faire disposition? excellent good parts?
Death, these phrases are intollerable!
Good parts? how should shee know his parts?
His parts? Well, well, well, well, well, well!
It is too plaine, too cleere: THOMAS, come hither.
What, are they gone? CASH. I, sir, they went in.
My mistris, and your sister——

KITE. Are any of the gallants within!

CASH. No, sir, they are all gone.

KITE. Art thou sure of it?

CASH. I can assure you, sir.

KITE. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, THOMAS?

CASH. One, they call him master KNO'WELL, a handsome yong gentleman, sir.

KITE. I, I thought so: my mind gaue me as much.
Ile die, but they haue hid him i' the house,
Somewhere; Ile goe and search: goe with me, THOMAS.
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

COB, TIB.

WHat TIB, TIB, I say.

TIB. How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard? O, husband, ist you? what's the newes?

COB. Nay, you haue stonn'd me, Ifaith! you ha' giu'n me a knock o' the forehead, will stick by me! cuckold? 'Slid, cuckold?

TIB. Away, you foole, did I know it was you, that knockt?

Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you liſt.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lye in your throte, huſband.

Cob. How, the lye? and in my throte too? doe you long to bee ſtab'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no ſouldier, I hope?

Cob. O, muſt you be ſtab'd by a ſouldier? Maſſe, that's true! when was Bobadill here? your Captayne? that rogue, that foiſt, that fencing *Burgullian*? Ile tickle him, ifaith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter? trow!

Cob. O, he has baſted me, rarely, ſumptiouſly! but I haue it here in black and white; for his black, and blew: ſhall pay him. O, the Iuſtice! the honeſteſt old braue *Troian* in *London*! I doe honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him though, he put me once in a villanous filthy feare; mary, it vaniſht away, like the ſmoke of *tabacco*: but I was ſmok't ſoundly firſt. I thanke the deuill, and his good angell, my gueſt. Well, wife, or Tib (which you will) get you in, and lock the doore, I charge you, let no body in to you; wife, no body in, to you: thoſe are my wordes. Not Captayne Bob himſelfe, nor the fiend, in his likeneſſe; you are a woman; you haue fleſh and bloud enough in you, to be tempted: therefore, keepe the doore, ſhut, vpon all commers.

Tib. I warrant you, there ſhall no body enter here, without my conſent.

Cob. Nor, with your conſent, ſweet Tib, and ſo I leaue you.

Tib. It's more, then you know, whether you leaue me ſo.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, ſweet.

Cob. Tut, ſweet, or ſowre, thou art a flowre,
Keepe cloſe thy dore, I aske no more.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, Stephen, Brayne-worme.

WEll Brayne-worme, performe this buſineſſe, happily,
And thou makeſt a purchaſe of my loue, for-euer,

Wel. Ifaith, now let thy ſpirits vſe their beſt faculties. but, at any hand, remember the meſſage, to my brother: for, there's no other meanes, to ſtart him.

Bray. I warrant you, ſir, feare nothing: I haue a nimble ſoule ha's wakt all forces of my phant'ſie, by this time, and put 'hem in true motion. What you haue poſſeſt mee withall, Ile diſcharge it amply, ſir. Make it no queſtion.

Wel.

WEL. Forth, and proſper, BRAYNE-WORME. Faith, NED, how doſt thou approue of my abilities in this deuiſe?

E. KN. Troth, well, howſoeuer: but, it will come excellent, if it take.

WEL. Take, man? why, it cannot chooſe but take, if the circumſtances miſcarrie not: but, tell me, ingenuouſly, doſt thou affect my ſiſter BRIDGET, as thou pretend'ſt?

E. KN. Friend, am I worth beliefe?

WEL. Come, doe not proteſt. In faith, ſhee is a maid of good ornament, and much modeſtie: and, except I conceiu'd very worthily of her, thou ſhouldeſt not haue her.

E. KN. Nay, that I am afraid will bee a queſtion yet, whether I ſhall haue her, or no?

WEL. Slid, thou ſhalt haue her; by this light, thou ſhalt.

E. KN. Nay, doe not ſweare.

WEL. By this hand, thou ſhalt haue her: Ile goe fetch her, preſently. Point, but where to meet, and as I am an honeſt man, I'll bring her.

E. KN. Hold, hold, be temperate.

WEL. Why, by——what ſhall I ſweare by? thou ſhalt haue her, as I am——

E. KN. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am ſatisfied: and doe beleeue, thou wilt omit no offered occaſion, to make my deſires compleat.

WEL. Thou ſhalt ſee, and know, I will not.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

FORMALL, KNO'WELL, BRAYNE-WORME.

WAs your man a ſouldier, ſir?

KNO. I, a knaue, I tooke him begging o' the way,
This morning, as I came ouer *More*-fields!
O, here he is! yo' haue made faire ſpeed, beleeue me:
Where, i' the name of ſloth, could you be thus——

BRAY. Mary, peace be my comfort, where I thought I ſhould haue had little comfort of your worſhips ſeruice.

KNO. How ſo?

BRAY. O, ſir! your comming to the citie, your entertainement of me, and your ſending me to watch——indeed, all the circumſtances either of your charge, or my imployment, are as open to your ſonne, as to your ſelfe!

KNO. How ſhould that be! vnleſſe that villaine, BRAYNE-WORME,
Haue told him of the letter, and diſcouer'd
All that I ſtrictly charg'd him to conceale? 'tis ſo!——

BRAY. I am, partly, o' the faith, 'tis ſo indeed.

KNO. But, how ſhould he know thee to be my man?

BRAY. Nay, ſir, I cannot tell; vnleſſe it bee by the black art! Is not your ſonne a ſcholler, ſir?

KNO. Yes, but I hope his ſoule is not allied
Vnto ſuch helliſh practiſe: if it were,
I had iuſt cauſe to weepe my part in him,
And curſe the time of his creation.
But, where didſt thou find them, FITZ-SWORD?

BRAY. You ſhould rather aske, where they found me, ſir, for, Ile bee ſworne I was going along in the ſtreet, thinking nothing, when (of a ſuddain) a voice calls, M^r. KNO-WEL's man; another cries, ſouldier: and thus, halfe a doſen of 'hem, till they had cal'd me within a houſe where I no ſooner came, but thy ſeem'd men, and out flue al their rapiers at my boſome, with ſome three or foure ſcore oathes to accompanie 'hem, & al to tel me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confeſſe where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I proteſt, they muſt ha' diſſected, and made an *Anatomie* o' me, firſt, and ſo I told 'hem) they lockt mee vp into a roome i' the top of a high houſe, whence, by great miracle (hauing a light heart) I ſlid downe, by a bottom of pack-thred, into the ſtreet, and ſo ſcapt. But, ſir, thus much I can aſſure you, for I heard it, while I was lockt vp, there were a great many rich merchants, and braue citizens wiues with 'hem at a feaſt, and your ſonne, M^r. EDWARD, with-drew with one of 'hem, and has pointed to meet her anon, at one COBS houſe, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there, your worſhip ſhall be ſure to take him, for there he preyes, and faile he will not.

KNO. Nor, will I faile, to breake his match, I doubt not.
Goe thou, along with Iuſtice CLEMENT's man,
And ſtay there for me. At one COBS houſe, ſai'ſt thou?

BRAY. I ſir, there you ſhall haue him. Yes? Inuiſible? Much wench, or much ſonne! 'Slight, when hee has ſtaid there, three or foure houres, trauelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliuer'd of aire: ô, the ſport, that I ſhould then take, to looke on him, if I durſt! But, now, I meane to appeare no more afore him in this ſhape. I haue another trick, to act, yet. O, that I were ſo happy, as to light on a nupſon, now, of this Iuſtices nouice. Sir, I make you ſtay ſomewhat long.

FORM. Not a whit, ſir. 'Pray you, what doe you meane? ſir?

BRAY. I was putting vp ſome papers———

FORM. You ha' beene lately in the warres, ſir, it ſeemes.

BRAY. Mary haue I, ſir; to my loſſe: and expence of all, almoſt——

FORM. Troth ſir, I would be glad to beſtow a pottle of wine o' you, if it pleaſe you to accept it———

BRAY. O, ſir———

FORM. But, to heare the manner of your ſeruices, and your deuices in the warres, they ſay they be very ſtrange, and not like thoſe a man reades in the *Romane* hiſtories, or ſees, at *Mile-end*.

BRAY

BRAY. No, I assure you, sir, why, at any time when it please you, I shall be readie to discourse to you, all I know: and more too, somewhat.

FORM. No better time, then now, sir; wee'll goe to the wind-mill: there we shall haue a cup of neate grist, wee call it. I pray you, sir, let mee request you, to the wind-mill.

BRAY. Ile follow you, sir, and make grist o' you, if I haue good lucke.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

MATTHEW, ED. KNO'WELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN, DOWNE-RIGHT. *To them.*

SIr, did your eyes euer tast the like clowne of him, where we were to day, Mr. WEL-BRED's halfe brother? I thinke, the whole earth cannot shew his paralell, by this day-light.

E. KN. We were now speaking of him: Captayne BOBADIL tells me, he is fall'n foule o' you, too.

MAT. O, I, sir, he threatned me, with the bastinado.

BOB. I, but I thinke, I taught you preuention, this morning, for that— You shall kill him, beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

MAT. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

BOB. O, you doe not giue spirit enough, to your motion, you are too tardie, too heauie! ô, it must be done like lightning, hay? *He practises at a post.*

MAT. Rare Captaine!

BOB. Tut, 'tis nothing, and 't be not done in a—*punto*!

E. KN. Captaine, did you euer proue your selfe, vpon any of our masters of defence, here?

MAT. O, good sir! yes, I hope, he has.

BOB. I will tell you, sir. Vpon my first comming to the citie, after my long trauaile, for knowledge (in that mysterie only) there came three, or foure of 'hem to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to be resident, at that time, to intreat my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was asham'd of their rude demeanor, out of all measure: well, I told 'hem, that to come to a publike schoole, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in *diameter*) to my humour, but, if so they would giue their attendance at my lodging, I protested to doe them what right or fauour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. KN. So, sir, then you tried their skill?

BOB. Alas, soone tried! you shall heare sir. Within two or three daies after, they came; and, by honestie, faire sir, beleeue mee, I grac't them exceedingly, shew'd them some two or three tricks of preuention, haue purchas'd 'hem, since, a credit, to admiration! they cannot denie this: and yet now, they hate mee, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E.Kn. This is ſtrange, and barbarous! as euer I heard!

Bob. Nay, for a more inſtance of their prepoſterous natures, but note, ſir. They haue aſſaulted me ſome three, foure, fiue, ſixe of them together, as I haue walkt alone, in diuers skirts i' the towne, as *Turne-bull, White-chappell, Shore-ditch*, which were then my quarters, and ſince vpon the *Exchange*, at my lodging, and at my ordinarie: where I haue driuen them afore me, the whole length of a ſtreet, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them, beleeue me. Yet, all this lenitie will not ore-come their ſpleene: they will be doing with the piſmier, rayſing a hill, a man may ſpurne abroad, with his foot, at pleaſure. By my ſelfe, I could haue ſlaine them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to beare any other then this baſtinado for 'hem: yet, I hold it good politie, not to goe diſarm'd, for though I bee skilfull, I may bee oppreſs'd with multitudes.

E.Kn. I, beleeue me, may you ſir: and (in my conceit) our whole nation ſhould ſuſtaine the loſſe by it, if it were ſo.

Bob. Alas, no: what's a peculiar man, to a nation? not ſeene.

E.Kn. O, but your skill, ſir!

Bob. Indeed, that might be ſome loſſe; but, who reſpects it? I will tell you, ſir, by the way of priuate, and vnder ſeale; I am a gentleman, and liue here obſcure, and to my ſelfe: but, were I knowne to her Maieſtie, and the Lords (obſerue mee) I would vnder-take (vpon this poore head, and life) for the publique benefit of the ſtate, not only to ſpare the intire liues of her ſubiects in generall, but to ſaue the one halfe, nay, three parts of her yeerely charge, in holding warre, and againſt what enemie ſoeuer. And, how would I doe it, thinke you?

E.Kn. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceiue.

Bob. Why thus, ſir. I would ſelect nineteene, more, to my ſelfe, throughout the land; gentlemen they ſhould bee of good ſpirit, ſtrong, and able conſtitution, I would chooſe them by an inſtinct, a character, that I haue: and I would teach theſe nineteene, the ſpeciall rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reuerſo*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Paſſada*, your *Montanto*: till they could all play very neare, or altogether as well as my ſelfe. This done, ſay the enemie were fortie thouſand ſtrong, we twentie would come into the field, the tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and wee would challenge twentie of the enemie; they could not, in their honour, refuſe vs, well, wee would kill them: challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus, would wee kill, euery man, his twentie a day, that's twentie ſcore; twentie ſcore, that's two hundreth; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thouſand; fortie thouſand; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes kills them all vp, by computation. And this, will I venture my poore gentleman-like carcaſſe, to performe (prouided, there bee no treaſon practis'd vpon vs) by faire, and diſcreet manhood, that is, ciuilly by the ſword.

E.Kn.

E. Kn. Why, are you ſo ſure of your hand, Captaine, at all times?

Bob. Tut, neuer miſſe thruſt, vpon my reputation with you.

E. Kn. I would not ſtand in Downe-rights ſtate, then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one ſtreet in *London*.

Bob. Why, ſir, you miſtake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman doe his mind: but, I will baſtinado him (by the bright ſunne) where-euer I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and Ile haue a fling at him, at my diſtance.

E. Kn. Gods ſo', looke, where he is: yonder he goes. *Downe-right walkes ouer the ſtage.*

Dow. What peeuiſh luck haue I, I cannot meet with theſe bragging raskalls?

Bob. It's not he? is it?

E. Kn. Yes faith, it is he?

Mat. Ile be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Kn. Sir, keepe your hanging good, for ſome greater matter, for I aſſure you, that was he.

Step. Vpon my reputation, it was hee.

Bob. Had I thought it had beene he, he muſt not haue gone ſo: but I can hardly be induc'd, to beleeue, it was he, yet.

E. Kn. That I thinke, ſir. But ſee, he is come againe!

Dow. O, Pharoahs foot, haue I found you? Come, draw, to your tooles: draw, gipſie, or Ile threſh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I doe beleeue in thee, heare me——

Dow. Draw your weapon, then.

Bob. Tall man, I neuer thought on it, till now (body of me) I had a warrant of the peace, ſerued on me, euen now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman ſaw it, Mr. Matthew.

Dow. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

Bob. Hold, hold, vnder thy fauour, forbeare. *He beates him, and diſarmes him: Matthew runnes away.*

Dow. Prate againe, as you like this, you whoreſon foiſt, you. You'le controll the point, you? Your conſort is gone? had he ſtaid, he had ſhar'd with you, ſir.

Bob. Well, gentlemen, beare witneſſe, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kn. No faith, it's an ill day, Captaine, neuer reckon it other: but, ſay you were bound to the peace, the law allowes you, to defend your ſelfe: that'll proue but a poore excuſe.

Bob. I cannot tell, ſir. I deſire good conſtruction, in faire ſort. I neuer ſuſtain'd the like diſgrace (by heauen) ſure I was ſtrooke with a plannet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kn. I, like inough, I haue heard of many that haue beene beaten vnder a plannet: goe, get you to a ſurgean. 'Slid, an' theſe be your tricks, your *paſſada's*, and your *mountanto's*, Ile none of them. O, manners! that this

this age ſhould bring forth ſuch creatures! that Nature ſhould bee at leiſure to make hem! Come, couſſe.

STEP. Maſſe, Ile ha' this cloke.

E.KN. Gods will, 'tis DOWNE-RIGHT's.

STEP. Nay, it's mine now, another might haue tane vp, aſwell as I: Ile weare it, ſo I will.

E.KN. How, an' he ſee it? hee'll challenge it, aſſure your ſelfe.

STEP. I, but he ſhall not ha' it; Ile ſay, I bought it.

E.KN. Take heed, you buy it not, too deare, couſſe.

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

KITELY, WEL-BRED, DAME KIT. BRIDGET, BRAYNE-WORME, CASH.

NOw, truſt me brother, you were much to blame,
T'incenſe his anger, and diſturbe the peace,
Of my poore houſe, where there are ſentinells,
That euery minute watch, to giue alarmes,
Of ciuill warre, without adiection
Of your aſſiſtance, or occaſion.

WELL. No harme done, brother, I warrant you: ſince there is no harme done. Anger coſts a man nothing: and a tall man is neuer his owne man, till he be angrie. To keepe his valure in obſcuritie, is to keepe himſelfe, as it were, in a cloke-bag. What's a muſitian, vnleſſe he play? what's a tall man, vnleſſe he fight? For, indeed, all this, my wiſe brother ſtands vpon, abſolutely: and, that made me fall in with him, ſo reſolutely.

DAME. I, but what harme might haue come of it, brother?

WELL. Might, ſiſter? ſo, might the good warme clothes, your huſband weares, be poyſon'd, for any thing he knowes: or the wholeſome wine he drunke, euen now, at the table———

KITE. Now, god forbid: O me. Now, I remember,
My wife drunke to me, laſt; and chang'd the cup:
And bade me weare this curſed ſute to day.
See, if heau'n ſuffer murder vndiſcour'd!
I feele me ill; giue me ſome *mithridate*,
Some *mithridate* and oile, good ſiſter, fetch me;
O, I am ſicke at heart! I burne, I burne.
If you will ſaue my life, goe, fetch it me.

WELL. O, ſtrange humour! my verie breath ha's poyſon'd him.

BRID. Good brother, be content, what doe you meane?
The ſtrength of theſe extreme conceits, will kill you.

DAME. Beſhrew your heart-bloud, brother WELL-BRED, now; for

for putting ſuch a toy into his head.

WELL. Is a fit *ſimile*, a toy? will he be poyſon'd with a *ſimile*? Brother KITELY, what a ſtrange, and idle imagination is this? For ſhame, bee wiſer. O' my ſoule, there's no ſuch matter.

KITE. Am I not ſicke? how am I, then, not poyſon'd?
Am I not poyſon'd? how am I, then, ſo ſicke?

DAME. If you be ſicke, your owne thoughts make you ſicke.

WELL. His iealouſie is the poyſon, he ha's taken.

BRAY. Mr. KITELY, my maſter, Iuſtice CLEMENT, ſalutes you; and deſires to ſpeake with you, with all poſſible ſpeed. *He comes diſguis'd like Iuſtice Clements man.*

KITE. No time, but now? when, I thinke, I am ſicke? very ſicke! well, I will wait vpon his worſhip. THOMAS, COB, I muſt ſeeke them out, and ſet 'hem ſentinells, till I returne. THOMAS, COB, THOMAS.

WELL. This is perfectly rare, BRAYNE-WORME! but how got'ſt thou this apparell, of the Iuſtices man?

BRAY. Mary ſir, my proper fine pen-man, would needs beſtow the griſt o'me, at the wind-mil, to hear ſome martial diſcourſe; where ſo I marſhal'd him, that I made him drunke, with admiration! &, becauſe, too much heat was the cauſe of his diſtemper, I ſtript him ſtarke naked, as he lay along aſleepe, and borrowed his ſute, to deliuer this counterfeit meſſage in, leauing a ruſtie armor, and an old browne bill to watch him, till my returne: which ſhall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparell, and ſpent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

WELL. Well, thou art a ſucceſſefull merry knaue, BRAYNE-WORME, his abſence will be a good ſubiect for more mirth: I pray thee, returne to thy yong maſter, and will him to meet me, and my ſiſter BRIDGET, at the tower inſtantly: for, here, tell him, the houſe is ſo ſtor'd with iealouſie, there is no roome for loue, to ſtand vpright in. We muſt get our fortunes committed to ſome larger priſon, ſay; and, then the tower, I know no better aire: nor where the libertie of the houſe may doe vs more preſent ſeruice. Away.

KITE. Come hether, THOMAS. Now, my ſecret's ripe,
And thou ſhalt haue it: lay to both thine eares.
Harke, what I ſay to thee. I muſt goe forth, THOMAS.
Be carefull of thy promiſe, keepe good watch,
Note euery gallant, and obſerue him well,
That enters in my abſence, to thy miſtris:
If ſhee would ſhew him roomes, the ieſt is ſtale,
Follow 'hem, THOMAS, or elſe hang on him,
And let him not goe after; marke their lookes;
Note, if ſhee offer but to ſee his band,
Or any other amorous toy, about him;
But praiſe his legge; or foot; or if ſhee ſay,
The day is hot, and bid him feele her hand,

How

How hot it is; Ô, that's a monſtrous thing!
Note me all this, good THOMAS, marke their ſighes,
And, if they doe but whiſper, breake 'hem off:
Ile beare thee out in it. Wilt thou doe this?
Wilt thou be true, my THOMAS? CAS. As truth's ſelfe, ſir.

KITE. Why, I beleeue thee: where is COB, now? COB?

DAME. Hee's euer calling for COB! I wonder, how hee imployes COB, ſo!

WELL. Indeed, ſiſter, to aske how hee imploies COB, is a neceſſarie queſtion for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very eaſie for you to be ſatisfied in: but this Ile aſſure you, COBS wife is an excellent bawd, ſiſter, and, often-times, your huſband hants her houſe, mary, to what end, I cannot altogether accuſe him, imagine you what you thinke conuenient. But, I haue knowne, faire hides haue foule hearts, e're now, ſiſter.

DAME. Neuer ſaid you truer then that, brother, ſo much I can tell you for your learning. THOMAS, fetch your cloke, and goe with me, Ile after him preſently: I would to fortune, I could take him there, ifaith. Il'd returne him his owne, I warrant him.

WELL. So, let 'hem goe: this may make ſport anon. Now, my faire ſiſter in-law, that you knew, but how happie a thing it were to be faire, and beautifull?

BRID. That touches not me, brother.

WELL. That's true; that's euen the fault of it: for, indeede, beautie ſtands a woman in no ſtead, vnleſſe it procure her touching. But, ſiſter, whether it touch you, or no, it touches your beauties; and, I am ſure, they will abide the touch; an' they doe not, a plague of all ceruſe, ſay I: and, it touches mee to in part, though not in the——Well, there's a deare and reſpected friend of mine, ſiſter, ſtands very ſtrongly, and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bone-fires of zeale, at his heart, in honor of your perfections. I haue alreadie engag'd my promiſe to bring you, where you ſhall heare him confirme much more. NED KNO'WELL is the man, ſiſter. There's no exception againſt the partie. You are ripe for a huſband; and a minutes loſſe to ſuch an occaſion, is a great treſpaſſe in a wiſe beautie. What ſay you, ſiſter? On my ſoule hee loues you. Will you giue him the meeting?

BRID. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine owne conſtancie, brother, if I durſt not meet a man: but this motion of yours, ſauours of an old knight-aduenturers ſeruant, a little too much, me thinkes.

WELL. What's that, ſiſter?

BRID. Mary, of the ſquire.

WELL. No matter if it did, I would be ſuch an one for my friend, but ſee! who is return'd to hinder vs?

KITE. What villanie is this? call'd out on a falſe meſſage? This was ſome plot! I was not ſent for. BRIDGET,

Where's

Where's your ſiſter? BRID. I thinke ſhee be gone forth, ſir.
KITE. How! is my wife gone forth? whether for gods ſake?
BRID. Shee's gone abroad with THOMAS.
KITE. Abroad with THOMAS? oh, that villaine dors me.
He hath diſcouer'd all vnto my wife!
Beaſt that I was, to truſt him: whither, I pray you, went ſhee?
BRID. I know not, ſir.
WELL. Ile tell you, brother, whither I ſuſpect ſhee's gone.
KITE. Whither, good brother?
WELL. To COBS houſe, I beleeue: but, keepe my counſaile.
KITE. I will, I will: to COBS houſe? doth ſhee hant COBS?
Shee's gone a' purpoſe, now, to cuckold me,
With that lewd raskall, who, to win her fauour,
Hath told her all. WEL. Come, hee's once more gone.
Siſter, let's looſe no time; th'affaire is worth it.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

MATTHEW, BOBADIL, BRAYNE-WORME, DOWNE-RIGHT. *To them.*

I Wonder, Captayne, what they will ſay of my going away? ha?
BOB. Why, what ſhould they ſay? but as of a diſcreet gentleman? quick, warie, reſpectfull of natures faire lineaments: and that's all?
MAT. Why, ſo! but what can they ſay of your beating?
BOB. A rude part, a touch with ſoft wood, a kind of groſſe batterie vs'd, laid on ſtrongly, borne moſt paciently: and that's all.
MAT. I, but, would any man haue offered it in *Venice?* as you ſay?
BOB. Tut, I aſſure you, no: you ſhall haue there your *Nobilis*, your *Gentelezza*, come in brauely vpon your *reuerſe*, ſtand you cloſe, ſtand you firme, ſtand you faire, ſaue your *retricato* with his left legge, come to the *aſſalto* with the right, thruſt with braue ſteele, defie your baſe wood! But, wherefore doe I awake this remembrance? I was faſcinated, by IVPITER: faſcinated: but I will be vn-witch'd, and reueng'd, by law.
MAT. Doe you heare? iſt not beſt to get a warrant, and haue him arreſted, and brought before Iuſtice CLEMENT?
BOB. It were not amiſſe, would we had it.
MAT. Why, here comes his man, let's ſpeake to him.
BOB. Agreed, doe you ſpeake.
MAT. Saue you, ſir.
BRAY. With all my heart, ſir?
MAT. Sir, there is one DOWNE-RIGHT, hath abus'd this gentleman, and my ſelfe, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would doe vs the fauour, to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your maſter,

master, you shall bee well considered, I assure you, sir.

BRAY. Sir, you know my seruice is my liuing, such fauours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

MAT. How is that? sir.

BRAY. Faith sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be, of great accompt: yet, bee what hee will, if you will lay mee downe a brace of angells, in my hand, you shall haue it, otherwise not.

MAT. How shall we doe, Captayne? he askes a brace of angells, you haue no monie?

BOB. Not a crosse, by fortune.

MAT. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence, left of my two shillings in the morning for wine, and rediſh: let's find him some pawne.

BOB. Pawne? we haue none to the value of his demand.

MAT. O, yes. I'll pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockings, and pull vp your bootes, they will ne're be mist: It must be done, now.

BOB. Well, an' there be no remedie: Ile step aside, and pull 'hem off.

MAT. Doe you heare, sir? wee haue no store of monie at this time, but you shall haue good pawnes: looke you, sir, this iewell, and that gentlemans silke stockings, because we would haue it dispatcht, e're we went to our chambers.

BRAY. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently, what's his name, say you? DOWNE-RIGHT?

MAT. I, I, GEORGE DOWNE-RIGHT.

BRAY. What manner of man is he?

MAT. A tall bigge man, sir; hee goes in a cloke, most commonly, of silke russet, laid about with russet lace.

BRAY. 'Tis very good, sir.

MAT. Here sir, here's my iewell?

BOB. And, here, are stockings.

BRAY. Well, gentlemen, Ile procure you this warrant presently, but, who will you haue to serue it?

MAT. That's true, Captaine: that must be consider'd.

BOB. Bodie o' me, I know not! 'tis seruice of danger?

BRAY. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets o' the citie, a serieant. Ile appoint you one, if you please.

MAT. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

BOB. Wee'll leaue it to you, sir.

BRAY. This is rare! now, will I goe pawne this cloke of the Iustice's mans, at the brokers, for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe; and get either more pawnes, or more monie of DOWNE-RIGHT, for the arrest.

Act IIII. *Scene* X.

KNO'WEL, TIB, CASH, DAME KITELY, KITELY, COB.

OH, here it is, I am glad: I haue found it now.
Ho? who is within, here?

TIB. I am within, ſir, what's your pleaſure?

KNO. To know, who is within, beſides your ſelfe.

TIB. Why, ſir, you are no conſtable, I hope?

KNO. O! feare you the conſtable? then, I doubt not.
You haue ſome gueſts within, deſerue that feare,
Ile fetch him ſtraight. TIB. O' gods name, ſir.

KNO. Goe to. Come, tell me, Is not yong KNO'WEL, here?

TIB. Yong KNO-WEL? I know none ſuch, ſir, o' mine honeſtie!

KNO. Your honeſtie? dame, it flies too lightly from you:
There is no way, but, fetch the conſtable.

TIB. The conſtable? the man is mad, I thinke.

CAS. Ho, who keepes houſe, here?

KNO. O, this is the female copeſ-mate of my ſonne?
Now ſhall I meet him ſtraight. DAME. Knock, THOMAS, hard.

CAS. Ho, good wife? TIB. Why, what's the matter with you?

DAME. Why, woman, grieues it you to ope' your doore?
Belike, you get ſomething, to keepe it ſhut.

TIB. What meane theſe queſtions, 'pray yee?

DAME. So ſtrange you make it? is not my huſband, here?

KNO. Her huſband!

DAME. My tryed huſband, maſter KITELY.

TIB. I hope, he needes not to be tryed, here.

DAME. No, dame: he do's it not for need, but pleaſure.

TIB. Neither for need, nor pleaſure, is he here.

KNO. This is but a deuice, to balke me withall.
Soft, who is this? 'Tis not my ſonne, diſguiſd?

DAME. O, ſir, haue I fore-ſtald your honeſt market?
Found your cloſe walkes? you ſtand amaz'd, now, doe you?
I faith (I am glad) I haue ſmokt you yet at laſt!
What is your iewell trow? In: come, lets ſee her;
(Fetch forth your huſwife, dame) if ſhee be fairer,
In any honeſt iudgement, then my ſelfe,
Ile be content with it: but, ſhee is change,
Shee feedes you fat; ſhee ſoothes your appetite,

Shee ſpies her husband comes and runnes to him.

And you are well? your wife, an honeſt woman,
Is meat twice ſod to you, ſir? O, you trecher!
KNO. Shee cannot counterfeit thus palpably.
KITE. Out on thy more then ſtrumpets impudence!
Steal'ſt thou thus to thy haunts? and, haue I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
Pointing to old Kno'well. This horie-headed letcher, this old goat,
Cloſe at your villanie, and would'ſt thou 'ſcuſe it,
With this ſtale harlots ieſt, accuſing me?
To him. O, old incontinent, do'ſt not thou ſhame,
When all thy powers in chaſtitie is ſpent,
To haue a mind ſo hot? and to entice,
And feede th' enticements of a luſtfull woman?
DAME. Out, I defie thee, I, diſſembling wretch.
By Thomas. KITE. Defie me, ſtrumpet? aske thy pandar, here,
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder?
KNO. Why, heare you, ſir. KITE. Tut, tut, tut: neuer ſpeake.
Thy guiltie conſcience will diſcouer thee.
KNO. What lunacie is this, that hants this man?
KITE. Well, good-wife B A' D, COBS wife; and you,
That make your huſband ſuch a hoddie-doddie;
And you, yong apple-ſquire; and old cuckold-maker;
Ile ha' you euery one before a Iuſtice:
Nay, you ſhall anſwere it, I charge you goe.
KNO. Marie, with all my heart, ſir: I goe willingly.
Though I doe taſt this as a trick, put on me,
To puniſh my impertinent ſearch; and iuſtly:
And halfe forgiue my ſonne, for the deuice.
KITE. Come, will you goe? DAME. Goe? to thy ſhame, beleeue it.
COB. Why, what's the matter, here? What's here to doe?
KITE. O, COB, art thou come? I haue beene abus'd,
And i' thy houſe. Neuer was man ſo, wrong'd!
COB. Slid, in my houſe? my maſter KITELY? Who wrongs you in my houſe?
KITE. Marie, yong luſt in old; and old in yong, here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here haue I taken 'hem.
He falls vpon his wife and beates her. COB. How? bawd? Is my houſe come to that? Am I prefer'd thether? Did I charge you to keepe your dores ſhut, I s'BEL? and doe you let 'hem lie open for all commers?
KNO. Friend know ſome cauſe, before thou beat'ſt thy wife,
This's madneſſe, in thee. COB. Why? is there no cauſe?
KITE. Yes, Ile ſhew cauſe before the Iuſtice, COB:

Come,

Come, let her goe with me. Cob. Nay, shee shall goe.

Tib. Nay, I will goe. Ile see, an' you may bee allow'd to make a bundle o' hempe, o' your right and lawfull wife thus, at euery cuckoldly knaues pleasure. Why doe you not goe?

Kite. A bitter queane. Come, wee'll ha' you tam'd.

Act IIII. *Scene* XI.

Brayne-worme, Matthew, Bobadil, Stephen, Downe-right.

WEll, of all my disguises, yet, now am I most like my selfe: being in this Serjeants gowne. A man of my present profession, neuer counterfeits, till hee layes hold vpon a debter, and sayes, he rests him, for then hee brings him to all manner of vnrest. A kinde of little kings wee are, bearing the diminutiue of a mace, made like a yong artichocke, that alwayes carries pepper and salt, in it selfe. Well, I know not what danger I vnder-goe, by this exploit, pray heauen, I come well of.

Mat. See, I thinke, yonder is the varlet, by his gowne.

Bob. Let's goe, in quest of him.

Mat. 'Saue you, friend, are not you here, by appointment of Iustice Clements man.

Bray. Yes, an't please you, sir: he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I haue about me) to be seru'd on one Downe-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see, where the partie comes, you must arrest: serue it vpon him, quickly, afore hee bee aware——

Bob. Beare backe, master Matthew.

Bray. Master Downe-right, I arrest you, i'the queenes name, and must carry you afore a Iustice, by vertue of this warrant.

Step. Mee, friend? I am no Downe-right, I. I am master Stephen, you doe not well, to arrest me, I tell you, truely: I am in nobodies bonds, nor bookes, I, would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making mee thus afraid afore my time.

Bray. Why, now are you deceiued, gentlemen?

Bob. He weares such a cloke, and that deceiued vs: But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, officer.

Down. Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filtcher of late? come, deliuer my cloke.

STEP. Your cloke, ſir? I bought it, euen now, in open market.

BRAY. Maſter DOVVNE-RIGHT, I haue a warrant I muſt ſerue vpon you, procur'd by theſe two gentlemen.

DOWN. Theſe gentlemen? theſe raſcals?

BRAY. Keepe the peace, I charge you, in her Maieſties name.

DOWN. I obey thee. What muſt I doe, officer?

BRAY. Goe before, maſter Iuſtice CLEMENT, to anſwere what they can obiect againſt you, ſir. I will vſe you kindly, ſir.

MATT. Come, let's before, and make the Iuſtice, Captaine——

BOB. The varlet's a tall man! afore heauen!

DOWN. Gull, you'll gi' me my cloke?

STEP. Sir, I bought it, and I'le keepe it.

DOWN. You will. STEP. I, that I will.

DOWN. Officer, there's thy fee, arreſt him.

BRAY. Maſter STEPHEN, I muſt arreſt you.

STEP. Arreſt mee, I ſcorne it. There, take your cloke, I'le none on't.

DOWN. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, now, ſir. Officer, I'le goe with thee, to the Iuſtices: bring him along.

STEP. Why, is not here your cloke? what would you haue?

DOWN. I'le ha' you anſwere it, ſir.

BRAY. Sir, I'le take your word; and this gentlemans, too: for his apparance.

DOWN. I'le ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

BRAY. Sir, I may chooſe, to doe that: I may take bayle.

DOWN. 'Tis true, you may take baile, and chooſe; at another time: but you ſhall not, now, varlet. Bring him along, or I'le ſwinge you.

BRAY. Sir, I pitty the gentlemans caſe. Here's your money againe.

DOW. 'Sdeynes, tell not me of my money, bring him away, I ſay.

BRAY. I warrant you, he will goe with you of himſelfe, ſir.

DOW. Yet more adoe?

BRAY. I haue made a faire maſh on't.

STEP. Muſt I goe?

BRAY. I know no remedie, maſter STEPHEN.

DOWN. Come along, afore mee, here. I doe not loue your hanging looke behind.

STEP. Why, ſir. I hope you cannot hang mee for it. Can hee, fellow?

BRAY. I thinke not, ſir. It is but a whipping matter, ſure!

STEP. Why, then, let him doe his worſt, I am reſolute.

Act v. *Scene* i.

CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, SERVANTS.

NAy, but ſtay, ſtay, giue me leaue: my chaire, ſirrha. You, maſter KNOWELL, ſay you went thither to meet your ſonne.

KNO. I, ſir.

CLEM. But, who directed you, thither?

KNO. That did mine owne man, ſir.

CLEM. Where is he?

KNO. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clarke: And appointed him, to ſtay here for me.

CLEM. My clarke? about what time, was this?

KNO. Mary, betweene one and two, as I take it.

CLEM. And, what time came my man with the falſe meſſage to you, maſter KITELY?

KITE. After two, ſir.

CLEM. Very good: but, miſtris KITELY, how that you were at COBS? ha?

DAME. An' pleaſe you, ſir, Ile tell you: my brother, WEL-BRED, told me, that COBS houſe, was a ſuſpected place———

CLEM. So it appeares, me thinkes: but, on.

DAME. And that my huſband vs'd thither, daily.

CLEM. No matter, ſo he vs'd himſelfe well, miſtris.

DAME. True ſir, but you know, what growes, by ſuch hants, often-times.

CLEM. I ſee, ranke fruits of a iealous braine, miſtris KITELY: but, did you find your huſband there, in that caſe, as you ſuſpected?

KITE. I found her there, ſir.

CLEM. Did you ſo? that alters the caſe. Who gaue you knowledge, of your wiues being there?

KITE. Marie, that did my brother WEL-BRED.

CLEM. How? WEL-BRED firſt tell her? then tell you, after? where is WEL-BRED?

KITE. Gone with my ſiſter, ſir, I know not whither.

CLEM. Why, this is a meere trick, a deuice; you are gull'd in this moſt groſly, all! alas, poore wench, wert thou beaten for this?

TIB. Yes, moſt pittifully, and 't pleaſe you.

COB. And worthily, I hope: if it ſhall proue ſo.

CLEM. I, that's like, and a piece of a ſentence. How now, ſir? what's the matter?

SER. Sir, there's a gentleman, i' the court without, deſires to ſpeake with your worſhip.

CLEM. A gentleman? what's he?

SER. A ſouldier, ſir, he ſaies.

CLEM. A ſouldier? take downe my armor, my ſword, quickly: a ſouldier ſpeake with me! why, when knaues? come on, come on, hold my cap there, ſo; giue me my gorget, my ſword: ſtand by, I will end your matters, anon—Let the ſouldier enter, now, ſir, what ha'you to ſay to me?

He armes himſelfe.

Act V. Scene II.

BOBADILL, MATTHEW.

BY your worſhips fauour——

CLEM. Nay, keepe out, ſir, I know not your pretence, you ſend me word, ſir, you are a ſouldier: why, ſir, you ſhall bee anſwer'd, here, here be them haue beene amongſt ſouldiers. Sir, your pleaſure.

BOB. Faith, ſir, ſo it is, this gentleman, and my ſelfe, haue beene moſt vnciuilly wrong'd, and beaten, by one DOWNE-RIGHT, a courſe fellow, about the towne, here, and for mine owne part, I proteſt, being a man, in no ſort, giuen to this filthie humour of quarrelling, he hath aſſaulted mee in the way of my peace; diſpoil'd mee of mine honor; diſ-arm'd mee of my weapons; and rudely, laid me along, in the open ſtreets: when, I not ſo much as once offer'd to reſiſt him.

CLEM. O, gods precious! is this the ſouldier? here, take my armour of quickly, 'twill make him ſwoune, I feare; hee is not fit to looke on't, that will put vp a blow.

MATT. An't pleaſe your worſhip, he was bound to the peace.

CLEM. Why, and he were, ſir, his hands were not bound, were they?

SER. There's one of the varlets of the citie, ſir, ha's brought two gentlemen, here, one, vpon your worſhips warrant.

CLEM. My warrant?

SER. Yes, ſir. The officer ſay's, procur'd by theſe two.

CLEM. Bid him, come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT! are you brought at Mr. FRESH-WATERS ſuite, here!

Act V. Scene III.

DOWNE-RIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAYNE-WORME.

I Faith, ſir. And here's another brought at my ſuite.

CLEM. What are you, ſir?

STEP. A gentleman, ſir? O, vncle!

CLEM. Vncle? who? maſter KNO'WELL?

KNO. I, ſir! this is a wiſe kinſman of mine.

STEP.

STEP. God's my witneſſe, vncle, I am wrong'd here monſtrouſly, hee charges me with ſtealing of his cloke, and would I might neuer ſtirre, if I did not find it in the ſtreet, by chance.

DOW. O, did you find it, now? you ſaid, you bought it, ere-while.

STEP. And, you ſaid, I ſtole it; nay, now my vncle is here, I'll doe well inough, with you.

CLEM. Well, let this breath a while; you, that haue cauſe to complaine, there, ſtand forth: had you my warrant for this gentlemans apprehenſion?

BOB. I, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

CLEM. Nay, doe not ſpeake in paſſion ſo: where had you it?

BOB. Of your clarke, ſir?

CLEM. That's well! an' my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at 'hem! Where is the warrant? Officer, haue you it?

BRAY. No, ſir, your worſhip's man, maſter FORMAL, bid mee doe it, for theſe gentlemen, and he would be my diſcharge.

CLEM. Why, maſter DOWNE-RIGHT, are you ſuch a nouice, to bee ſeru'd, and neuer ſee the warrant?

DOW. Sir. He did not ſerue it on me.

CLEM. No? how then?

DOW. Mary, ſir, hee came to mee, and ſaid, hee muſt ſerue it, and hee would vſe me kindly, and ſo——

CLEM. O, gods pittie, was it ſo, ſir? he muſt ſerue it? giue me my long-ſword there, and helpe me of; ſo. Come on, ſir varlet, I muſt cut off your legs, ſirrha: nay, ſtand vp, Ile vſe you kindly; I muſt cut off your legs, I ſay. *He flouriſhes ouer him with his long-ſword.*

BRAY. O, good ſir, I beſeech you; nay, good maſter Iuſtice.

CLEM. I muſt doe it; there is no remedie. I muſt cut off your legs, ſirrha, I muſt cut off your eares, you raſcall, I muſt doe it; I muſt cut off your noſe, I muſt cut off your head.

BRAY. O, good your worſhip.

CLEM. Well, riſe, how doeſt thou doe, now? doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe well? haſt thou no harme?

BRAY. No, I thanke your good worſhip, ſir.

CLEM. Why, ſo! I ſaid, I muſt cut off thy legs, and I muſt cut off thy armes, and I muſt cut off thy head; but, I did not doe it: ſo, you ſaid, you muſt ſerue this gentleman, with my warrant, but, you did not ſerue him. You knaue, you ſlaue, you rogue, doe you ſay you muſt? ſirrha, away with him, to the iayle, Ile teach you a trick, for your *muſt*, ſir.

BRAY. Good, ſir, I beſeech you, be good to me.

CLEM. Tell him he ſhall to the iayle, away with him, I ſay.

BRAY. Nay, ſir, if you will commit mee, it ſhall bee for committing more then this: I will not looſe, by my trauaile, any graine of my fame certaine.

CLEM. How is this!

KNO. My man, BRAYNE-WORME!

STEP. O yes, vncle. BRAYNE-WORME ha's beene with my coſſen EDWARD, and I, all this day.

CLEM. I told you all, there was ſome deuice!

BRAY. Nay, excellent Iuſtice, ſince I haue laid my ſelfe thus open to you; now, ſtand ſtrong for mee: both with your ſword, and your ballance.

CLEM. Bodie o' me, a merry knaue! Giue me a bowle of ſack: If hee belong to you, maſter KNO'WELL, I beſpeake your patience.

BRAY. That is it, I haue moſt need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me, only; I'll glorie in all the reſt, of my exploits.

KNO. Sir, you know, I loue not to haue my fauours come hard, from me. You haue your pardon: though I ſuſpect you ſhrewdly for being of counſell with my ſonne, againſt me.

BRAY. Yes, faith, I haue, ſir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning, for your ſelfe: firſt, as BRAYNE-WORME; after, as FITZ-SWORD. I was your reform'd ſouldier, ſir. 'Twas I ſent you to COBS, vpon the errand, without end.

KNO. Is it poſſible! or that thou ſhould'ſt diſguiſe thy language ſo, as I ſhould not know thee?

BRAY. O, ſir, this ha's beene the day of my *metamorphoſis*! It is not that ſhape alone, that I haue runne through, to day. I brought this gentleman, maſter KITELY, a meſſage too, in the forme of maſter Iuſtices man, here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worſhip: while maſter WELL-BRED might make a conueiance of miſtris BRIDGET, to my yong maſter.

KITE. How! my ſiſter ſtolne away?

KNO. My ſonne is not married, I hope!

BRAY. Faith, ſir, they are both as ſure as loue, a prieſt, and three thouſand pound (which is her portion) can make 'hem: and by this time are readie to beſpeake their wedding ſupper at the wind-mill, except ſome friend, here, preuent 'hem, and inuite 'hem home.

CLEM. Marie, that will I (I thanke thee, for putting me in mind on't.) Sirrah, goe you, and fetch 'hem hither, vpon my warrant. Neithers friends haue cauſe to be ſorrie, if I know the yong couple, aright. Here, I drinke to thee, for thy good newes. But, I pray thee, what haſt thou done with my man FORMALL.

BRAY. Faith, ſir, after ſome ceremonie paſt, as making him drunke, firſt with ſtorie, and then with wine (but all in kindneſſe) and ſtripping him to his ſhirt: I left him in that coole vaine, departed, ſold your worſhips warrant to theſe two, pawn'd his liuerie for that varlets gowne, to ſerue it in; and thus haue brought my ſelfe, by my actiuitie, to your worſhips conſideration.

CLEM. And I will conſider thee, in another cup of ſack. Here's to thee, which hauing drunke of, this is my ſentence. Pledge me. Thou haſt done,

or

or assisted to nothing, in my iudgement, but deserues to bee pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or anie man, here, be angrie with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him for't. How now? what noise is that!

SER. Sir, it is ROGER is come home.

CLEM. Bring him in, bring him in. What! drunke in armes, against me? Your reason, your reason for this.

Act v. *Scene* IIII.

FORMALL. *To them.*

I Beseech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill companie by chance, that cast me into a sleepe, and stript me of all my clothes——

CLEM. Well, tell him, I am Iustice CLEMENT, and doe pardon him: but, what is this to your armour! what may that signifie?

FORM. And't please you, sir, it hung vp i' the roome, where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers, to come home in, because I was loth, to doe penance through the street, i' my shirt.

CLEM. Well, stand by a while. Who be these? O, the yong companie, welcome, welcome. Gi' you ioy. Nay, mistris BRIDGET, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the newes of it is come hither afore you. Master Bridegroome, I ha' made your peace, giue mee your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roofe.

Act v. *Scene* v.

ED. KNO'WEL, WEL-BRED, BRIDGET. *To them.*

WE are the more bound to your humanitie, sir.

CLEM. Only these two, haue so little of man in 'hem, they are no part of my care.

WELL. Yes, sir, let mee pray you for this gentleman, hee belongs, to my sister, the bride.

CLEM. In what place, sir?

WELL. Of her delight, sir, below the staires, and in publike: her *poet*, sir.

CLEM. A *poet*? I will challenge him my selfe, presently, at *extempore*.

Mount vp thy Phlegon muse, and testifie,
How SATVRNE, *sitting in an ebon cloud,*
Disrob'd his podex white as iuorie,
And, through the welkin, thundred all aloud.

WELL. Hee is not for *extempore*, sir. Hee is all for the pocket-*muse*, please you command a sight of it.

CLEM.

CLEM. Yes, yes, ſearch him for a taſt of his veine.

WELL. You muſt not denie the Queenes Iuſtice, Sir, vnder a writ o' rebellion.

CLEM. What! all this verſe? Bodie o' me, he carries a whole realme, a common-wealth of paper, in's hoſe! let's ſee ſome of his ſubiects!

Vnto the boundleſſe Ocean of thy face,
Runnes this poore riuer charg'd with ſtreames of eyes.

How? this is ſtolne!

E. KN. A *Parodie*! a *parodie*! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it abſurder then it was.

CLEM. Is all the reſt, of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and giue fire. Cenſe the aire. Here was enough to haue infected, the whole citie, if it had not beene taken in time! See, ſee, how our *Poets* glorie ſhines! brighter, and brighter! ſtill it increaſes! ô, now, it's at the higheſt: and, now, it declines as faſt. You may ſee. *Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*

KNO. There's an *embleme* for you, ſonne, and your ſtudies!

CLEM. Nay, no ſpeech, or act of mine be drawne againſt ſuch as profeſſe it worthily. They are not borne euerie yeere, as an Alderman. There goes more to the making of a good *Poet*, then a Sheriffe, Mr. KITELY. You looke vpon me! though, I liue i' the citie here, amongſt you, I will doe more reuerence, to him, when I meet him, then I will to the Major, out of his yeere. But, theſe paper-pedlers! theſe inke-dablers! They cannot expect reprehenſion, or reproch. They haue it with the fact.

E. KN. Sir, you haue ſau'd me the labour of a defence.

CLEM. It ſhall be diſcourſe for ſupper; betweene your father and me, if he dare vnder-take me. But, to diſpatch away theſe, you ſigne o' the Souldier, and picture o' the *Poet* (but, both ſo falſe, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my dore till midnight) while we are at ſupper, you two ſhal penitently faſt it out in my court, without; and, if you will, you may pray there, that we may be ſo merrie within, as to forgiue, or forget you, when we come out. Here's a third, becauſe, we tender your ſafetie, ſhall watch you, he is prouided for the purpoſe. Looke to your charge, ſir.

STEP. And what ſhall I doe?

CLEM. O! I had loſt a ſheepe, an he had not bleated! Why, ſir, you ſhall giue Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT his cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher, and a napkin, you ſhall haue, i' the buttrie, and keepe COB, and his wife companie, here; whom, I will intreat firſt to bee reconcil'd: and you to endeuour with your wit, to keepe 'hem ſo.

STEP. Ile doe my beſt.

COB. Why, now I ſee thou art honeſt, TIB, I receiue thee as my deare, and mortall wife, againe.

TIB. And, I you, as my louing, and obedient huſband.

CLEM. Good complement! It will bee their bridale night too. They

are

are married anew. Come, I coniure the reſt, to put of all diſcontent. You, Mr. DOWNE-RIGHT, your anger; you, maſter KNO'WELL, your cares; maſter KITELY, and his wife, their iealouſie.

For, I muſt tell you both, while that is fed,
Hornes i' the mind are worſe then o' the head.

KITE. Sir, thus they goe from me, kiſſe me, ſweet heart.

See, what a droue of hornes flye, in the ayre,
Wing'd with my clenſed, and my credulous breath!
Watch 'hem, ſuſpicious eyes, watch, where they fall.
See, ſee! on heads, that thinke th'haue none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this, will come!
When ayre raynes hornes, all may be ſure of fame.

I ha' learn'd ſo much verſe out of a iealous mans part, in a play.

CLEM. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night wee'll dedicate to friendſhip, loue, and laughter. Maſter bride-groome, take your bride, and leade: euery one, a fellow. Here is my miſtris. BRAYNE-WORME! to whom all my addreſſes of courtſhip ſhall haue their reference. Whoſe aduentures, this day, when our grand-children ſhall heare to be made a fable, I doubt not, but it ſhall find both ſpectators, and applauſe.

THE END.

This Comoedie was first
Acted, in the yeere
1598.

By the then L. CHAMBERLAYNE
his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were.

WILL SHAKESPEARE.	RIC. BVRBADGE.
AVG. PHILIPS.	IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL.	THO. POPE.
WILL. SLYE.	CHR. BEESTON.
WILL. KEMPE.	IOH. DVKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

Euery MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOVR.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted in the yeere 1599.
By the then Lord
CHAMBERLAINE
his Seruants.

The Author B. I.

Non aliena meo pressi pede | ⁿ si propius stes,
Te capient magis | ⁿ & decies repetita placebunt.

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1616

Euery

MAN

OVT OF

HIS

HVMOVR.

TO THE NOBLEST NOVRCERIES OF HVMANITY, AND LIBERTY, IN THE KINGDOME: The Innes of Court.

I Vnderſtand you, Gentlemen, not your houſes: and a worthy ſucceſſion of you, to all time, as being borne the Iudges of theſe ſtudies. When I wrote this Poeme, *I had friendſhip with diuers in your ſocieties; who, as they were great Names in learning, ſo they were no leſſe Examples of liuing. Of them, and then (that I ſay no more) it was not deſpis'd. Now that the Printer, by a doubled charge, thinkes it worthy a longer life, then commonly the ayre of ſuch things doth promiſe; I am carefull to put it a ſeruant to their pleaſures, who are the inheriters of the firſt fauour borne it. Yet, I command, it lye not in the way of your more noble, and vſe-full ſtudies to the publike. For ſo I ſhall ſuffer for it: But, when the gowne and cap is off, and the Lord of liberty raignes; then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make ſome Bencher, tinctd with humanity, reade: and not repent him.*

By your true Honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Names of the Actors.

ASPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE.

PVNTERVOLO. His Lady. / Waiting-Gent. / Huntsman. / Seruingmen 2. / Dog and Cat.

CARLO BVFFONE.

FASTID. BRISKE. *Cinedo* his Page.

DELIRO. *Fido* their Seruant.

FALLACE. Musicians.

SAVIOLINA.

SORDIDO. His Hinde.

FVNGOSO. Taylor. / Haberdasher. / Shomaker.

SOGLIARDO.

SHIFT. *Rustici.*

CLOVE. A Groome. / Drawers. / Constable, *and* Officers.

ORENGE.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

ASPER

ASPER his Character.

HE *is of an ingenious and free ſpirit, eager and conſtant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worlds abuſes. One, whom no ſeruile hope of gaine, or froſty apprehenſion of danger, can make to be a Paraſite, either to time, place, or opinion.*

MACILENTE.

A *Man well parted, a ſufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into ſuch an enuious apoplexie, with which his iudgement is ſo dazeled, and diſtaſted, that he growes violently impatient of any oppoſite happineſſe in another.*

PVNTARVOLO.

A *Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Engliſhing his trauels, and wholly conſecrated to ſingularity; the very* Iacobs *ſtaffe of compliment: a Sir, that hath liu'd to ſee the reuolution of time in moſt of his apparell. Of preſence good ynough, but ſo palpably affected to his owne praiſe, that (for want of flatterers) he commends himſelfe, to the ſloutage of his owne family. He deales vpon returnes, and ſtrange performances, reſoluing (in deſpight of publike deriſion) to ſticke to his owne particular faſhion, phraſe, and geſture.*

CARLO BVFFONE.

A *Publike, ſcurrilous, and prophane Ieſter; that (more ſwift then* Circe) *with abſurd* ſimile's *will transforme any perſon into deformity. A good Feaſt-hound, or Banket-beagell, that will ſent you out a ſupper ſome three mile off, and ſweare to his Patrons* (Dam him) *hee came in Oares, when hee was but waſted ouer in a Sculler. A ſlaue, that hath an extraordinary gift in pleaſing his palat,*

and will ſwill vp more Iacke at a ſitting, then would make all the Guard a poſſet. His religion is rayling, and his diſcourſe ribaldry. They ſtand higheſt in his reſpect, whom he ſtudies moſt to reproch.

Fastidivs Briske.

A Neat, ſpruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in faſhion; practiſeth by his glaſſe how to ſalute; ſpeakes good remnants (notwithſtanding the Baſe-viol and Tabacco:) ſweares terſely, and with variety; cares not what Ladies fauour he belyes, or great Mans familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. Hee will borrow another mans horſe to praiſe, and backs him as his owne. Or, for a neede, on foot can poſt himſelfe into credit with his marchant, only with the gingle of his ſpurre, and the jerke of his wand.

Deliro.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Councell for his wealth: a fellow ſincerely beſotted on his owne wife, and ſo rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he ſimply holds himſelfe vnworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humour, liues more like a ſuter then a husband; ſtanding in as true dread of her diſpleaſure, as when he firſt made loue to her. He doth ſacrifice two-pence in iuniper to her, euery morning, before ſhee riſes, and wakes her, with villanous-out-of-tune muſick, which ſhee out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is ſure to diſlike.

Fallace.

Deliro's wife, and Idoll: a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerſe as he is officious. Shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be diſhoneſt.

Saviolina.

A Court Lady, whoſe weightieſt praiſe is a light wit, admir'd by her ſelfe, and one more, her ſeruant Briske.

SORDIDO.

A wretched hob-nail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks; and felicity, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for a leane dearth, and euer wept in a fat harueſt.

FVNGOSO.

THe ſonne of Sordido, *and a ſtudent: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the faſhion a farre off, like a ſpie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours, to wring ſufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers cut: at which he earneſtly aimes, but ſo vnluckily, that he ſtill lights ſhort a ſute.*

SOGLIARDO.

AN eſſentiall Clowne, brother to Sordido, *yet ſo enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it, though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Terme to learne to take Tabacco, and ſee new Motions. He is in his kingdome when he can get himſelfe into company, where he may be well laught at.*

SHIFT.

A Thred-bare Sharke. One that neuer was Souldier, yet liues vpon lendings. His profeſſion is skeldring and odling, his banke Poules, *and his ware-houſe* Pict-hatch. *Takes vp ſingle teſtons vpon othes, till Doomes day. Falls vnder executions of three ſhillings, and enters into fiue-groat bonds. He way-layes the reports of ſeruices, and connes them without booke, damning himſelfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the dyet in a bawdy houſe, or lay pawn'd in his chamber for rent, and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will ſalute one for an old acquaintance, that he neuer ſaw in his life before. He vſurps vpon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exerciſes are, taking the Whiffe, ſquiring a Cockatrice, and making priuy ſearches for Imparters.*

CLOVE

CLOVE, and ORANGE.

AN *inseparable case of Coxcombs, City-borne; The* Gemini *or Twins of foppery: that like a paire of woodden foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when they ha' done. Their glory is to inuite Plaiers, and make suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoide the suspect of insufficiency) will inforce their ignorance, most desperately, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing.* Orange *is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuyce being squeez'd out)* Cloue *serues to sticke him, with commendations.*

CORDATVS.

THe *Authors friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his Plot: Of a discreet, and vnderstanding iudgement; and has the place of a Moderator.*

MITIS.

IS *a person of no action, and therefore we haue reason to affoord him no Character.*

EVERY

EVERY MAN OVT OF HIS HVMOVR.

After the ſecond Sounding.

GREX.

CORDATVS, ASPER, MITIS.

NAy, my deare ASPER,
MIT. Stay your mind:
ASP. Away.
Who is ſo patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his ſpirit, or reine his tongue?
Or who hath ſuch a dead vnfeeling ſenſe,
That heauens horrid thunders cānot wake?
To ſee the earth, crackt with the weight of ſinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads
Blacke rau'nous ruine, with her ſaile-ſtretcht wings,
Ready to ſinke vs downe, and couer vs.
Who can behold ſuch prodigies as theſe,
And haue his lips ſeal'd vp? not I: my ſoule
Was neuer ground into ſuch oyly colours,
To flatter vice and daube iniquitie:
But (with an armed, and reſolued hand)
Ile ſtrip the ragged follies of the time,

Naked,

Naked, as at their birth: Cor. (Be not too bold.
Asp. You trouble me) and with a whip of steele,
Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood stampt in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publicke vice.
I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud
The easie flexure of his supple hammes.
Tut, these are so innate, and popular,
That drunken custome would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe 'hem.
And yet, not one of these but knowes his workes,
Knowes what damnation is, the deuill, and hell,
Yet, howerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
Puffing their soules away in perj'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.
Mit. Forbeare, good Asper, be not like your name.
Asp. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the words of Hercvles) invade
Such crimes as these! that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of Sanctitie!
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eye-browes! when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuoures
More wretches than the Counters. Mit. Gentle Asper,
Containe your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts. Cor. Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine, to spend it in these moods.

Here hee makes adresse to the People.

Asp. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now.
Gracious, and kind spectators, you are welcome,
Apollo, and the Mvses feast your eyes
With gracefull obiects, and may our Minerva
Answere your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not, iudicious friends.
I doe not this, to begge your patience,
Or seruilely to fawne on your applause,
Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,

Where

Where I want arte, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
Let envious Censors with their broadest eyes
Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauour.
Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
O, how I hate the monstrousnesse of time,
Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
(Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
His vlc'rous body in the *Thespian* spring,
And streight leap's forth a Poet! but as lame
As VULCAN, or the founder of Cripple-gate.

MIT. In faith, this Humour will come ill to some,
You will be thought to be too peremptory.

ASP. This Humour? good; and why this Humour, MITIS?
Nay doe not turne, but answere.

MIT. Answere? what?

ASP. I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
To giue these ignorant well-spoken dayes,
Some taste of their abuse of this word Humour.

CORD. O doe not let your purpose fall, good ASPER,
It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
Chiefly to such, as haue the happinesse,
Daily to see how the poore innocent word
Is rackt, and tortur'd. MIT. I; I pray you proceede.

ASP. Ha? what? what is't?

COR. For the abuse of Humour.

ASP. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
Why Humour (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
To be a quality of aire or water,
And in it selfe holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: As, for demonstration,
Powre water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne:
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
A kind of dew; and hence we doe conclude,
That what soe're hath fluxure, and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is Humour: so in euery humane body
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receiue the name of Humours. Now thus farre

It may, by *Metaphore*, apply it ſelfe
Vnto the generall diſpoſition:
As when ſome one peculiar quality
Doth ſo poſſeſſe a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his ſpirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to runne one way,
This may be truly ſaid to be a Humour.
But that a Rooke, in wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of ſhoe-tie, or the *Switzers* knot
On his *French* garters, ſhould affect a Humour!
O, 'tis more then moſt ridiculous.

CORD. He ſpeakes pure truth: now if an Idiot
Haue but an apiſh, or phantaſticke ſtraine,
It is his Humour. ASP. Well I will ſcourge thoſe Apes;
And to theſe courteous eyes oppoſe a mirrour,
As large as is the ſtage, whereon we act:
Where they ſhall ſee the times deformity
Anatomiz'd in euery nerue, and ſinnew,
With conſtant courage, and contempt of feare.

MIT. ASPER (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are growne impatient of reproofe. ASP. Ha, ha:
You might as well haue told me, yond'is heauen,
This earth, theſe men; and all had mou'd alike.
Doe not I know the times condition?
Yes MITIS, and their ſoules, and who they be
That either will, or can except againſt me.
None, but a ſort of fooles, ſo ſicke in taſte,
That they contemne all phiſicke of the mind,
And like gald camels kicke at euery touch.
Good men, and vertuous ſpirits, that lothe their vices,
Will cheriſh my free labours, loue my lines,
And with the feruour of their ſhining grace,
Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects,
Worthy their ſerious, and intentiue eyes.
But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.
If any here chance to behold himſelfe,
Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
For, if he ſhame to haue his follies knowne,
Firſt he ſhould ſhame to act'hem: my ſtrict hand
Was made to ceaze on vice, and with a gripe
Squeeze out the humour of ſuch ſpongie ſoules,
As licke vp euery idle vanitie.

COL

CORD. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus!*
Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
Will yet conceiue the beſt, or entertaine
This ſuppoſition, that a mad-man ſpeakes.
ASP. What? are you ready there? MITIS ſit downe:
And my CORDATVS. Sound hough, and begin.
I leaue you two, as cenſors, to ſit here:
Obſerue what I preſent, and liberally
Speake your opinions, vpon euery *Scene*,
As it ſhall paſſe the view of theſe ſpectators.
Nay, now, y'are tedious Sirs, for ſhame begin.
And MITIS, note me, if in all this front,
You can eſpy a gallant of this marke,
Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pull'd here,
Cryes meaw, and nods, then ſhakes his empty head,
Will ſhew more ſeueral motions in his face,
Then the new *London*, *Rome*, or *Niniueh*,
And (now and then) breakes a drie biſquet ieſt,
Which that it may more eaſily be chew'd,
He ſteeps in his owne laughter. CORD. Why? will that
Make it be ſooner ſwallow'd? ASP. O, aſſure you.
Or if it did not, yet as HORACE ſings,
" *Ieiunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit*,
" Meane cates are welcome ſtill to hungry gueſts.
CORD. 'Tis true, but why ſhould we obſerue 'hem, ASPER?
ASP. O I would know 'hem, for in ſuch aſſemblies,
Th'are more infectious then the peſtilence:
And therefore I would giue them pills to purge,
And make 'hem fit for faire ſocieties.
How monſtrous, and deteſted is't, to ſee
A fellow, that has neither arte, nor braine,
Sit like an ARISTARCHVS, or ſtarke-aſſe,
Taking mens lines, with a tabacco face,
In ſnuffe, ſtill ſpitting, vſing his wryed lookes
(In nature of a vice) to wreſt, and turne
The good aſpect of thoſe that ſhall ſit neere him,
From what they doe behold! O, 'tis moſt vile.
MIT. Nay, ASPER.
ASP. Peace, MITIS, I doe know your thought.
You'le ſay, your gueſts here will except at this:
Piſh, you are too timorous, and full of doubt.
Then, he, a patient, ſhall reiect all phyſicke,
'Cauſe the phyſicion tels him, you are ſicke:

Or, if I ſay, That he is vicious,
You will not heare of vertue. Come, y'are fond.
Shall I be ſo extrauagant to thinke,
That happy iudgements, and compoſed ſpirits,
Will challenge me for taxing ſuch as theſe?
I am aſham'd. CORD. Nay, but good pardon vs:
We muſt not beare this peremptorie ſaile,
But vſe our beſt endeuours how to pleaſe.
ASP. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts,
And I will mixe with you in induſtrie
To pleaſe, but whom? attentiue auditors,
Such as will ioyne their profit with their pleaſure,
And come to feed their vnderſtanding parts:
For theſe, Ile prodigally ſpend my ſelfe,
And ſpeake away my ſpirit into ayre;
For theſe, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceits, and hang my richeſt words
As poliſht jewels in their bounteous eares.
But ſtay, I looſe my ſelfe, and wrong their patience;
If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I ſee:
Friends ſit you ſtill, and entertaine this troupe
With ſome familiar, and by-conference,
Ile haſte them ſound. Now gentlemen, I goe
To turne an actor, and a Humoriſt,
Where (ere I doe reſume my preſent perſon)
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with diſtilled laughter: if we faile,
We muſt impute it to this onely chance,
"*Arte* hath an enemy cal'd *Ignorance*.

CORD. How doe you like his ſpirit, MITIS?

MIT. I ſhould like it much better, if he were leſſe confident.

CORD. Why, doe you ſuſpect his merit?

MIT. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

CORD. O, that ſets the ſtronger ſeale on his deſert, if he had no enemies, I ſhould eſteeme his fortunes moſt wretched at this inſtant.

MIT. You haue ſeene his play, CORDATVS? pray you, how is't?

CORD. Faith ſir, I muſt refraine to iudge, only this I can ſay of it, 'tis ſtrange, and of a particular kind by it ſelfe, ſomewhat like *Vetus Comœdia*: a worke that hath bounteouſly pleaſed me, how it will anſwere the generall expectation, I know not.

MIT. Does he obſerue all the lawes of *Comedie* in it?

CORD. What lawes meane you?

MIT. Why, the equall diuiſion of it into *Acts*, and *Scenes*, according to the *Terentian* manner, his true number of Actors; the furniſhing of the

Scene

Scene with GREX, or CHORVS, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes businesse.

CORD. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

MIT. They are such as must be receiued, by your fauour, or it cannot be authentique.

CORD. Troth, I can discerne no such necessity.

MIT. No?

CORD. No, I assure you, Signior. If those lawes you speake of, had beene deliuered vs, *ab initio*, and in their present vertue and perfection, there had beene some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comœdia*, was at first nothing but a simple, and continued *Song*, sung by one only person, till SVSARIO inuented a second, after him EPICHARMVS a third; PHORMVS, and CHIONIDES deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which CRATINVS (long after) added a fift, and sixt; EVPOLIS more; ARISTOPHANES more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplyed some-thing. And (though that in him this kinde of *Poeme* appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of it chang'd since, in MENANDER, PHILEMON, CECILIVS, PLAVTVS, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all liberty, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times, wherein they wrote? I see not then, but we should enioy the same licence, or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did; and not bee tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the niceneſſe of a few (who are nothing but forme) would thrust vpon vs.

MIT. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his *Scene?*

COR. Marry, *Insula Fortunata*, Sir.

MIT. O, the fortunate Iland? masse, he has bound himselfe to a strict law there.

COR. Why so?

MIT. He cannot lightly alter the *Scene*, without crossing the seas.

COR. He needs not, hauing a whole Iland to run through, I thinke.

MIT. No? how comes it then, that in some one Play we see so many seas, countries, and kingdomes, past ouer with such admirable dexteritie?

COR. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in their vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their auditorie. But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to sowre the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

MIT. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sound.

CORD. O, here comes the *Prologue*: Now sir! if you had staid a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your prologue for you, I faith.

The third ſounding.

PROLOGVE.

PROL. Mary, with all my heart, Sir, you ſhall doe it yet, and I thanke you.

CORD. Nay, nay, ſtay, ſtay, heare you?

PROL. You could not haue ſtudied to ha' done me a greater benefit at the inſtant, for I proteſt to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I ſpoke it) I muſt of neceſſity haue beene out.

CORD. Why, but doe you ſpeake this ſeriouſly?

PROL. Seriouſly! I (wit's my helpe doe I) and eſteeme my ſelfe indebted to your kindneſſe for it.

CORD. For what?

PROL. Why, for vndertaking the prologue for me.

CORD. How? did I vndertake it for you?

PROL. Did you! I appeale to all theſe gentlemen, whether you did or no? Come, it pleaſes you to caſt a ſtrange looke on't now; but 'twill not ſerue.

CORD. 'Fore me, but it muſt ſerue: and therefore ſpeake your prologue.

PROL. And I doe, let me die poyſon'd with ſome venemous hiſſe, and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-penny roome againe.

MIT. He has put you to it, ſir.

COR. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good faith I can ſpeake no prologue, howſoeuer his weake wit has had the fortune to make this ſtrong vſe of me, here before you: but I proteſt——

CARLO BVFFONE.

He enters with a boy, and wine.

CARL. Come, come, leaue theſe fuſtian proteſtations: away, come, I cannot abide theſe gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glaſſe, quickly, I may bid theſe gentlemen welcome; giue 'hem a health here: I marſe whoſe wit 'twas to put a prologue in yon'd ſack-buts mouth: they might well thinke hee'd be out of tune, and yet you'ld play vpon him too.

CORD. Hang him, dull blocke.

CARL. O good words, good words, a well-timberd fellow, he would ha' made a good columne, and he had beene thought on, when the houſe was a building. O, art thou come? well ſaid; giue mee boy, fill, ſo. Here's a cup of wine ſparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I am ſworne to put them in firſt) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, *Canarie*, the very *Elixir* and ſpirit of wine. This is that our *Poet* calls *Caſtalian* liquor, when hee comes abroad (now

and

and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good meale among Players, where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary, at home he keepes a good philosophicall diet, beanes and butter-milke: an honeſt pure Rogue, hee will take you off three, foure, fiue of theſe, one after another, and looke vilanouſly when he has done, like a one-headed CERBERVS (he do'not heare me I hope) and then (when his belly is well ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little) he ſailes away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home. He has made a Play here, and he calls it, *Euery Man out of his humour*: Sbloud, and he get me out of the humour hee has put mee in, Ile truſt none of his Tribe againe, while I liue. Gentles, all I can ſay for him, is, you are welcome. I could wiſh my bottle here amongſt you: but there's an old rule, *No pledging your owne health.* Mary, if any here be thirſty for it, their beſt way (that I know) is, ſit ſtill, ſeale vp their lips, and drinke ſo much of the play, in at their eares. *Exit.*

GREX.

MIT. What may this fellow be, CORDATVS?

COR. Faith, if the time will ſuffer his deſcription, Ile giue it you. He is one, the Author calls him CARLO BVFFONE, an impudent common ieſter, a violent rayler, and an incomprehenſible *Epicure*; one, whoſe company is deſir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; hee will ſooner loſe his ſoule then a ieſt, and prophane euen the moſt holy things, to excite laughter: no honorable or reuerend perſonage whatſoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *ſimile's*.

MIT. You paint forth a monſter.

COR. He will preferre all Countries before his natiue, and thinkes he can neuer ſufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forraine Atheiſtical policies: but ſtay—Obſerue theſe, hee'le appeare himſelfe anon.

MIT. O, this is your enuious man (MACILENTE) I thinke.

COR. The ſame, ſir.

Act 1. *Scene* 1.

MACILENTE.

Viri eſt, fortunæ tacitatem facilè ferre.
Tis true; but, Stoique, where (in the vaſt world)
Doth that man breathe, that can ſo much command
His bloud, and his affection? well: I ſee,
I ſtriue in vaine to cure my wounded ſoule;
For euery cordiall that my thoughts apply,
Turnes to a cor'ſiue, and doth eate it farder.
There is no taſte in this Philoſophie,
Tis like a potion that a man ſhould drinke,

But turnes his ſtomacke with the ſight of it.
I am no ſuch pild *Cinique*, to beleeue
That beggery is the onely happineſſe;
Or (with a number of theſe patient fooles)
To ſing: *My minde to me a kingdome is*,
When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode.
I looke into the world, and there I meet
With obiects, that doe ſtrike my bloud-ſhot eyes
Into my braine: where, when I view my ſelfe;
Hauing before obſeru'd, this man is great,
Mighty, and fear'd: that, lou'd and highly fauour'd:
A third, thought wiſe and learned: a fourth, rich,
And therefore honor'd: a fifth, rarely featur'd:
A ſixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes:
When I ſee theſe (I ſay) and view my ſelfe,
I wiſh the organs of my ſight were crackt;
And that the engine of my griefe could caſt
Mine eye-balls, like two globes of wild-fire forth,
To melt this vnproportion'd frame of nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my heart,
And often (i'the ſtrength of apprehenſion)
Made my cold paſſion ſtand vpon my face,
Like drops of dew on a ſtiffe cake of yce.

GREX.

COR. This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus ſuſpirat, gemit, incutitq́, dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.

MIT. O peace, you breake the *Scene*.

MACI. Soft, who be theſe?
I'le lay me downe a while till they be paſt.

GREX.

COR. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.
MIT. What is he?
COR. A tame Rooke, youle take him preſently: Liſt.

Act I. *Scene* II.

SOGLIARDO, CARLO BVFFONE, MACILENTE.

NAy looke you CARLO: this is my Humour now! I haue land and money, my friends left me well, and I will be a Gentleman whatſoeuer it coſt me.

CAR.

SOG. Tut, and I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your taylors needle, I goe through: but, for my name, Signior, how thinke you? will it not ſerue for a gentlemans name, when the Signior is put to it? Ha?

CAR. Let me heare: how is't?

SOG. *Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo:* me thinkes it ſounds well.

CAR. O excellent! tut, and all fitted to your name, you might very well ſtand for a gentleman: I know many *Sogliardos* gentlemen.

SOG. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iuſtice of Peace.

CAR. I, and a Conſtable for your wit.

SOG. All this is my Lordſhip you ſee here, and thoſe Farmes you came by.

CAR. Good ſteps to gentility too, mary: but SOGLIARDO, if you affect to be a gentleman indeede, you muſt obſerue all the rare qualities, humours, and complements of a gentleman.

SOG. I know it, ſignior, and if you pleaſe to inſtruct, I am not too good to learne, Ile aſſure you.

CAR. Inough ſir: Ile make admirable vſe i'the proiection of my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke me, for you ſir.

SOG. Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thanke you, and thinke on you.

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CORD. Is not this purely good?

MACIL. Sbloud, why ſhould ſuch a prick-eard hine as this,
Be rich? Ha? a foole? ſuch a tranſparent gull
That may be ſeene through? wherefore ſhould he haue land,
Houſes, and lordſhips? O, I could eate my entrailes,
And ſinke my ſoule into the earth with ſorrow.

CAR. Firſt (to be an accompliſht gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the time) you muſt giue o're houſe-keeping in the countrey, and liue altogether in the city amongſt gallants; where, at your firſt apparance, 'twere good you turn'd foure or fiue hundred acres of your beſt land into two or three trunks of apparel (you may doe it without going to a coniurer) and be ſure, you mixe your ſelfe ſtil, with ſuch as flouriſh in the ſpring of the faſhion, and are leaſt popular; ſtudie their carriage, and behauiour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Paſſage*, and (euer when you loſe) ha' two or three peculiar othes to ſweare by, that no man elſe ſweares: but aboue all, proteſt in your play, and affirme, *Vpon your credit*; *As you are a true gentleman* (at euery caſt) you may doe it with a ſafe conſcience, I warrant you.

SOG. O admirable rare! he cannot chooſe but be a gentleman, that ha's theſe excellent gifts: more, more, I beſeech you.

CAR. You muſt endeuour to feede cleanly at your Ordinarie, ſit melancholy, and picke your teeth when you cannot ſpeake: and when you come to Playes, be humorous, looke with a good ſtarch't face, and ruffle your

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your brow like a new boot; laugh at nothing but your owne ieſts, or elſe as the Noblemen laugh. That's a ſpeciall grace you muſt obſerue.

SOG. I warrant you, ſir.

CAR. I, and ſit o'the ſtage, and flout: prouided, you haue a good ſuit.

SOG. O, I'le haue a ſuit only for that, ſir.

CAR. You muſt talke much of your kinred, and allies.

SOG. Lies! no Signior, I ſhall not neede to doe ſo, I haue kinred i'the city to talke of: I haue a neece is a marchants wife; and a nephew, my brother SORDIDOS ſonne, of the Innes of Court.

CAR. O, but you muſt pretend alliance with Courtiers and great perſons: and euer when you are to dine or ſuppe in any ſtrange preſence, hire a fellow with a great chaine (though it be copper it's no matter) to bring you letters, feign'd from ſuch a Noble man, or ſuch a Knight, or ſuch a Ladie, *To their worſhipfull, right rare, and noble qualified friend or kinſman, Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*, giue your ſelfe ſtile enough. And there (while you intend circumſtances of newes, or enquiry of their health, or ſo) one of your familiars (whom you muſt carry about you ſtill) breakes it vp (as 'twere in a ieſt) and reades it publikely at the table: at which, you muſt ſeeme to take as vnpardonable offence, as if he had torne your Miſtris colours, or breath'd vpon her picture; and purſue it with that hot grace, as if you would aduance a challenge vpon it preſently.

SOG. Stay, I doe not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but I'le tell you what's my humour now: I will doe this. I will take occaſion of ſending one of my ſuites to the Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or ſo; and there ſuch a letter, as you talke of (broke open and all) ſhall be left: O, the Taylor vvill preſently giue out what I am, vpon the reading of it, vvorth twentie of your Gallants.

CAR. But then you muſt put on an extreme face of diſcontentment at your mans negligence.

SOG. O, ſo I vvill, and beat him too: I'le haue a man for the purpoſe.

MACIL. You may; you haue land and crownes: O partiall fate!

CARL. Maſſe well remembred, you muſt keepe your men gallant, at the firſt, fine pyed liueries, laid vvith good gold lace, there's no loſſe in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, vvhen they lacke victuals.

SOG. By'r Ladie, that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

CAR. Debt? why, that's the more for your credit ſir: it's an excellent policy to owe much in theſe daies, if you note it.

SOG. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Polititian.

CAR. O! looke where you are indebted any great ſumme, your creditor obſerues you with no leſſe regard, then if hee were bound to you for ſome huge benefit, and will quake to giue you the leaſt cauſe of offence, leſt he looſe his money. I aſſure you (in theſe times) no man has his ſeruant more obſequious and pliant, then gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time) you pay but a moitie, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptedly, then if you gaue them a new-yeares gift.

SOG.

Sog. I perceiue you, ſir: I will take vp, and bring my ſelfe in credit ſure.

Car. Mary this, alwaies beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poore needie *Ludgathians:* they are impudent creatures, turbulent ſpirits, they care not what violent tragedies they ſtirre, nor how they play faſt and looſe with a poore gentlemans fortunes, to get their owne. Mary, theſe rich fellowes (that ha' the vvorld, or the better part of it, ſleeping in their counting-houſes) they are ten times more placable, they; either feare, hope, or modeſtie, reſtraines them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you ſhall not run a penny more in arrerage for them, and you liſt your ſelfe.

Sog. No? how ſhould I keepe 'hem then?

Car. Keepe 'hem? Sbloud let them keepe themſelues, they are no ſheepe, are they? What? you ſhall come in houſes, where plate, apparrell, iewels, and diuers other pretie commodities lye negligently ſcattered, and I would ha' thoſe *Mercuries* follow me (I trow) ſhould remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not ſo good, me thinkes.

Car. Why, after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight, or ſo, and ſhew'd 'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away, and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay, my humour is not for boyes, Ile keepe men, and I keepe any; and Ile giue coats, that's my humour: but I lacke a culliſen.

Car. Why, now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile bring you where you ſhall ha' your choiſe for money.

Sog. Can you, ſir?

Car. O, I: you ſhall haue one take meaſure of you, and make you a *Coat of armes*, to fit you of vvhat faſhion you vvill.

Sog. By word of mouth, I thanke you, Signior; Ile be once a little prodigall in a humour, i' faith, and haue a moſt prodigious coat.

Maci. Torment and death! breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting iſſue.
Who can endure to ſee blinde *Fortune* dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this duſtie turfe?
This clod? a whorſon puck-fiſt? O god, god, god, god, &c.
I could runne wild vvith griefe now, to behold
The rankneſſe of her bounties, that doth breed
Such bull-ruſhes; theſe muſhrompe gentlemen,
That ſhoot vp in a night to place, and vvorſhip.

Car. Let him alone, ſome ſtray, ſome ſtray.

Sog. Nay, I will examine him before I goe, ſure.

Car. The Lord of the ſoile ha's al vveſts, and ſtraies here? ha's he not?

Sog. Yes, ſir.

Car. Faith, then I pitty the poore fellow, he's falne into a fooles hands.

Sog.

SOG. Sirrah, who gaue you commiſſion to lye in my lordſhip?

MACI. Your lordſhip?

SOG. How? my lordſhip? doe you know me, ſir?

MACI. I doe know you, ſir.

CAR. S'heart, he anſweres him like an *eccho*.

SOG. Why, who am I, Sir?

MACI. One of thoſe that fortune fauours.

CAR. The *Periphraſis* of a foole; Ile obſerue this better.

SOG. That fortune fauours? how meane you that, friend?

MACI. I meane ſimply. That you are one that liues not by your vvits.

SOG. By my wits? No ſir, I ſcorne to liue by my wits, I. I haue better meanes, I tell thee, then to take ſuch baſe courſes, as to liue by my wits. Sbloud, doeſt thou thinke I liue by my wits?

MACI. Me thinkes, Ieſter, you ſhould not reliſh this well.

CAR. Ha? does he know me?

MACI. Though yours bee the worſt vſe a man can put his wit to, of thouſands, to proſtitute it at euery tauerne and ordinarie; yet (mee thinkes) you ſhould haue turn'd your broad ſide at this, and haue beene readie with an *Apologie*, able to ſinke this hulke of ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his contempt.

CAR. Sbloud 'tis MACILENTE! Signior, you are well encountred, how is't? O, we muſt not regard what hee ſaies man, a trout, a ſhallow foole, he ha's no more braine then a butter-flie, a meere ſtuft ſuit, he looks like a muſtie bottle, new vvickerd, his head's the corke, light, light. I am glad to ſee you ſo well return'd, Signior.

MACI. You are? Gramercie, good IANVS.

SOG. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

CAR. Gods precious, come away man, what doe you meane? and you knew him as I doe, you'ld ſhun him, as you'ld doe the plague?

SOG. Why, ſir?

CAR. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

SOG. Is he a Scholler, or a Souldier?

CAR. Both, both; a leane mungrell, he lookes as if he were chapfalne, with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him, he carries oile and fire in his pen, vvill ſcald vvhere it drops: his ſpirit's like powder, quick, violent: hee'le blow a man vp with a jeſt: I feare him vvorſe then a rotten wall do's the cannon, ſhake an houre after, at the report. Away, come not neere him.

SOG. For Gods ſake let's be gone, and he be a Scholler, you know I cannot abide him, I had as leeue ſee a Cockatrice, ſpecially as cockatrices goe now.

CAR. What, you'le ſtay, ſignior? this gentleman SOGLIARDO, and I, are to viſit the knight PVNTARVOLO, and from thence to the citie, wee ſhall meet there.

MACI.

MACI. I, vvhen I cannot ſhun you, vve will meet.
Tis ſtrange! of all the creatures I haue ſeene,
I enuie not this BVFFON, for indeede
Neither his fortunes, nor his parts deſerue it:
But I doe hate him, as I hate the deuill,
Or that braſſe-viſag'd monſter *Barbariſme*.
O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd curre,
That bites at all, but eates on thoſe that feed him.
A ſlaue, that to your face will (ſerpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the duſt;
And to your backe will turne the taile, and ſting
More deadly then a ſcorpion: Stay, who's this?
Now for my ſoule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chance's*: I'le obſerue him.

Act I. *Scene* III.

SORDIDO, MACILENTE, HINE.

O Rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thanke my Starres, I thanke my Starres for it.

MACI. Said I not true? doth not his paſſion ſpeake
Out of my diuination? O my ſenſes,
Why looſe you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deadded vvith this ſpectacle?
I know him, 'tis SORDIDO, the farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that ſwine vvas here.

SORD. Excellent, excellent, excellent! as I vvould wiſh, as I vvould vviſh.

MACI. See how the ſtrumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
And makes him ſwoune vvith laughter, ô, ô, ô.

SORD. Ha, ha, ha, I vvill not ſow my grounds this yeere. Let mee ſee, vvhat harueſt ſhall vve haue? *Iune*, *July*, *Auguſt*?

MACI. What is't, a Prognoſtication rap's him ſo?

SORD. The xx, xxi, xxij, daies, raine and vvinde, O good, good! the xxiij, and xxiiij, raine and ſome winde, good! the xxv, raine, good ſtill! xxvi, xxvij, xxviij, winde and ſome raine; vvould it had beene raine and ſome vvinde: vvell 'tis good (when it can be no better) xxix, inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not ſo good now. xxx, and xxxi, vvinde and no raine: no raine? S'lid ſtay; this is vvorſe and vvorſe: what ſaies he of *S. Swithins*? turne back, looke, *S. Swithins*: no raine?

MACI. O, here's a precious durty damned rogue,
That fats himſelfe vvith expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnſeaſon'd howers;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!

His

His barnes are full! his reekes, and mowes vvell trod!
His garners cracke vvith ſtore! O, tis vvell; ha, ha, ha:
A plague conſume thee, and thy houſe.

SORD. O here, *S. Swithins*, the xv day, variable vveather, for the moſt part raine, good; for the moſt part raine: Why, it ſhould raine fortie daies after, now, more or leſſe, it vvas a rule held, afore I vvas able to hold a plough, and yet here are two daies, no raine; ha? it makes me muſe. Weele ſee how the next moneth begins, if that bee better. *September*, firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth daies, rainy, and bluſtering; this is vvell now: fift, ſixt, ſeuenth, eight, and ninth, rainy, vvith ſome thunder; I mary, this is excellent; the other was falſe printed ſure: the tenth, and eleuenth, great ſtore of raine; O good, good, good, good, good! the twelth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine; good ſtill: fifteenth, and ſixteenth, raine; good ſtill: ſeuenteenth, and eighteenth, raine, good ſtill; nineteenth, and twentieth, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill, good ſtill! one and twentieth, ſome raine; ſome raine? vvell, vve muſt be patient, and attend the heauens pleaſure, vvould it vvere more though: the one and tvventieth, tvvo and tvventieth, three and tvventieth, great tempeſt of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, paſt expectation good!
I thanke my bleſſed angell; neuer, neuer,
Laid I penny better out, then this,
To purchaſe this deare booke: not deare for price,
And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,
Since in it, is contain'd the very life,
Bloud, ſtrength, and ſinnewes of my happineſſe.
Bleſt be the houre, vvherein I bought this booke,
His ſtudies happy, that compos'd the booke,
And the man fortunate, that ſold the booke.
Sleepe vvith this charme, and be as true to me,
As I am ioy'd, and confident in thee.

The Hine enters with a paper.

MACI. Ha, ha, ha? I' not this good? Is't not pleaſing this?
Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!
Is't poſſible that ſuch a ſpacious villaine
Should liue, and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid
Within the vvrinckled boſome of the vvorld,
Where heauen cannot ſee him? Sbloud (me thinkes)
'T is rare, and ſtrange, that he ſhould breathe, and vvalke,
Feede vvith diſgeſtion, ſleepe, enjoy his health,
And (like a boiſt'rous vvhale, ſvvallowing the poore)
Still ſwimme in vvealth, and pleaſure! is't not ſtrange?
Vnleſſe his houſe, and skin were thunder-proofe,
I vvonder at it! Me thinkes, novv, the hecticke,
Gout, leproſie, or ſome ſuch loth'd diſeaſe
Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)

Might

Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice, and rats
Eate vp his graine; or elſe that it might rot
Within the hoary reekes, e'ne as it ſtands:
Me thinkes this might be well; and after all
The deuill might come and fetch him. I, 'tis true!
Meane time he ſurfets in proſperitie,
And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'ſt thy ſelfe,
Peace, foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed ſpirit,
" Wealth in this age will ſcarcely looke on merit.

SORD. Who brought this ſame, ſirha?

HINE. Mary, ſir, one of the Iuſtices men, he ſaies 'tis a precept, and all their hands be at it:

SORD. I, and the prints of them ſticke in my fleſh,
Deeper then i' their letters: They haue ſent me
Pils wrapt in paper here, that ſhould I take 'hem,
Would poiſon all the ſweetneſſe of my booke,
And turne my honey into hemlocke juyce.
But I am wiſer then to ſerue their precepts,
Or follow their preſcriptions. Here's a deuice,
To charge me bring my graine vnto the markets?
I, much, when I haue neither barne nor garner,
Nor earth to hide it in, I'le bring it; till then,
Ech corne I ſend ſhall be as big as *Paules*.
O, but (ſay ſome) the poore are like to ſtarue.
Why let 'hem ſtarue, what's that to me? are bees
Bound to keepe life in drones, and idle moths? no:
Why ſuch are theſe (that terme themſelues the poore,
Only becauſe they would be pitied,
But are indeed a ſort of lazie beggers)
Licencious rogues, and ſturdie vagabonds,
Bred (by the ſloth of a fat plentious yeere)
Like ſnakes, in heat of ſummer, out of dung,
And this is all that theſe cheape times are good for:
Whereas a holſome, and penurious dearth
Purges the ſoile of ſuch vile excrements,
And kils the vipers vp. HINE. O, but maſter,
Take heed they heare you not. SORD. Why ſo?
HINE. They will exclaime againſt you. SORD. I, their exclaimes
Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a mountaine!
Poore wormes, they hiſſe at me, whilſt I at home
Can be contented to applaud my ſelfe,
To ſit and clap my hands, and laugh, and leape,
Knocking my head againſt my roofe, with ioy
To ſee how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.
Sirrah, goe, hie you home, and bid your fellowes,

Get all their flailes readie, again' I come. HINE. I will, Sir.
SORD. I'le instantly set all my hines to thrashing
Of a whole reeke of corne, which I will hide
Vnder the ground; and with the straw thereof
I'le stuffe the out-sides of my other mowes:
That done, I'le haue 'hem emptie all my garners,
And i' the friendly earth bury my store,
That, when the searchers come, they may suppose
All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.
And, to lend more opinion to my want,
And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,
(Which else would still be baying at my dore)
Each market day, I will be seene to buy
Part of the purest wheat, as for my household:
Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,
Twill yeeld me treble gaine, at this deare time,
Promisd in this deare booke: I haue cast all.
Till then I will not sell an eare, I'le hang first.
O, I shall make my prizes as I list,
My house and I can feed on pease, and barley,
What though a world of wretches starue the while?
" He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile.

GREX.

COR. Now, Signior, how approue you this? haue the Humorists expreſt themselues truly or no?

MIT. Yes (if it be well prosecuted) 'tis hitherto happy ynough: but me thinks, MACILENTE went hence too soone, hee might haue beene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of SORDIDO's wretchednesse, now at the last.

COR. O, no, that had beene extremely improper, besides, he had continued the *Scene* too long with him, as't was, being in no more action.

MIT. You may enforce the length, as a necessary reason; but for propriety, the *Scene* would very well haue borne it, in my iudgement.

COR. O, worst of both: why, you mistake his Humour vtterly then.

MIT. How? doe I mistake it? is't not enuie?

COR. Yes, but you must vnderstand, Signior, he enuies him not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the common-wealth, but as he is rich, and fortunate; for the true condition of enuie, is, *Dolor alienæ fælicitatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans prosperitie, that is, his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous, and abhord actions our obiect, the griefe (we take then) comes neerer the nature of hate, then enuie, as being bred out of a kinde of contempt and lothing, in our selues.

MIT. So you'le infer it had beene hate, not enuie in him, to reprehend

hend the humour of SORDIDO?

CORD. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe: but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loues in himselfe; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himselfe made in a speech there (if you markt it) where he saies, *I enuie not this* BVFFON, *but I hate him.*

MIT. Stay, sir: *I enuie not this* BVFFON, *but I hate him*: why might he not as well haue hated SORDIDO, as him?

COR. No, sir, there was subiect for his enuie in SORDIDO; his wealth: So was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but a most odious, and fiend-like disposition, that would turne charitie it selfe into hate, much more enuie, for the present.

MIT. You haue satisfied mee, sir; O, here comes the Foole and the Iester, againe, me thinkes.

COR. 'Twere pitty they should be parted, sir.

MIT. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the knight they went to?

COR. No, sir, this is one Monsieur FASTIDIVS BRISKE, otherwise cal'd the fresh Frenchefied courtier.

MIT. A humorist too?

COR. As humorous as quick-siluer, doe but obserue him, the *Scene* is the country still, remember.

Act II. *Scene* I.

FAST. BRISKE, CINEDO, CARLO BVFFONE, SOGLIARDO.

CINEDO, watch when the knight comes, and giue vs word.

CINE. I will, sir.

FAST. How lik'st thou my boy, CARLO?

CAR. O, well, well. He lookes like a colonell of the *Pigmies* horse, or one of these motions, in a great antique clock: he would shew well vpon a habberdashers stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

FAST. S'heart, what a damn'd witty rogue's this? how he confounds with his *simile's*?

CARL. Better with *simile's*, then smiles: and whither were you riding now, Signior?

FAST. Who, I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride, but to the court?

CARL. O, pardon me, sir, twentie places more: your hot-house, or your whore-house——

FAST. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*, here.

CARL. Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out presently. These be our nimble-spirited *Catso's*, that ha' their euasions at pleasure, will run

ouer a bog like your wild *Iriſh:* no ſooner ſtarted, but they'le leape from one thing to another, like a ſquirrell, heigh: dance! and doe tricks i' their diſcourſe, from fire to water, from water to aire, from aire to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en licke the foure elements ouer, and away.

FAST. Sirrha, CARLO, thou neuer ſaw'ſt my grey-hobbie yet, didſt thou?

CARL. No: ha' you ſuch a one?

FAST. The beſt in *Europe* (my good villaine) thou'lt ſay, when thou ſeeſt him.

CARL. But when ſhall I ſee him?

FAST. There was a noble man i' the court offered me 100. pound for him, by this light: a fine little fiery ſlaue, he runs like a (oh) excellent, excellent! with the very ſound of the ſpurre.

CARL. How? the ſound of the ſpurre?

FAST. O, it's your only humour now extant, ſir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

CARL. Sbloud, you ſhall ſee him turne morris-dancer, he ha's got him bels, a good ſute, and a hobby-horſe.

SOGL. Signior, now you talke of a hobby-horſe, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

FAST. How is that, Sir?

SOGL. Mary, ſir, I am telling this gentleman of a hobby-horſe, it was my fathers indeed, and (though I ſay it———

CARL. That ſhould not ſay it) on, on.

SOGL. He did dance in it, with as good humour, and as good regard, as any man of his degree whatſoeuer, being no gentleman: I haue danc't in it my ſelfe too.

CARL. Not ſince the humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

SOGL. Yes, once; mary, that was but to ſhew what a gentleman might doe, in a humour.

CARL. O, very good.

GREX.

MIT. Why, this fellowes diſcourſe were nothing, but for the word Humour.

COR. O, beare with him, and he ſhould lacke matter, and words too, 'twere pittifull.

SOG. Nay, looke you, ſir, there's ne're a gentleman i' the countrey has the like humours, for the hobby-horſe, as I haue; I haue the method for the threeding of the needle and all, the———

CAR. How, the method.

SOG. I, the leigeritie for that, and the wigh-hie, and the daggers in the noſe, and the trauels of the egge from finger to finger, all the humours incident to the quality. The horſe hangs at home in my parlor. I'le keepe it for a monument, as long as I liue, ſure.

CAR.

CAR. Doe ſo; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophee, to hang ouer your tombe.

SOG. Maſſe, and I'le haue a tombe (now I thinke on't) 'tis but ſo much charges.

CAR. Beſt build it in your life time then, your heires may hap to forget it elſe.

SOG. Nay, I meane ſo, Ile not truſt to them.

CAR. No, for heires, and executors, are growne damnably careleſſe, ſpecially, ſince the ghoſts of teſtators left walking: how like you him, Signior?

FAST. 'Fore heauens, his humour arrides me exceedingly.

CAR. Arrides you?

FAST. I, pleaſes me (a pox on't) I am ſo haunted at the court, and at my lodging, with your refin'd choiſe ſpirits, that it makes me cleane of another garbe, another ſheafe, I know not how! I cannot frame me to your harſh vulgar phraſe, 'tis againſt my *genius*.

SOG. Signior CARLO.

GREX.

COR. This is right to that of HORACE, *Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt*: ſo this gallant, labouring to auoid popularitie, fals into a habit of affectation, ten thouſand times hatefuller then the former.

CAR. Who, hee? a gull, a foole, no ſalt in him i'the earth, man: hee looks like a freſh ſalmon kept in a tub, hee'le be ſpent ſhortly. His braine's lighter then his feather already, and his tongue more ſubiect to lie, then that's to wag: he ſleepes with a muske-cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in pomander chaines for penance: he ha's his skin tan'd in ciuet, to make his complexion ſtrong, and the ſweetneſſe of his youth laſting in the ſenſe of his ſweet lady. A good emptie puffe, he loues you well, Signior.

SOGL. There ſhall be no loue loſt, ſir, I'le aſſure you.

FAST. Nay, CARLO, I am not happy i' thy loue, I ſee: pr'y thee ſuffer me to enioy thy company a little (ſweet *miſchiefe*) by this aire, I ſhall enuy this gentlemans place in thy affections, if you be thus priuate, yfaith. How now? is the knight arriu'd?

CINEDO.

CINE. No, ſir, but 'tis gueſt he will arriue preſently, by his fore-runners.

FAST. His hounds! by MINERVA an excellent figure; a good boy.

CARL. You ſhould giue him a french crowne for it: the boy would finde two better figures i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beſide.

FAST. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

CARL. No crowne: ſpeake i' the ſingular number, and wee'le beleeue you.

FAST. Nay, thou art ſo capriciouſly conceited now. Sirra (*damnation*) I haue heard this knight PVNTARVOLO, reported to bee a gentleman of

exceeding good humour; thou know'ſt him: pr'ythee, how is his diſpoſition? I ne're was ſo fauour'd of my ſtarres, as to ſee him yet. Boy, doe you looke to the hobby?

CINE. I, ſir, the groome has ſet him vp.

FAST. 'Tis well; I rid out of my way of intent to viſit him, and take knowledge of his— Nay, good *wickedneſſe*, his humour, his humour.

CARL. Why, he loues dogs, and hawkes, and his wife, well: he has a good riding face, and he can ſit a great horſe; hee will taint a ſtaffe well at tilt: when he is mounted, he lookes like the ſigne of the *George*, that's all I know; ſaue, that in ſtead of a dragon, he will brandiſh againſt a tree, and breake his ſword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beaſt.

FAST. O, but this is nothing to that's deliuerd of him. They ſay hee has dialogues, and diſcourſes betweene his horſe, himſelfe, and his dogge: and that he will court his owne lady, as ſhee were a ſtranger neuer encounter'd before.

CARL. I, that he will, and make freſh loue to her euery morning: this gentleman has beene a ſpectator of it, *Signior Inſulſo*.

He leapes from whiſpring with the boy.

SOGL. I am reſolute to keepe a page: ſay you ſir?

CARL. You haue ſeene *Signior Puntaruolo* accoſt his lady?

SOGL. O, I ſir.

FAST. And how is the manner of it, pr'ythee, good Signior?

SOGL. Faith ſir, in very good ſort, he has his humours for it, ſir: as firſt, (ſuppoſe he were now to come from riding, or hunting, or ſo) he has his trumpet to ſound, and then the waiting gentlewoman, ſhee lookes out, and then hee ſpeakes, and then ſhee ſpeakes—very pretty yfaith, gentlemen.

FAST. Why, but doe you remember no particulars, Signior?

SOGL. O, yes ſir: firſt, the gentlewoman, ſhee lookes out at the window.

CARL. After the trumpet has ſummon'd a parle? not before?

SOGL. No, ſir, not before: and then ſaies he— ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. What ſaies he? be not rapt ſo.

SOGL. Saies he— ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

FAST. Nay, ſpeake, ſpeake.

SOGL. Ha, ha, ha, ſaies he: God ſaue you, ſaies he: ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this paſſion?

SOGL. Nay, that, that comes after, is— ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

CARL. Doubtleſſe, he apprehends more then he vtters, this fellow: or elſe.

A cry of hounds within.

SOGL. Liſt, liſt, they are come from hunting: ſtand by, cloſe vnder this tarras, and you ſhall ſee it done, better then I can ſhew it.

CARL. So it had need, 'twill ſcarce poize the obſeruation elſe.

SOGL. Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

FAST.

FAST. O, with-draw, with-draw, it cannot bee but a moſt pleaſing obiect.

Act II. *Scene* II.

PVNTARVOLO, HVNTSMAN, GENTLEWOMAN.

To the reſt.

FOrreſter, giue winde to thy horne. Inough, by this, the ſound hath toucht the eares of the encloſed: Depart, leaue the dogge, and take with thee what thou haſt deſeru'd, the horne, and thankes.

CARL. I, mary, there's ſome taſte in this.

FAST. Is't not good?

SOGL. Ah, peace, now aboue, now aboue!

PVNT. Stay: mine eye hath (on the inſtant) through the bountie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a *Nymph*. I will ſtep forward three paſes: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (after ſome little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace ſalute her (one, two, and three.) Sweet lady, God ſaue you. *The gentlewoman appeares at the window.*

GENT. No, forſooth: I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

CARL. He knew that before.

PVNT. Pardon me: *Humanum eſt errare.*

CARL. He learn'd that of his chaplaine.

PVNT. To the perfection of complement (which is the Diall of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are requir'd theſe three ſpecials: the *gnomon*, the *puntilio's*, and the *ſuperficies*: the *ſuperficies*, is that we call, place; the *puntilio's*, circumſtance; and the *gnomon*, ceremony: in either of which, for a ſtranger to erre, 'tis eaſie and facile, and ſuch am I.

CARL. True, not knowing her *horizon*, he muſt needes erre: which I feare, he knowes too well.

PVNT. What call you the lord of the caſtle? ſweet face.

GENT. The lord of the caſtle is a knight, ſir; Signior PVNTARVOLO.

PVNT. PVNTARVOLO? O.

CARL. Now muſt he ruminate.

FAST. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

CARL. O, doe you know me, man? why, therein lies the ſirrup of the ieſt; it's a proiect, a deſignement of his owne, a thing ſtudied, and rehearſt as ordinarily at his comming from hawking, or hunting, as a jigge after a play.

SOGL. I, e'en like your jigge, ſir.

PVNT. 'Tis a moſt ſumptuous and ſtately edifice! of what yeeres is the knight, faire damſell?

GENT. Faith, much about your yeeres, ſir.

PVNT.

PVNT. What complexion, or what ſtature beares he?

GENT. Of your ſtature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

PVNT. Mine is melancholy:

CARL. So is the dogges, iuſt.

PVNT. And doth argue conſtancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

GENT. O, the moſt courteous knight in Chriſtian land, ſir.

PVNT. Is he magnanimous?

GENT. As the skin betweene your browes, ſir.

PVNT. Is he bountifull?

CARL. 'Slud, he takes an inuentory of his owne good parts.

GENT. Bountifull? I, ſir, I would you ſhould know it; the poore are ſeru'd at his gate, early, and late, ſir.

PVNT. Is he learned?

GENT. O, I ſir, he can ſpeake the *French*, and *Italian*.

PVNT. Then he is trauail'd?

GENT. I, forſooth, he hath beene beyond-ſea, once, or twiſe.

CARL. As far as *Paris*, to fetch ouer a faſhion, and come back againe.

PVNT. Is he religious?

GENT. Religious? I know not what you call religious, but hee goes to church, I am ſure.

FAST. S'lid, me thinkes, theſe anſweres ſhould offend him.

CARL. Tut, no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity, that ſpeakes 'hem.

PVNT. Would I might ſee his face.

CARL. Shee ſhould let down a glaſſe from the window at that word, and requeſt him to looke in't.

PVNT. Doubtleſſe, the gentleman is moſt exact, and abſolutely qualified? doth the caſtle containe him?

GENT. No, ſir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

PVNT. His lady? what, is ſhee faire? ſplendidious? and amiable?

GENT. O, Lord, ſir!

PVNT. Pr'ythee, deare *Nymph*, intreat her beauties to ſhine on this ſide of the building.

Gent. leaues the window.

CARL. That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *gnomons*, and his *puntilio's*.

FAST. Nay, thou art ſuch another *Cinique* now, a man had need walke vprightly before thee.

CARL. Heart, can any man walke more vpright then hee does? Looke, looke; as if he went in a frame, or had a ſute of waneſcot on: and the dogge watching him, leſt he ſhould leape out on't.

FAST. O, villaine!

CARL. Well, and e'er I meet him in the city, I'le ha' him ioynted, I'le pawne him in eaſt-cheape, among the butchers elſe.

FAST. Peace, who be theſe, CARLO?

Act II. *Scene* III.

SORDIDO, FVNGOSO, LADY. *To the reſt.*

YOnder's your god-father; doe your duty to him, ſonne.

SOG. This, ſir? a poore elder brother of mine, ſir, a yeoman, may diſpend ſome ſeuen or eight hundred a yeere: that's his ſon, my nephew, there.

PVNT. You are not ill-come, neighbour SORDIDO, though I haue not yet ſaid, well-come: what, my god-ſonne is growne a great *proficient* by this?

SORD. I hope he will grow great one day, ſir.

FAST. What does he ſtudie? the law?

SOGL. I ſir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeoman.

CARL. What call you your nephew, ſignior?

SOGL. Mary, his name is FVNGOSO.

CARL. FVNGOSO? O, he lookt ſomwhat like a ſpunge in that pinckt yellow doublet, me thought: well, make much of him; I ſee he was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

GENT. My lady will come preſently, ſir. *Returnd aboue.*

SOGL. O, now, now.

PVNT. Stand by, retire your ſelues a ſpace: nay, pray you, forget not the vſe of your hat; the aire is piercing. *Sordido & Fungoſo with-draw to the other part of the ſtage, while the lady is come to the window.*

FAST. What? will not their preſence preuaile againſt the current of his humour?

CARL. O, no: it's a meere floud, a torrent, carries all afore it.

PVNT. *What more then heauenly pulchritude is this?*
What magazine, or treaſurie of bliſſe?
Dazle, you organs to my optique ſenſe,
To view a creature of ſuch eminence:
O, I am planet-ſtrooke, and in yond ſphere,
A brighter ſtarre then VENVS *doth appeare!*

FAST. How? in verſe!

CARL. An extaſie, an extaſie, man.

LADY. Is your deſire to ſpeake with me, ſir knight?

CARL. He will tell you that anon; neither his braine, nor his body, are yet moulded for an anſwere.

PVNT. Moſt debonaire, and luculent lady, I decline mee low, as the *baſis* of your altitude.

GREX.

CORD. He makes congies to his wife in geometricall proportions.

MIT. Is't poſſible there ſhould be any ſuch Humoriſt?

CORD. Very eaſily poſſible, Sir, you ſee there is.

PVNT. I haue ſcarſe collected my ſpirits, but lately ſcatter'd in the admiration

miration of your forme; to which (if the bounties of your minde be any way reſponſible) I doubt not, but my deſires ſhall finde a ſmooth, and ſecure paſſage. I am a poore knight errant (lady) that hunting in the adjacent forreſt, was by aduenture in the purſuit of a hart, brought to this place; which hart (deare Madame) eſcaped by enchantment: the euening approching (my ſelfe, and ſeruant wearied) my ſuit is, to enter your faire caſtle, and refreſh me.

LADY. Sir knight, albeit it be not vſuall with me (chiefly in the abſence of a huſband) to admit any entrance to ſtrangers, yet in the true regard of thoſe innated vertues, and faire parts, which ſo ſtriue to expreſſe themſelues, in you; I am reſolu'd to entertaine you to the beſt of my vnworthy power: which I acknowledge to bee nothing, valew'd with what ſo worthy a perſon may deſerue. Pleaſe you but ſtay, while I deſcend.

Shee departs: Puntaruolo falls in with Sordido, and his ſonne.

PVNT. Moſt admir'd lady, you aſtoniſh me!

CARL. What? with ſpeaking a ſpeech of your owne penning?

FAST. Nay, looke; pr'y thee peace.

CARL. Pox on't: I am impatient of ſuch fopperie.

FAST. O, let's heare the reſt.

CARL. What? a tedious chapter of courtſhip, after ſir LANCELOT, and queene GVEVENER? away. I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this lady out? that (being a woman) ſhee was bleſt with no more copie of wit, but to ſerue his humour thus. 'Slud, I thinke he feeds her with porridge, I: ſhee could ne're haue ſuch a thick braine elſe.

SOGL. Why, is porridge ſo hurtfull, ſignior?

CARL. O, nothing vnder heauen more preiudiciall to thoſe aſcending ſubtile powers, or doth ſooner abate that which we call, *acumen ingeny*, then your groſſe fare: why, I'le make you an inſtance: your city wiues, but obſerue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i' the world bred, then they are generally; and yet you ſee (by the fineneſſe and delicacy of their diet, diuing into the fat capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding on larkes, ſparrowes, potato-pies, and ſuch good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd, and rarefi'd! and ſometimes a very *quinteſſence* of conceit flowes from 'hem, able to drowne a weake apprehenſion.

FAST. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady with her gent. deſcended, ſeeing them, turnes in againe.

LADY. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

FAST. S'light, our preſence has cut off the conuoy of the ieſt.

CARL. All the better; I am glad on't: for the iſſue was very perſpicuous. Come, let's diſcouer, and ſalute the knight.

Carlo, and the other two, ſtep forth.

PVNT. Stay: who be theſe that addreſſe themſelues towards vs? what, CARLO? now, by the ſincerity of my ſoule, welcome; welcome gentlemen: and how doeſt thou, thou grand ſcourge; or, ſecond *vntruſſe* of the time?

CARL. Faith, ſpending my mettall, in this reeling world (here and there) as the ſway of my affection carries me, and perhaps ſtumble vpon a yeoman pheuterer, as I doe now; or one of *Fortunes* moiles, laden with treaſure,

treasure, and an empty cloke-bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

PVNT. Peace, you, ban-dogge, peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is that in the white virgin boot there?

CARL. Mary, sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more then ordinary respect: Monsieur FASTIDIVS.

PVNT. Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding here, and more reall entertainment, this my house stood on the *Muses* hill; and these my orchards were those of the *Hesperide's*.

FAST. I possesse as much in your wish, sir, as if I were made lord of the *Indies*; and I pray you, beleeue it.

CARL. I haue a better opinion of his faith, then to thinke it will be so corrupted.

SOGL. Come, brother, I'le bring you acquainted with gentlemen, and good fellowes, such as shall doe you more grace, then———

SORD. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Doe you take heede, lest———

Carlo is cõming toward them.

SOGL. Husht: my brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding to the boore, the clowne: but I request you in priuate, sir.

FVNG. By heauen, it's a very fine sute of clothes!

GREX.

COR. Doe you obserue that, signior? there's another humour has new crackt the shell.

MIT. What? he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?

COR. O, you forestall the iest.

FVN. I mar'le what it might stand him in!

SOG. Nephew?

FVN. 'Fore mee, it's an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you, vncle?

SOG. When saw you my neece?

FVN. Mary, yester-night I supt there. That kinde of boot does very rare too!

SOG. And what newes heare you?

FVN. The guilt spurre and all! would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding good. Say you, vncle?

SOG. Your minde is carried away with somewhat else: I aske what newes you heare?

FVN. Troth, we heare none. In good faith, I was neuer so pleas'd with a fashion, daies of my life! O (and I might haue but my wish) I'ld aske no more of god now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a———

SOG. They say, there's a new Motion of the city of *Niniueh*, with

IONAS,

IONAS, and the whale, to be ſeene at Fleet-bridge? you can tell, couſin?

FVN. Here's ſuch a world of queſtion with him, now: Yes, I thinke there be ſuch a thing, I ſaw the picture: would he would once be ſatisfi'd. Let me ſee, the doublet, ſay fifty ſhillings the doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the hoſe; then bootes, hat, and band: ſome ten or eleuen pound would doe it all, and ſuit me *for the heauens*.

SOG. I'le ſee all thoſe deuices, and I come to *London* once.

FVN. Gods'lid, and I could compaſſe it, 'twere rare: harke you, vncle.

SOG. What ſaies my nephew?

FVN. Faith vncle, I'ld ha' deſir'd you to haue made a motion for me to my father in a thing, that—walke aſide and I'le tell you, ſir, no more but this: there's a parcell of law—bookes, (ſome twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more then halfe the money they coſt; and I thinke for ſome twelue pound, or twenty marke, I could goe neere to redeeme 'hem; there's PLOWDEN, DIAR, BROOKE, and FITZ-HERBERT, diuers ſuch, as I muſt haue ere long: and you know, I were as good ſaue fiue or ſixe pound as not, vncle. I pray you, moue it for me.

SOG. That I will: when would you haue me doe it? preſently?

FVN, O, I, I pray you, good vncle: God ſend mee good luck; Lord (and't be thy will) proſper it: O, my ſtarres, now, now, if it take now, I am made for euer.

FAST. Shall I tell you, ſir? by this aire, I am the moſt beholding to that lord, of any gentleman liuing; hee does vſe mee the moſt honorably, and with the greateſt reſpect, more indeed, then can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

PVNT. Then, haue you the count GRATIATO?

FAST. As true noble a gentleman too, as any breathes; I am exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by this hand (I proteſt to you, ſignior, I ſpeake it not gloriouſly, nor out of affectation, but) there's hee, and the count FRVGALE, ſignior ILLVSTRE, ſignior LVCVLENTO, and a ſort of 'hem; that (when I am at court) they doe ſhare me amongſt 'hem. Happy is he can enioy me moſt priuate. I doe wiſh my ſelfe ſometime an vbiquitarie for their loue, in good faith.

CARL. There's ne're a one of theſe, but might lie a weeke on the rack, ere they could bring forth his name; and yet he powres them out as familiarly, as if he had ſeene 'hem ſtand by the fire i' the preſence, or ta'ne tabacco with them, ouer the ſtage, i' the lords roome.

PVNT. Then you muſt of neceſſity know our court-ſtarre there? that planet of wit, MADDONA SAVIOLINA?

FAST. O, lord ſir! my miſtris.

PVNT. Is ſhee your miſtris?

FAST. Faith, here be ſome ſlight fauours of hers, ſir, that doe ſpeake it, *ſhee is*: as this ſcarfe, ſir, or this ribband in mine eare, or ſo; this feather grew in her ſweet fanne ſometimes, though now it be my poore fortunes to weare it, as you ſee, ſir: ſlight, ſlight, a fooliſh toy.

PVNT.

PVNT. Well, ſhee is the lady of a moſt exalted, and ingenious ſpirit.

FAST. Did you euer heare any woman ſpeake like her? or enricht with a more plentifull diſcourſe?

CARL. O, villanous! nothing but ſound, ſound, a meere *eccho*; ſhee ſpeakes as ſhee goes tir'd, in cob-web lawne, light, thin: good enough to catch flies withall.

PVNT. O, manage your affections.

FAST. Well, if thou beeſt not plagu'd for this blaſphemie, one day—

PVNT. Come, regard not a ieſter: it is in the power of my purſe, to make him ſpeake well, or ill, of me.

FAST. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my credit, and iudgement) ſhee has the moſt harmonious, and muſicall ſtraine of wit, that euer tempted a true eare; and yet to ſee, a rude tongue would profane heauen, if it could.

PVNT. I am not ignorant of it, ſir.

FAST. Oh, it flowes from her like *nectar*, and ſhee doth giue it, that ſweet, quick grace, and exornation in the compoſure, that (by this good aire, as I am an honeſt man, would I might neuer ſtirre, ſir, but) ſhee does obſerue as pure a phraſe, and vſe as choiſe figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be i' the *Arcadia*.

CARL. Or rather in *Greenes* workes, whence ſhe may ſteale with more ſecurity.

SORD. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'hem, you ſhall haue it, but I'le part with no more.

FVNG. I'le trie what that will doe, if you pleaſe.

SORD. Doe ſo: and when you haue 'hem, ſtudie hard.

FVNG. Yes, ſir. And I could ſtudie to get forty ſhillings more now! well, I will put my ſelfe into the faſhion, as farre as this will goe preſently.

SORD. I wonder it raines not! the Almanack ſaies wee ſhould haue ſtore of raine, to day.

PVNT. Why, ſir, to morrow I will aſſociate you to court my ſelfe; and from thence to the city, about a buſineſſe, a proiect I haue, I will expoſe it to you, ſir: CARLO, I am ſure, has heard of it.

CARL. What's that, ſir?

PVNT. I doe intend, this yeere of *Iubile*, comming on, to trauaile: and (becauſe I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determined to put forth ſome fiue thouſand pound, to be paid me, fiue for one, vpon the returne of my ſelfe, my wife, and my dog, from the *Turkes* court in *Conſtantinople*. If all, or either of vs miſcarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if we be ſucceſſefull, why, there will be fiue and twenty thouſand pound, to entertaine time withall. Nay, goe not neighbour SORDIDO, ſtay to night, and helpe to make our ſocietie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolick: CARLO? what? dull now?

CARL. I was thinking on your proiect, ſir, and you call it ſo: is this the dog goes with you?

PVNT. This is the dogge, sir.

CARL. He do' not goe bare-foot, does he?

PVNT. Away, you traitor, away.

CARL. Nay, afore god, I speake simply; he may pricke his foot with a thorne, and be as much as the whole venter is worth. Besides, for a dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iourney to *Constantinople*: I'le tell you now (and he were mine) I'ld haue some present conference with a physicion, what antidotes were good to giue him, preseruatiues against poison: for (assure you) if once your money be out, there'll be diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *animal*.

PVNT. Thou art still dangerous.

FAST. Is signior DELIROS wife your kinswoman?

SOGL. I, sir, shee is my neece, my brothers daughter here, and my nephewes sister.

SORD. Doe you know her, sir?

FAST. O, God sir, Signior DELIRO, her husband, is my marchant.

FVNG. I, I haue seene this gentleman there, often.

FAST. I crie you mercy, sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

FVNG. FVNGOSO, sir.

FAST. Good signior FVNGOSO, I shall request to know you better, sir.

FVNG. I am her brother, sir.

FAST. In faire time, sir.

PVNT. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

FAST. Nay, pray you, sir; we shall meet at signior DELIRO's often.

SOGL. You shall ha' me at the *Heralds* office, sir, for some weeke or so, at my first comming vp. Come, CARLO.

GREX.

MIT. Methinkes, CORDATVS, he dwelt somewhat too long on this *Scene*; it hung i' the hand.

COR. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t' haue made the humours perspicuous enough.

MIT. True, as his subiect lies: but hee might haue altered the shape of his argument, and explicated 'hem better in single *Scenes*.

COR. That had beene single indeed: why? be they not the same persons in this, as they would haue beene in those? and is it not an obiect of more state, to behold the *Scene* full, and reliu'd with varietie of speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie stage, and the actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt downe with a feather, into the eye of the spectators?

MIT. Nay, you are better traded with these things then I, and therefore I'le subscribe to your iudgement; mary, you shall giue mee leaue to make obiections.

COR. O, what else? it's the speciall intent of the author, you should

doe

doe ſo: for thereby others (that are preſent) may as well be ſatisfied, who happily would obiect the ſame you doe.

MIT. So, ſir: but when appeares MACILENTE againe?

COR. Mary, hee ſtaies but till our ſilence giue him leaue: here hee comes, and with him ſignior DELIRO, a marchant, at whoſe houſe hee is come to ſojourne: Make your owne obſeruation now, onely transferre your thoughts to the city, with the *Scene*; where, ſuppoſe they ſpeake.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FIDO, FALLACE.

I'Le tell you by and by, ſir.
Welcome (good MACILENTE) to my houſe,
To ſojourne euen for euer: if my beſt
In cates, and euery ſort of good intreaty
May moue you ſtay with me. MACI. I thanke you, ſir:
And yet the muffled *fates* (had it pleas'd them)
Might haue ſuppli'd me, from their owne full ſtore,
Without this word (I thanke you) to a foole.
I ſee no reaſon, why that dog (call'd *Chaunce*)
Should fawne vpon this fellow, more then me:
I am a man, and I haue limmes, fleſh, bloud,
Bones, ſinewes, and a ſoule, as well as he:
My parts are euery way as good as his,
If I ſaid better? why, I did not lie.
Nath'leſſe, his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
Muſt make me bow, and crie: (I thanke you, ſir.)

Deliro cenſeth. His boy ſtrewes flowres.

DELI. Diſpatch, take heed your miſtris ſee you not.

FIDO. I warrant you, ſir. Ile ſteale by her ſoftly.

DELI. Nay, gentle friend, be merry, raiſe your lookes
Out of your boſome, I proteſt (by heauen)
You are the man moſt welcome in the world.

MACI. (I thanke you, ſir,) I know my *cue*, I thinke.

FIDO. Where wil you haue 'hem burne, ſir? DELI. Here, good FIDO! What? ſhee did not ſee thee? FIDO. No, ſir. DELI. That's well: Strew, ſtrew, good FIDO, the freſheſt flowres, ſo.

With more perfumes and herbes.

MACI. What meanes this, ſignior DELIRO? all this cenſing?

DELI. Caſt in more frankincenſe, yet more, well ſaid.
O, MACILENTE, I haue ſuch a wife!
So paſſing faire, ſo paſſing farre vnkind,
But of ſuch worth, and right to be vnkind,
(Since no man can be worthy of her kindneſſe.)

MACI. What can there not? DELI. No, that is ſure as death,

No man aliue! I doe not ſay, is not,
But cannot poſſibly be worth her kindneſſe!
Nay, it is certaine, let me doe her right.
How, ſaid I? doe her right? as though I could,
As though this dull groſſe tongue of mine could vtter
The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite rights,
That ſit (as high as I can looke) within her!

MACI. This is ſuch dotage, as was neuer heard.

DELI. Well, this muſt needs be granted. MACI. Granted, quoth you?

DELI. Nay, MACILENTE; doe not ſo diſcredit
The goodneſſe of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doe ſpeake the very leaſt of her.
And I would craue, and beg no more of heauen,
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To vtter firſt in fit termes, what ſhee is,
And then the true ioyes I conceiue in her.

MACI. Is't poſſible, ſhee ſhould deſerue ſo well,
As you pretend? DELI. I, and ſhee knowes ſo well
Her owne deſerts, that (when I ſtriue t' enioy them)
Shee weighs the things I doe, with what ſhee merits:
And (ſeeing my worth out-weigh'd ſo in her graces)
Shee is ſo ſolemne, ſo preciſe, ſo froward,
That no obſeruance I can doe to her,
Can make her kind to me: if ſhee find fault,
I mend that fault; and then ſhee ſaies, I faulted,
That I did mend it. Now, good friend, aduiſe me,
How I may temper this ſtrange ſplene in her.

MACI. You are too amorous, too obſequious,
And make her too aſſur'd, ſhee may command you.
When women doubt moſt of their huſbands loues,
They are moſt louing. Huſbands muſt take heed
They giue no gluts of kindneſſe to their wiues,
But vſe them like their horſes; whom they feed
Not with a manger-full of meat together,
But halfe a pecke at once: and keepe them ſo
Still with an appetite to that they giue them.
He that deſires to haue a louing wife,
Muſt bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kindneſſe,
As if loue wrought it, but conſiderate duty.
" Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues ſtill ſeeke them,
" For when they come vnſought, they ſeldome like them.

DELI. Beleeue me, MACILENTE, this is goſpell.
O, that a man were his owne man ſo much,
To rule himſelfe thus. I will ſtriue i' faith,

To be more ſtrange and careleſſe: yet, I hope
I haue now taken ſuch a perfect courſe,
To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
That I ſhall find my kindneſſe well return'd,
And haue no need to fight with my affections.
Shee (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
Within my houſe; one was too big (ſhee ſaid)
Another was not furniſht to her mind,
And ſo through all: all which, now, I haue alter'd.
Then here, ſhee hath a place (on my back-ſide)
Wherein ſhee loues to walke; and that (ſhee ſaid)
Had ſome ill ſmels about it. Now, this walke
Haue I (before ſhee knowes it) thus perfum'd
With herbes, and flowres, and laid in diuers places,
(As'twere on altars, conſecrate to her)
Perfumed gloues, and delicate chaines of amber,
To keepe the aire in awe of her ſweet noſtrils:
This haue I done, and this I thinke will pleaſe her.
Behold, ſhee comes. FALL. Here's a ſweet ſtinke indeed:
What, ſhall I euer be thus croſt, and plagu'd?
And ſicke of huſband? O, my head doth ake,
As it would cleaue aſunder with theſe ſauours,
All my room's alter'd, and but one poore walke
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulſome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
(My braine doth ſweat ſo) I haue caught the plague.
DELI. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too ſweet?
Thou ſaid'ſt of late, it had ſowre aires about it,
And found'ſt much fault, that I did not correct it.
FALL. Why, and I did find fault, ſir? DELI. Nay, deare wife;
I know, thou haſt ſaid, thou haſt lou'd perfumes,
No woman better. FALL. I, long ſince perhaps,
But now that ſenſe is alter'd: you would haue me
(Like to a puddle, or a ſtanding poole)
To haue no motion, nor no ſpirit within me.
No, I am like a pure, and ſprightly riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet ſtill the ſame;
Or fire, that burnes much wood, yet ſtill one flame.
DELI. But yeſterday, I ſaw thee at our garden,
Smelling on roſes, and on purple flowres,
And ſince, I hope, the humour of thy ſenſe
Is nothing chang'd. FALL. Why, thoſe were growing flowres,
And theſe, within my walke, are cut and ſtrew'd.
DELI. But yet they haue one ſent. FALL. I! haue they ſo?

In your groſſe iudgement. If you make no difference
Betwixt the ſent of growing flowres, and cut ones,
You haue a ſenſe to taſte lamp-oile, yfaith.
And with ſuch iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,
Leauing no roome, that I can ioy to be in,
In all your houſe: and now my walke, and all,
You ſmoke me from, as if I were a foxe,
And long, belike, to driue me quite away.
Well, walke you there, and I'le walke where I liſt.
DELI. What ſhall I doe? ô, I ſhall neuer pleaſe her,
MACI. Out on thee, dotard! what ſtarre rul'd his birth?
That brought him ſuch a ſtarre? blind *Fortune* ſtill
Beſtowes her gifts on ſuch as cannot vſe them:
How long ſhall I liue, ere I be ſo happy,
To haue a wife of this exceeding forme?
DELI. Away, with 'hem, would I had broke a ioynt,
Fido beares all away. When I deuis'd this, that ſhould ſo diſlike her.
Away, beare all away. FALL. I, doe: for feare
Ought that is there ſhould like her. O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceale himſelfe!
As though he lou'd? nay, honour'd, and ador'd?
DELI. Why, my ſweet heart?
FALL. Sweet heart! ô! better ſtill!
And asking, why? wherefore? and looking ſtrangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.
Alas, you'r ſimple, you: you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleaſure, and then red with wonder:
No, no, not you! 'tis pitty o'your naturalls.
I did but caſt an amorouseye, e'en now,
Vpon a paire of gloues, that ſomewhat lik't me,
And ſtraight he noted it, and gaue command,
All ſhould be ta'ne away. DELI. Be they my bane then.
What, ſirra, FIDO, bring in thoſe gloues againe,
You tooke from hence. FALL. S'body, ſir, but doe not,
Bring in no gloues, to ſpite me: if you doe———
DELI. Ay, me, moſt wretched; how am I miſconſtru'd?
MACI. O, how ſhee tempts my heart-ſtrings, with her eye,
To knit them to her beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me ſuch a woman? but a man, a beaſt,
That hath no bliſſe like to others. Would to heauen
(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
To ſome faire water-*Nymph*, that (ſet vpon
The deepeſt whirle-pit of the rau'nous ſeas,)

My

My adamantine eyes might head-long hale
This iron world to me, and drowne it all.

GREX.

COR. Behold, behold, the tranſlated gallant.
MIT. O, he is welcome.

Act II. *Scene* V.

FVNGOSO. *To the reſt.*

SAue you brother, and ſiſter, ſaue you, ſir; I haue commendations for you out i' the countrey: (I wonder they take no knowledge of my ſute:) mine vncle SOGLIARDO is in towne. Siſter, me thinkes, you are melancholy: why are you ſo ſad? I thinke you tooke me for maſter FASTIDIVS BRISKE (ſiſter) did you not.

FALL. Why ſhould I take you for him?

FVNG. Nay, nothing--I was lately in maſter FASTIDIVS his company, and, me thinkes, we are very like.

DELI. You haue a faire ſute, brother, 'giue you ioy on't.

FVNG. Faith, good ynough to ride in, brother, I made it to ride in.

FALL. O, now I ſee the cauſe of his idle demand, was his new ſuit.

DELI. Pray you good brother, trie, if you can change her mood.

FVNG. I warrant you, let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumps. Siſter, how like you my ſuit?

FALL. O, you are a gallant in print now, brother.

FVNG. Faith, how like you the faſhion? it's the laſt edition, I aſſure you.

FALL. I cannot but like it, to the deſert.

FVNG. Troth, ſiſter, I was faine to borrow theſe ſpurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

FALL. Now, beſhrow my heart, then.

FVNG. Good truth, I'le pay you againe at my next exhibition: I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the faſhion.

FALL. I care not.

FVNG. I had ſpurres of mine owne before, but they were not ginglers. Monſieur FASTIDIVS will be here anon, ſiſter.

FALL. You ieſt?

FVNG. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'ld be loth to ſay, in truth.

FALL. When did you ſee him?

FVNG. Yeſterday, I came acquainted with him at ſir PVNTARVOLO's: nay, ſweet ſiſter.

MACI.

MACI. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole
Should weare a suit of sattin? he? that rooke?
That painted jay, with such a deale of out-side?
What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Good heauen, giue me patience, patience, patience.
A number of these popen jayes there are,
Whom, if a man conferre, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, lord, what things they are!

FALL. Come, when will you pay me againe, now?

FVNG. O god, sister!

MACI. Here comes another.

Act II. *Scene* VI.

To the rest.

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

SAue you, signior DELIRO: how do'st thou, sweet lady? Let mee kisse thee.

FVNG. How? a new sute? Ay me.

DELI. And how do's master FASTIDIVS BRISKE?

FAST. Faith, liue in court, signior DELIRO; in grace, I thanke god, both of the noble masculine, and feminine. I must speake with you in priuate, by and by.

DELI. When you please, sir.

FALL. Why looke you so pale, brother?

FVNG. S'lid, all this money is cast away, now.

MACI. I, there's a newer edition come forth.

FVNG. Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'le haue my sute chang'd, I'le goe fetch my taylor presently, but first I'le deuise a letter to my father. Ha' you any pen, and inke, sister?

FALL. What would you doe withall?

FVNG. I would vse it. S'light, and it had come but foure daies sooner, the fashion.

FAST. There was a countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day, i' the presence: 'did me more good by that light, then—and yesternight sent her coach twise to my lodging, to intreat mee accompany her, and my sweet mistris, with some two, or three nameless ladies more: O, I haue beene grac't by 'hem beyond all aime of affection: this 's her garter my dagger hangs in: and they doe so commend, and approue my apparell, with my iudicious wearing of it, it 's aboue wonder.

FALL. Indeed sir, 'tis a most excellent sute, and you doe weare it as extraordinary.

FAST. Why, I'le tell you now (in good faith) and by this chaire, which (by the grace of god) I intend presently to sit in, I had three sutes in one yeere,

yeere, made three great ladies in loue with me: I had other three, vn-did three gentlemen in imitation: and other three, gat three other gentlemen widdowes of three thousand pound a yeere.

DELI. Is't possible?

FAST. O, beleeue it, sir; your good face is the witch, and your apparell the spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world into their circle.

FALL. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

MACI. Well, would my father had left mee but a good face for my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate wit that goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat i' the world then.

FAST. Why, assure you, signior, rich apparell has strange vertues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an excellent wit: he that enioyes it with means, puts the world in remembrance of his means: it helps the deformities of nature, and giues lustre to her beauties; makes continuall holy-day where it shines; sets the wits of ladies at worke, that otherwise would be idle: furnisheth your two-shilling ordinarie; takes possession of your stage at your new play; and enricheth your oares, as scorning to goe with your scull.

MACI. Pray you, sir, adde this; it giues respect to your fooles, makes many theeues, as many strumpets, and no fewer bankrupts.

FALL. Out, out, vnworthy to speake, where he breatheth.

FAST. What's he, signior?

DELI. A friend of mine, sir.

FAST. By heauen, I wonder at you, citizens, what kinde of creatures you are!

DELI. Why, sir?

FAST. That you can confort your selues, with such poore seame-rent fellowes.

FALL. He saies true.

DELI. Sir, I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's a man worthy of regard.

FAST. Why? what ha's he in him, of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

DELI. Mary, he is a scholler, sir.

FAST. Nothing else?

DELI. And he is well trauail'd.

FAST. He should get him clothes; I would cherish those good parts of trauaile in him, and preferre him to some nobleman of good place.

DELI. Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and, I doubt not, but his desert shall more then answere my praise.

FAST. Why, and he had good clothes, I'ld carry him to court with me to morrow.

DELI. He shall not want for those, sir, if gold and the whole city will furnish him.

FAST. You say well, sir: faith, signior DELIRO, I am come to haue you

you play the *Alchymist* with me, and change the *species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

DELI. With all my heart, sir, what summe will serue you?

FAST. Faith, some three, or foure hundred.

DELI. Troth, sir, I haue promist to meet a gentleman this morning, in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'le dispatch you.

FAST. I'le accompany you thither.

DELI. As you please, sir; but I goe not thither directly.

FAST. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good goe along.

DELI. I were as good haue a quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring mee a cloke there, one) Still, vpon his grace at court, am I sure to bee visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him, once, and— Come, signior MACILENTE, I must conferre with you, as wee goe. Nay, deare wife, I beseech thee, forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here, take my keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before thee, choose any obiect that delights thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of gold, and drinke dissolu'd pearle in wine, 'tis for thee.

FALL. So, sir.

DELI. Nay, my sweet wife.

FALL. Good lord! how you are perfum'd! in your termes, and al! pray you leaue vs.

DELI. Come, gentlemen.

FAST. Adiew, sweet lady.

FALL. I, I! Let thy words euer sound in mine eares, and thy graces disperse contentment through all my senses! O, how happy is that lady aboue other ladies, that enioyes so absolute a gentleman to her seruant! A countesse giue him her hand to kisse? ah, foolish countesse! hee's a man worthy (if a woman may speake of a mans worth) to kisse the lips of an empresse.

Returnd with his taylor.

FVNG. What's master FASTIDIVS gone, sister?

FALL. I, brother (he has a face like a *Cherubin*!)

FVNG. Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue fetcht my taylor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

FALL. Not I, in good faith (and he has a body like an angell!)

FVNG. How long is't since he went?

FALL. Why, but e'en now: did you not meet him? (and a tongue able to rauish any woman i' the earth!)

FVNG. O, for gods sake (I'le please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come, good, sir: S'lid, I had forgot it too: Sister, if any body aske for mine vncle SOGLIARDO, they shall ha' him at the *Heralds* office, yonder by *Paules*.

FALL. Well, I will not altogether despaire: I haue heard of a citizens wife, has beene belou'd of a courtier; and why not I? heigh, ho: well, I

will

will into my priuate chamber, locke the dore to mee, and thinke ouer all his good parts, one after another.

GREX.

MIT. Well, I doubt, this laſt *Scene* will endure ſome grieuous torture.

COR. How? you feare 'twill be rackt, by ſome hard conſtruction?

MIT. Doe not you?

COR. No, in good faith: vnleſſe mine eyes could light mee beyond ſenſe. I ſee no reaſon, why this ſhould be more liable to the racke, then the reſt: you'le ſay, perhaps, the city will not take it well, that the marchant is made here to dote ſo perfectly vpon his wife; and ſhee againe, to bee ſo *Faſtidiouſly* affected, as ſhee is?

MIT. You haue vtter'd my thought, ſir, indeed.

COR. Why (by that proportion) the court might as wel take offence at him we call the courtier, and with much more pretext, by how much the place tranſcends, and goes before in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that any noble, or true ſpirit in court (whoſe ſinowie, and altogether vn-affected graces, very worthily expreſſe him a courtier) will make any exception at the opening of ſuch an emptie trunke', as this BRISKE is? or thinke his owne worth empeacht, by beholding his motley inſide?

MIT. No ſir, I doe not.

COR. No more, aſſure you, will any graue, wiſe citizen, or modeſt matron, take the obiect of this folly in DELIRO, and his wife: but rather apply it as the foile to their owne vertues. For that were to affirme, that a man, writing of NERO, ſhould meane all Emperors: or ſpeaking of MACHIAVEL, comprehend all States-men; or in our SORDIDO, all Farmars; and ſo of the reſt: then which, nothing can be vtter'd more malicious, or abſurd. Indeed, there are a ſort of theſe narrow-ey'd decypherers, I confeſſe, that will extort ſtrange, and abſtruſe meanings out of any ſubiect, be it neuer ſo conſpicuous and innocently deliuer'd. But to ſuch (where e're they ſit conceal'd) let them know, the author defies them, and their writing-tables; and hopes, no ſound or ſafe iudgement will infect it ſelfe with their contagious comments, who (indeed) come here only to peruert, and poiſon the ſenſe of what they heare, and for nought elſe.

MIT. Stay, what new *Mute* is this, that walkes ſo ſuſpiciouſly?

COR. O, mary this is one, for whoſe better illuſtration; we muſt deſire you to preſuppoſe the ſtage, the middle iſle in *Paules*; and that, the weſt end of it.

MIT. So, ſir: and what followes?

COR. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the vnclaſping.

MIT. As how? what name doe you giue him firſt?

COR. He hath ſhift of names, ſir: ſome call him APPLE IOHN, ſome Signior WHIFFE, mary, his maine ſtanding name is CAVALIER SHIFT: the reſt are but as cleane ſhirts to his natures.

MIT. And what makes he in *Paules*, now?

COR.

Cor. Troth, as you ſee, for the aduancement of a *Siquis*, or two; wherein he has ſo varied himſelfe, that if any one of 'hem take, he may hull vp and downe i' the humorous world, a little longer.

Mit. It ſeemes then, he beares a very changing ſaile?

Cor. O, as the wind, ſir: here comes more.

Act III. *Scene* I.

Shift, Orange, Clove.

THis is rare, I haue ſet vp my bills, without diſcouery.

Oran. What? Signior Whiffe? what fortune has brought you into theſe weſt parts?

Shift. Troth, ſignior, nothing but your rheume; I haue beene taking an ounce of tabacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to ſpit priuate, in *Paules*. Saue you ſir.

Oran. Adieu, good ſignior Whiffe.

Clove. Maſter Apple Iohn? you are well met: when ſhall we ſup together, and laugh, and be fat with thoſe good wenches? ha?

Shift. Faith, ſir, I muſt now leaue you, vpon a few humours, and occaſions: but when you pleaſe, ſir.

Clove. Farewell, ſweet Apple Iohn: I wonder, there are no more ſtore of gallants here!

GREX.

Mit. What be theſe two, ſignior?

Cor. Mary, a couple ſir, that are meere ſtrangers to the whole ſcope of our play; only come to walke a turne or two, i' this *Scene* of *Paules*, by chance.

Oran. Saue you, good maſter Clove.

Clove. Sweet maſter Orange.

GREX.

Mit. How? Clove, and Orange?

Cor. I, and they are well met, for 'tis as drie an Orange as euer grew: nothing, but *Salutation*; and, *O god, ſir*; and, *It pleaſes you to ſay ſo, Sir*; one that can laugh at a ieſt for company with a moſt plauſible, and extemporall grace; and ſome houre after, in priuate, aske you what it was: the other, monſieur Clove, is a more ſpic't youth: he will ſit you a whole afternoone ſometimes, in a booke-ſellers ſhop, reading the *Greeke*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh*; when he vnderſtands not a word of either: if he had the tongues, to his ſutes, he were an excellent linguiſt.

Clove. Doe you heare this reported, for certainty?

Oran. O god, ſir.

Act III. *Scene* II.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO.

SIrrah, take my cloke: and you sir knaue, follow mee closer. If thou loseſt my dogge, thou ſhalt die a dogs death; I will hang thee.

CARL. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane ſlaue, he loues a dog well, I warrant him; I ſee by his lookes, I: maſſe hee's ſomwhat like him. S'lud poiſon him, make him away with a crooked pinne, or ſomewhat, man; thou maiſt haue more ſecurity of thy life: and ſo ſir, what? you ha' not put out your whole venter yet? ha' you?

PVNT. No, I doe want yet ſome fifteene, or ſixteene hundred pounds: but my lady (my wife) is out of her humour; ſhee does not now goe.

CARL. No? how then?

PVNT. Mary, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the returne of my ſelfe, my dogge, and my cat.

CARL. Your cat? where is ſhee?

PVNT. My ſquire has her there, in the bag: Sirrah, looke to her: How lik'ſt thou my change, CARLO?

CARL. Oh, for the better, ſir; your cat has nine liues, and your wife ha' but one.

PVNT. Beſides, ſhee will neuer bee ſea-ſicke, which will ſaue mee ſo much in conſerues: when ſaw you ſignior SOGLIARDO?

CARL. I came from him but now, he is at the *Heralds* office yonder: he requeſted me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two for him in *Paules*, againſt his cogniſance was ready.

PVNT. What? has he purchaſt armes, then?

CARL. I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you ſaw any fooles coat in your life. I'le goe looke among yond' bills, and I can fit him with legs to his armes——

PVNT. With legs to his armes! Good: I will goe with you, ſir.

They goe to looke vpon the bills.

Act III. *Scene* III.

FASTIDIVS, DELIRO, MACILENTE.

COme, let's walke in *Mediterraneo*: I aſſure you, ſir, I am not the leaſt reſpected among ladies; but let that paſſe: doe you know how to goe into the preſence, ſir?

MACI. Why, on my feet, ſir.

FAST. No, on your head, ſir: for 'tis that muſt beare you out, I aſſure you: as thus, ſir. You muſt firſt haue an eſpecial care ſo to weare your hat, that it oppreſſe not confuſedly this your predominant, or fore-top; becauſe (when you come at the preſence dore) you may, with once or twice ſtroking vp your fore-head thus, enter, with your predominant perfect: that is, ſtanding vp ſtiffe.

MACI. As if one were frighted?

FAST. I, sir.

MACI. Which indeed, a true feare of your mistris should doe, rather then gumme water, or whites of egges; is't not so, sir?

FAST. An ingenious obseruation: giue mee leaue to craue your name, Sir.

DELI. His name is, MACILENTE, sir.

FAST. Good signior MACILENTE: if this gentleman, signior DELIRO, furnish you (as he saies he will) with clothes, I will bring you, to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most diuine, and *acute* lady in court: you shall see sweet silent rhetorique, and dumbe eloquence speaking in her eye; but when shee speakes her selfe, such an anatomie of wit, so sinewiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest modell of pleasure that euer was, to behold. Oh! shee strikes the world into admiration of her; (ô, ô, ô) I cannot expresse 'hem, beleeue me.

MACI. O, your onely admiration, is your silence, sir.

PVNT. 'Fore god, CARLO, this is good; let's reade 'hem againe.

If there be any lady, or gentlewoman of good carriage, that is desirous to entertaine (to her priuate vses) a yong, straight, and vpright gentleman, of the age of fiue, or sixe and twenty at the most: who can serue in the nature of a gentleman vsher, and hath little legges of purpose, and a blacke satten sute of his owne, to goe before her in: which sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in lauander: and can hide his face with her fanne, if neede require: or sit in the cold at the staire foot for her, as well as another gentleman: Let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be giuen. This is aboue measure excellent! ha?

CARL. No, this, this! here's a fine slaue.

PVNT. *If this city, or the suburbs of the same, doe affoord any yong gentleman, of the first, second, or third head, more or lesse, whose friends are but lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that (to bee as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is affected to entertaine the most gentleman-like vse of tabacco: at first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume: then, to know all the delicate sweet formes for the assumption of it: as also the rare corollarie, and practice of the* Cuban *ebolition,* EVRIPVS, *and* whiffe; *which hee shall receiue, or take in, here at* London, *and euaporate at* Vxbridge, *or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specifie*

cifie the place, or ordinarie where hee vſes to eate, and lie; and moſt ſweet attendance, with tabacco, and pipes of the beſt ſort, ſhall be miniſtred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR.

PVNT. Why this is without *paralell*, this!

CARL. Well, I'le marke this fellow for SOGLIARDO's vſe preſently.

PVNT. Or rather, SOGLIARDO, for his vſe.

CARL. Faith, either of 'hem will ſerue, they are both good properties: I'le deſigne the other a place too, that we may ſee him.

PVNT. No better place, then the Mitre, that wee may bee ſpectators with you, CARLO. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior SOGLIARDO! ſaue you.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

SOGLIARDO. *To them.*

SAue you, good ſir PVNTARVOLO; your dogge's in health, ſir, I ſee: how now, CARLO?

CARL. Wee haue ta'ne ſimple paines, to chooſe you out followers here.

PVNT. Come hither, ſignior.

CLOVE. Monſieur ORANGE, yond' gallants obſerue vs; pr'y thee let's talke fuſtian a little, and gull 'hem: make 'hem beleeue vve are great ſchollers. *They ſhew him the bills.*

ORANG. O lord; ſir.

CLOVE. Nay, pr'y thee let's, beleeue me, you haue an excellent habit in diſcourſe.

ORANG. It pleaſes you to ſay ſo, ſir.

CLOVE. By this church, you ha' 'a: nay, come, begin: ARISTOTLE *in his Dæmonologia, approues* SCALIGER *for the beſt Nauigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Heautontimorumenos:* you vnderſtand the *Greeke*, ſir?

ORANG. O god, ſir.

MACIL. For ſocieties ſake he does. O, here be a couple of fine tame parrats.

CLOVE. Now, ſir, vvhereas the *Ingenuitie* of the time, and the ſoules *Synderiſis* are but *Embrions* in nature, added to the panch of *Eſquiline*, and the *Inter-vallum* of the *Zodiack*, beſides the *Eclipticke line* being *opticke*, and not *mentall*, but by the *contemplatiue* & *theoricke* part thereof, doth demonſtrate to vs the *vegetable circumference*, and the *ventoſitie* of the *Tropicks*, and whereas our *intellectuall*, or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphiſicks*) as you may reade in PLATO's *Hiſtriomaſtix*— You conceiue me, ſir?

ORANG. O lord, ſir.

CLOVE. Then comming to the pretty *Animall*, as *Reaſon long ſince is fled to animalls*, you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing*, or *enamelling*,

or rather *diamondizing* of your *ſubiect*, you ſhall perceiue the *Hipotheſis*, or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long ſince had their *initiall inceptions* and *notions*) to be meerely *Pithagoricall*, *Mathematicall*, and *Ariſtocraticall*— For looke you, ſir, there is euer a kinde of *concinnitie* and *ſpecies*— Let vs turne to our former diſcourſe, for they marke vs not.

FAST. Maſſe, yonder 's the knight PVNTARVOLO.

DELI. And my couſin SOGLIARDO, me thinkes.

MACI. I, and his familiar that haunts him, the deuill vvith a ſhining face.

Sogliardo, Puntaruolo, Carlo, walke.

DELI. Let 'hem alone, obſerue 'hem not.

SOGL. Nay, I will haue him, I am reſolute for that. By this parchment, gentlemen, I haue beene ſo toil'd among the Harrots yonder, you will not beleeue, they doe ſpeake i' the ſtrangeſt language, and giue a man the hardeſt termes for his money, that euer you knew.

CARL. But ha' you armes? ha' your armes?

SOGL. Yfaith, I thanke god, I can write my ſelfe gentleman now, here's my pattent, it coſt me thirtie pound, by this breath.

PVNT. A very faire coat, well charg'd, and full of armorie.

SOGL. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue ſeene a coat haue, how like you the creſt, ſir?

PVNT. I vnderſtand it not well, what is't?

SOGL. Mary, ſir, it is your *Bore* without a head *Rampant*.

PVNT. A Bore without a head, that's very rare!

CARL. I, and rampant too: troth, I commend the Heralds wit, hee has decyphered him well: A Swine without a head, without braine, wit, any thing indeed, ramping to gentilitie. You can blazon the reſt, ſignior? can you not?

SOGL. O, I, I haue it in writing here of purpoſe, it coſt me two ſhillings the tricking.

CARL. Let's heare, let's heare.

PVNT. It is the moſt vile, fooliſh, abſurd, palpable, & ridiculous eſcutcheon, that euer this eye ſurvis'd. Saue you, good monſieur FASTIDIVS.

They ſalute as they meet in the walke.

CARL. Silence, good knight: on, on.

SOGL. GYRONY, of eight *peeces*; AZVRE and GVLES, betweene three *plates*; a CHEV'RON, *engrailed checkey*, OR, VERT, and ERMINES; on a *cheeſe* ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, *ſables*; a Bores head, PROPER.

CARL. How's that? on a *cheeſe* ARGENT?

Here they ſhift. Faſtidius mixes with Puntaruolo Carlo, and Sogliardo, Deliro, and Maci'ente, Cloue and Orange, ſou couple.

SOGL. On a *cheeſe* ARGENT, a Bores head, PROPER betweene two ANN'LETS *ſables*.

CARL. S'lud, it's a Hogs-cheeke, and puddings in a pewter field this.

SOGL. How like you 'hem, ſignior?

PVNT. Let the word bee, *Not without muſtard*; your creſt is very rare, ſir.

CARL. A frying pan to the creſt had had no fellow.

FAST.

FAST. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little, ſignior, I will ſalute the knight.

CARL. Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

FAST. You are right well encountred, ſir, how do's your faire dog?

PVNT. In reaſonable ſtate, ſir: what citizen is that you were conſorted with? a marchant of any worth?

FAST. 'Tis ſignior DELIRO, ſir.

PVNT. Is it he? Saue you, ſir. *Salute.*

DELI. Good ſir PVNTARVOLO.

MACI. O, what copie of foole would this place miniſter, to one endew'd with patience, to obſerue it?

CARL. Nay, looke you ſir, now you are a gentleman, you muſt carry a more exalted preſence, change your mood, and habit, to a more auſtere forme, be exceeding proud, ſtand vpon your gentilitie, and ſcorne euery man. Speake nothing humbly, neuer diſcourſe vnder a nobleman, though you ne're ſaw him but riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man. Truſt no man. Speake ill of no man to his face: nor well of any man behind his backe. Salute fairely on the front, and wiſh 'hem hang'd vpon the turne. Spread your ſelfe vpon his boſome publikely, whoſe heart you would eate in priuate. Theſe be principles, thinke on 'hem, I'le come to you againe preſently.

PVNT. Sirra, keepe cloſe; yet not ſo cloſe: thy breath will thaw my ruffe.

SOGL. O, good couſin, I am a little buſie, how do's my neece? I am to walke with a knight, here.

Act III. *Scene* V.

FVNGOSO. TAYLOR. *To them.*

O He is here, looke you ſir, that's the gentleman.

TAIL. What, he i' the bluſh-colour'd ſattin?

FVNG. I, he ſir: though his ſute bluſh, hee bluſhes not, looke you, that's the ſute, ſir: I would haue mine, ſuch a ſute without difference, ſuch ſtuffe, ſuch a wing, ſuch a ſleeue, ſuch a skirt, belly, and all; therefore, pray you obſerue it. Haue you a paire of tables?

FAST. Why, doe you ſee, ſir? they ſay I am phantaſticall: why, true, I know it, and I purſue my humour ſtill, in contempt of this cenſorious age. S'light, and a man ſhould doe nothing, but what a ſort of ſtale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a ſweet aſſe: I'ld beg him yfaith. I ne're knew any more find fault with a faſhion, then they that knew not how to put themſelues in to't. For mine owne part, ſo I pleaſe mine owne appetite, I am careleſſe what the fuſtie world ſpeakes of me. Puh.

FVNG. Doe you marke, how it hangs at the knee there?

TAIL. I warrant you, sir.

FVNG. For gods sake, doe, note all: doe you see the collar, sir?

TAIL. Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch, sir.

FVNG. Pray heau'n, it doe not, you'le make these linings serue? and helpe me to a chapman for the out-side, will you?

TAIL. I'le doe my best, sir: you'le put it off presently?

FVNG. I, goe with mee to my chamber, you shall haue it— but make haste of it, for the loue of a customer, for I'le sit i' my old suite, or else lie a bed, and reade the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

CARL. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, gallants, now, now. I doe vsher the most strange peece of militarie profession, that euer was discouer'd in *Insula Paulina*.

FAST. Where? where?

PVNT. What is he, for a creature?

CARL. A pimpe, a pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the rarest *superficies* of a humour; hee comes euery morning to emptie his lungs in *Paules* here: and offers vp some fiue, or sixe *Hecatomb's* of faces, and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay, walke, walke, be not seene to note him, and we shall haue excellent sport.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

To them, SHIFT.

PVN. S'Lid, hee vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue blowne vp the church.

CAR. SO, you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires ere hee depart.

FAST. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier! looke, looke.

CARL. Did you euer, in your daies, obserue better passion ouer a hilt?

PVNT. Except it were in the person of a cutlers boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should thinke it impossible.

CARL. See, againe, he claps his sword o' the head, as who should say, well, goe to.

FAST. O violence! I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, being so prouokt.

CARL. *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his breſt,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen, for reuenge.

SOGL. Troth, and you be good gentlemen, let's make 'hem friends, and take vp the matter, betweene his rapier, and him.

CARL. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the matter, for this rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a hanger on, and the good gentleman would happily be rid of him.

FAST. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'le aske him.

MACI. O, here's rich stuffe, for lifes sake, let vs goe.

A man would wish himselfe a senseleſſe pillar,
Rather then view theſe monſtrous prodigies:
Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quàm quòd ridiculos homines facit.——

FAST. Signior.

SHIFT. At your ſeruice.

FAST. Will you ſell your rapier?

CARL. Sbloud, he is turn'd wild vpon the queſtion, hee lookes as hee had ſeene a ſerjeant.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier? now fate bleſſe me.

PVNT. *Amen.*

SHIFT. You ask't me, if I would ſell my rapier, ſir?

FAST. I did indeed.

SHIFT. Now, lord haue mercy vpon me.

PVNT. *Amen*, I ſay ſtill.

SHIFT. S'lud ſir, what ſhould you behold in my face, ſir, that ſhould moue you (as they ſay, ſir) to aske me, ſir, if I would ſell my rapier?

FAST. Nay (let me pray you, ſir) bee not mou'd: I proteſt, I would rather haue beene ſilent, then any way offenſiue, had I knowne your nature.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid! Nay, ſir (for mine owne part) as I am a man that has ſeru'd in cauſes, or ſo, ſo I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but (ſell my rapier?) I will tell you ſir, I haue ſeru'd with this foolish rapier, where ſome of vs dare not appeare in haſte, I name no man: but let that paſſe. (Sell my rapier?) death to my lungs. This rapier, ſir, has trauail'd by my ſide, ſir, the beſt part of *France* and the *low Countrey*: I haue ſeene *Vliſhing*, *Brill*, and the *Haghe*, with this rapier, ſir, in my lord of *Leyſters* time: and (by gods will) he that ſhould offer to diſrapier me now, I would—— Looke you ſir, you preſume to be a gentleman of ſort, and ſo likewiſe your friends here, if you haue any diſpoſition to trauell, for the ſight of ſeruice, or ſo, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to diuers officers and commanders in the *low Countries*, that ſhall for my cauſe doe you all the good offices, that ſhall pertaine or belong to gentlemen of your—— Pleaſe you to ſhew the bountie of your minde, ſir, to impart ſome ten groates, or halfe a crowne to our vſe, till our abilitie be of growth to returne it, and we ſhall thinke our ſelfe—— Sbloud! ſell my rapier?

SOGL. I pray you, what ſaid he, ſignior, hee's a proper man.

FAST. Mary, he tells me, if I pleaſe to ſhew the bountie of my mind, to impart ſome ten groats to his vſe, or ſo.

PVNT. Breake his head, and giue it him.

CARL. I thought he had beene playing o' the *Iewes* trump, I.

SHIFT. My rapier? no ſir: my rapier is my guard, my defence, my reuenew, my honour: (if you cannot impart, be ſecret, I beſeech you) and I will maintaine it, where there is a graine of duſt, or a drop of water.

(Hard

(Hard is the choiſe when the valiant muſt eat their armes, or clem:) Sell my rapier? no, my deare, I will not bee diuorc't from thee, yet, I haue euer found thee true as ſteele—and (you cannot impart ſir?) Saue you gentlemen: (neuertheleſſe if you haue a fancie to it, ſir.)

FAST. Pr'y thee away: is Signior DELIRO departed?

CAR. Ha' you ſeene a pimpe out-face his owne wants better?

SOG. I commend him, that can diſſemble 'hem ſo well.

PVNT. True, and hauing no better a cloke for it, then he has neither.

FAST. Gods precious, what miſchieuous lucke is this! adiew gentlemen.

PVNT. Whither? in ſuch haſte, Monſieur FASTIDIVS?

FAST. After my marchant, ſignior DELIRO, ſir.

CARL. O hinder him not, hee may hap loſe his tide, a good flounder i' faith.

ORAN. Harke you, ſignior WHIFFE, a word with you.

Orange and Cloue call Shift aſide.

CARL. How? ſignior WHIFFE?

ORAN. What was the difference betweene that gallant that's gone, and you, ſir.

SHIFT. No difference: he would ha' giu'n mee fiue pound for my rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all.

CLOVE. O, was't no otherwiſe? wee thought you had beene vpon ſome termes.

SHIFT. No other then you ſaw, ſir.

CLOVE. Adieu, good Maſter APPLE-IOHN.

CARL. How? WHIFFE, and APPLE-IOHN too? Heart, what'll you ſay if this be the *appendix*, or labell to both yond' indentures?

PVNT. It may be.

CARL. Reſolue vs of it, IANVS, thou that look'ſt euery way: or thou HERCVLES, that haſt trauail'd all countries.

PVNT. Nay, CARLO, ſpend not time in inuocations now, 'tis late.

CARL. Signior, here's a gentleman deſirous of your name, ſir.

SHIFT. Sir, my name is CAVALIER SHIFT: I am knowne ſufficiently in this walke, ſir.

CARL. SHIFT? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

SHIFT. True, ſir, it pleaſes the world (as I am her excellent *Tabbacconiſt*) to giue me the ſtile of ſignior WHIFFE: as I am a poore eſquire about the towne here, they call mee Maſter APPLE-IOHN. Varietie of good names does well, ſir.

CARL. I, and good parts, to make thoſe good names: out of which I imagine yond' bils to be yours.

SHIFT. Sir, if I ſhould denie the manuſcripts, I were worthie to be baniſht the middle I'le, for euer.

CARL. I take your word, ſir: this gentleman has ſubſcrib'd to 'hem, and is moſt deſirous to become your pupill. Mary you muſt vſe expedition. *Signior Inſulſo Sogliardo*, this is the profeſſor.

SOGL.

SOGL. In good time, ſir, nay, good ſir, houſe your head, doe you profeſſe thoſe ſleights in tabacco?

SHIFT. I, doe more then profeſſe, ſir, and (if you pleaſe to bee a practitioner) I wil vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you ſhal take it plauſibly in any ordinarie, theatre, or the tilt-yard, if need be, i' the moſt popular aſſembly that is.

PVNT. But you cannot bring him to the *whiffe* ſo ſoone?

SHIFT. Yes, as ſoone, ſir, hee ſhall receiue the firſt, ſecond, and third *whiffe*, if it pleaſe him, and (vpon the receit) take his horſe, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expoſe one at *Houndſlow*, a ſecond at *Stanes*, and a third at *Bagſhot*.

CARL. Baw-waw!

SOGL. You will not ſerue mee, ſir, will you? I'le giue you more then countenance.

SHIFT. Pardon me, ſir, I doe ſcorne to ſerue any man.

CARL. Who? he ſerue? Sbloud he keepes high men, and low men, he; he has a faire liuing at *Fullam*.

SHIFT. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower, if you pleaſe.

SOGL. Sir, you ſhall ſtay, and dine with mee, and if wee can agree, weele not part in haſte: I am verie bountifull to men of qualitie. Where ſhall we goe, ſignior?

PVNT. Your Miter is your beſt houſe.

SHIFT. I can make this dogge take as many whiffes as I liſt, and hee ſhall retaine, or eſume them at my pleaſure.

PVNT. By your patience, follow me, fellowes.

SOGL. Sir, PVNTARVOLO!

PVNT. Pardon mee, my dogge ſhall not eate in his companie for a million.

CARL. Nay, bee not you amaz'd, ſignior WHIFFE, what e're that ſtiffeneckt gentleman ſay's.

SOGL. No, for you doe not know the humour of the Dogge, as wee doe: where ſhall we dine, CARLO? I would faine goe to one of theſe ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

CARL. So you may, were you neuer at any yet?

SOGL. No faith, but they ſay, there reſorts your moſt choiſe gallants.

CARL. True, and the faſhion is, when any ſtranger comes in among'ſt 'hem, they all ſtand vp and ſtare at him, as he were ſome vnknowne beaſt, brought out of *Affrick*, but that 'll bee help't with a good aduenturous face, you muſt be impudent ynough, ſit downe, and vſe no reſpect; when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, ſmile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they 'le thinke you haue trauail'd: though you argue a whole day in ſilence thus, and diſcourſe in nothing but laughter, 'twill paſſe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, diſcharge a good full oth, and offer a great wager, 'twill be admirable.

SOGL.

SOGL. I warrant you, I am reſolute: come, good ſignior, there's a poore french crowne, for your ordinarie.

SHIFT. It comes well, for I had not ſo much as the leaſt portcullice of coine before.

GREX.

MIT. I trauell with another obiection, ſignior, which I feare will bee enforc'd againſt the author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

COR. What's that, ſir?

MIT. That the argument of his *Comœdie* might haue beene of ſome other nature, as of a duke to be in loue with a counteſſe, and that counteſſe to bee in loue with the dukes ſonne, and the ſonne to loue the ladies waiting maid: ſome ſuch croſſe wooing, with a clowne to their ſeruingman, better then to be thus neere, and familiarly allied to the time.

COR. You ſay well, but I would faine heare one of theſe *autumne.* iudgements define once, *Quid ſit Comœdia?* if he cannot, let him content himſelfe with CICEROS definition (till hee haue ſtrength to propoſe to himſelfe a better) who would haue a *Comœdie* to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum conſuetudinis, Imago veritatis*; a thing throughout pleaſant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker haue fail'd in any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why—be you (that are for them) ſilent, as I will bee for him; and giue way to the actors.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

SORDIDO, HINE.

With a halter about his necke.

NAy, gods-precious, if the weather and ſeaſon bee ſo reſpectleſſe, that beggers ſhall liue as well as their betters; and that my hunger, and thirſt for riches, ſhall not make them hunger and thirſt with pouertie; that my ſleepes ſhall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers ſhall bee full, and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merry! Tis time, that a croſſe ſhould beare fleſh and bloud, ſince fleſh and bloud cannot beare this croſſe.

GREX.

MIT. What, will he hang himſelfe?

COR. Faith I, it ſeemes his Prognoſtication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him deſpaire.

MIT. Beſhrow me, he will be out of his humour then, indeed.

SOR. Tut, theſe ſtar-monger knaues, who would truſt 'hem? one ſaies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as chriſtall; another ſaies, tempeſtuous blaſts, and ſtormes, and 'twas as calme as a milke-bowle; here bee ſweet raſcals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: You skie-ſtaring cocks-combs you, you fat braines, out vpon you; you are good for nothing

thing but to ſweat night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare! You learned men, and haue not a legion of deuils, *a voſtre ſeruice! a voſtre ſeruice!* by heauen, I thinke I ſhall die a better ſcholler then they! but ſoft, how now, ſirra.

HINE. Here's a letter come from your ſonne, ſir.

SORD. From my ſonne, ſir? what would my ſonne, ſir? ſome good newes, no doubt.

Sweet and deare father (deſiring you firſt to ſend mee your bleſſing, which is more worth to me then gold or ſiluer) I deſire you likewiſe to be aduertiſed, that this Shrouetide (contrary to cuſtome) we vſe alwaies to haue reuels; which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent ſhew in truth; eſpecially if wee gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our ſeniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they ſhall know if they come vp, and haue any thing to doe in the law: therefore, good father, theſe are (for your owne ſake as well as mine) to re-deſire you; that you let me not want, that which is fit for the ſetting vp of our name, in the honorable volume of gentilitie, that I may ſay to our calumniators, with TVLLIE, Ego ſum ortus domus meæ, tu occaſus tuæ. *And thus (not doubting of your fatherly beneuolence) I humbly aske you bleſſing, and pray god to bleſſe you.*

Yours, if his owne.

How's this? *Yours, if his owne?* is he not my ſonne, except he be his owne ſonne? Belike this is ſome new kinde of ſubſcription the gallants vſe. Wel, wherefore doeſt thou ſtay, knaue? Away: goe. Here's a letter indeede; reuels? and beneuolence? is this a weather to ſend beneuolence? or is this a ſeaſon to reuell in? Slid the deuil and all takes part to vexe me, I thinke! this letter would neuer haue come now elſe, now, now, when the ſunne ſhines, and the aire thus cleere. Soule, if this hold, we ſhall ſhortly haue an excellent crop of corne ſpring out of the high waies: the ſtreets, and houſes of the towne will be hid with the rankneſſe of the ffuits, that grow there in ſpight of good huſbandry. Goe to, I'le preuent the ſight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will preuent the ſight of it. I haue this remedie, heauen. Stay; I'le trie the paine thus a little, ô, nothing, nothing. Well now, ſhall my ſonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any body be the better for my gold, or ſo forth? No, aliue, I kept it from 'hem, and (dead) my ghoſt ſhall walke about it, and preſerue it, my ſon and daughter ſhall ſtarue ere they touch it, I haue hid it as deep as hell from the ſight of heauen, and to it I goe now. *Falls off.*

Act III. *Scene* VIII.

RVSTICI.

To him.

RVST. 1. AYe me, what pittifull ſight is this! help, help, help.

RVST. 2. How now? what's the matter?

RVST. 1. O, here's a man has hang'd himſelfe, helpe to get him againe.

RVST. 2. Hang'd himſelfe? Slid carry him afore a iuſtice, 'tis *chance medley*, o' my word.

RVST. 3. How now, what's here to doe?

RVST. 4. How comes this?

RVST. 2. One has executed himſelfe, contrary to order of law, and by my conſent he ſhall anſwer't.

RVST. 5. Would he were in caſe, to anſwere it.

RVST. 1. Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

SORD. Oh.

RVST. 5. Maſſe, 'twas well you vvent the foot-way, neighbour.

RVST. 1. I, and I had not cut the halter.

SORD. How! cut the halter? Aye me, I am vndone, I am vndone.

RVST. 2. Mary, if you had not beene vndone, you had beene hang'd, I can tell you.

SORD. You thred-bare horſe-bread-eating raſcals, if you vvould needes haue beene meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but you muſt cut it? and in the midſt too! Aye me.

RVST. 1. Out on me, 'tis the catterpiller SORDIDO! how curſed are the poore, that the viper was bleſt vvith this good fortune?

RVST. 2. Nay, how accurſt art thou, that art cauſe to the curſe of the poore?

RVST. 3. I, and to ſaue ſo wretched a caytife?

RVST. 4. Curſt be thy fingers that loos'd him.

RVST. 2. Some deſperate furie poſſeſſe thee, that thou maiſt hang thy ſelfe too.

RVST. 5. Neuer maiſt thou be ſau'd, that ſau'd ſo damn'd a monſter.

SORDID. What curſes breathe theſe men! how haue my deeds
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they ſhould thus deteſt, and lothe my life!
Out on my wretched humour, it is that
Makes me thus monſtrous in true humane eyes.
Pardon me (gentle friends) I'le make faire mends
For my foule errors paſt, and twenty-fold
Reſtore to all men, vvhat with vvrong I rob'd them:
My barnes, and garners ſhall ſtand open ſtill
To all the poore that come, and my beſt graine

Be made almes-bread, to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.
Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd,
Like an vnsauourie muck-hill to my selfe,
Yet now, my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,
Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.
Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing
My life, and soule together. O, how deeply
The bitter curses of the poore doe pierce!
I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me
And witnesse my repentance: now I proue,
" No life is blest, that is not grac't with loue.

RVST. 2. O miracle! see vvhen a man ha's grace!

RVST. 3. Had't not beene pitty, so good a man should haue beene cast away?

RVST. 2. Well, I'le get our clarke put his conuersion in the *Acts*, and *Monuments*.

RVST. 4. Doe, for I warrant him hee's a *Martyr*.

RVST. O god, how he wept, if you mark't it! did you see how the teares trill'd?

RVST. 5. Yes, beleeue me, like master vicars bowles vpon the greene, for all the world.

3. *or* 4. O neighbour, god's blessing o' your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good gratefull deed.

GREX.

COR. How now, MITIS? what's that you consider so seriously?

MIT. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the vvarping condition of this greene, and soggy multitude: but in good faith, signior, your author hath largely out-stript my expectation in this *Scene*, I will liberally confesse it. For, when I saw SORDIDO so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand of him, then.

COR. What? you suppos'd he should haue hung himselfe, indeed?

MIT. I did, and had fram'd my obiection to it ready, which may yet be very fitly vrg'd, and with some necessity: for though his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, and extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the obiect, was more then the nature of a *Comœdie* vvill in any sort admit.

COR. I? vvhat thinke you of PLAVTVS, in his *Comœdie*, called *Cistellaria*, there? vvhere he brings in ALCESIMARCHVS vvith a drawne sword ready to kill himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his brest vpon it, to bee restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage, by SILENIVM, and the bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our *Scene* approbation?

MIT. Sir, I haue this only euasion left me, to say, *I thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier then mine*: but I wonder, what engine hee vvill vse to bring the rest out of their humours!

COR. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your imagination withall.

withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the *Scene* ſtill, which now remoues it ſelfe from the countrey, to the court. Here comes MACILENTE, and ſignior BRISKE, freſhly ſuted, loſe not your ſelfe, for now the *Epitaſis*, or buſie part of our ſubiect, is in act.

Act III. *Scene* IX.

MACILENTE, BRISKE, CINEDO, SAVIOLINA.

FAST. WEll, now, ſignior MACILENTE, you are not onely welcome to the court, but alſo to my miſtris withdrawing chamber: Boy, get me ſome tabacco, I'le but goe in, and ſhew I am here, and come to you preſently, ſir.

MACI. What's that he ſaid? by heauen, I markt him not:
My thoughts, and I, were of another world.
I was admiring mine owne out-ſide here,
To thinke what priuiledge, and palme it beares
Here, in the court! Be a man ne're ſo vile
In wit, in judgement, manners, or what elſe;
If he can purchaſe but a ſilken couer,
He ſhall not only paſſe, but paſſe regarded:
Whereas, let him be poore, and meanely clad,
Though ne're ſo richly parted; you ſhall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his beefe,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beere)
Will take him by the ſhoulders, or the throat,
And kicke him downe the ſtaires. *Such* is the ſtate
Of vertue, in bad clothes! ha, ha, ha, ha,
That raiment ſhould be in ſuch high requeſt!
How long ſhould I be, ere I ſhould put off
To the lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* poſts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thouſand, thouſand yeere.
His grauitie, his wiſedome, and his faith,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that ſuruiue him)
Theſe I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his tombe: no more then I'ld commend
The chappell organ, for the guilt without,
Or this baſe violl, for the varniſht face.

FAST. I feare I haue made you ſtay ſomewhat long, ſir, but is my tabacco readie, boy?

CINE. I, ſir.

FAST. Giue me, my miſtris is vpon comming, you ſhall ſee her preſently, ſir, (*Tab.*) you'le ſay you neuer accoſted a more piercing wit. This tabacco is not dryed, boy, or elſe the pipe's defectiue. Oh, your wits of

Italie

Italie are nothing comparable to her! her braine's a verie quiuer of iests! and she do's dart them abroad with that sweete loose, and iudiciall aime, that you would——here she comes sir.

MACI. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else. *She is seene and goes in againe.*

SAVI. Giue me my fanne there.

MACI. How now, Monsieur BRISKE?

FAST. A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes mee with a cold shiuering (me thinkes.)

MACI. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with feare and trembling, and before their maker, like impudent mountaines.

FAST. By this hand, I'ld spend twentie pound my vauting-horse stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke?

MACI. Why, do's she loue actiuitie?

CINE. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard, as she comes by.

FAST. I eyther. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire: shee comes. My good GENIVS embolden me, boy, the pipe quickly.

MACI. What? will he giue her musicke?

FAST. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

SAVI. Faire seruant, I'le thanke you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

FAST. How, like you that answere? is't not admirable?

MACI. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

FAST. Troth, sweet ladie, I shall *(Tab.)* be prepar'd to giue you thanks for those thankes, and *(Tab.)* studie more officious, and obsequious regards *(Tab.)* to your faire beauties. *(Tab.)* mend the pipe, boy. *He takes, and takes tabacco betweene.*

MACI. I ne're knew tabacco taken as a *parenthesis*, before.

FAST. Fore god (sweete ladie) beleeue it, I doe honour the meanest rush in this chamber, for your loue.

SAVI. I, you need not tell mee that, sir, I doe thinke, you doe prize a rush, before my loue.

MACI. Is this the wonder of nations?

FAST. O, by this ayre, pardon me, I said, for your loue, by this light: but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your ingenuitie, sweete mistresse, to——Masse your violl's new strung, me thinkes.

MACI. Ingenuitie. I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably, if he had said wit, for ingenuitie, as he meant it. *He takes downe the violl, and playes betweene.*

FAST. By the soule of musicke, ladie *(hum, hum.)*

SAVI. Would we might heare it once.

FAST. I doe more adore, and admire your *(hum, hum)* predominant perfections, then *(hum, hum)* euer I shall haue power, and facultie to expresse *(hum.)*

SAVI. Vpon the violl *de Gambo*, you meane?

FAST. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand.

SAVI. Nay, rather by the fingers.

MACI. It makes good harmonie with her wit.

FAST. Sweet ladie, tune it. Boy, ſome tabacco.

MACI. Tabacco againe? he do's court his miſtreſſe with verie exceeding good changes.

FAST. Signior MACILENTE, you take none, ſir? *(Tab.)*

MACI. No, vnleſſe I had a Miſtreſſe, ſignior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tabacco.

FAST. How like you her wit? *(Tab.)*

MACI. Her ingenuitie is excellent, ſir.

FAST. You ſee the ſubiect of her ſweet fingers, there? *(Tab.)* Oh, ſhee tickles it ſo, that *(Tab.)* ſhee makes it laugh moſt diuinely; *(Tab.)* I'le tell you a good ieſt now, and your ſelfe ſhall ſay it's a good one: I haue wiſht my ſelfe to be that inſtrument (I thinke) a thouſand times, and not ſo few, by heauen (*Tab.*)

MACI. Not vnlike, ſir: but how? to be cas'd vp, and hung by on the wall?

FAST. O, no, ſir, to be in vſe I aſſure you; as your iudicious eyes may teſtifie. *(Tab.)*

SAVI. Here, ſeruant, if you will play, come.

FAST. Inſtantly, ſweet ladie. *(Tab.)* In good faith, here's moſt diuine tabacco!

SAVI. Nay, I cannot ſtay to dance after your pipe.

FAST. Good! nay, deare ladie, ſtay: by this ſweete ſmoake, I thinke your wit be all fire. *(Tab.)*

MACI. And, hee's the *Salamander* belongs to it.

SAVI. Is your tabacco perfum'd, ſeruant? that you ſweare by the ſweet ſmoke?

FAST. Still more excellent! (before heauen, and theſe bright lights) I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of ingenuitie, I. (*Tab.*)

MACI. True, as your diſcourſe is: ô abominable!

FAST. Will your ladiſhip take any?

SAVI. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a woodcocks head.

FAST. Meaning my head, ladie?

SAVI. Not altogether ſo, ſir; but (as it were fatall to their follies that thinke to grace themſelues with taking tabacco, when they want better entertainment) you ſee your pipe beares the true forme of a woodcockes head.

FAST. O admirable *ſimile!*

SAVI. 'Tis beſt leauing of you in admiration, ſir.

MACI. Are theſe the admired lady-wits, that hauing ſo good a plaine ſong, can runne no better diuiſion vpon it? S'heart, all her ieſts are of the ſtampe, (*March* was fifteene yeres ago.) Is this the Comet, Monſieur FASTIDIVS, that your gallants wonder at ſo?

FAST.

FAST. Hart of a gentleman, to neglect mee afore preſence thus! Sweet ſir, I beſeech you be ſilent in my diſgrace. By the *Muſes*, I was neuer in ſo vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the floud too. Report it not for a million, good ſir; let me be ſo farre endear'd to your loue.

GREX.

MIT. What followes next, ſignior CORDATVS? this gallants humour is almoſt ſpent, me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this contrarie breath of his miſtreſſe.

COR. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a generall drought of humour among all our actors, and then, I feare not but his wil fall as low as any. See, who preſents himſelfe here!

MIT. What, i'the old caſe?

COR. Yfaith, which makes it, the more pittifull, you vnderſtand where the *Scene* is?

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

FALLACE. FVNGOSO.

WHy, are you ſo melancholy, brother?

FVNG. I am not melancholy, I thanke you, ſiſter.

FALL. Why are you not merrie then? there are but two of vs in all the world, and if wee ſhould not bee comforts one to another, god helpe vs.

FVNG. Faith, I cannot tell, ſiſter, but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to ſee his yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats, to make his ſonne a gentleman: and yet when he has cut 'hem, he will ſee his ſonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his owne throat. I muſt bee the firſt head of our houſe, and yet he will not giue me the head till I bee made ſo. Is any man term'd a gentleman that is not alwayes i'the faſhion? I would know but that.

FALL. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I thinke I haue as much cauſe to bee melancholy, as one: for I'le be ſworne, I liue as little in the faſhion, as any woman in *London*. By the faith of a Gentlewoman, (beaſt that I am to ſay it) I ha'not one friend i'the world beſides my huſband. When ſaw you maſter FASTIDIVS BRISKE, brother?

FVNG. But a while ſince, ſiſter, I thinke: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, me thinkes.

FALL. Nay, good brother, be not reſolute.

FVNG. I ſent him a letter, and he writes me no anſwere neyther.

FALL. Oh, ſweete FASTIDIVS BRISKE! ô fine courtier! thou art hee mak'ſt me ſigh, and ſay, how bleſſed is that woman that hath a courtier to her huſband! and how miſerable a dame ſhee is, that hath neyther

husband, nor friend i' the court! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô, fine courtier! How comely he bowes him in his court'sie! how full hee hits a woman betweene the lips when hee kisses! how vpright hee sits at the table! how daintily he carues! how sweetly he talkes, and tels newes of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanely he wipes his spoone, at euery spoonfull of any whit-meat he eates, and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him, still! O, sweet FASTIDIVS! ô, fine courtier!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

DELIRO, MVSICIANS, MACILENTE, FVNGOSO.

SEe, yonder shee is, gentlemen. Now (as euer you'll beare the name of musicians) touch your instruments sweetly, shee has a delicate eare, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

MVSI. Feare not, signior DELIRO.

DELI. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing: Lord, how my imagination labours with the successe of it. Well said, good yfaith! heauen grant it please her. I'le not be seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

FALL. Hey—da! this is excellent! I'le lay my life, this is my husbands dotage. I thought so; nay, neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know, you doe nothing but studie how to anger me, sir.

DELI. Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for musicians to supper last night, thy selfe?

FALL. To supper, sir? now, come vp to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper time, when folkes should be merry, and this time when they would be melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more iudgement to please her.

DELI. Be pleas'd, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: and would to fate, my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

MACI. Saue you, lady, where is master DELIRO?

DELI. Here, master MACILENTE: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of master BRISKES Mistris, and the rest of the ladies, for his sake?

MACI. Alas, the poore *phantasticke*! hee's scarce knowne
To any lady there; and those that know him,
Know him the simplest man of all they know:
Deride, and play vpon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate
The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies pumps,
Holding the cloth for them, praising their wits,
And seruilely obseruing euery one,
May doe them pleasure: fearefull to be seene
With any man (though he be ne're so worthy)

That's

That's not in grace with ſome, that are the greateſt.
Thus courtiers doe, and theſe he counterfeits.
But ſets not ſuch a ſightly carriage
Vpon their vanities, as they themſelues;
And therefore they deſpiſe him: for indeed
Hee's like the *Zani*, to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

FALL. Here's an vnthankfull ſpitefull wretch! the good gentleman vouchſaft to make him his companion (becauſe my huſband put him into a few rags) and now ſee, how the vnrude raſcall back-bites him!

DELI. Is he no more grac't amongſt 'hem, then? ſay you?

MACI. Faith, like a pawne, at *Cheſſe*: fills vp a roome, that's all.

FALL. O monſter of men! can the earth beare ſuch an enuious caytiffe?

DELI. Well, I repent me, I e're credited him ſo much: but (now I ſee what he is, and that his masking vizor is off) I'le forbeare him no longer. All his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited: beſides, I haue bonds of his in my hand, for the receit of now fifty pound, now a hundred, now two hundred: ſtill, as he has had a fan but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new ſute. Well, I'le ſalute him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I ſee him, yfaith, I'le ſute him.

MACI. Why, you may ſoone ſee him, ſir, for hee is to meet ſignior PVNTARVOLO at a *Notaries*, by the *Exchange*, preſently: where he meanes to take vp, vpon returne——

FALL. Now, out vpon thee, IVDAS; canſt thou not be content to back-bite thy friend, but thou muſt betray him? wilt thou ſeeke the vndoing of any man? and of ſuch a man too? and will you, ſir, get your liuing by the counſell of traytors?

DELI. Deare wife, haue patience.

FALL. The houſe will fall, the ground will open, and ſwallow vs: I'le not bide here, for all the gold, and ſiluer in heauen.

DELI. O, good MACILENTE, let's follow and appeaſe her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

MACI. Now peaſe, and not peace, feed that life, whoſe head hangs ſo heauily ouer a womans manger.

FALL. Helpe me, brother: 'ods body, and you come here, I'le doe my ſelfe a miſchiefe. *Deliro follow's his wife.*

DELI. Nay, heare me, ſweet wife; vnleſſe thou wilt haue mee goe, I will not goe.

FALL. Tut, you ſhall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to ſay, you are vndone by me: I'le not bid you ſtay, I. Brother, ſweet brother, here's foure angels, I'le giue you toward your ſute: for the loue of gentry, and as euer you came of chriſten creature, make haſte to the water ſide (you know where Maſter FASTIDIVS vſes to land) and giue him warning of my huſbands malitious intent; & tel him of that leane raſcals trechery: O heuens!

how

how my flesh rises at him! nay, sweet brother, make haste: you may say, I vvould haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time would not permit. He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me: and commend me, to him, good brother, say, I sent you.

FVNG. Let me see, these foure angels, and then, fortie shillings more I can borrow on my gowne in *Fetter-lane*. Well, I will goe presently, say on my sute, pay as much money as I haue, and sweare my selfe into credit vvith my taylor, for the rest.

Deliro, and Macilente, passe ouer the stage.

DELI. O, on my soule you wrong her, MACILENTE,
Though shee be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

MACI. Well, then haue I no iudgement: would any vvoman (but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into that immodest and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible———

DELI. If you loue me, forbeare; all the arguments i' the world shall neuer wrest my heart to beleeue it.

GREX.

COR. How like you the decyphering of his dotage?

MIT. O, strangely! and of the others enuie too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man, and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight aduenturer.

COR. I, and his scriuener vvith him.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

PVNTARVOLO, NOTARIE, CARLO, SERVANTS.

I Wonder, Monsieur FASTIDIVS comes not! but, NOTARIE, if thou please to draw the indentures the vvhile, I will giue thee thy instructions.

NOTA. With all my heart, sir; and I'le fall in hand with'hem presently.

PVNT. Well then, first, the summe is to be vnderstood.

NOTA. Good, sir.

PVNT. Next, our seuerall appellations, and character of my dog, and cat, must be knowne: shew him the cat, sirrah.

NOTA. So, sir.

PVNT. Then, that the intended bound, is the *Turkes* court in *Constantinople*: the time limited for our returne, a yeere: and that if either of vs miscarry, the whole venter is lost. These are generall, conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turke*.

NOTA. I, sir.

PVNT. Now for particulars: That I may make my trauails by sea or land, to my best liking: and that (hyring a coach for my selfe) it shall bee lawfull for my dog, or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

NOT.

NOT. Very good, ſir.

PVN. That I may chooſe to giue my dogge, or cat fiſh, for feare of bones: or any other nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the moſt autenticall phyſicians, where I trauaile) ſhall be thought dangerous.

NOT. Well, ſir.

PVN. That (after the receit of his monie) he ſhall neyther in his own perſon, nor any other, eyther by direct or indirect meanes, as magicke, witchcraft, or other ſuch exoticke artes, attempt, practiſe, or complot anie thing, to the preiudice of mee, my dogge, or my cat: Neyther ſhall I vſe the helpe of any ſuch ſorceries, or enchantments, as vnctions, to make our skinnes impenetrable, or to trauaile inuiſible by vertue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charme about my dogges necke, ſecretly conuey'd into his collar: (vnderſtand you?) but that all be performed, ſincerely, without fraud, or impoſture.

NOT. So, ſir.

PVN. That (for teſtimonie of the performance) my ſelfe am to bring thence a *Turkes* muſtachio, my dogge a *Gracian* hares lip, and my cat the traine, or taile of a *Thracian* rat.

NOT. 'Tis done, ſir.

PVN. 'Tis ſaid, ſir, not done, ſir: but forward. That vpon my returne, and landing on the Tower-wharfe, with the aforeſaid teſtimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one, according to the proportion of the ſummes put forth.

NOT. Well, ſir.

PVN. Prouided, that if before our departure, or ſetting forth, either my ſelfe, or theſe be viſited with ſickneſſe, or any other caſuall euent, ſo that the whole courſe of the aduenture bee hindered, thereby; that then, he is to returne, and I am to receiue the prenominated proportion, vpon faire and equall termes.

NOT. Verie good, ſir, is this all?

PVN. It is all, ſir: and diſpatch them, good NOTARIE!

NOT. As faſt as is poſſible, ſir.

PVN. O, CARLO! welcome: ſaw you Monſieur BRISKE?

CAR. Not I: did he appoint you, to meet here?

PVN. I, and I muſe he ſhould be ſo tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of mee in venter, if he maintaine his promiſe.

CAR. Is his houre paſt?

PVN. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

CAR. Tut, be not iealous of him: he will ſooner breake all the commandements, then his houre, vpon my life, in ſuch a caſe truſt him.

PVN. Me thinkes, CARLO, you looke verie ſmooth! ha?

CAR. Why, I come but now from a hot-houſe, I muſt needes looke ſmooth.

PVN. From a hot-houſe!

CAR. I, doo you make a wonder on't? why it's your only phyſicke.

Let

Let a man ſweate once a weeke in a hothouſe, and be well rub'd, and frotted, with a good plumpe juicie wench, and ſweet linnen: hee ſhall ne're ha' the poxe.

PVNT. What, the *French* poxe?

CARL. The *French* poxe! our poxe. S'bloud we haue 'hem in as good forme as they, man: what?

PVNT. Let mee periſh, but thou art a ſalt one! was your new-created gallant there with you? SOGLIARDO?

CARL. O, porpuſe! hang him, no: hee's a lieger at *Hornes* ordinarie yonder: his villanous GANIMEDE, and he ha' beene droning a tabacco pipe there, euer ſin' yeſterday noone.

PVNT. Who? ſignior TRIPARTITE, that would giue my dogge the *Whiffe?*

CARL. I, hee. They haue hir'd a chamber, and all priuate to practiſe in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit reciprocall*, and a number of other myſteries, not yet extant. I brought ſome dozen, or twentie gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'ld doe a piece of *Perſpective*) in at a key-hole: and there wee might ſee SOGLIARDO ſit in a chaire, holding his ſnowt vp like a ſow vnder an apple-tree, while th' other open'd his noſtrils with a poking-ſticke, to giue the ſmoke a more free deliuerie. They had ſpit ſome three, or foureſcore ounces betweene 'hem, afore we came away.

PVNT. How! ſpit three, or foureſcore ounces?

CARL. I, and preſeru'd it in porrengers; as a barber does his bloud, when he opens a veine.

PVNT. Out, *Pagan*: how doſt thou open the veine of thy friend?

CARL. Friend? Is there any ſuch fooliſh thing i'the world? ha? S'lid I ne're relliſht it yet.

PVNT. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

CARL. No, not a whit, Signior: Tut, a man muſt keepe time in all. I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke with a good ſlicke fore-head; 'twill take away all ſoyle of ſuſpicion, and that's ynough: what LYNCEVS can ſee my heart? Piſh, the title of a friend, it's a vaine idle thing, only venerable among fooles: you ſhall not haue one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

To them.

DELIRO, MACILENTE.

SAue you, good ſir PVNTARVOLO.

PVNT. Signior DELIRO! welcome.

DELI. Pray you, ſir, did you ſee Maſter FASTIDIVS BRISKE? I heard he was to meet your worſhip here.

PVNT. You heard no figment, ſir, I doe expect him at euery pulſe of my watch.

DELI.

DELI. In good time, ſir.

CARL. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of *Sparta*, mary his wit's after tenne i'the hundred. A good bloud-hound, a cloſe-mouth'd dogge, he followes the ſent well, mary he's at a fault now, me thinkes.

PVNT. I ſhould wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

CARL. O, I cannot abide theſe limmes of ſattin, or rather *Sathan* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darkneſſe) all day in a melancholy ſhop, with their pockets full of blankes, readie to ſwallow vp as manie poore vnthrifts, as come within the verge.

PVNT. So! and what haſt thou for him that is with him, now?

CARL. O, (dam' mee) *Immortalitie!* I'le not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all ſpirit, extraction.

PVNT. How, CARLO? ha, what is he, man?

CARL. A ſcholler, MACILENTE, doe you not know him? a lanke raw-bon'd anatomie, he walkes vp and downe like a charg'd musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his reſt there.

PVNT. His reſt? why has he a forked head?

CARL. Pardon me, that's to be ſuſpended, you are too quicke, too apprehenſiue.

DELI. Troth (now I thinke on't) I'le deferre it till ſome other time.

MACI. Not, by any meanes, ſignior, you ſhall not loſe this opportunitie, he will be here preſently now.

DELI. Yes faith, MACILENTE, 'tis beſt. For looke you, ſir, I ſhall ſo exceedingly offend my wife in't, that———

MACI. Your wife? now for ſhame loſe theſe thoughts, and become the maſter of your owne ſpirits. Should I (if I had a wife) ſuffer my ſelfe to be thus paſſionately carried (to and fro) with the ſtreame of her humour? and neglect my deepeſt affaires, to ſerue her affections? S'light I would geld my ſelfe firſt.

DELI. O but, ſignior, had you ſuch a wife as mine is, you would——

MACI. Such a wife? Now hate mee, ſir, if euer I diſcern'd any wonder in your wife, yet, with all the ſpeculation I haue: I haue ſeene ſome that ha' beene thought fairer then ſhe, in my time; and I haue ſeene thoſe, ha' not been altogether ſo tall, eſteem'd properer women; and I haue ſeen leſſe noſes grow vpon ſweeter faces, that haue done verie well too, in my iudgement: but in good faith, ſignior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good pretie proud hard-fauour'd thing, mary not ſo peereleſſely to bee doted vpon, I muſt confeſſe: nay, be not angrie.

DELI. Well, ſir, (how euer you pleaſe to forget your ſelfe) I haue not deſeru'd to bee thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray you forbeare my houſe, for I can but faintly endure the ſauour of his breath at my table, that ſhall thus iade me for my courteſies.

MACI. Nay, then, ſignior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman,

man, and, by my life, I ſuſpect her honeſtie, that's more, which you may likewiſe ſuſpect (if you pleaſe:) doe you ſee? Ile vrge you to nothing, againſt your appetite, but if you pleaſe, you may ſuſpect it.

DELI. Good, ſir.

MACI. Good ſir? Now horne vpon horne purſue thee, thou blinde egregious dotard.

CARL. O, you ſhall heare him ſpeake like ennie. Signior MACILENTE, you ſaw monſieur BRISKE lately? I heard you were with him at court.

MACI. I, BVFFONE, I was with him.

CARL. And how is he reſpected there? (I know youle deale ingenuouſly with vs) is he made of amongſt the ſweeter ſort of gallants?

MACI. Faith I, his ciuet and his caſting-glaſſe,
Haue helpt him to a place amongſt the reſt:
And there, his *Seniors* giue him good ſleight lookes,
After their garbe, ſmile, and ſalute in *French*
With ſome new complement.

CARL. What, is this all?

MACI. Why ſay, that they ſhould ſhew the frothie foole,
Such grace, as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why, all their *Graces* are not to doe grace
To vertue, or deſert: but to ride both
With their guilt ſpurres quite breathleſſe, from themſelues.
'Tis now eſteem'd *Preciſianiſme* in wit;
And a diſeaſe in nature, to be kind
Toward deſert, to loue, or ſeeke good names:
Who feeds with a good name? who thriues with louing?
Who can prouide feaſt for his owne deſires,
With ſeruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly, by our wiſeſt worldlings prou'd,
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

CARL. How like you him? is't not a good ſpitefull ſlaue? ha?

PVNT. Shrewd, ſhrewd.

CARL. Dam'me, I could eat his fleſh now: diuine ſweet villaine!

MACI. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

CARL. Who? this i'the ſtarcht beard? it's the dull ſtiffe knight PVNTARVOLO, man; hee's to trauaile now preſently: hee has a good knottie wit, marry he carries little o't out of the land, with him.

MACI. How then?

CARL. He puts it forth in venter, as hee does his monie; vpon the returne of a dogge, and cat.

MACI. Is this he?

CARL. I, this is hee; a good tough gentleman: hee lookes like a ſhield of brawne, at *Shrouetide*, out of date, and readie to take his leaue:

or

or a drie poule of ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht the table all *Lent*, as he has done the citie this last vacation.

MACI. Come, you'le neuer leaue your stabbing *similes*: I shall ha' you ayming at me with 'hem by and by, but———

CARL. O, renounce me then: pure, honest, good *deuill*, I loue thee aboue the loue of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! gods so, looke here, man; Sir DAGONET, and his squire!

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

SOGLIARDO, SHIFT. *To them.*

SAue you, my deare GALLANTO's: nay, come approch, good CAVALIER: pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this gentleman, hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend, and companion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all ouer.

PVNT. Sir (for signior SOGLIARDO's sake) let it suffice, I know you.

SOGL. Why (as I am true gentleman) I thanke you, knight, and it shall suffice. Harke you, sir PVNTARVOLO, you'ld little thinke it; he's as resolute a peece of flesh, as any's i' the world.

PVNT. Indeed, sir?

SOGL. Vpon my gentilitie, sir: CARLO, a word with you; Doe you see that same fellow, there?

CARL. What? CAVALIER SHIFT?

SOGL. O, you know him; crie you mercy: before me, I thinke him the tallest man, liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

CARL. The walls of *Europe*! take heed what you say, signior, *Europe's* a huge thing within the walls.

SOGL. Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'ld iustifie what I speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were: I neuer saw a man doe it more resolute.

CARL. Nay, indeede swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Doe you heare this, signior?

MACI. I, to my griefe. O, that such muddy flags,
For euery drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of manhood; whil'st true perfect valour
(Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd!
Heart, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)
I dare doe more then he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger! Now the poxe
Light on your *Pickt-hatch* prowesse.

SOGL. Why, I tell you, sir, he has beene the only *Bid-stand* that euer kept *New-market*, *Salisbury-plaine*, *Hockley* i' the hole, *Gads-Hill*; all the high places of any requeſt: he has had his maresand his geldings, he, ha' been worth fortie, threeſcore, a hundred pound a horſe, would ha' ſprung you ouer hedge, and ditch, like your grey-hound, he has done fiue hundred robberies in his time, more or leſſe, I aſſure you.

PVNT. What? and ſcapt?

SOGL. Scapt! yfaith I: he has broken the jayle when he has beene in yrons, and yrons; and beene out, and in againe; and out, and in; fortie times, and not ſo few, he.

MACI. A fit trumpet, to proclaime ſuch a perſon.

CARL. But can this be poſſible?

SHIFT. Why, 'tis nothing, ſir, when a man giues his affections to it.

SOGL. Good PYLADES, diſcourſe a robberie, or two, to ſatisfie these gentlemen of thy worth.

SHIFT. Pardon me, my deare ORESTES: Cauſes haue their *quiddits*, and 'tis ill ieſting with bell-ropes.

CARL. How? PYLADES, and ORESTES?

SOGL. I, he is my PYLADES, and I am his ORESTES: how like you the conceit?

CARL. O, it's an old ſtale enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you names my ſelfe, looke you, he ſhall be your IVDAS, and you ſhall bee his Elder tree, to hang on.

MACI. Nay, rather, let him be captaine POD, and this his *Motion*; for he does nothing but ſhew him.

CARL. Excellent: or thus, you ſhall bee HOLDEN, and hee your Camel.

SHIFT. You doe not meane to ride, gentlemen?

PVNT. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you ſhall be his *Countenance*, and he your *Reſolution*.

SOGL. Troth, that's pretty: how ſay you, *Cauallier*, ſhalt be ſo?

CARL. I, I, moſt voices.

SHIFT. Faith, I am eaſily yeelding to any good impreſſions.

SOGL. Then giue hands, good *Reſolution*.

CARL. Maſſe, he cannot ſay, good *Countenance*, now (properly) to him againe.

PVNT. Yes, by an *irony*.

MACI. O, ſir, the countenance of *Reſolution* ſhould, as he is, be altogether grim, and vnpleaſant.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

FASTIDIVS BRISKE.

GOod houres make muſicke with your mirth, gentlemen; and keepe time to your humours: how now, CARLO?

PVNT. Monſieur BRISKE! many a long looke haue I extended for you, ſir.

FAST. Good faith, I muſt craue pardon; I was inuited this morning ere I was out of my bed, by a beuie of ladies, to a banquet: whence it was almoſt one of HERCVLES labours for me, to come away, but that the reſpect of my promiſe did ſo preuaile with me: I know they'le take it very ill, eſpecially one that gaue me this bracelet of her haire but ouer-night, and this pearle another gaue me from her fore-head, mary, ſhee—— what? are the writings ready?

PVNT. I will ſend my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the *Notaries*, and learne if he be readie: leaue the dog, ſir.

FAST. And how does my rare qualified friend, SOGLIARDO? oh, ſignior MACILENTE! by theſe eyes, I ſaw you not, I had ſaluted you ſooner elſe, o' my troth: I hope, ſir, I may preſume vpon you, that you will not diuulge my late checke, or diſgrace, indeed, ſir.

MACI. You may, ſir.

CARL. S'heart, he knowes ſome notorious ieſt by this gull, that hee hath him ſo obſequious.

SOGL. Monſieur FASTIDIVS, doe you ſee this fellow there? does he not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any thing in him?

FAST. Any thing in him? beſhrow me, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

SOGL. By this element, he is an ingenious tall man, as euer ſwagger'd about *London*: he, and I, call *Countenance*, and *Reſolution*, but his name is CAVALIER SHIFT.

PVNT. CAVALIER, you knew ſignior CLOG, that was hang'd for the robbery at *Harrow* o' the hill?

SOGL. Knew him, ſir! why, 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the action.

PVNT. How? was't your proiect, ſir?

SHIFT. Pardon me, *Countenance*, you doe me ſome wrong to make that publike, which I imparted to you in priuate.

SOGL. Gods will! here are none but friends, *Reſolution*.

SHIFT. That's all one; things of conſequence muſt haue their reſpects, where, how, and to whom. Yes, ſir, hee ſhewed himſelfe a true CLOG in the coherence of that affaire, ſir; for if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had beene better for him by a fortie, or fiftie ſcore of pounds, ſir, and he himſelfe might ha' liu'd (in deſpight

of fates) to haue fed on wood-cocks, with the reſt: but it was his heauie fortune to ſinke, poore CLOG, and therefore talke no more of him.

PVNT. Why, had he more aiders, then?

SOGL. O god, ſir! I, there were ſome preſent there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him, yfaith.

SHIFT. I, ſir, I can ſatisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my ſelfe to other courſes, and profeſſe a liuing out of my other qualities.

SOGL. Nay, he has left all now (I aſſure you) and is able to liue like a gentleman, by his quality. By this dogge, hee has the moſt rare gift in tobacco, that euer you knew.

CARL. S'heart, hee keepes more adoe with this monſter, then euer BANKES did with his horſe, or the fellow with the elephant.

MACI. He will hang out his picture ſhortly, in a cloth, you ſhall ſee.

SOGL. O, hee do's manage a quarrell, the beſt that euer you ſaw, for termes, and circumſtances.

FAST. Good faith, ſignior, (now you ſpeake of a quarrell) I'le acquaint you with a difference, that happened betweene a gallant, and my ſelfe-ſir PVNTARVOLO, you know him if I ſhould name him, ſignior LVCVLENTO.

PVNT. LVCVLENTO! what in-auſpicious chance interpos'd it ſelfe to your two loues?

FAST. Faith, ſir, the ſame that ſundred AGAMEMNON, and great THETIS ſonne; but let the cauſe eſcape, ſir: Hee ſent mee a challenge (mixt with ſome few braues) which I reſtor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed, ſir, (I muſt tell you) he did offer at firſt very deſperately, but without iudgement: for looke you, ſir. I caſt my ſelfe into this figure: now he, comes violently on, and withall aduancing his rapier to ſtrike, I thought to haue tooke his arme (for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was ſure he could not recouer his guard) Sir, I miſt my purpoſe in his arme, raſht his doublet ſleeue, ran him cloſe by the left cheek, and through his haire. He againe, lights me here (I had on, a gold cable hatband, then new come vp, which I wore about a murrey *French* hat I had) cuts my hatband (and yet it was maſſie, gold-ſmithes worke) cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold-twiſt, and ſpangles) diſappointed the force of the blow: Neuertheleſſe, it graz'd on my ſhoulder, takes me away ſixe purles of an *Italian* cut-worke band I wore (coſt me three pound in the exchange, but three daies before.)

PVNT. This was a ſtrange encounter!

FAST. Nay, you ſhall heare, ſir: with this wee both fell out, and breath'd. Now (vpon the ſecond ſigne of his aſſault) I betooke me to the former manner of my defence; he (on the other ſide) abandon'd his body to the ſame danger, as before, and followes me ſtill with blowes: But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left ſide) made a kind of *ſtramazoun*, ranne him vp to the hilts, through the

double,

doublet, through the ſhirt, and yet miſt the skin. Hee (making a reuerſe blow) falls vpon my emboſs'd girdle (I had throwne off the hangers a little before) ſtrikes off a skirt of a thick—lac't ſattin doublet I had (lin'd with ſome foure taffataes) cuts off two panes, embrodered with pearle, rends through the drawings out of tiſſew, enters the linings, and skips the fleſh.

CARL. I wonder he ſpeakes not of his wrought ſhirt!

FAST. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceed) I muſt tell you, ſignior, that (in this laſt encounter) not hauing leiſure to put off my ſiluer ſpurres, one of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my boot, and (being *Spaniſh* leather, and ſubiect to teare) ouerthrowes me, rends me two paire of ſilke ſtockings (that I put on, being ſomewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another) and ſtrikes me ſome halfe inch deepe into the ſide of the calfe; Hee (ſeeing the bloud come) preſently takes horſe, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought ſhirt)———

CARL. O! comes it in there?

FAST. Rid after him, and (lighting at the court-gate, both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the preſence: was not this buſineſſe well carried?

MACI. Well? yes, and by this we can geſſe what apparell the gentleman wore.

PVNT. 'Fore valour, it was a deſignement begun with much reſolution, maintain'd with as much proweſſe, and ended with more humanitie. How now, what ſaies the *Notarie*?

SERV. He ſaies, he is ready, ſir, he ſtaies but your worſhips pleaſure.

PVNT. Come, we will goe to him, Monſieur. Gentlemen, ſhall we entreat you to be witneſſes?

SOGL. You ſhall entreat me, ſir: come *Reſolution*.

SHIFT. I follow you, good *Countenance*.

CARL. Come, ſignior, come, come.

MACI. O, that there ſhould be fortune
To clothe theſe men, ſo naked in deſert!
And that the iuſt ſtorme of a wretched life,
Beats 'hem not ragged, for their wretched ſoules,
And, ſince as fruitleſſe, euen as black as coales!

GREX.

MIT. Why, but ſignior, how comes it, that FVNGOSO appear'd not with his ſiſters intelligence, to BRISKE?

COR. Mary, long of the euill angels that ſhe gaue him, who haue indeed tempted the good ſimple youth, to follow the taile of the faſhion, and neglect the impoſition of his friends. Behold, here hee comes, very worſhipfully attended and with good varietie.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

FVNGOSO, TAYLOR, SHOO-MAKER, HABERDASHER.

GRamercie, good ſhoo-maker, I'le put to ſtrings my ſelfe. Now, ſir, let me ſee, what muſt you haue for this hat?

HABER. Here's the bill, ſir.

FVNG. How does't become me? well?

TAIL. Excellent, ſir, as euer you had any hat in your life.

FVNG. Nay, you'll ſay ſo, all.

HABE. In faith, ſir, the hat's as good as any man i' this towne can ſerue you; and will maintayne faſhion as long: ne're truſt me for a groat elſe.

FVNG. Do's it apply well to my ſute?

TAIL. Exceeding well, ſir.

FVNG. How lik'ſt thou my ſute, haberdaſher?

HABE. By my troth, ſir, 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer ſaw a ſute ſit better, I can tell, on.

TAIL. Nay, we haue no arte to pleaſe our friends, we.

FVNG. Here, haberdaſher, tell this ſame.

HABE. Good faith, ſir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

FVNG. Nay (beleeue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in clothes, as another.

TAIL. You lack points, to bring your apparell together, ſir.

FVNG. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right?

HABE. Faith, ſir, 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes—Good morrow to you, ſir.

FVNG. Farewell, good haberdaſher. Well, now maſter SNIP, let me ſee your bill.

GREX.

MIT. Me thinkes he diſcharges his followers too thicke.

COR. O, therein he ſaucily imitates ſome great man. I warrant you, though he turnes off them, he keepes this taylor, in place of a page, to follow him ſtill.

FVNG. This bill is very reaſonable, in faith (harke you, maſter SNIP) Troth, ſir, I am not altogether ſo well furniſht at this preſent, as I could wiſh I were, but—— If you'le doe mee the fauour to take part in hand, you ſhall haue all I haue, by this hand——

TAIL. Sir——

FVNG. And, but giue mee credit for the reſt, till the beginning of the next terme.

TAIL. O lord, ſir——

FVNG. 'Fore god, and by this light, I'le pay you to the vtmoſt, and acknow-

acknowledge my ſelfe verie deeply engag'd to you, by the courteſie.

TAIL. Why, how much haue you there, ſir?

FVNG. Mary I haue here foure angels, and fifteene ſhillings of white monie: it's all I haue, as I hope to be bleſt.

TAIL. You will not faile me, at the next tearme, with the reſt.

FVNG. No, and I doe, pray heauen, I be hang'd. Let me neuer breathe againe, vpon this mortall ſtage, as the philoſopher cals it. By this aire, and (as I am a gentleman) I'le hold.

GREX.

CORD. He were an yron-hearted fellow, in my iudgement, that would not credite him vpon this volley of othes.

TAIL. Well, ſir, I'le not ſticke with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis, remaines?

FVNG. I, ſir, and I giue you thankes in good faith. O fate! how happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, now I'le goe ſeeke out Monſieur BRISKE. 'Odſo, I haue forgot ribband for my ſhooes, and points. S'lid, what lucke 's this? how ſhall I doe? Maſter SNIPPE, pray let me reduct ſome two or three ſhillings for points, and ribband: as I am an honeſt man, I haue vtterly diſfurniſht my ſelfe, in the default of memorie, pray le' me be beholding to you, it ſhall come home i' the bill, beleeue me.

TAIL. Faith, ſir, I can hardly depart with ready mony, but I'le take vp, and ſend you ſome by my boy, preſently. What colour'd ribband would you haue?

FVNG. What you ſhall thinke meet i' your iudgement, ſir, to my ſute.

TAIL. Well, I'le ſend you ſome preſently.

FVNG. And points too, ſir?

TAIL. And points too, ſir.

FVNG. Good lord! how ſhall I ſtudie to deſerue this kindneſſe of you, ſir? Pray, let your youth make haſte, for I ſhould haue done a buſineſſe an houre ſince, that I doubt I ſhall come too late. Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my ſute.

GREX.

COR. Doe you obſerue the plunges, that this poore gallant is put to (ſignior) to purchaſe the faſhion?

MIT. I, and to bee ſtill a faſhion behinde with the world, that 's the ſport.

COR. Stay: O here they come, from *ſeal'd, and deliuer'd.*

Act

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, SERVANTS, CARLO, SOGLIARDO, MACILENTE, SHIFT.

To them. FVNGOSO.

WELl, now my whole venter is forth, I will resolue to depart shortly.

FAST. Faith, sir PVNTARVOLO, goe to the court, and take leaue of the ladies first.

PVNT. I care not, if it be this afternoones labour. Where is CARLO?

FAST. Here he comes.

CARL. Faith, gallants, I am perswading this gentleman to turne courtier. He is a man of faire reuenue, and his estate will beare the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the minde, or so, why, they are as nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any artificiall drug or mixture of these two thred-bare beggarly qualities, learning, and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate, and genuine. Now, for the life it selfe——

FAST. O, the most celestiall, and full of wonder, and delight, that can be imagin'd, signior, beyond all thought, and apprehension of pleasure! A man liues there, in that diuine rapture, that hee will thinke himselfe i'the ninth heauen for the time, and lose all sense of mortalitie whatsoeuer; when he shall behold such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such angelicall and harmonious voyces, discourse with such flowing and *ambrosiam* spirits, whose wits are as suddaine as lightning, and humorous as *nectar*; Oh: it makes a man al *quintessence*, and *flame*, & lifts him vp (in a moment) to the verie christall crowne of the skie, where (houering in the strength of his imagination) he shall behold all the delights of the HESPERIDES, the *Insulæ Fortunatæ*, ADONIS gardens, *Tempe* or what else (confin'd within the amplest verge of *poesie*) to bee meere *vmbræ*, and imperfect figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of your court.

MACI. Well, this *Encomion* was not extemporall, it came too perfectly off.

CARL. Besides, sir, you shall neuer need to goe to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or losing your monie at *primero*, as well as in all the stoues in *Sweden*. Mary this, sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong perfume about you, that your mistresse dogge may smell you out amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be out: for you may haue a pipe of tabacco, or a base violl shall hang o'the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The trickes your *Resolution* has taught you in tabacco, (the *whiffe*, and those sleights) will stand you in verie good ornament there?

FAST.

FAST. I, to ſome perhaps: but, and hee ſhould come to my miſtreſſe with tabacco (this gentleman knowes) ſhee'ld reply vpon him, yfaith. O, (by this bright ſunne) ſhee has the moſt acute, readie, and facetious wit, that——tut there's no ſpirit able to ſtand her. You can report it, ſignior, you haue ſeene her?

PVNT. Then can hee report no leſſe, out of his iudgement, I aſſure him.

MACI. Troth, I like her well enough, but ſhee's too ſelfe-conceited, me thinkes.

FAST. I indeed, ſhee's a little too ſelfe conceited, and 'twere not for that humour, ſhe were the moſt-to-be-admir'd ladie in the world.

PVNT. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellencies.

MACI. Why, it may eaſily be made to forſake her, in my thought.

FAST. Eaſily, ſir? then are all impoſſibilities eaſie.

MACI. You conclude too quicke vpon me, ſignior, what will you ſay, if I make it ſo perſpicuouſly appeare now, that your ſelfe ſhall confeſſe nothing more poſſible?

FAST. Mary, I will ſay, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

PVNT. And I will ſecond him, in the admiration.

MACI. Why, I'le ſhew you, gentlemen. CARLO, come hither. *They whiſper.*

SOGL. Good faith, I haue a great humor to the court: what thinkes my *Reſolution?* ſhall I aduenture?

SHIFT. Troth, *Countenance*, as you pleaſe; the place is a place of good reputation, and capacitie.

SOGL. O, my trickes in tabacco (as CARLO ſayes) will ſhew excellent there.

SHIFT. Why, you may goe with theſe gentlemen now, and ſee faſhions: and after, as you ſhall ſee correſpondence.

SOGL. You ſay true. You will goe with me, *Reſolution?*

SHIFT. I will meet you, *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to ſay to goe with you I cannot, for (as I am APPLE-IOHN) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you ſaw this morning, and therefore pray, preſent mee excus'd, good *Countenance*.

SOGL. Farewell, good *Reſolution*, but faile not to meet.

SHIFT. As I liue.

PVNT. Admiraby excellent!

MACI. If you can but perſwade SOGLIARDO to court, there's all now.

CARL. O let me alone, that's my taske.

FAST. Now, by wit, MACILENTE, it's aboue meaſure excellent: 'twill be the onely court-exploit that euer prou'd courtier ingenious.

PVNT. Vpon my ſoule, it puts the ladie quite out of her humour, and we ſhall laugh with iudgement.

CARL. Come, the gentleman was of himſelfe reſolu'd to goe with you, afore I mou'd it.

MACI. Why then, gallants, you two, and CARLO, goe afore to pre-

prepare the ieſt: SOGLIARDO and I will come ſome while after you.

CARL. Pardon me, I am not for court.

PVNT. That's true: CARLO comes not at court indeed. Well, you ſhall leaue it to the facultie of monſieur BRISKE, and my ſelfe; vpon our liues wee will manage it happily. CARLO ſhall beſpeake ſupper, at the miter, againſt we come backe: where we will meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the ſucceſſe.

CARL. I, but will you all promiſe to come?

PVNT. My ſelfe ſhall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his reputation lye vnder the laſh of thy tongue.

CARL. Gods ſo', looke who comes here!

SOGL. What, nephew!

FVNG. Vncle, god ſaue you; did you ſee a gentleman, one monſieur BRISKE? a Courtier, he goes in ſuch a ſute as I doe.

SOGL. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in ſuch a ſute.

He ſwounes. FVNG. Another ſute!

SOGL. How now, nephew?

FAST. Would you ſpeake to me, ſir?

CARL. I, when he has recouered himſelfe: poore poll.

PVNT. Some *Roſa-ſolis.*

MACI. How now, ſignior?

FVNG. I am not well, ſir.

MACI. Why, this it is, to dogge the faſhion.

CARL. Nay, come gentlemen, remember your affaires; his diſeaſe is nothing but the *flaxe* of apparell.

PVNT. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the cat ſafe; I'le be the dogs *Guardian* my ſelfe.

SOGL. Nephew, will you goe to court with vs? theſe gentlemen and I are for the court: nay, be not ſo melancholy.

FVNG. By gods lid, I thinke no man in chriſtendome has that raſcally fortune that I haue.

MACI. Faith, your ſute is well enough, ſignior.

FVNG. Nay, not for that, I proteſt; but I had an errand to Monſieur FASTIDIVS, and I haue forgot it.

MACI. Why, goe along to court with vs, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and SOGLIARDO and I will take another: we ſhall be there inſtantly.

FAST. Content: good ſir, vouchſafe vs your pleaſance.

PVNT. Farewell, CARLO; remember.

CARL. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kemps* ſhooes to throw after you.

PVNT. Good *Fortune* will cloſe the eyes of our ieſt, feare not: and we ſhall frollicke.

GREX.

GREX.

MIT. This MACILENTE, signior, begins to bee more sociable on a suddaine, mee thinkes, then hee was before: there's some portent in't, I beleeue.

COR. O, hee's a fellow of a strange nature. Now do's hee (in this calme of his humour) plot, and store vp a world of malicious thoughts in his braine, till hee is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very torrent of his enuie breake forth like a land-floud: and, against the course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that you will almost haue wonder to thinke, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receiue so quick, and strong an alteration.

MIT. I mary, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt al this while: for I must tel you, signior (though I was loth to interrupt the *Scene*) yet I made it a question in mine owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery man out of his Humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

COR. Why, therein his art appeares most full of lustre, and approcheth neerest the life: especially, when in the flame, and height of their humours, they are laid flat, it fils the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut downe by degrees, when it might bee feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride, and fulnesse, were, as not to haue it grow.

MIT. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talke of.

COR. To helpe your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter then a paire of oares: and by this, suppose PVNTARVOLO, BRISKE, FVNGOSO, and the dogge arriu'd at the court gate, and going vp to the great chamber. MACILENTE, and SOGLIARDO, wee'le leaue them on the water, till possibilitie and naturall meanes may land 'hem. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

Act V. *Scene* I.

PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, FVNGOSO, GROOME, MACILENTE, SOGLIARDO.

COme, gentles. Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

FAST. Who, I, sir?

PVNT. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dogge, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

FAST. Masse, that's true indeed, knight, you must not carrie him into the presence.

PVNT. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

FAST.

FAST. Why, you're beſt leaue him at the porters lodge.

PVNT. Not ſo: his worth is too well knowne amongſt them, to bee forth-comming.

FAST. Slight, how'll you doe then?

PVNT. I muſt leaue him with one, that is ignorant of his qualitie, if I wil haue him to be ſafe. And ſee! Here comes one that wil carrie coales, *ergo*, will hold my dogge. My honeſt friend, may I commit the tuition of this dogge to thy prudent care?

GROO. You may, if you pleaſe, ſir.

PVNT. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it ſhall not bee long, till I will eaſe thee of thy imployment, and pleaſe thee. Forth, gentles.

FAST. Why, but will you leaue him with ſo ſlight command, and infuſe no more charge, vpon the fellow?

PVNT. Charge? no; there were no policie in that: that were to let him know the value of the gemme he holds, and ſo, to tempt fraile nature againſt her diſpoſition. No, pray thee let thy honeſtie be ſweet, as it ſhall be ſhort.

GROO. Yes, ſir.

PVNT. But harke you gallants, and chiefely Monſieur BRISKE. When we come in eye-ſhot, or preſence of this ladie, let not other matters carrie vs from our proiect: but (if wee can) ſingle her forth to ſome place——

FAST. I warrant you.

PVNT. And bee not too ſuddaine, but let the deuice induce it ſelfe with good circumſtance. On.

FVNG. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings.

GROO. Honeſtie ſweet, and ſhort? mary it ſhall, ſir, doubt you not; for euen at this inſtant if one would giue mee twentie pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the ſweet; but now, if any man come offer me but two pence, he ſhall haue him; there's for the ſhort now. Slid, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leaue his dogge with me? I could run away with him now, and hee were worth any thing.

MACI. Come on, ſignior, now prepare to court this all-witted ladie, moſt naturally, and like your ſelfe.

SOGL. Faith, and you ſay the word, I'le begin to her in tabacco.

MACI. O, fie on't: no: you ſhall begin with, *How does my ſweet ladie?* or, *Why are you ſo melancholy, Madame?* though ſhee bee verie merrie, it's all one: be ſure to kiſſe your hand often inough; pray for her health, and tell her, how, *more then moſt faire* ſhe is. Screw your face at one ſide thus, and proteſt; let her fleere, and looke a skaunce, and hide her teeth with her fanne, when ſhe laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing: you muſt talke forward (though it be without ſenſe, ſo it be without bluſhing) 'tis moſt court-like, and well.

SOGL. But ſhall I not vſe tabacco at all?

MACI.

MACI. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath ſuſpected, and that you vſe it onely to confound the rankeneſſe of that.

SOGL. Nay, I'le be aduis'd, ſir, by my friends.

MACI. Gods my life, ſee, where ſir PVNTARS dog is.

GROO. I would the gentleman would returne for his follower here, I'le leaue him to his fortunes elſe.

MACI. S'heart, 'twere the onely true ieſt in the world to poiſon him now: ha? by this hand, I'le doe it, if I could but get him of the fellow. Signior SOGLIARDO, walke aſide, and thinke vpon ſome deuice, to entertaine the ladie with.

SOGL. So I doe, ſir.

MACI. How now, mine honeſt friend? whoſe dog-keeper art thou?

GROO. Dogge-keeper, ſir? I hope I ſcorne that yfaith.

MACI. Why? do'ſt thou not keepe a dogge?

GROO. Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this be ſweet and ſhort. Make me his dogge-keeper? *Hee throwes off the dogge.*

MACI. This is excellent, aboue expectation: nay ſtay, ſir, you'ld bee trauailing; but I'le giue you a dramme ſhall ſhorten your voyage: here. So ſir, I'le be bold to take my leaue of you. Now to the *Turkes* court in the deuils name, for you ſhall neuer goe o' gods name. SOGLIARDO, come.

SOGL. Ha' 't yfaith now, will ſting it.

MACI. Take heed you leeſe it not, ſignior, ere you come there: preſerue it.

GREX.

CORD. How like you this firſt exploit of his?

MITIS. O, a piece of true enuie: but I expect the iſſue of the other deuice.

CORD. Here they come, will make it appeare.

Act V. *Scene* II.

SAVIOLINA, PVNTARVOLO, FASTIDIVS BRISKE, FVNGOSO, MACILENTE, SOGLIARDO. *To them.*

WHy, I thought, ſir PVNTARVOLO, you had bin gone your voyage?

PVNT. Deare, and moſt amiable ladie, your diuine beauties doe bind me to thoſe offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

SAVI. 'Tis moſt court-like ſpoken, ſir: but how might we do to haue a ſight of your dogge, and cat?

FAST. His dogge is in the court, ladie.

SAVI. And not your cat? how dare you truſt her behind you, ſir?

PVNT. Troth, madame, ſhee hath ſore eyes, and ſhee doth keepe her

chamber: mary I haue left her vnder ſufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

SAVI. I'le giue you ſome water for her eyes: when doe you goe, ſir?

PVNT. Certes, ſweet ladie, I know not.

FAST. He doth ſtay the rather, madame, to preſent your acute iudgement with ſo courtly, and wel-parted a gentleman, as yet your lady-ſhip hath neuer ſeene.

SAVI. What's hee, gentle Monſieur BRISKE? not that gentleman?

FAST. No ladie, this is a kinſman to iuſtice *Silence*.

PVNT. Pray' ſir, giue me leaue to report him: he's a gentleman (ladie) of that rare and admirable facultie, as (I proteſt) I know not his like in *Europe*: hee is exceedingly valiant, an excellent ſcholler, and ſo exactly trauail'd, that hee is able in diſcourſe, to deliuer you a modell of any princes court in the world: 'ſpeakes the languages with that puritie of phraſe, and facilitie of accent, that it breeds aſtoniſhment: his wit, the moſt exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleaſant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare.

FAST. 'Tis moſt true, ladie: mary, he is no ſuch excellent proper man.

PVNT. His trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, madame.

SAVI. O, ſir PVNTARVOLO, you muſt thinke, euery man was not borne to haue my ſeruant BRISKES feature.

PVNT. But that which tranſcends all, ladie; hee doth ſo peereleſſely imitate any manner of perſon for geſture, action, paſſion, or whatſoeuer——

FAST. I, eſpecially a ruſticke, or a clowne, madame, that it is not poſſible for the ſharpeſt-ſighted wit (in the world) to diſcerne any ſparkes of the gentleman in him, when he does.

SAVI. O, Monſieur BRISKE, be not ſo tyrannous to confine all wits within the compaſſe of your owne: not find the ſparkes of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

FVNG. No in truth (ſweet ladie) I beleeue you cannot.

SAVI. Doe you beleeue ſo? why, I can find ſparkes of a gentleman in you, ſir.

PVNT. I, he is a gentleman, madame, and a reueller.

FVNG. Indeed, I thinke I haue ſeene your ladiſhip at our reuels.

SAVI. Like enough, ſir: but would I might ſee this wonder you talke of: may one haue a ſight of him, for any reaſonable ſumme?

PVNT. Yes, madame, he will arriue preſently.

SAVI. What, and ſhall we ſee him clowne it?

FAST. I faith (ſweet ladie) that you ſhall: ſee, here he comes.

PVNT. This is he! pray obſerue him, ladie.

SAVI. Beſhrew me, he clownes it properly indeed.

PVNT. Nay, marke his courtſhip.

SOGL. How does my ſweet ladie? hote, and moyſt? beautifull and luſtie? ha?

SAVI.

SAVI. Beautifull, and it please you, sir, but not lustie.

SOGL. O ho, ladie, it pleases you to say so in truth: and how does my sweet ladie? in health? *Bona roba, quaso, que nouelles? que nouelles?* sweet creature.

SAVI. O excellent: why gallants, is this hee that cannot bee decipher'd? they were verie bleare-witted, yfaith, that could not discerne the gentleman in him.

PVNT. But, doe you, in earnest, ladie?

SAVI. Doe I, sir? why, if you had any true court-iudgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as cleere, as the noone-day: Alas—— Nay, if you would haue tryed my wit, indeed, you should neuer haue told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clowne indeede; and then haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

FAST. 'Fore god, her ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the clowne most naturally, mistresse?

PVNT. O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the bountie of her iudgement.

SAVI. Nay, out of doubt hee does well, for a gentleman, to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better then his clownerie.

FAST. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladiship should see so farre into him!

PVNT. I, is't not?

SAVI. Faith, as easily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

FVNG. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it!

MACI. Why, has she decipher'd him, gentlemen?

PVNT. O, most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

MACI. Is't possible?

FAST. Shee hath gather'd most infallible signes of the gentleman in him, that's certaine.

SAVI. Why, gallants, let mee laugh at you, a little: was this your deuice, to trie my iudgement in a gentleman?

MACI. Nay, ladie, doe not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of perspicacie aboue others: What if hee should bee no gentleman now, but a clowne indeed, ladie?

PVNT. How thinke you of that? would not your ladiship bee out of your humour?

FAST. O, but shee knowes it is not so.

SAVI. What if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser then you are taken for.

MACI. In good faith, ladie, hee is a verie perfect clowne, both by father, and mother: that I'le assure you.

SAVI. O, sir, you are verie pleasurable.

MACI. Nay, doe but looke on his hand, and that shall resolue you: looke you, ladie, what a palme here is.

SOGL. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

MACI. The plough! did you diſcerne any ſuch thing in him, madame?

FAST. Faith no, ſhe ſaw the gentleman as bright, as at noon-day, ſhe: ſhee decipher'd him at firſt.

MACI. Troth, I am ſorrie your ladiſhips ſight ſhould be ſo ſuddainly ſtrooke.

SAVI. O, you're goodly beagles!

FAST. What, is ſhe gone?

SOGL. Nay, ſtay, ſweet ladie, *que nouelles? que nouelles?*

SAVI. Out, you foole, you.

FVNG. Shee's out of her humour yfaith.

FAST. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

PVNT. Come, on mine honour wee ſhall make her bluſh in the preſence: my ſplene is great with laughter.

MACI. Your laughter wil be a child of a feeble life, I beleeue, ſir. Come, ſignior, your lookes are too deiected, mee thinkes: why mixe you not mirth with the reſt?

FVNG. By gods will, this ſute frets me at the ſoule. I'le haue it alter'd to morrow, ſure.

Act V. *Scene* III.

SHIFT.

To him. FASTIDIVS, PVNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO, FVNGOSO, MACILENTE.

I Am come to the court, to meet with my *Countenance* SOGLIARDO: poore men muſt be glad of ſuch countenance, when they can get no better. Wel. Need may inſult vpon a man, but it ſhal neuer make him deſpaire of conſequence. The world wil ſay, tis baſe: tuſh, baſe! 'tis baſe to liue vnder the earth, not baſe to liue aboue it, by any meanes.

FAST. The poore ladie is moſt miſerably out of her humour, yfaith.

PVNT. There was neuer ſo wittie a ieſt broken, at the tilt of all the court-wits chriſten'd.

MACI. O, this applauſe taints it, fouly.

SOGL. I thinke, I did my part in courting. O! *Reſolution!*

PVNT. Aye me, my dogge.

MACI. Where is hee?

He ſends away Fungoſo. FAST. Gods precious, goe ſeeke for the fellow, good ſignior.

PVNT. Here, here I left him.

MACI. Why, none was here when we came in now, but CAVALIER SHIFT, enquire of him.

FAST. Did you ſee ſir PVNTARVOLO's dogge here, *Cauelier*, ſince you came?

SHIFT. His dog ſir? he may looke his dog, ſir, I ſaw none of his dog, ſir.

MACI.

MACI. Vpon my life, he hath ſtol'ne your dogge, ſir, and beene hir'd to it by ſome that haue ventur'd with you: you may geſſe by his peremptorie anſweres.

PVNT. Not vnlike; for he hath beene a notorious thiefe by his owne confeſſion. Sirrah, where is my dogge?

SHIFT. Charge mee with your dogge, ſir? I ha' none of your dog, ſir.

PVNT. Villaine, thou lyeſt.

SHIFT. Lie, ſir? S'bloud, y' are but a man, ſir.

PVNT. Rogue, and thiefe, reſtore him.

SOGL. Take heed, ſir PVNTARVOLO, what you doe: heele beare no coales, I can tell you (o' my word.)

MACI. This is rare.

SOGL. It's mar'le hee ſtabs you not: by this light, he hath ſtab'd forty, for forty times leſſe matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

PVNT. I wil make thee ſtoope, thou abiect.

SOGL. Make him ſtoop, ſir! gentlemen, pacifie him or hee'le be kill'd.

MACI. Is he ſo tall a man?

SOGL. Tall a man? if you loue his life, ſtand betwixt 'hem: make him ſtoope!

PVNT. My dogge, villaine, or I will hang thee: thou haſt confeſt robberies, and other fellonious acts, to this gentleman thy *Countenance*——

SOGL. I'le beare no witneſſe.

PVNT. And, without my dogge, I will hang thee, for them.

SOGL. What? kneele to thine enemies? *Shift kneeles.*

SHIFT. Pardon me, good ſir; god is my witneſſe, I neuer did robberie in all my life.

FVNG. O, ſir PVNTARVOLO, your dogge lies giuing vp the ghoſt in the wood-yard. *Fungoſo return'd.*

MACI. Heart! is he not dead, yet?

PVNT. O, my dog, born to diſaſtrous fortune! pray you conduct me, ſir.

SOGL. How? did you neuer doe any robberie, in your life?

MACI. O, this is good: ſo he ſwore, ſir.

SOGL. I, I heard him. And did you ſweare true, ſir?

SHIFT. I, (as I hope to be forgiuen, ſir) I ne're rob'd any man, I neuer ſtood by the high-way-ſide, ſir, but only ſaid ſo, becauſe I would get my ſelfe a name, and be counted a tall man.

SOGL. Now out, baſe *viliaco*: Thou my *Reſolution*? I thy *Countenance*? By this light, gentlemen, he hath confeſt to mee the moſt inexorable companie of robberies, and damn'd himſelfe that he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell, out, follow me no more, I commaund thee: out of my ſight, goe, hence, ſpeake not: I wil not heare thee: away *camouccio*.

MACI. O, how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my ſelfe! here were a couple vnexpectedly diſhumour'd: well, by this time, I hope, ſir PVNTARVOLO and his dog are both out of humour to trauaile. Nay, gentle-

men, why doe you not ſeeke out the knight, and comfort him? our ſupper at the Mitre muſt of neceſſitie hold to night, if you loue your reputations.

FAST. 'Fore god, I am ſo melancholy for his dogs diſaſter, but I'le goe.

SOGL. Faith, and I may goe too, but I know, I ſhall be ſo melancholy.

MACI. Tuſh, melancholy? you muſt forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a *furie:* CARLO will racke your ſinewes aſunder, and raile you to duſt, if you come not.

GREX.

MIT. O, then their feare of CARLO, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

COR. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

CARLO, DRAWER, GEORGE.

HOlla: where be theſe ſhot-ſharkes?

DRAW. By and by: you're welcome, good maſter BVFFONE.

CARL. Where's GEORGE? cal me GEORGE hither, quickly.

DRAW. What wine pleaſe you haue, ſir? I'le draw you that's neat, maſter BVFFONE.

CARL. Away NEOPHITE, do as I bid thee, bring my deare GEORGE to me: Maſſe, here he comes.

GEOR. Welcome, maſter CARLO.

CARL. What! is ſupper ready, GEORGE?

GEOR. I, ſir, almoſt: will you haue the cloth laid, maſter CARLO?

CARL. O, what elſe? are none of the gallants come, yet?

GEOR. None yet, ſir.

CARL. Stay, take mee with you, GEORGE: let mee haue a good fat loyne of porke laid to the fire, preſently.

GEOR. It ſhall, ſir.

CARL. And withall, heare you? draw me the biggeſt ſhaft you haue, out of the butt you wot of: away, you know my meaning, GEORGE, quicke.

GEOR. Done, ſir.

CARL. I neuer hungred ſo much for thing in my life, as I doe to know our gallants ſucceſſe at court: now is that leane bald-rib MACILENTE, that ſalt villaine, plotting ſome miſchieuous deuice, and lyes a ſoking in their frothy humours like a drie cruſt, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the pummiſe but hold vp his eyes at other mens happines, in any reaſonable proportion: S'lid, the ſlaue were to be lou'd next heauen, aboue honour, wealth, rich fare, apparell, wenches, all the delights of the belly, and the groine, whateuer.

GEOR.

GEOR. Here, master CARLO.

CARL. Is't right, Boy?

GEOR. I, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

CARL. Well said, my deare GEORGE, depart: Come, my small gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away, so. Now to you, sir *Burgomaster*, let's taste of your bountie. *He puts forth the drawers, and shuts the dore.*

GREX.

MIT. What, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine, alone?

COR. You will perceiue that, sir.

CARL. I mary, sir, here's puritie: O, GEORGE, I could bite off his nose for this, now: Sweet rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the grape! I'le wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heat the braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but crackers, and fire-worke, to night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: So. *He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.*

GREX.

COR. This is worth the obseruation, signior.

CARL. 1. *Cup.* Now, sir; here's to you; and I present you with so much of my loue.

2. *Cup.* I take it kindly from you, sir, and will returne you the like proportion: but withall, sir, remembring the merry night wee had at the countesses, you know where, sir.

1. By heauen, you put me in minde now of a very necessarie office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir: the health of that honorable countesse, and the sweet lady that sate by her, sir.

2. I doe vaile to it with reuerence. And now, signior, with these ladies, I'le be bold to mixe the health of your diuine Mistris.

1. Doe you know her, sir?

2. O lord, sir, I: and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drugge in the world.

1. Good faith, sir, you doe honour me in't exceedingly.

GREX.

MIT. Whom should he personate in this, signior?

COR. Faith, I know not, sir, obserue, obserue him.

2. If it were the baseft filth, or mud that runnes in the channell, I am bound to pledge it, respectiuely, sir. And now, sir, here is a repleniſht bowle, which I will reciprocally turne vpon you, to the health of the count FRVGALE.

1. The count FRVGALES health, sir? I'le pledge it on my knees, by this light.

2. Will you, sir? I'le drinke it on my knee, then, by the light.

GREX.

GREX.

Mit. Why, this is ſtrange!

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2. Nay, doe me right, ſir.

1. So I doe, in good faith.

2. Good faith you doe not; mine was fuller.

1. Why, beleeue me, it was not.

2. Beleeue me, it was: and you doe lie.

1. Lie, ſir?

2. I, ſir.

1. S'wounds!

2. O, come, ſtab if you haue a mind to it.

1. Stab? doſt thou thinke I dare not?

Speakes in his owne perſon, and ouer-turnes wine, pot, cups, and all.

Carl. Nay, I beſeech you, gentlemen, what meanes this? nay, looke, for ſhame reſpect your reputations.

Act v. *Scene* v.

Macilente, Carlo, George.

WHy, how now Carlo! what humour's this?

Carl. O, my good *Miſchiefe!* art thou come? where are the reſt? where are the reſt?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordinance are burſt.

Carl. Burſt? how comes that?

Maci. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poore lady is irrecouerably blowne vp.

Carl. Why, but which of the munition is miſcarried? ha?

Maci. *Inprimis*, ſir Puntarvolo: next, the Covntenance, and Resolvtion.

Carl. How? how for the loue of wit?

Maci. Troth, the *Reſolution* is prou'd recreant; the *Countenance* hath chang'd his copie: and the paſſionate knight is ſhedding funerall teares ouer his departed dogge.

Carl. What's his dogge dead?

Maci. Poiſon'd, 'tis thought: mary, how, or by whom, that's left for ſome cunning woman here o' the *Banke-ſide* to reſolue. For my part, I know nothing, more then that wee are like to haue an exceeding melancholy ſupper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunke off a good preparatiue of old ſacke here: but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will aſſuredly come: mary, Carlo (as thou lou'ſt me) run ouer 'hem all freely to night, and eſpecially the knight; ſpare no ſul-

phurous

phurous ieſt that may come out of that ſweatie forge of thine; but ply 'hem with all manner of ſhot, minion, ſaker, culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

CARL. I warrant thee, my deare caſe of petrionels, ſo I ſtand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt ſecond me.

MACI. Why, my good *Germane* tapſter, I will.

CARL. What, GEORGE. *Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.* *He danceth.*

GEOR. Did you call, maſter CARLO?

CARL. More *nectar*, GEORGE: *Lomtero, &c.*

GEOR. Your meat's ready, ſir, and your company were come.

CARL. Is the loyne of porke enough?

GEOR. I, ſir, it is enough.

MACI. Porke? heart, what doſt thou with ſuch a greaſie diſh? I thinke thou doſt varniſh thy face with the fat on't, it lookes ſo like a glew-pot.

CARL. True, my raw-bon'd-rogue, and if thou would'ſt farce thy leane ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged lathes) rub out ſo many doublets as they doe: but thou know'ſt not a good diſh, thou. O, it's the only nouriſhing meat in the world. No maruaile though that ſaucie, ſtubborne generation, the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha' done, well pamper'd with fat porke, that durſt murmure at their maker out of garlicke, and onions. S'light, fed with it, the whorſon ſtrummell, patcht, goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha' *Gigantomachiz'd*. Well ſaid, my ſweet GEORGE, fill, fill.

GREX.

MIT. This ſauours too much of prophanation.

COR. *O, ſeruetur ad imum, qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet.* The neceſſitie of his vaine compels a toleration: for, barre this, and daſh him out of humour, before his time.

CARL. 'Tis an *Axiome* in naturall philoſophie, *What comes neereſt the nature of that it feeds, conuerts quicker to nouriſhment, and doth ſooner eſſentiate.* Now nothing in fleſh, and entrailes, aſſimulates or reſembles man more, then a hog, or ſwine ——

MACI. True; and hee (to requite their courteſie) oftentimes d'offeth his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee becomes as churliſh as a hog, or as drunke as a ſow: but to your concluſion.

CARL. Mary, I ſay, nothing reſembling man more then a ſwine, it followes, nothing can be more nouriſhing: for indeed (but that it abhorres from our nice nature) if we fed one vpon another, we ſhould ſhoot vp a great deale faſter, and thriue much better: I referre mee to your vſurous *Cannibals*, or ſuch like: but ſince it is ſo contrary, porke, porke, is your only feed.

MACI. I take it, your deuill be of the ſame diet; he would ne're ha' deſir'd to beene incorporated into ſwine elſe. O, here comes the melancholy meſſe: vpon 'hem CARLO, charge, charge.

CARL.

CARL. 'Fore god, ſir PVNTARVOLO, I am ſorry for your heauineſſe: body a me, a ſhrewd miſchance! why, had you no vnicornes horne, nor bezoars ſtone about you? ha?

Act V. *Scene* VI.

PVNTARVOLO, CARLO, MACILENTE, FAST. BRISKE, SOGLIARDO, FVNGOSO.

SIr, I would requeſt you, be ſilent.

MACI. Nay, to him againe.

CARL. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recouered her catarrhe, feare nothing; your dogges miſchance may be holpen.

FAST. Say how (ſweet CARLO) for ſo god mend mee, the poore knights mones draw mee into fellowſhip of his misfortunes. But be not diſcourag'd, good ſir PVNTARVOLO, I am content your aduenture ſhall be perform'd vpon your cat.

MACI. I beleeue you, muske-cod, I beleeue you, for rather then thou would'ſt make preſent repayment, thou would'ſt take it vpon his owne bare returne from *Calice*.

CARL. Nay, 'ds life, hee'ld bee content (ſo hee were well rid out of his company) to pay him fiue for one, at his next meeting him in *Paules*. But for your dogge, ſir PVNTAR, if hee bee not out-right dead, there is a friend of mine, a *quack-ſaluer*, ſhall put life in him againe, that's certaine.

FVNG. O, no, that comes too late.

MACI. Gods precious, knight, will you ſuffer this?

PVNT. Drawer, get me a candle, and hard waxe, preſently.

SOGL. I, and bring vp ſupper; for I am ſo melancholy.

CARL. O, ſignior, where's your *Reſolution?*

SOGL. *Reſolution!* hang him raſcall: O, CARLO, if you loue me, doe not mention him.

CARL. Why, how ſo? how ſo?

SOGL. O, the arrant'ſt crocodile that euer Chriſtian was acquainted with. By my gentrie, I ſhall thinke the worſe of tabacco while I liue, for his ſake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man———

MACI. Nay, BVFFONE, the knight, the knight.

CARL. S'lud, hee lookes like an image carued out of boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a *dutch* purſe, with the mouth downeward; his beard the taſſels: and hee walkes (let mee ſee) as melancholy as one o' the Maſters ſide in the *Counter*. Doe you heare, ſir PVNTAR?

PVNT. Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enioyne you to ſilence, as you affect your peace.

CARL.

CARL. Nay, but deare knight, vnderſtand (here are none but friends, and ſuch as wiſh you well) I would ha' you doe this now; Flea me your dogge preſently (but in any caſe keepe the head) and ſtuffe his skin well with ſtraw, as you ſee theſe dead monſters at *Bartholmew* faire.

PVNT. I ſhall be ſuddaine, I tell you.

CARL. Or if you like not that, ſir, get me ſomewhat a leſſe dog, and clap into the skin; here's a ſlaue about the towne here, a *Iew*, one YOHAN; or a fellow that makes perrukes, will glew it on artificially, it ſhall ne're be diſcern'd, beſides, 'twill be ſo much the warmer for the hound to trauaile in, you know.

MACI. Sir PVNTARVOLO, 'death, can you be ſo patient?

CARL. Or thus, ſir: you may haue (as you come through *Germany*) a familiar for little or nothing, ſhall turne it ſelfe into the ſhape of your dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine houres: 'ods my life, knight, what doe you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? hold, hold.

PVNT. 'Sdeath, you ſlaue, you bandog, you.

CARL. As you loue wit, ſtay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

PVNT. By my knighthood, he that ſtirres in his reſcue, dies. Drawer, be gone.

CARL. Murder, murder, murder.

PVNT. I, are you howling, you wolfe? Gentlemen, as you tender your liues, ſuffer no man to enter, till my reuenge be perfect. Sirha, BVFFONE, lie downe; make no exclamations, but downe: downe, you curre, or I will make thy bloud flow on my rapier hilts.

CARL. Sweet knight, hold in thy furie, and 'fore heauen, I'le honour thee more, then the *Turke* do's MAHOMET.

PVNT. Downe (I ſay.) Who's there?

CONS. Here's the Conſtable, open the dores. *Within.*

CARL. Good, MACILENTE.

PVNT. Open no dore, if the ADALANTADO of *Spaine* were here, he ſhould not enter: On, helpe me with the light, gentlemen: you knocke in vaine, ſir officer.

CARL. *Et tu Brute!*

PVNT. Sirha, cloſe your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by heauen.

CARL. O, O. *He ſeales vp his lips.*

CONS. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

MACI. Nay, good Conſtable, haue patience a little, you ſhall come in preſently, we haue almoſt done.

PVNT. So; now, are you out of your humour, ſir? Shift, gentlemen. *They all draw, and diſperſe.*

Act v. *Scene* vii.

CONSTABLE, OFFICERS, DRAVVERS.

To them. LAy hold vpon this gallant, and purſue the reſt.

FAST. Lay hold on me, ſir! for what?

CONS. Mary, for your riot here, ſir, with the reſt of your companions.

FAST. My riot! maſter Conſtable, take heed what you doe. CARLO, did I offer any violence?

CONS. O, ſir, you ſee he is not in caſe to anſwere you, and that makes you ſo paramptorie.

FAST. Peremptorie, s'life I appeale to the drawers, if I did him any hard meaſure.

GEOR. They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid any hold on.

CONS. Well, ſir, you are like to anſwere till the reſt can be found out.

FAST. Slid, I appeare to GEORGE, here.

CONS. Tut, GEORGE was not here: away with him to the *Counter*, ſirs. Come, ſir, you were beſt get your ſelfe dreſt ſomewhere.

GEOR. Good lord, that maſter CARLO could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if hee bee angrie.

DRAW. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Macilente comes backe. MACI. What, are they gone, ſirs?

GEOR. O, here's maſter MACILENTE.

MACI. Sirha, GEORGE, doe you ſee that concealement there? that napkin vnder the table?

GEOR. Gods ſo', ſignior FVNGOSO!

MACI. Hei's good pawne for the reckoning; bee ſure you keepe him here, and let him not goe away till I come againe, though hee offer to diſcharge all: Ile returne preſently.

GEOR. Sirrah, we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

DRAW. What? of MACILENTE?

GEOR. No, looke vnder the table.

FVNG. I hope, all be quiet now: if I can get but forth of this ſtreet, I care not, maſters, I pray you tell me, is the Conſtable gone?

Looket out vnder the table. GEOR. What? maſter FVNGOSO?

FVNG. Was't not a good deuice this ſame of me, ſirs?

GEOR. Yes faith; ha' you beene here all this while?

FVNG. O god, I: good ſir, looke, and the coaſt be cleere, I'ld faine be going.

GEOR. Al's cleere, ſir, but the reckoning; and that you muſt cleare, and pay before you goe, I aſſure you.

FVNG.

FVNG. I pay? Slight, I eate not a bit ſince I came into the houſe, yet.

DRAW. Why, you may when you pleaſe, ſir, 'tis all readie below, that was beſpoken.

FVNG. Beſpoken? not by me, I hope?

GEOR. By you, ſir? I know not that: but 'twas for you, and your companie, I am ſure.

FVNG. My companie? S'lid, I was an inuited gueſt, ſo I was.

DRAW. Faith, we haue no thing to doe with that, ſir, they're all gone but you, and we muſt be anſwer'd; that's the ſhort and the long on't.

FVNG. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my maſters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a croſſe about me.

GEOR. What, and haue ſuch apparell? doe not ſay ſo, ſignior, that mightily diſcredits your clothes.

FVNG. As I am an honeſt man, my taylor had all my monie this morning, and yet I muſt be faine to alter my ſute too: good ſirs, let me goe, 'tis friday night, and in good truth I haue no ſtomacke in the world, to eate anie thing.

DRAW. That's no matter, ſo you pay, ſir.

FVNG. Pay? gods light, with what conſcience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

GEOR. Yes, ſir, I did ſee you drinke once.

FVNG. By this cup, (which is ſiluer) but you did not, you doe mee infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once, indeed, but I did not drinke.

DRAW. Well ſir, if you can ſatisfie our maſter, it ſhall bee all one to vs. (by and by.)

GREX.

CORD. Loſe not your ſelfe now ſignior.

Act V. *Scene* VIII.

MACILENTE, DELIRO, FALLACE.

TVt, ſir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you moſt tranſparent, in ſpight of any duſt of ſuſpition, that may bee rayſed to cloud it: and henceforth, ſince I ſee it is ſo againſt your humour, I will neuer labour to perſwade you.

DELI. Why, I thanke you, ſignior, but what's that you tell mee may concerne my peace ſo much?

MACI. Faith, ſir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother, ſignior FVNGOSO, being at ſupper to night at a tauerne, with a ſort of gallants, there happened ſome diuiſion amongſt 'hem, and he is left in pawne for the reckoning: now, if euer you looke that time ſhall preſent you with a happie occaſion to doe your wife ſome gracious and acceptable ſeruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and preſently goe, and redeeme him; for, being her

brother, and his credit so amply engag'd as now it is, when she shal heare (as hee cannot himselfe, but hee must out of extremitie report it) that you came, and offered your selfe so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow madde of your affections.

DELI. Now, by heauen, MACILENTE, I acknowledge my selfe exceedingly indebted to you, by this kinde tender of your loue; and I am sorrie to remember that I was euer so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance: bring mee shooes, and a cloke there, I was going to bed, if you had not come, what tauerne is it?

MACI. The Mitre, sir.

DELI. O, why FIDO, my shooes. Good faith it cannot but please her exceedingly.

FALL. Come, I mar'le what peece of nightwork you haue in hand now, that you call for your cloke, and your shooes! what, is this your Pandar?

DELI. O, sweet wife, speake lower, I would not he should heare thee for a world——

FALL. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his trecherie, with his wilde quick-set beard there. Whither goe you now with him?

DELI. No whither with him, deare wife, I goe alone to a place, from whence I will returne instantly. Good MACILENTE, acquaint not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answere. I'le come backe immediately.

FALL. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you goe, stay, till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

MACI. Heare you, mistresse DELIRO.

FALL. So sir, and what say you?

MACI. Faith ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight respect, when you shall know 'hem.

FALL. Your intents? why, what may your intents bee, for gods sake?

MACI. Troth, the time allowes no circumstance, ladie, therefore know, this was but a deuice to remoue your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whileft (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur BRISKE—nay comfort, sweet ladie. This night (being at supper a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for the which he (onely) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your husband, and other creditours should but haue knowledge of him, the poore gentleman were vndone for euer.

FALL. Aye me! that he were.

MACI. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will doe it.

FALL. O god, sir, he shall not want for a bribe: pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'le visit him presently?

MACI. No, ladie, I shall doe you better seruice, in protracting your husbands

husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

FALL. Good truth, so you may: farewell, good sir. Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the testaments in the world, he had not lou'd master BRISKE. Bring me my keyes there, maide. Alasse, good gentleman, if all I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

GREX.

MIT. How MACILENTE sweates i' this businesse, if you marke him.

COR. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon: here comes the pawne, and his redeemer.

Act V. *Scene* IX.

DELIRO, FVNGOSO, DRAWERS, MACILENTE.

COme, brother, be not discourag'd for this, man, what?

FVNG. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, brother, I haue done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparell, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

DELI. You say well. This is all, i' the bill here? is't not?

GEOR. I, sir.

DELI. There's your monie, tell it: and brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

FVNG. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

DELI. What, is't right?

GEOR. I, sir, and I thanke you.

FVNG. Let me haue a capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning is paid.

GEOR. You shall, sir.

MACI. Where's signior DELIRO?

DELI. Here, MACILENTE.

MACI. Harke you, sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?

DELI. I marie haue I.

MACI. Well then, I can tell you newes, BRISKE is i' the *Counter*.

DELI. I' the *Counter*?

MACI. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stirre here to night. Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindnesse done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the meane time you may clap your action on BRISKE, and your wife (being in so happie a moode) cannot entertaine it ill, by any meanes.

DELI. 'Tis verie true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

MACI. Thinke? why 'tis past thought, you shall neuer meet the like opportunitie, I assure you.

DELI. I will doe it. Brother, pray you goe home afore, this gentleman, and I haue ſome priuate buſineſſe; and tell my ſweet wife, I'le come preſently.

FVNG. I will, brother.

MACI. And, ſignior, acquaint your ſiſter, how liberally and out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you ſee?) made you a man of good reckoning; redeem'd that you neuer were poſſeſt of, credit; gaue you as gentleman-like termes as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the faſhion; nor nothing.

FVNG. Nay, I am out of thoſe humours now.

MACI. Well, if you be out, keepe your diſtance, and be not made a ſhot-clog any more. Come, ſignior, let's make haſte.

Act V. *Scene* X.

FALLACE, FAST. BRISKE.

O Maſter FASTIDIVS, what pitty is't to ſee ſo ſweet a man as you are, in ſo ſowre a place?

GREX.

COR. As vpon her lips, do's ſhee meane?

MIT. O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter*, belike?

FAST. Troth, faire lady, 'tis firſt the pleaſure of the *Fates*, and next of the Conſtable, to haue it ſo: but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind viſitation.

FALL. Nay, you ſhall bee comforted in mee, more then this, if you pleaſe, ſir. I ſent you word by my brother, ſir, that my huſband laid to reſt you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no.

FAST. No, beleeue it, ſweet creature, your brother gaue me no ſuch intelligence.

FALL. O, the lord!

FAST. But has your huſband any ſuch purpoſe?

FALL. O ſweet maſter BRISKE, yes: and therefore be preſently diſcharg'd, for if he come with his actions vpon you (lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a ſcore yeere; he kept a poore man in *Ludgate* once, twelue yeere, for ſixteene ſhillings. Where's your keeper? for loues ſake call him, let him take a bribe, and diſpatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no ſpies? are there?

FAST. No, ſweet miſtris, why are you in this paſſion?

FALL. O lord, Maſter FASTIDIVS, if you knew how I tooke vp my huſband to day, when hee ſaid hee would arreſt you; and how I rail'd at him that perſwaded him to't, the ſcholer there, (who on my conſcience loues you now) and what care I tooke to ſend you intelligence by my brother; and how I gaue him foure ſoueraignes for his paines; and now,

how

how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, ſo ſoone as I heard on't; you'ld ſay, I were in a paſſion indeed: your keeper, for gods ſake. O, Maſter BRISKE (as 'tis in EVPHVES) *Hard is the choiſe, when one is compelled either by ſilence to die with griefe, or by ſpeaking to liue with ſhame.*

FAST. Faire lady, I conceiue you, and may this kiſſe aſſure you, that where aduerſitie hath (as it were) contracted, proſperitie ſhall not—— gods me! your huſband.

FALL. O, me!

Act V. *Scene* XI.

DELIRO, MACILENTE, FALLACE, FAST. BRISKE.

I? is't thus!

MACI. Why, how now, ſignior DELIRO? has the wolfe ſeene you? ha? hath GORGONS head made marble of you?

DELI. Some *Planet* ſtrike me dead.

MACI. Why, looke you; ſir, I told you, you might haue ſuſpected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha' ſau'd this labour of admiration now, and paſſion, and ſuch extremities as this fraile lumpe of fleſh is ſubiect vnto. Nay, why doe you not dote now, ſignior? Mee thinkes you ſhould ſay it were ſome enchantment, *deceptio viſus*, or ſo, ha? if you could perſwade your ſelfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith, trie what you can do, ſignior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time, there's nothing impoſſible.

FALL. Sweet huſband:

DELI. Out laſciuious ſtrumpet.

MACI. What? did you ſee, how ill that ſtale veine became him afore, of ſweet wife, and deare heart? and are you ſalne iuſt into the ſame now? with ſweet huſband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe ſtate, what? Remember you are a woman, turne impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes. Away. And yet mee thinkes you ſhould take your leaue of *Enfans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now, Monſieur BRISKE? what? friday night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpamenta?* your delicate morcels? I perceiue, the affection of ladies and gentlewomen, purſues you whereſoeuer you goe, Monſieur.

FAST. Now, in good faith (and as I am gentle) there could not haue come a thing, i' this world, to haue diſtracted me more, then the wrinckled fortunes of this poore ſpinſter.

MACI. O, yes, ſir: I can tell you a thing will diſtract you much better, beleeue it. Signior DELIRO has entred three actions againſt you, three actions, Monſieur; mary, one of them (I'le put you in comfort) is but three thouſand, and the other two, ſome fiue thouſand a peece, trifles, trifles.

FAST. O, I am vndone.

MACI. Nay, not altogether ſo, ſir, the knight muſt haue his hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then fixe-ſcore pound for a diamond, you know where. Theſe be things will weigh, Monſieur, they will weigh.

FAST. O, heauen!

MACI. What, doe you ſigh? this it is to kiſſe the hand of a counteſſe, to haue her coach ſent for you, to hang poinards in ladies garters, to weare bracelets of their haire, and for euery one of theſe great fauours to giue ſome ſlight iewell of fiue hundred crownes, or ſo, why 'tis nothing. Now, Monſieur, you ſee the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie: well, goe your waies in, remoue your ſelfe to the two-penny ward quickly, to ſaue charges, and there ſet vp your reſt to ſpend ſir PVNTARS hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander, goe:

Why, here's a change! Now is my ſoule at peace.
I am as emptie of all enuie now,
As they of merit to be enuied at.
My humour (like a flame) no longer laſts
Then it hath ſtuffe to feed it, and their folly,
Being now rak't vp in their repentant aſhes,
Affords no ampler ſubiect to my ſpleene.
I am ſo farre from malicing their ſtates,
That I begin to pitty 'hem. It grieues me
To thinke they haue a being. I could wiſh
They might turne wiſe vpon it, and be ſau'd now,
So heauen were pleas'd: but let them vaniſh, vapors.
Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not beene tedious?

GREX.

COR. Nay, we ha' done cenſuring, now.

MIT. Yes, faith.

MAC. How ſo?

COR. Mary, becauſe wee'le imitate your actors, and be out of our Humours. Beſides, here are thoſe (round about you) of more abilitie in cenſure then wee, whoſe iudgements can giue it a more ſatisfying allowance: wee'le refer you to them.

MAC. I? is't e'en ſo? Wel, gentlemen, I ſhould haue gone in, and return'd to you, as I was ASPER at the firſt: but (by reaſon the ſhift would haue beene ſomewhat long, and we are loth to draw your patience farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine it. And now (that you may ſee I will be out of humour for companie) I ſtand wholly to your kind approbation, and (indeed) am nothing ſo peremptorie as I was in the beginning. Mary, I will not doe as PLAVTVS, in his *Amphytrio*, for all this (*Summi Iouis cauſa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite*, for gods ſake; but if you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will beſtow it; why, you may (in time) make leane MACILENTE as fat, as Sir IOHN FAL-STAFFE.

THE END.

VVhich, in the preſentation before
Queene E. was thus varyed,

BY MACILENTE.

NEuer till now did obiect greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces,
All my malicious powers haue loſt their ſtings.
Enuie is fled my ſoule, at ſight of her,
And ſhee hath chac'd all black thoughts from my boſome,
Like as the ſunne doth darkeneſſe from the world.
My ſtreame of humour is runne out of me.
And as our cities torrent (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the ſiluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by ſtrength, and clearneſſe of the riuer,
Till it hath ſpent it ſelfe e'ene at the ſhore;
So, in the ample, and vnmeaſur'd floud
Of her perfections, are my paſſions drown'd:
And I haue now a ſpirit as ſweet, and cleere,
As the moſt rarefi'd and ſubtile aire.
With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
(Yet humble as the earth) doe I imp'ore,
O heauen, that ſhee (whoſe preſence hath effected
This change in me) may ſuffer moſt late change
In her admir'd and happie gouernement:
May ſtill this *Iland* be call'd *fortunate*,
And rugged treaſon tremble at the ſound
When *Fame* ſhall ſpeake it with an *emphaſis*.
Let forraine politie be dull as lead,
And pale inuaſion come with halfe a heart,
When he but lookes vpon her bleſſed ſoile.
The throat of warre be ſtopt within her land,
And turtle-footed peace dance *fayrie* rings
About her court: where, neuer may there come
Suſpect, or danger, but all truſt, and ſafetie:
Let flatterie be dumbe, and enuie blind
In her dread preſence: death himſelfe admire her:
And may her vertues make him to forget
The vſe of his ineuitable hand.
Flie from her age; Sleepe time before her throne,
Our ſtrongeſt wall falls downe, when ſhee is gone.

This Comicall Satyre vvas first acted in the yeere 1599.

By the then Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.

The principall Comœdians were,

Ric. Byrbadge.	Ioh. Hemings.
Avg. Philips.	Hen. Condel.
Wil. Sly.	Tho. Pope.

With the allowance of the Master of Revels.

CYNTHIAS REVELS,

OR

The Fountayne of ſelfe-Loue.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1600. By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Naſutum volo, nolo polypoſum.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

CYNTHIA'S REVELS;

OR,

The Fountayne of Self-Love.

Acted, in the yeare 1600. By the
Children of Queene ELIZABETHS
CHAPPELL.

The Author B. I.

MARI.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBI.

M. DC. XXI.

TO THE SPECIALL FOVNTAINE OF MANNERS:

The Court.



Thou art a bountifull, and braue ſpring: and watereſt all the noble plants of thy Iland. *In thee, the whole Kingdome dreſſeth it ſelfe, and is ambitious to vſe thee as her glaſſe. Beware, then, thou render mens figures truly, and teach them no leſſe to hate their deformities, then to loue their formes: For, to grace, there ſhould come reuerence; and no man can call that louely, which is not alſo venerable. It is not pould'ring, perfuming, and euery day ſmelling of the taylor, that conuerteth to a beautiful obiect: but a mind, ſhining through any ſute, which needes no falſe light either of riches, or honors to helpe it. Such ſhalt thou find ſome here, euen in the raigne of* Cynthia (*a* Crites, *and an* Arete.) *Now, vnder thy* Phœbvs, *it will be thy prouince to make more: Except thou deſireſt to haue thy ſource mixe with the* Spring *of* ſelfe-Loue, *and ſo wilt draw vpon thee as welcome a diſcouery of thy dayes, as was then made of her nights.*

Thy ſeruant, but not ſlaue,

Ben. Ionson.

The

The Persons of the Play.

CYNTHIA.

MERCVRY.	CVPID.
HESPERVS.	ECHO.
CRITES.	ARETE.
AMORPHVS.	PHANTASTE.
ASOTVS.	ARGVRION.
HEDON.	PHILAVTIA.
ANAIDES.	MORIA.
MORPHIDES.	COS.
PROSAITES.	GELAIA.
MORVS.	

PHRONESIS. } Mutes.
THAVMA. }
TIME. }

THE SCENE.

GARGAPHIE.

CYNTHIAS REVELS.

After the second sounding.

INDVCTION.

By Three Of The Children.

PRay you away; why fellowes? Gods so? what doe you meane?

2. Mary that you shall not speake the *Prologue*, sir.

3. Why? doe you hope to speake it?

2. I, and I thinke I haue most right to it: I am sure I studied it first.

3. That's all one, if the Authour thinke I can speake it better.

1. I pleade possession of the cloake: Gentles, your suffrages I pray you. *Within.*

¶ Why *Children* are you not asham'd? come in there.

3. Slid, I'le play nothing i' the Play: vnlesse I speake it.

1. Why, will you stand to most voices of the gentlemen? let that decide it.

3. O no, sir gallant; you presume to haue the start of vs there, and that makes you offer so prodigally.

1. No, would I were whipt, if I had any such thought: trie it by lots either.

2. Faith, I dare tempt my fortune in a greater venter then this.

3. Well said, resolute *Iacke*, I am content too: so wee draw first. Make the cuts.

1. But will you not snatch my cloake, while I am stooping?

3. No, we scorne treacherie.

2. Which cut shall speake it?

3. The shortest.

1. Agreed. Draw. The shortest is come to the shortest. *Fortune*

tune was not altogether blind in this. Now, ſir, I hope I ſhall goe forward without your enuie.

2. A ſpite of all miſchieuous lucke! I was once plucking at the other.

3. Stay, *Iacke*: Slid, I'le doe ſomewhat now afore I goe in, though it be nothing but to reuenge my ſelfe on the Authour: ſince I ſpeake not his *Prologue*. Ile goe tell all the argument of his play aforehand, and ſo ſtale his inuention to the auditorie before it come forth.

At the breaches in this ſpeech following, the other two interrupt him, ſtill.

1. O, doe not ſo.

2. By no meanes.

3. Firſt, the title of his play is CYNTHIAS *Reuels*, as any man (that hath hope to bee ſaued by his booke) can witneſſe; the *Scene*, GARGAPHIE: which I doe vehemently ſuſpect for ſome fuſtian countrie, but let that vaniſh. Here, is the court of CYNTHIA, whither hee brings CVPID (trauailing on foot) reſolu'd to turne page. By the way, CVPID meetes with MERCVRIE, (as that's a thing to be noted, take anie of our play-bookes without a CVPID, or a MERCVRY in it, and burne it for an heretique in *Poetrie*)——— Pray thee let me alone. MERCVRY, he (in the nature of a conjurer) raiſes vp ECCHO, who weepes ouer her loue, or Daffodill, NARCISSVS, a little; ſings; curſes the ſpring wherein the prettie fooliſh gentleman melted himſelfe away: and ther's an end of her.———Now I am to informe you, that CVPID, and MERCVRY doe both become pages. CVPID attends on PHILAVTIA, or *ſelfe-Loue*, a court-ladie: MERCVRY followes HEDON, the *voluptuous*, and a courtier; one that rankes himſelfe euen with ANAIDES, or the *impudent*, a gallant, (and that's my part:) one that keepes *laughter*, GELAIA the daughter of *folly*, (a wench in boyes attire) to waite on him——— Theſe, in the court, meet with AMORPHVS, or the *deformed*; a trauailer that hath drunke of the fountaine, and there tels the wonders of the water. They preſently diſpatch away their pages with bottles to fetch of it, and themſelues goe to viſite the ladies. But I ſhould haue told you——— (Looke, theſe emets put me out here) that with this AMORPHVS, there comes along a citizens heire, ASOTVS, or the *prodigall*, who (in imitation of the traueller, who hath the *whetſtone* following him) entertaines the *begger*, to be his attendant.———Now, the *Nymphs* who are miſtreſſes to theſe gallants, are PHILAVTIA, *ſelfe-Loue*; PHANTASTE, *a light wittineſſe*; ARGVRION *monie*; and their *Guardian*, mother MORIA; or miſtreſſe *folly*.——

1. Pray thee no more.

3. There CVPID ſtrikes *monie* in loue with the *prodigall*, makes her dote vpon him, giue him iewels, bracelets, carkenets, &c. all which (hee moſt ingeniouſly departs withall) to be made knowne to the other ladies and gallants; and in the heat of this, increaſes his traine with the *fooles* to follow him, aſwell as the *begger*.——— By this time, your *begger* begins to waite cloſe, who is return'd with the reſt of his fellow bottlemen.——— There they all drinke, ſaue ARGVRION, who is falne into a ſodaine apoplexie.———

1. Stop his mouth.

3. And then, there's a retired ſcholler there, you would not wiſh a thing to be better contemn'd of a ſocietie of gallants, then it is: and hee applies his ſeruice (good gentleman) to the ladie ARETE, or *vertue*, a poore *Nymph* of CYNTHIAS traine, that's ſcarce able to buy her ſelfe a gowne, you ſhall ſee her play in a blacke robe anon: A creature, that (I aſſure you) is no leſſe ſcorn'd, then himſelfe. Where am I now? at a ſtand?

2. Come, leaue at laſt, yet.

3. O, the night is come, (t'was ſomewhat darke, mee thought) and CYNTHIA intends to come forth: (That helps it a little yet.) All the courtiers muſt prouide for *reuels*; they conclude vpon a *Maſque*, the deuice of which, is——— (what, will you rauiſh mee?) that each of theſe vices, being to appeare before CYNTHIA, would ſeeme other then indeed they are: and therefore aſſume the moſt neighbouring vertues as their masking habites.——— (I'lde crie, a rape, but that you are children.)

2. Come, wee'le haue no more of this anticipation: to giue them the inuentorie of their cates aforehand, were the diſcipline of a tauerne, and not fitting this preſence.

1. Tut, this was but to ſhew vs the happineſſe of his memorie. I thought at firſt, he would haue plaid the ignorant critique with euerie thing, along as he had gone, I expected ſome ſuch deuice.

3. O, you ſhall ſee me doe that, rarely, lend me thy cloake.

1. Soft, ſir, you'le ſpeake my *Prologue* in it.

3. No, would I might neuer ſtirre then.

2. Lend it him, lend it him.

1. Well, you haue ſworne.

3. I haue. Now, ſir, ſuppoſe I am one of your gentile auditors, that am come in (hauing paid my monie at the doore, with much adoe) and here I take my place, and ſit downe: I haue my three ſorts of tabacco in my pocket, my light by me, and thus I beginne. By this light, I wonder that any man is ſo mad, to come to ſee theſe raſcally *Tits* play here——— They doe act like ſo manie *wrens*, or *piſmires*———not the fift part of a good face amongſt them all———And then their *muſicke* is abominable———able to ſtretch a mans eares worſe then tenne———pillories, and their ditties———moſt lamentable things, like the pittifull fellowes that make them———Poets. By this vapour, and 'twere not for tabacco———I thinke———the verie ſtench of 'hem would poiſon mee, I ſhould not dare to come in at their gates———A man were better viſit fifteene jailes,———or a dozen or two of hoſpitals———then once aduenture to come neere them. How is't? Well?

At the breaches he takes his tobacco.

1. Excellent: giue mee my cloake.

3. Stay; you ſhall ſee me doe another now: but a more ſober, or better-gather'd gallant; that is (as it may bee thought) ſome friend, or welwiſher to the houſe: And here I enter.

1. What? vpon the ſtage, too?

2. Yes: and I ſtep forth like one of the children, and aske you, Would you haue a ſtoole, ſir?

3. A ſtoole, boy?

2. I, ſir, if youle giue me ſix pence, Ile fetch you one.

3. For what I pray thee? what ſhall I doe with it?

2. O lord, ſir! will you betraie your ignorance ſo much? why throne your ſelfe in ſtate on the ſtage, as other gentlemen vſe, ſir.

3. Away, wagge; what, would'ſt thou make an implement of me? Slid the boy takes me for a piece of *perſpectiue* (I hold my life) or ſome ſilke cortaine, come to hang the ſtage here! ſir cracke, I am none of your freſh pictures, that vſe to beautifie the decaied dead arras, in a publike theatre.

2. Tis a ſigne, ſir, you put not that confidence in your good clothes, and your better face, that a gentleman ſhould doe, ſir. But I pray you ſir, let mee bee a ſuter to you, that you will quit our ſtage then, and take a place, the play is inſtantly to beginne.

3 Moſt willingly, my good wag: but I would ſpeake with your Authour, where's he?

2. Not this way, I aſſure you, ſir: wee are not ſo officiouſly befriended by him, as to haue his preſence in the tiring-houſe, to prompt vs aloud, ſtampe at the booke-holder, ſweare for our properties, curſe the poore tire-man, raile the muſicke out of tune, and ſweat for euerie veniall treſpaſſe we commit, as ſome Authour would, if he had ſuch fine engles as we. Well, tis but our hard fortune.

3. Nay, cracke, be not diſ-heartned.

2. Not I, ſir; but if you pleaſe to conferre with our Author, by atturney, you may, ſir: our proper ſelfe here, ſtands for him.

3. Troth, I haue no ſuch ſerious affaire to negotiate with him, but what may verie ſafely bee turn'd vpon thy truſt. It is in the generall behalfe of this faire ſocietie here, that I am to ſpeake, at leaſt the more iudicious part of it, which ſeemes much diſtaſted with the immodeſt and obſcene writing of manie, in their playes. Beſides, they could wiſh, your *Poets* would leaue to bee promoters of other mens ieſts, and to way-lay all the ſtale *apothegmes*, or olde bookes, they can heare of (in print, or otherwiſe) to farce their *Scenes* withall. That they would not ſo penuriouſly gleane wit, from euerie laundreſſe, or hackney-man, or deriue their beſt grace (with ſeruile imitation) from common ſtages, or obſeruation of the companie they conuerſe with; as if their inuention liu'd wholy vpon another mans trencher. Againe, that feeding their friends with nothing of their owne, but what they haue twice or thrice cook'd, they ſhould not wantonly giue out, how ſoone they had dreſt it; nor how manie coaches came to carrie away the broken-meat, beſides hobbie-horſes, and foot-cloth nags.

2. So, ſir, this is all the reformation you ſeeke?

3. It

3. It is: doe not you thinke it neceſſarie to be practiz'd, my little wag?

2. Yes, where any ſuch ill-habited cuſtome is receiu'd.

3. O (I had almoſt forgot it too) they ſay, the *vmbræ*, or ghoſts of ſome three or foure playes, departed a dozen yeeres ſince, haue bin ſeene walking on your ſtage heere: take heed, boy, if your houſe bee haunted with ſuch *hob-goblins*, t'will fright away all your ſpectators quickly.

2. Good, ſir, but what will you ſay now, if a *Poet* (vntoucht with any breath of this diſeaſe) find the tokens vpon you, that are of the auditorie? As ſome one ciuet-wit among you, that knowes no other learning, then the price of ſatten and vellets; nor other perfection, then the wearing of a neat ſute; and yet will cenſure as deſperately as the moſt profeſs'd *critique* in the houſe: preſuming, his clothes ſhould beare him out in't. Another (whom it hath pleas'd nature to furniſh with more beard, then braine) prunes his muſtaccio, liſps, and (with ſome ſcore of affected othes) ſweares downe all that ſit about him; *That the old Hieronimo*, (as it was firſt acted) *was the onely beſt, and iudiciouſly pend play of Europe.* A third great-bellied juggler talkes of twentie yeeres ſince, and when MONSIEVR was heere, and would enforce all wits to bee of that faſhion, becauſe his doublet is ſtill ſo. A fourth miſcals all by the name of fuſtian, that his grounded capacitie cannot aſpire to. A fift, only ſhakes his bottle-head, and out of his corkie braine, ſqueezeth out a pittiful-learned face, and is ſilent.

3. By my faith, *Iacke*, you haue put mee downe: I would I knew how to get off with any indifferent grace. Heere, take your cloke, and promiſe ſome ſatisfaction in your *Prologue*, or (I'le be ſworne) wee haue marr'd all.

2. Tut, feare not, child, this wil neuer diſtaſte a true ſenſe: Be not out, and good enough. I would thou hadſt ſome ſugar-candied, to ſweeten thy mouth.

The third ſounding.

PROLOGVE.

IF gracious ſilence, ſweet attention,
Quicke ſight, and quicker apprehenſion,
(The lights of iudgements throne) ſhine any where;
Our doubtfull authour hopes this is their ſphere.
And therefore opens he himſelfe to thoſe;
To other weaker beames, his labours cloſe:
As loth to proſtitute their virgin ſtraine,
To eu'rie vulgar, and adult'rate braine.
In this alone, his MVSE her ſweetneſſe hath,
Shee ſhunnes the print of any beaten path;
And proues new wayes to come to learned eares:
Pied ignorance ſhe neither loues, nor feares.

Nor hunts ſhe after popular applauſe,
Or fomie praiſe, that drops from common iawes:
The garland that ſhe weares, their hands muſt twine,
Who can both cenſure, vnderſtand, define
What merit is: Then caſt thoſe piercing raies,
Round as a crowne, in ſtead of honour'd bayes,
About his *poeſie*; which (he knowes) affoords
Words, aboue action: matter, aboue words.

Act 1. *Scene* 1.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

WHo goes there?

MER. Tis I, blind archer.

CVP. Who? MERCVRIE?

MER. I.

CVP. Farewell.

MER. Stay, CVPID.

CVP. Not in your companie, HERMES, except your hands were riuetted at your backe.

MER. Why ſo, my little rouer?

CVP. Becauſe I know, you ha' not a finger, but is as long as my quiuer (couſin MERCVRIE) when you pleaſe to extend it.

MER. Whence deriue you this ſpeech, boy?

CVP. O! tis your beſt politie to be ignorant. You did neuer ſteale MARS his ſword out of the ſheath, you? nor NEPTVNES trident? nor APOLLOES bow? no, not you? Alas, your palmes (IVPITER knowes) they are as tender as the foot of a foundred nagge, or a ladies face new *mercuried*, the'ile touch nothing.

MER. Goe too (infant) you'le be daring ſtill.

CVP. Daring? O IANVS! what a word is there? why, my light feather-heel'd couſs', what are you? any more then my vncle IOVES pandar, a lacquey, that runnes on errands for him, and can whiſper a light meſſage to a looſe wench with ſome round volubilitie, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, and warble vpon a crowde a little, fill out *nectar*, when *Ganimed's* away, one that ſweeps the *Gods* drinking roome euery morning, and ſets the cuſhions in order againe, which they threw one at anothers head ouer-night, can bruſh the carpets, call the ſtooles againe to their places, play the cryer of the court with an audible voice, and take ſtate of a *Preſident* vpon you at wreſtlings, pleadings, negotiations, &c. Here's the catalogue o' your imploiments now. O no, I erre, you haue the marſhalling of all the ghoſts too, that paſſe the *ſtygian* ferrie, and I ſuſpect you for a ſhare with the old ſculler there, if the truth were known;

but

but let that ſcape. One other peculiar vertue you poſſeſſe, in lifting, or *leger-du-maine*, (which few of the houſe of heau'n haue elſe beſides) I muſt confeſſe. But (mee thinkes) that ſhould not make you put that extreme diſtance twixt your ſelfe and others, that we ſhould be ſaid to ouerdare in ſpeaking to your nimble *deitie*? So HERCVLES might challenge prioritie of vs both, becauſe he can throw the barre farther, or lift more ioyn'd ſtooles at the armes end, then we. If this might carry it, then wee who haue made the whole bodie of diuinitie tremble at the twang of our bow, and enforc'd SATVRNIVS himſelfe to lay by his curl'd front, thunder, and three-fork'd fires, and put on a masking ſute, too light for a reueller of eighteene, to be ſeene in———

MER. How now! my dancing braggart in *decimo-ſexto*! charme your skipping tongue, or I'le———

CVP. What? vſe the vertue of your ſnakie tip-ſtaffe there vpon vs?

MER. No, boy, but the ſmart vigor of my palme about your eares. You haue forgot ſince I tooke your heeles vp into aire (on the very houre I was borne) in ſight of all the bench of *deities*, when the ſiluer roofe of the *Olympian* palace rung againe with applauſe of the fact.

CVP. O no, I remember it freſhly, and by a particular inſtance; for my mother VENVS (at the ſame time) but ſtoopt to imbrace you, and (to ſpeake by *metaphore*) you borrowed a girdle of hers, as you did IOVES ſcepter (while hee was laughing) and would haue done his thunder too, but that 'twas too hot for your itching fingers.

MER. Tis well, ſir.

CVP. I heard, you but look't in at VVLCANS forge the other day, and intreated a paire of his new tongs along with you, for companie: Tis ioy on you (yfaith) that you will keepe your hook'd tallons in practice with any thing. S'light, now you are on earth, wee ſhall haue you filch ſpoones and candle-ſticks, rather then faile: pray IOVE the perfum'd courtiers keepe their caſting-bottles, pick-toothes, and ſhittle-cocks from you; or our more ordinarie gallants their tabacco-boxes, for I am ſtrangely iealous of your nailes.

MER. Ne're truſt me, CVPID, but you are turn'd a moſt acute gallant of late, the edge of my wit is cleere taken off with the fine and ſubtile ſtroke of your thin-ground tongue, you fight with too poinant a phraſe, for me to deale with.

CVP. O HERMES, your craft cannot make me confident. I know my owne ſteele to bee almoſt ſpent, and therefore intreate my peace with you, in time: you are too cunning for mee to incounter at length, and I thinke it my ſafeſt ward to cloſe.

MER. Well, for once, I'le ſuffer you to winne vpon mee, wagge, but vſe not theſe ſtraines too often, they'le ſtretch my patience. Whither might you march, now?

CVP. Faith (to recouer thy good thoughts) I'le diſcouer my whole proiect. The Huntreſſe, and Queene of theſe groues, DIANA (in regard

of

of ſome black and enuious ſlanders hourely breath'd againſt her, for her diuine inſtice on ACTEON, as ſhee pretends) hath here in the vale of *Gargaphy*, proclaim'd a ſolemne reuells, which (her god-head put off) ſhee will deſcend to grace, with the full and royall expence of one of her cleereſt moones: In which time, it ſhall bee lawfull for all ſorts of ingenuous perſons, to viſit her palace, to court her NYMPHES, to exerciſe all varietie of generous and noble paſtimes, as well to intimate how farre ſhee treads ſuch malicious imputations beneath her, as alſo to ſhew how cleere her beauties are from the leaſt wrinckle of auſterity, they may be charg'd with.

MER. But, what is all this to CVPID?

CVP. Here doe I meane to put off the title of a god, and take the habite of a page, in which diſguiſe (during the *interim* of theſe reuells) I will get to follow ſome one of DIANAES maides, where (if my bow hold, and my ſhafts die but with halfe the willingneſſe, and aime they are directed) I doubt not, but I ſhall really redeeme the minutes I haue loſt, by their ſo long and ouer-nice proſcription of my *deitie*, from their court.

MER. Purſue it (diuine CVPID) it will be rare.

CVP. But will HERMES ſecond me?

MER. I am now to put in act, an eſpeciall deſignement from my father IOVE, but that perform'd, I am for any freſh action that offers it ſelfe.

CVP. Well, then we part.

MER. Farewell, good wag.

Now, to my charge, ECCHO, faire ECCHO, ſpeake,
Tis MERCVRIE, that calls thee, ſorrowfull *Nymph*,
Salute me with thy repercuſſiue voice,
That I may know what cauerne of the earth
Containes thy ayrie ſpirit, how, or where
I may direct my ſpeech, that thou maiſt heare.

Act I. *Scene* II.

ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

HEre.

MER. So nigh?

ECC. I.

MER. Know (gentle ſoule) then, I am ſent from IOVE,
Who (pittying the ſad burthen of thy woes,
Still growing on thee, in thy want of wordes,
To vent thy paſſion for NARCISSVS death)
Commands, that now (after three thouſand yeeres,
Which haue beene exercis'd in IVNOES ſpight)
Thou take a corporall figure, and aſcend,
Enricht with vocall, and articulate power.
Make haſte, ſad *Nymph*, thrice ſhall my winged rod
Strike th'obſequious earth, to giue thee way.

Ariſe,

Ariſe, and ſpeake thy ſorrowes, Eccho, riſe,
Here, by this fountayne, where thy loue did pine,
Whoſe memorie liues freſh to vulgar fame,
Shrin'd in this yellow flowre, that beares his name.
Ecc. His name reuiues, and lifts me vp from earth.
O, which way ſhall I firſt conuert my ſelfe?
Or in what moode ſhall I aſſay to ſpeake,
That (in a moment) I may be deliuered
Of the prodigious griefe I goe withall?
See, ſee, the mourning fount, whoſe ſprings weepe yet,
Th'vntimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophæe of ſelfe-loue, and ſpoile of nature,
Who (now transform'd into this drouping flowre)
Hangs the repentant head, back from the ſtreame,
As if it wiſh'd, would I had neuer look'd
In ſuch a flattering mirrour. O Narcissvs,
Thou that waſt once (and yet art) my Narcissvs;
Had Eccho but beene priuate with thy thoughts,
Shee would haue dropt away her ſelfe in teares,
Till ſhee had all turn'd water, that in her,
(As in a truer glaſſe) thou mightſt haue gaz'd,
And ſeene thy beauties by more kind reflection:
But ſelfe-loue neuer yet could looke on truth,
But with bleard beames; ſlieke flatterie and ſhee
Are twin-borne ſiſters, and ſo mixe their eyes,
As if you ſeuer one, the other dies.
Why did the gods giue thee a heau'nly forme,
And earthy thoughts, to make thee proud of it?
Why, doe I aske? Tis now the knowne diſeaſe
That beautie hath, to beare too deepe a ſenſe
Of her owne ſelfe-conceiued excellence.
O, hadſt thou knowne the worth of heau'ns rich gift,
Thou wouldſt haue turn'd it to a truer vſe,
And not (with ſtaru'd, and couetous ignorance)
Pin'd in continuall eying that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had beene more,
Then to thy famiſht mind the wide worlds ſtore:
" So wretched is it to be meerely rich.
Witneſſe thy youths deare ſweets, here ſpent vntaſted,
Like a faire taper, with his owne flame waſted.
Mer. Eccho, be briefe, Saturnia is abroad,
And if ſhee heare, ſheele ſtorme at Ioves high will.
Ecc. I will (kind Mercvrie) be briefe as time.
Vouchſafe me, I may doe him theſe laſt rites,
But kiſſe his flowre, and ſing ſome mourning ſtraine

Ouer his watrie hearſe. MER. Thou doſt obtaine.
I were no ſonne to IOVE, ſhould I denie thee.
Begin, and (more to grace thy cunning voice)
The humorous aire ſhall mixe her ſolemne tunes,
With thy ſad words: ſtrike muſicque from the ſpheares,
And with your golden raptures ſwell our eares.

SONG.

SLow, ſlow, freſh fount, keepe time with my ſalt teares;
Yet ſlower, yet, ô faintly gentle ſprings:
Liſt to the heauy part the muſique beares,
" Woe weepes out her diuiſion, when ſhee ſings.
Droupe hearbs, and flowres;
Fall griefe in ſhowres;
" Our beauties are not ours:
O, I could ſtill
(Like melting ſnow vpon ſome craggie hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since natures pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

MER. Now, ha' you done?
ECC. Done preſently (good HERMES) bide a little,
Suffer my thirſtie eye to gaze a while,
But e'ene to taſte the place, and I am vaniſht.
MER. Forgoe thy vſe, and libertie of tongue,
And thou maiſt dwell on earth, and ſport thee there.
ECC. Here yong ACTEON fell, purſu'de, and torne
By CYNTHIA's wrath (more eager, then his hounds)
And here, (ay me, the place is fatall) ſee
The weeping NIOBE, tranſlated hither
From *Phrygian* mountaines: and by PHŒBE rear'd
As the proud trophæe of her ſharpe reuenge.
MER. Nay, but heare.
ECC. But here, O here, the *Fountayne* of *ſelfe-Loue*,
In which LATONA, and her careleſſe *Nymphs*,
(Regardles of my ſorrowes) bathe themſelues
In hourely pleaſures. MER. Stint thy babling tongue;
Fond ECCHO, thou prophan'ſt the grace is done thee:
So idle worldlings (meerely made of voice)
Cenſure the powers aboue them. Come, away,
IOVE calls thee hence, and his will brookes no ſtay.
ECC. O, ſtay: I haue but one poore thought to clothe
In ayrie garments, and then (faith) I goe.
Henceforth, thou trecherous, and murthering ſpring,
Be euer call'd the *Fountayne* of *ſelfe-Loue*:
And with thy water let this curſe remaine,

(As

(As an inſeparate plague) that who but taſtes
A drop thereof, may, with the inſtant touch,
Grow dotingly enamor'd on themſelues.
Now, HERMES, I haue finiſht. MER. Then thy ſpeech,
Muſt here forſake thee, ECCHO, and thy voice
(As it was wont) rebound but the laſt wordes.
Farewell. ECC. Well.
MER. Now, CVPID, I am for you, and your mirth,
To make me light before I leaue the earth.

Act I. *Scene* III.

AMORPHVS, ECCHO, MERCVRIE.

DEare ſparke of beautie, make not ſo faſt away.
ECC. Away.
MER. Stay, let me obſerue this portent yet.
AMO. I am neither your *Minotaure*, nor your *Centaure*, nor your *Satyre*, nor your *Hyæna*, nor your *Babion*, but your mere trauailer, beleeue me.
ECC. Leaue me.
MER. I gueſs'd it ſhould bee ſome trauailing motion purſude ECCHO ſo.
AMO. Know you from whom you flie? or whence?
ECC. Hence.
AMO. This is ſomewhat aboue ſtrange! a *Nymph* of her feature, and lineament, to be ſo prepoſterouſly rude! well, I will but coole my ſelfe at yon' ſpring, and follow her.
MER. Nay, then I am familiar with the iſſue: I'le leaue you too.
AMO. I am a *Rhinoceros*, if I had thought a creature of her *ſymmetry*, could haue dar'd ſo improportionable, and abrupt a digreſſion. Liberall, and diuine fount, ſuffer my prophane hand to take of thy bounties. By the puritie of my taſte, here is moſt *ambroſiacke* water; I will ſup of it againe. By thy fauour, ſweet fount. See, the water (a more running, ſubtile, and humorous *Nymph* then ſhee) permits me to touch, and handle her. What ſhould I inferre? If my behauiours had beene of a cheape or cuſtomarie garbe; my accent, or phraſe vulgar; my garments trite; my countenance illiterate; or vnpractiz'd in the encounter of a beautifull and braue-attir'd peece; then I might (with ſome change of colour) haue ſuſpected my faculties: but (knowing my ſelfe an eſſence ſo ſublimated, and refin'd by trauell; of ſo ſtudied, and well exercis'd a geſture; ſo alone in faſhion; able to tender the face of any ſtateſ-man liuing; and to ſpeake the mere extraction of language; one that hath now made the ſixth returne vpon venter; and was your firſt that euer enricht his countrey with the true lawes of the *duello*; whoſe *optiques* haue drunke the ſpirit of beautie, in ſome eight ſcore and eighteen Princes courts, where I haue reſided,

and

and beene there fortunate in the *amours* of three hundred fortie and fiue ladies (all nobly, if not princely descended) whose names I haue in catalogue; to conclude, in all so happy, as euen admiration her selfe doth seeme to fasten her kisses vpon me: Certes, I doe neither see, nor feele, nor taste, nor sauour the least steame, or fume of a reason, that should inuite this fooliſh fastidious *Nymph*, so peeuishly to abandon me. Well, let the memorie of her fleet into aire; my thoughts and I am for this other element, water.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

CRITES, ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

WHat! the wel-dieted AMORPHVS become a water-drinker? I see he meanes not to write verses then.

ASO. No, CRITES? why?

CRI. Because—— *Nec placere diu, nec viuere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*

AMO. What say you to your HELICON?

CRI. O, the MVSES well! that's euer excepted.

AMO. Sir, your MVSES haue no such water, I assure you; your *nectar*, or the iuyce of your *nepenthe* is nothing to it; tis aboue your *metheglin*, beleeue it.

ASO. *Metheglin!* what's that, sir? may I be so audacious to demand?

AMO. A kind of *greeke* wine I haue met with, sir, in my trauailes: it is the same that DEMOSTHENES vsually drunke, in the composure of all his exquisite, and mellifluous orations.

CRI. That's to be argued (AMORPHVS) if we may credit LVCIAN, who in his *Encomio Demosthenis* affirmes, hee neuer drunke but water in any of his compositions.

AMO. LVCIAN is absurd, hee knew nothing: I will beleeue mine owne trauailes, before all the LVCIANS of *Europe*. He doth feed you with fittons, figments, and leasings.

CRI. Indeed (I thinke) next a trauailer, he do's prettily well.

AMO. I assure you it was wine, I haue tasted it, and from the hand of an *Italian Antiquarie*, who deriues it authentically from the Duke of *Ferrara's* bottles. How name you the gentleman you are in ranke with there, sir?

CRI. Tis ASOTVS, sonne to the late deceas'd PHILARGYRVS the citizen.

AMO. Was his father of any eminent place, or meanes?

CRI. He was to haue beene *Prætor* next yeere.

AMO. Ha! A prettie formall yong gallant, in good sooth: pitty, he is not more gentilely propagated. Harke you, CRITES, you may say to him, what I am, if you please: though I affect not popularitie, yet I would be loth to stand out to any, whom you shall vouchsafe to call friend.

CRI.

Cri. Sir, I feare I may doe wrong to your ſufficiencies in the reporting them, by forgetting or miſplacing ſome one; your ſelfe can beſt enforme him of your ſelfe, ſir: except you had ſome catalogue, or liſt of your faculties readie drawne, which you would requeſt mee to ſhew him, for you, and him to take notice of.

Amo. This Crites is ſowre: I will thinke, ſir.

Cri. Doe ſo, ſir. O heauen! that any thing (in the likeneſſe of man) ſhould ſuffer theſe rackt extremities, for the vttering of his ſophiſticate good parts.

Aso. Crites, I haue a ſute to you; but you muſt not denie mee: pray you make this gentleman and I friends.

Cri. Friends! Why? is there any difference betweene you?

Aso. No, I meane acquaintance, to know one another.

Cri. O, now I apprehend you; your phraſe was without me, before.

Aso. In good faith, hee's a moſt excellent rare man, I warrant him!

Cri. S'light, they are mutually inamor'd by this time!

Aso. Will you, ſweet Crites?

Cri. Yes, yes.

Aso. Nay, but when? you'le defer it now, and forget it.

Cri. Why, is't a thing of ſuch preſent neceſſitie, that it requires ſo violent a diſpatch?

Aso. No, but (would I might neuer ſtirre) hee's a moſt rauiſhing man! good Crites, you ſhall endeare me to you, in good faith-law.

Cri. Well, your longing ſhall be ſatisfied, ſir.

Aso. And withall, you may tell him what my father was, and how well he left me, and that I am his heire.

Cri. Leaue it to mee, I'le forget none of your deare graces, I warrant you.

Aso. Nay, I know you can better marſhall theſe affaires then I can—O gods! I'degiue all the world (if I had it) for abundance of ſuch acquaintance.

Cri. What ridiculous circumſtance might I deuiſe now, to beſtow this reciprocall brace of butter-flies one vpon another?

Amo. Since I trode on this ſide the *Alpes*, I was not ſo frozen in my inuention. Let mee ſee: to accoſt him with ſome choice remnant of *Spaniſh*, or *italian*? that would indifferently expreſſe my languages now: mary then, if he ſhould fall out to be ignorant, it were both hard, and harſh. How elſe? ſtep into ſome *ragioni del ſtato*, and ſo make my induction? that were aboue him too; and out of his element, I feare. Faine to haue ſeene him in *Venice*, or *Padua*? or ſome face neere his in ſimilitude? t'is too pointed, and open. No, it muſt be a more queint, and collaterall deuice. As—ſtay: to frame ſome *encomiaſtick* ſpeech vpon this our *Metropolis*, or the wiſe magiſtrates thereof, in which politique number, 'tis ods, but his father fill'd vp a roome? deſcend into a particular admiration of their iuſtice; for the due meaſuring of coales, burning of cannes, and ſuch like?

As alſo their religion, in pulling downe a ſuperſtitious croſſe, and aduancing a VENVS, or PRIAPVS, in place of it? ha? 'twill doe well. Or to talke of ſome hoſpitall, whoſe walls record his father a *Benefactor?* or of ſo many buckets beſtow'd on his pariſh church, in his life time, with his name at length (for want of armes) trickt vpon them? Any of theſe? Or to praiſe the cleanneſſe of the ſtreet, wherein hee dwelt? or the prouident painting of his poſts againſt hee ſhould haue beene *Praetor?* or (leauing his parent) come to ſome ſpeciall ornament about himſelfe, as his rapier, or ſome other of his accoutrements? I haue it: Thanks, gracious MINERVA.

ASO. Would I had but once ſpoke to him, and then——— Hee comes to me.

AMO. 'Tis a moſt curious, and neatly-wrought band, this ſame, as I haue ſeene, ſir.

ASO. O god, ſir.

AMO. You forgiue the humour of mine eye, in obſeruing it.

CRI. His eye waters after it, it ſeemes.

ASO. O lord, ſir, there needes no ſuch apologie, I aſſure you.

CRI. I am anticipated: they'll make a ſolemne deed of gift of themſelues, you ſhall ſee.

AMO. Your ribband too do's moſt gracefully, in troth.

ASO. Tis the moſt gentile, and receiu'd weare now, ſir.

AMO. Beleeue mee, ſir (I ſpeake it not to humour you) I haue not ſeene a young gentleman (generally) put on his clothes, with more iudgement.

ASO. O, tis your pleaſure to ſay ſo, ſir.

AMO. No, as I am vertuous (being altogether vn-trauel'd) it ſtrikes me into wonder.

ASO. I doe purpoſe to trauaile, ſir, at ſpring.

AMO. I thinke I ſhall affect you, ſir. This laſt ſpeech of yours hath begun to make you deare to me.

ASO. O god, ſir. I would there were any thing in mee, ſir, that might appeare worthy the leaſt worthineſſe of your worth, ſir. I proteſt, ſir, I ſhould endeuour to ſhew it, ſir, with more then common regard, ſir.

CRI. O, here's rare motley, ſir.

AMO. Both your deſert, and your endeuours are plentifull, ſuſpect them not: but your ſweet diſpoſition to trauaile (I aſſure you) hath made you another *my-ſelfe* in mine eye, and ſtrooke mee inamor'd on your beauties.

ASO. I would I were the faireſt lady of *France* for your ſake, ſir, and yet I would trauaile too.

AMO. O, you ſhould digreſſe from your ſelfe elſe: for (beleeue it) your trauaile is your only thing that rectifies, or (as the *Italian* ſaies) *vi rendi pronto all' attioni, makes you fit for action.*

ASO. I thinke it be great charge though, ſir.

AMO.

AMOR. Charge? why tis nothing for a gentleman that goes priuate, as your ſelfe, or ſo; my intelligence ſhall quit my charge at all times. Good faith, this hat hath poſſeſt mine eye exceedingly; tis ſo prettie, and fantaſtike: what? iſt a beauer?

ASOT. I, ſir, Ile aſſure you tis a beauer, it coſt mee eight crownes but this morning.

AMOR. After your *French* account?

ASOT. Yes, ſir.

CRIT. And ſo neere his head? beſhrow me, dangerous.

AMOR. A verie prettie faſhion (beleeue me) and a moſt nouel kind of trimme: your band is conceited too!

ASOT. Sir, it is all at your ſeruice.

AMOR. O, pardon me.

ASOT. I beſeech you, ſir, if you pleaſe to weare it, you ſhall doe mee a moſt infinite grace.

CRIT. S'light, will he be praiſde out of his clothes?

ASOT. By heauen, ſir, I doe not offer it you after the *Italian* manner; I would you ſhould conceiue ſo of me.

AMOR. Sir, I ſhall feare to appeare rude in denying your courteſies, eſpecially, being inuited by ſo proper a diſtinction: may I pray your name, ſir?

ASOT. My name is ASOTVS, ſir.

AMOR. I take your loue (gentle ASOTVS) but let me winne you to receiue this, in exchange———

CRIT. 'Hart, they'll change doublets anon.

AMOR. And (from this time) eſteeme your ſelfe, in the firſt ranke, of thoſe few, whom I profeſſe to loue. What make you in companie of this ſcholler, here? I will bring you knowne to gallants, as ANAIDES of the ordinarie, HEDON the courtier, and others, whoſe ſocietie ſhall render you grac'd, and reſpected: this is a triuiall fellow, too meane, too cheape, too courſe for you to conuerſe with.

ASOT. Slid, this is not worth a crowne, and mine coſt mee eight but this morning.

CRIT. I lookt when he would repent him, he ha's begunne to bee ſad a good while.

AMOR. Sir, ſhall I ſay to you for that hat? be not ſo ſad, be not ſo ſad: it is a relique I could not ſo eaſily haue departed with, but as the *hieroglyphicke* of my affection; you ſhall alter it to what forme you pleaſe, it will take any blocke; I haue receiu'd it varied (on record) to the three-thouſandth time, and not ſo few: It hath theſe vertues beſide; your head ſhall not ake vnder it; nor your braine leaue you, without licence; It will preſerue your complexion to eternitie; for no beame of the ſunne (ſhould you weare it vnder *Zona torrida*) hath power to approch it by two ells. It is proofe againſt thunder, and inchantment: and was giuen mee by a great man (in *Ruſsia*) as an eſpeciall-priz'd preſent; and conſtantly affirm'd

to bee the hat, that accompanied the politike VLYSSES, in his tedious, and ten yeeres trauels.

ASOT. By IOVE, I will not depart withall, whosoeuer would giue me a million.

Act I. Scene V.

COS, CRITICVS, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, PROSAITES.

SAue you, sweet blouds: do's any of you want a creature, or a dependant?

CRIT. Beshrow me, a fine blunt slaue!

AMOR. A page of good timber! it will now bee my grace to entertaine him first, though I casheere him againe in priuate: how art thou cal'd?

COS. Cos, sir, Cos.

CRIT. Cos? How happily hath fortune furnisht him with a *whetstone*?

AMOR. I doe entertaine you, Cos, conceale your qualitie till wee be priuate; if your parts be worthie of me, I will countenance you; if not, catechize you: gentles, shall we goe?

ASOT. Stay, sir; Ile but entertaine this other fellow, and then——I haue a great humour to taste of this water too, but Ile come againe alone for that——marke the place. What's your name, youth?

PROS. PROSAITES, sir.

ASOT. PROSAITES? A verie fine name, CRITES? ist not?

CRIT. Yes, and a verie ancient, sir, the *begger*.

ASOT. Follow me, good PROSAITES: Let's talke.

CRIT. He will ranke euen with you (er't be long)
If you hold on your course. O vanitie,
How are thy painted beauties doted on,
By light, and emptie ideots! how pursu'de
With open and extended appetite!
How they doe sweate, and run themselues from breath,
Rais'd on their toes, to catch thy ayrie formes,
Still turning giddie, till they reele like drunkards,
That buy the merrie madnesse of one houre,
With the long irkesomenesse of following time!
O how despisde and base a thing is a man,
If he not striue t'erect his groueling thoughts
Aboue the straine of flesh! But how more cheape
When, euen his best and vnderstanding part,
(The crowne, and strength of all his faculties)
Floates like a dead drown'd bodie, on the streame

Of vulgar humour, mixt with commonſt dregs?
I ſuffer for their guilt now, and my ſoule
(Like one that lookes on il-affected eyes)
Is hurt with meere intention on their follies:
Why will I view them then? my ſenſe might aske me:
Or iſt a raritie, or ſome new obiect,
That ſtraines my ſtrict obſeruance to this point?
O would it were, therein I could affoord
My ſpirit ſhould draw a little neere to theirs,
To gaze on nouelties: ſo vice were one.
Tut, ſhe is ſtale, ranke, foule, and were it not
That thoſe (that woo her) greet her with lockt eyes,
(In ſpight of all the impoſtures, paintings, drugs,
Which her bawd cuſtome dawbes her cheekes withall)
Shee would betray her loth'd and leprous face,
And fright th'enamor'd dotards from themſelues:
But ſuch is the peruerſeneſſe of our nature,
That if we once but fancie leuitie,
(How antike and ridiculous ſo ere
It ſute with vs) yet will our muffled thought
Chooſe rather not to ſee it, then auoide it:
And if we can but baniſh our owne ſenſe,
We act our mimicke trickes with that free licence,
That luſt, that pleaſure, that ſecuritie,
As if we practiz'd in a paſte-boord caſe,
And no one ſaw the motion, but the motion.
Well, checke thy paſſion, leſt it grow too lowd:
"While fooles are pittied, they waxe fat, and proud.

Act II. Scene I.

Cvpid, Mercvry.

WHy, this was moſt vnexpectedly followed (by diuine delicate Mercvry) by the beard of Iove, thou art a precious *deitie.*

Mer. Nay, Cvpid, leaue to ſpeake improperly, ſince wee are turn'd cracks, let's ſtudie to be like cracks; practiſe their language, and behauiours, and not with a dead imitation: act freely, careleſſely, and capriciouſly, as if our veines ranne with quick-ſiluer, and not vtter a phraſe, but what ſhall come forth ſteept in the verie brine of conceipt, and ſparkle like ſalt in fire.

Cvp. That's not euerie ones happineſſe (Hermes) though you can preſume vpon the eaſineſſe and dexteritie of your wit, you ſhall giue me leaue to be a little jealous of mine; and not deſperately to hazard it after your capring humour.

MER. Nay, then, CVPID, I thinke wee muſt haue you hood-winkt againe, for you are growne too prouident, ſince your eyes were at libertie.

CVP. Not ſo (MERCVRY) I am ſtill blind CVPID to thee.

MER. And what to the ladie *Nymph* you ſerue?

CVP. Troth, page, boy, and ſirha: theſe are all my titles.

MER. Then thou haſt not altered thy name, with thy diſguiſe?

CVP. O, no, that had beene ſupererogation, you ſhall neuer heare your courtier call but by one of theſe three.

MER. Faith, then both our fortunes are the ſame.

CVP. Why? what parcell of man haſt thou lighted on for a maſter?

MER. Such a one (as before I begin to decipher him) I dare not affirme to be any thing leſſe then a courtier. So much hee is, during this open time of reuels, and would be longer, but that his meanes are to leaue him ſhortly after. His name is HEDON, a gallant wholy conſecrated to his pleaſures.——

CVP. HEDON? he vſes much to my ladies chamber, I thinke.

MER. How is ſhe cal'd, and then I can ſhew thee?

CVP. Madame PHILAVTIA.

MER. O I, he affects her verie particularly indeed. Theſe are his graces. Hee doth (beſides me) keepe a barber, and a monkie: Hee has a rich wrought waſt-coat to entertaine his viſitants in, with a cap almoſt ſutable. His curtaines, and bedding are thought to bee his owne: his bathing-tub is not ſuſpected. Hee loues to haue a fencer, a pedant, and a muſician ſeene in his lodging a mornings.

CVP. And not a poet?

MER. Fye no: himſelfe is a rimer, and that's a thought better then a poet. He is not lightly within to his mercer, no, though he come when he takes phyſicke, which is commonly after his play. He beates a tailour very well, but a ſtocking-ſeller admirably: and ſo conſequently any one hee owes monie too, that dares not reſiſt him. Hee neuer makes generall inuitement, but againſt the publiſhing of a new ſute, marie then, you ſhall haue more drawne to his lodging, then come to the lanching of ſome three ſhips; eſpecially if he be furniſh'd with ſupplies for the retyring of his old ward-robe from pawne: if not, he do's hire a ſtocke of apparell, and ſome fortie, or fiftie pound in gold, for that fore-noone to ſhew. He's thought a verie neceſſarie perfume for the preſence, and for that onely cauſe welcome thither: ſixe millaners ſhops affoord you not the like ſent. He courts ladies with how many great horſe he hath rid that morning, or how oft he hath done the whole, or the halfe *pommado* in a ſeuen-night before: and ſometime venters ſo farre vpon the vertue of his pomander, that he dares tell 'hem, how many ſhirts he has ſweat at *tennis* that weeke, but wiſely conceales ſo many dozen of bals hee is on the ſcore. Here hee comes, that is all this.

Act II. Scene II.

HEDON, MERCVRY, ANAIDES, GELAIA, CVPID.

BOy.

MER. Sir.

HED. Are any of the ladies in the presence?

MER. None yet, sir.

HED. Giue me some gold, more.

ANA. Is that thy boy, HEDON?

HED. I, what think'st thou of him?

ANA. S'hart, Il'd geld him; I warrant he has the philosophers stone.

HED. Well said, my good melancholy deuill: Sirrah, I haue deuisde one or two of the prettiest othes (this morning in my bed) as euer thou heard'st, to protest withall in the presence.

ANA. Pray thee, let's heare 'hem.

HED. Soft, thou'lt vse 'hem afore me.

ANA. No (dam' me then) I haue more othes then I know how to vtter, by this ayre.

HED. Faith, one is, *by the tip of your eare, sweet ladie.* Is't not prettie, and gentile?

ANA. Yes, for the person 'tis applyed to, a ladie. It should bee light, and———

HED. Nay, the other is better, exceeds it much: the inuention is farder fet too. *By the white valley that lies betweene the* Alpine *hils of your bosome, I protest———&c.*

ANA. Well, you trauel'd for that, HEDON.

MER. I, in a map, where his eyes were but blinde guides to his vnderstanding, it seemes.

HED. And then I haue a salutation will nicke all, by this caper: hay!

ANA. How is that?

HED. You know I call madame PHILAVTIA, my *Honour*; and shee cals me her *Ambition*. Now, (when I meet her in the presence anon) I will come to her, and say, *sweet Honour, I haue hitherto contented my sense with the lillies of your hand, but now I will taste the roses of your lip*; and (withall) kisse her: to which she cannot but blushingly answere, *nay, now you are too ambitious.* And then doe I reply; *I cannot bee too ambitious of honour, sweet ladie.* Wil't not be good? ha? ha?

ANA. O, assure your soule.

HED. By heauen, I thinke 'twill bee excellent, and a verie politike atchiuement of a kisse.

ANA. I haue thought vpon one for MORIA, of a sodaine too, if it take.

HED. What is't, my deare inuention?

ANA. Mary, I will come to her, (and shee alwayes weares a muffe, if you

you bee remembred) and I will tell her, *Madame, your whole ſelfe cannot but be perfectly wiſe: for your hands haue wit enough to keepe themſelues warme.*

HED. Now, (before IOVE) admirable! looke, thy page takes it too, by *Phœbus*, my ſweet facetious raſcall, I could eate water-gruell with thee a moneth, for this ieſt, my deare rogue.

ANA. O, (by HERCVLES) 'tis your onely diſh, aboue all your pota-to's, or oyſter-pyes in the world.

HED. I haue ruminated vpon a moſt rare wiſh too, and the prophecie to it, but Ile haue ſome friend to be the prophet; as thus: *I doe wiſh my ſelfe one of my miſtreſſe* Cioppini. Another demands, *Why would he be one of his Miſtreſſe* Cioppini? A third anſweres, *Becauſe he would make her higher.* A fourth ſhall ſay, *That will make her proud.* And a fifth ſhall conclude: *Then doe I prophecie, pride will haue a fall, and he ſhall giue it her.*

ANA. Ile be your prophet. By gods ſo, it will be moſt exquiſite, thou art a fine inuentious Rogue, ſirrah.

HED. Nay, and I haue *poeſies* for rings too, and *riddles* that they dreame not of.

ANA. Tut, they'll doe that, when they come to ſleep on them time e-nough; but were thy deuices neuer in the preſence yet, HEDON?

HED. O, no, I diſdaine that.

ANA. Twere good we went afore then, and brought them acquainted with the roome where they ſhall act, leſt the ſtratagems of it put them out of countenance, when they ſhould come forth.

CVP. Is that a courtier too?

MER. Troth no; he has two eſſentiall parts of the courtier, pride, and ignorance; mary, the reſt come ſomewhat after the *ordinarie* gallant. Tis *impudence* it ſelfe, ANAIDES; one, that ſpeakes all that comes in his cheekes, and will bluſh no more then a ſackbut. Hee lightly occupies the ieſters roome at the table, and keepes *laughter* GELAIA (a wench in pages attire) following him in place of a ſquire, whom he now and then tickles with ſome ſtrange ridiculous ſtuffe, vtter'd (as his land came to him) by chance. He will cenſure or diſcourſe of any thing, but as abſurdly as you would wiſh. His faſhion is not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. Hee neuer drinkes below the ſalt. Hee do's naturally ad-mire his wit, that weares gold-lace, or tiſſue. Stabs any man that ſpeakes more contemptibly of the ſcholler then he. Hee is a great proficient in all the illiberall ſciences, as cheating, drinking, ſwaggering, whoring, and ſuch like: neuer kneeles but to pledge healths; nor prayes but for a pipe of pudding tabacco. He wil blaſpheme in his ſhirt. The othes which hee vomits at one ſupper, would maintaine a towne of garriſon in good ſwea-ring a twelue-moneth. One other genuine qualitie he has, which crownes all theſe, and that is this: to a friend in want, hee will not depart with the waight of a ſoldred groat, leſt the world might cenſure him prodigall, or report him a gull: mary, to his *cockatrice* or *punquetto*, halfe a dozen taffata

gownes,

gownes, or ſattin kirtles, in a paire or two of moneths, why they are nothing.

Cvp. I commend him, he is one of my clients.

Act II. *Scene* III.

Amorphvs, Asotvs, Cos, Prosaites, Cvpid, Mercvrie.

COme, ſir. You are now within in regard of the preſence, and ſee, the priuacie of this roome, how ſweetly it offers it ſelfe to our retir'd intendments. Page, caſt a vigilant, and enquiring eye about, that we be not rudely ſurpriz'd, by the approch of ſome ruder ſtranger.

Cos. I warrant you, ſir. I'le tell your when the wolfe enters, feare nothing.

Mer. O, what a maſſe of benefit ſhall we poſſeſſe, in being the inuiſible ſpectators of this ſtrange ſhew, now to be acted?

Amo. Plant your ſelfe there, ſir: and obſerue me. You ſhall now, as well be the ocular, as the eare-witneſſe, how cleerly I can refell that *paradox*, or rather *pſeudodox*, of thoſe, which hold the face to be the index of the mind, which (I aſſure you) is not ſo, in any politique creature: for inſtance. I will now giue you the particular, and diſtinct face of euery your moſt noted *ſpecies* of perſons, as your marchant, your ſcholer, your ſouldier, your lawyer, courtier, &c. and each of theſe ſo truly, as you would ſweare, but that your eye ſhal ſee the variation of the lineament, it were my moſt proper, and genuine aſpect. Firſt, for your marchant, or citie-face, 'tis thus, a dull, plodding face, ſtill looking in a direct line, forward: there is no great matter in this face. Then haue you your ſtudents, or *academique* face, which is here, an honeſt, ſimple, and methodicall face: but ſomewhat more ſpread then the former. The third is your ſouldiers face, a menacing, and aſtounding face, that lookes broad, and bigge: the grace of this face conſiſteth much in a beard. The *anti-face* to this, is your lawyers face, a contracted, ſubtile, and intricate face, full of quirkes, and turnings, a *labyrinthean* face, now angularly, now circularly, euery way aſpected. Next is your ſtatiſts face, a ſerious, ſolemne, and ſupercilious face, full of formall, and ſquare grauitie, the eye (for the moſt part) deeply and artificially ſhadow'd: there is great iudgement required in the making of this face. But now, to come to your face of faces, or courtiers face, tis of three ſorts, according to our ſubdiuiſion of a courtier, elementarie, practique, and theorique. Your courtier theorique, is hee, that hath arriu'd to his fardeſt, and doth now know the court, rather by ſpeculation, then practice; and this is his face: a faſtidious and oblique face, that lookes, as it went with a vice, and were ſcrew'd thus. Your courtier practike, is he, that is yet in his path, his courſe, his way, & hath not toucht the *puntilio*, or point of his hopes; his face is here: a moſt promiſing, open, ſmooth,

ſmooth, and ouer-flowing face, that ſeemes as it would runne, and powre it ſelfe into you. Somewhat a northerly face. Your courtier elementarie, is one but newly enter'd, or as it were in the *alphabet*, or *vt-re-mi-fa-ſol-la* of courtſhip. Note well this face, for it is this you muſt practice.

ASO. Ile practice 'hem all, if you pleaſe, ſir.

ANO. I, hereafter you may: and it will not be altogether an vngratefull ſtudy. For, let your ſoule be aſſur'd of this (in any ranke, or profeſſion what-euer) the more generall, or *maior* part of opinion goes with the face, and (ſimply) reſpects nothing elſe. Therefore, if that can be made exactly, curiouſly, exquiſitely, thorowly, it is inough: But (for the preſent) you ſhall only apply your ſelfe to this face of the elementarie courtier, a light, reuelling, and proteſting face, now bluſhing, now ſmiling, which you may helpe much with a wanton wagging of your head, thus, (a feather will teach you) or with kiſſing your finger that hath the ruby, or playing with ſome ſtring of your band, which is a moſt quaint kind of melancholy beſides: or (if among ladies) laughing lowd, and crying vp your owne wit, though perhaps borrow'd, it is not amiſſe. Where is your page? call for your caſting-bottle, and place your mirrour in your hat, as I told you: ſo. Come, looke not pale, obſerue me, ſet your face, and enter.

MER. O, for ſome excellent painter, to haue tane the copy of all theſe faces!

ASO. PROSAITES.

ANO. Fye, I premoniſht you of that: In the court, boy, lacquay, or ſirrah.

COS. Maſter, *Lupus* in—— O, t'is PROSAITES.

ASO. Sirrha prepare my caſting-bottle, I thinke I muſt be enforc'd to purchaſe me another page, you ſee how at hand COS waits, here.

MER. So will he too, in time.

CVP. What's he, MERCVRIE?

MER. A notable ſmelt. One, that hath newly entertain'd the begger to follow him, but cannot get him to wait neere enough. T'is ASOTVS, the heire of PHILARGYRVS; but firſt I'le giue yee the others character, which may make his the cleerer. He that is with him, is AMORPHVS, a trauailer, one ſo made out of the mixture and ſhreds of formes, that himſelfe is truly deform'd. He walkes moſt commonly with a cloue, or pick-tooth in his mouth, hee is the very mint of complement, all his behauiours are printed, his face is another volume of *eſſayes*; and his beard an *Ariſtarchus*. He ſpeakes all creame, skimd, and more affected then a dozen of waiting women. He is his owne promoter in euery place. The wife of the ordinarie giues him his diet, to maintaine her table in diſcourſe, which (indeed) is a meere tyrannie ouer her other gueſts, for hee will vſurpe all the talke: ten conſtables are not ſo tedious. He is no great ſhifter, once a yeere his apparell is readie to reuolt. He doth vſe much to arbitrate quarrels, and fights himſelfe, exceeding well (out at a window.) He will

lye

lye cheaper then any begger, and lowder then moſt clockes: for which he is right properly accommodated to the *whetſtone*, his page. The other gallant is his *Zani*, and doth moſt of theſe trickes after him; ſweates to imitate him in euery thing (to a haire) except a beard, which is not yet extant. He doth learne to make ſtrange ſauces, to eat *anchouies*, *maccaroni*, *bouoli*, *fagioli*, and *caniare*, becauſe hee loues 'hem; ſpeakes as hee ſpeakes, lookes, walkes, goes ſo in clothes, and faſhion: is in all, as if he were moulded of him. Mary (before they met) he had other verie prettie ſufficiencies, which yet he retaines ſome light impreſſion of: as frequenting a dancing ſchoole, and grieuouſly torturing ſtrangers, with inquiſition after his grace in his galliard. Hé buyes a freſh acquaintance at any rate. His eye and his rayment confer much together as he goes in the ſtreet. He treades nicely, like the fellow that walkes vpon ropes; eſpecially the firſt *ſunday* of his ſilke-ſtockings: and when he is moſt neat, and new, you ſhall ſtrip him with commendations.

CVP. Here comes another.

MER. I, but one of another ſtraine, CVPID: This fellow weighs ſomewhat. *Crites paſſeth by.*

CVP. His name, HERMES?

MER. CRITES. A creature of a moſt perfect and diuine temper. One, in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of precedencie: he is neyther to phantaſtikely melancholy, too ſlowly phlegmaticke, too lightly ſanguine, or too raſhly cholericke, but in all, ſo compoſde & order'd, as it is cleare, *Nature* went about ſome ful worke, ſhe did more then make a man, when ſhe made him. His diſcourſe is like his behauiour, vncommon, but not vnpleaſing; hee is prodigall of neyther. Hee ſtriues rather to bee that which men call iudicious, then to bee thought ſo: and is ſo truly learned, that he affects not to ſhew it. Hee will thinke, and ſpeake his thought, both freely: but as diſtant from deprauing another mans merit, as proclaiming his owne. For his valour, tis ſuch, that he dares as little to offer an iniurie, as receiue one. In ſumme, he hath a moſt ingenuous and ſweet ſpirit, a ſharp and ſeaſon'd wit, a ſtraight iudgment, and a ſtrong mind. *Fortune* could neuer breake him, nor make him leſſe. He counts it his pleaſure, to deſpiſe pleaſures, and is more delighted with good deeds, then goods. It is a competencie to him that hee can bee vertuous. He doth neyther couet nor feare; hee hath too much reaſon to doe eyther: and that commends all things to him.

CVP. Not better then MERCVRY commends him.

MER. O, CVPID, tis beyond my *deitie* to giue him his due prayſes: I could leaue my place in heauen, to liue among mortals, ſo I were ſure to be no other then he.

CVP. S'light, I beleeue he is your minion, you ſeeme to be ſo raviſht with him.

MER. He's one, I would not haue a wry thought darted againſt, wil-lingly.

CVP.

CVP. No, but a ſtraight ſhaft in his boſome, Ile promiſe him, if I am CITHEREAS ſonne.

MER. Shall we goe, CVPID?

CVP. Stay, and ſee the ladies now: they'll come preſently. Ile helpe to paint them.

MER. What! lay colour vpon colour? that affords but an ill *blazon*.

Argurion paſſeth by.

CVP. Here comes mettall to helpe it, the ladie ARGVRION.

MER. Monie, monie.

CVP. The ſame. A *Nymph* of a moſt wandring and giddy diſpoſition, humorous as the aire, ſhee'le runne from gallant to gallant (as they ſit at *primero* in the preſence) moſt ſtrangely, and ſeldome ſtayes with any. Shee ſpreads as ſhee goes. To day you ſhall haue her looke as cleere and freſh as the morning, and to morrow as melancholike as mid-night. Shee takes ſpeciall pleaſure in a cloſe obſcure lodging, and, for that cauſe, viſites the city ſo often, where ſhee has many ſecret true-concealing fauourites. When ſhee comes abroad, ſhee's more looſe and ſcattering then duſt, and will flie from place to place, as ſhee were rapt with a whirle-winde. Your yong ſtudent (for the moſt part) ſhee affects not, only ſalutes him, and away: a *poet*, nor a *philoſopher*, ſhee is hardly brought to take any notice of; no, though he be ſome part of an *alchemiſt*. Shee loues a *player* well, and a *lawyer* infinitely: but your foole aboue all. Shee can doe much in court for the obtayning of any ſute whatſoeuer, no doore but flies open to her, her preſence is aboue a charme. The worſt in her is want of keeping ſtate, and too much deſcending into inferior and baſe offices, ſhe's for any coorſe imployment you will put vpon her, as to be your procurer, or pandar.

MER. Peace, CVPID, here comes more worke for you, another character or two.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

PHANTASTE, MORIA, PHILAVTIA, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

STay, ſweet PHILAVTIA, I'le but change my fanne, and goe preſently.

MOR. Now (in very good ſerious) ladies, I will haue this order reuerſt, the preſence muſt be better maintayn'd from you: a quarter paſt eleuen, and ne're a *Nymph* in *proſpectiue*? beſhrew my hand, there muſt be a reform'd diſcipline. Is that your new ruffe, ſweet lady-bird? By my truth, 'tis moſt intricately rare.

MER. Good IOVE, what reuerend gentlewoman in yeeres might this be?

CVP. This, Madam MORIA, guardian of the *Nymphs*. One that is not now to be perſwaded of her wit, ſhee will thinke her ſelfe wiſe againſt all the iudgements that come. A lady made all of voice, and aire, talkes any thing of any thing. Shee is like one of your ignorant *Poetaſters* of the time,

time, who when they haue got acquainted with a ſtrange word, neuer reſt till they haue wroong it in, though it looſen the whole fabricke of their ſenſe.

MER. That was prëtty and ſharply noted, CVPID

CVP. Shee will tell you, *Philoſophie* was a fine reueller, when ſhee was yong, and a gallant, and that then (though ſhe ſay it) ſhe was thought to be the Dame-DIDO, and HELLEN of the court: As alſo, what a ſweet dogge ſhee had this time foure yeeres, and how it was call'd *Fortune*, and that (if the fates had not cut his thred) he had beene a dogge to haue giuen entertainement to any gallant in this kingdome: and, vnleſſe ſhee had whelpt it her ſelfe, ſhee could not haue lou'd a thing better i' this world.

MER. O, I pray thee no more, I am full of her.

CVP. Yes (I muſt needes tell you) ſhee compoſes a ſack-poſſet well; and would court a yong page ſweetly, but that her breath is againſt it.

MER. Now, her breath (or ſomething more ſtrong) protect mee from her: th'other, th'other, CVPID.

CVP. O, that's my lady and miſtris, Madam PHILAVTIA. Shee admires not her ſelfe for any one particularity, but for all: ſhee is faire, and ſhee knowes it: ſhee has a pretty light wit too, and ſhee knowes it: ſhee can dance, and ſhee knowes that too: play at ſhittle-cock, and that too: no quality ſhee has, but ſhee ſhall take a very particular knowledge of, and moſt lady-like commend it to you. You ſhall haue her at any time reade you the hiſtorie of her ſelfe, and very ſubtilly runne ouer another ladies ſufficiencies, to come to her owne. Shee has a good ſuperficiall iudgement in painting; and would ſeeme to haue ſo in *poetry*. A moſt compleat lady in the opinion of ſome three, beſide her-ſelfe.

PHI. Faith, how lik'd you my quippe to HEDON, about the garter? was't not witty?

MOR. Exceeding witty and integrate: you did ſo aggrauate the ieſt withall.

PHI. And did I not dance mouingly the laſt night?

MOR. Mouingly? out of meaſure (in troth) ſweet *charge*.

MER. A happy commendation, to dance out of meaſure.

MOR. Saue only you wanted the *ſwim* i' the turne: ô! when I was at fourteene———

PHI. Nay, that's mine owne from any *Nymph* in the court (I am ſure on't) therefore you miſtake me in that, *Guardian:* both the *ſwimme* and the *trip*, are properly mine, euery body will affirme it, that has any iudgement in dancing: I aſſure you.

PHA. Come now, PHILAVTIA, I am for you, ſhall we goe?

PHI. I, good PHANTASTE: What! haue you chang'd your head-tire?

PHA. Yes faith, th'other was ſo neere the common: it had no extraordinary grace; beſides, I had worne it almoſt a day, in good troth.

PHI. I'le bee ſworne, this is moſt excellent for the deuice, and rare. Tis after the *italian* print, we look'd on t'other night.

PHA. 'Tis ſo: By this fanne, I cannot abide any thing that ſauours the poore ouer-worne cut, that has any kindred with it; I muſt haue variety, I: this mixing in faſhion I hate it worſe, then to burne juniper in my chamber, I proteſt.

PHI. And yet we cannot haue a new peculiar court-tire, but theſe *retainers* will haue it; theſe *Suburbe-ſunday-waiters*; theſe courtiers for *high dayes*; I know not what I ſhould call 'hem———

PHA. O, I, they doe moſt pittifully imitate, but I haue a tire a comming (yfaith) ſhall———

MOR. In good certaine, Madam, it makes you looke moſt heauenly; but (lay your hand on your heart) you neuer skin'd a new beautie more proſperouſly in your life, nor more metaphyſically: looke, good lady, ſweet lady, looke.

PHI. Tis very cleere, and well, beleeue me. But if you had ſeene mine yeſterday, when t'was yong, you would haue——who's your Doctor, PHANTASTE?

PHA. Nay, that's counſell, PHILAVTIA, you ſhall pardon mee: yet (I'le aſſure you) hee's the moſt daintie, ſweet, abſolute rare man of the whole colledge. O! his very lookes, his diſcourſe, his behauiour, all hee doo's is phyſicke, I proteſt.

PHI. For heauens ſake, his name; good, deare PHANTASTE——

PHA. No, no, no, no, no, no, (beleeue me) not for a million of heauens: I will not make him cheape. Fie———

CVP. There is a *Nymph* too, of a moſt curious and elaborate ſtraine, light, all motion, an *vbiquitarie*, ſhee is euery where, PHANTASTE—

MER. Her very name ſpeakes her, let her paſſe. But are theſe (CVPID) the ſtarres of CYNTHIAS court? doe theſe *Nymphs* attend vpon DIANA?

CVP. They are in her court (MERCVRIE) but not as ſtarres, theſe neuer come in the preſence of CYNTHIA. The *Nymphs* that make her traine, are the diuine ARETE, TIME', PHRONESIS, THAVMA, and others of that high ſort. Theſe are priuately brought in by MORIA in this licentious time, againſt her knowledge: and (like ſo many meteors) will vaniſh, when ſhee appeares.

Act II. *Scene* V.

PROSAITES, GELAIA, COS, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

SONG.

COme follow me, my wagges, and ſay as I ſay.
There's no riches but in ragges; hey day, hey day.
You that profeſſe this arte, come away, come away,
And helpe to beare a part. Hey day; hey day, &c.

MER.

MER. What! thoſe that were our fellow pages but now, ſo ſoone preferr'd to be yeomen of the bottles? the myſterie, the myſterie, good wagges?

CVP. Some dyet-drinke, they haue the guard of.

PRO. No, ſir, we are going in queſt of a ſtrange fountayne, lately found out.

CVP. By whom?

COS. My maſter, or the great diſcouerer, AMORPHVS.

MER. Thou haſt well intitled him, COS, for hee will diſcouer all hee knowes.

GEL. I, and a little more too, when the ſpirit is vpon him.

PRO. O, the good trauailing gentleman yonder has caus'd ſuch a drought i' the preſence, with reporting the wonders of this new water; that all the ladies, and gallants, lie languiſhing vpon the ruſhes, like ſo many pounded cattle i' the midſt of harueſt, ſighing one to another, and gaſping, as if each of them expected a cocke from the fountayne, to bee brought into his mouth: and (without we returne quickly) they are all (as a youth would ſay) no better then a few trowts caſt a-ſhore, or a diſh of eeles in a ſand-bagge.

MER. Well then, you were beſt diſpatch, and haue a care of them. Come, CVPID, thou and I'le goe peruſe this drie wonder.

Act III. *Scene* I.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS.

SIr, let not this diſ-countenance, or diſ-gallant you a whit: you muſt not ſinke vnder the firſt diſaſter. It is with your young *grammaticall* courtier, as with your *neophyte*-player, a thing vſuall to bee daunted at the firſt preſence, or enter-view: you ſaw, there was HEDON, and ANAIDES, (farre more practis'd gallants then your ſelfe) who were both out, to comfort you. It is no diſgrace, no more, then for your aduentrous reueller, to fall by ſome in-auſpicious chance in his galliard, or for ſome ſubtile *politique*, to vnder-take the baſtinado, that the ſtate might thinke worthily of him, and reſpect him as a man well beaten to the world. What! hath your taylor prouided the propertie (wee ſpake of) at your chamber, or no?

ASO. I thinke he has.

AMO. Nay (I intreat you) be not ſo flat, and melancholique. Erect your mind: you ſhall redeeme this with the courtſhip I will teach you againſt after-noone. Where eate you to day?

ASO. Where you pleaſe, ſir, any where, I.

AMO. Come, let vs goe and taſte ſome light dinner, a diſh of ſlic'd *caniare*, or ſo, and after, you ſhall practiſe an houre at your lodging, ſome

few formes that I haue recall'd. If you had but ſo farre gathered your ſpirits to you, as to haue taken vp a ruſh (when you were out) and wagg'd it thus, or clenſd your teeth with it: or but turn'd aſide, and fain'd ſome buſineſſe to whiſper with your page, till you had recouer'd your ſelfe, or but found ſome ſlight ſtaine in your ſtocking, or any other prettie inuention (ſo it had beene ſodaine,) you might haue come off with a moſt cleere, and courtly grace.

ASO. A poyſon of all, I thinke I was foreſpoke, I.

AMO. No, I muſt tell you, you are not audacious inough, you muſt frequent ordinaries, a moneth more, to initiate your ſelfe: In which time, it will not bee amiſſe, if (in priuate) you keepe good your acquaintance with CRITES, or ſome other, of his poore coate; viſite his lodging ſecretly, and often: become an earneſt ſuter to heare ſome of his labours.

ASO. O IOVE! ſir, I could neuer get him to reade a line to me.

AMO. You muſt then wiſely mixe your ſelfe in ranke, with ſuch, as you know can; and, as your eares doe meet with a new *phraſe*, or an acute jeſt, take it in: a quicke nimble memory will lift it away, and, at your next publique meale, it is your owne.

ASO. But I ſhall neuer vtter it perfectly, ſir.

AMO. No matter, let it come lame. In ordinary talke you ſhall play it away, as you doe your light crownes at *primero*: It will paſſe.

ASO. I ſhall attempt, ſir.

AMO. Doe. It is your ſhifting age for wit, and I aſſure you, men muſt bee prudent. After this, you may to court, and there fall in, firſt with the wayting-woman, then with the lady. Put caſe they doe retaine you there, as a fit property, to hire coaches ſome paire of months, or ſo; or to read them aſleep in afternoones vpon ſome pretty pamphlet, to breathe you; why, it ſhall in time imbolden you to ſome farther atchivement: In the *interim*, you may faſhion your ſelfe to bee careleſſe, and impudent.———

ASO. How if they would haue me to make verſes? I heard *Hedon* ſpoke to for ſome.

AMO. Why, you muſt prooue the aptitude of your *Genius*; if you find none, you muſt harken out a *veine*, and buy: prouided you pay for the ſilence, as for the worke. Then you may ſecurely call it your owne.

ASO. Yes, and I'le giue out my acquaintance with all the beſt writers, to countenance me the more.

AMO. Rather ſeeme not to know 'hem, it is your beſt. I. Be wiſe, that you neuer ſo much as mention the name of one, nor remember it mention'd; but if they be offerd to you in diſcourſe, ſhake your light head, make betweene a ſad and a ſmiling face, pittie ſome, raile at all, and commend your ſelfe: 't is your onely ſafe, and vnſuſpected courſe. Come, you ſhall looke back vpon the court againe to day, and be reſtor'd to your colours: I doe now partly aime at the cauſe of your repulſe——— (which was omenous indeed) for as you enter at the doore, there is oppos'd to you the

frame

frame of a woolfe in the hangings, which (ſurprizing your eye ſodainely) gaue a falſe alarme to the heart; and that was it call'd your bloud out of your face, and ſo rowted the whole ranke of your ſpirits: I beſeech you labour to forget it. And remember (as I inculcated to you before, for your comfort) HEDON, and ANAIDES.

Act III. *Scene* II.

HEDON, ANAIDES.

HArt, was there euer ſo proſperous an inuention thus vnluckily peruerted, and ſpoyl'd by a whore-ſonne booke-worme, a candle-waſter?

ANA. Nay, be not impatient, HEDON.

HED. S'light, I would faine know his name.

ANA. Hang him, poore grogran-raſcall, pray thee thinke not of him: Ile ſend for him to my lodging, and haue him blanketted when thou wilt, man.

HED. By gods ſo; I would thou could'ſt. Looke, here hee comes. Laugh at him, laugh at him, ha, ha, ha. *Crites paſſeth by.*

ANA. Fough, he ſmels all lamp-oyle, with ſtudying by candle-light.

HED. How confidently he went by vs, and careleſly! neuer moou'd! nor ſtirr'd at any thing! did you obſerue him?

ANA. I, a poxe on him, let him goe, dormouſe: he is in a dreame now. He has no other time to ſleepe, but thus, when hee walkes abroad, to take the ayre.

HED. Gods precious, this afflicts mee more then all the reſt, that wee ſhould ſo particularly direct our hate, and contempt againſt him, and hee to carrie it thus without wound, or paſſion! 'tis inſufferable.

ANA. S'lid, (my deare *enuie*) if thou but ſaiſt the word now, Ile vndoe him eternally for thee.

HED. How, ſweet ANAIDES?

ANA. Mary halfe a ſcore of vs get him in (one night) and make him pawne his wit for a ſupper.

HED. Away, thou haſt ſuch vnſeaſonable jeſts. By this heauen, I wonder at nothing more then our gentlemen-vſhers, that will ſuffer a piece of ſerge, or *perpetuana*, to come into the preſence: mee thinkes they ſhould (out of their experience) better diſtinguiſh the ſilken diſpoſition of courtiers, then to let ſuch terrible coorſe ragges mixe with vs, able to fret any ſmooth or gentile ſocietie to the threeds with their rubbing deuices.

ANA. Vnleſſe 't were *Lent*, *Ember weekes*, or *Faſting dayes*, when the place is moſt penuriouſly emptie of all other good outſides. Dam' mee, if I ſhould aduenture on his companie once more, without a ſute of buffe, to defend my wit; he does nothing but ſtab the ſlaue: how miſchieuouſly he croſs'd thy deuice of the *propheſie* there? And MORIA, ſhee comes without her muffe too, and there my inuention was loſt.

HED. Well, I am reſolu'd what Ile doe.

ANA. What, my good ſpirituous ſparke?

HED. Mary, ſpeake all the venome I can of him; and poyſon his reputation in euery place, where I come.

ANA. 'Fore god, moſt courtly.

HED. And if I chance to bee preſent where any queſtion is made of his ſufficiencies, or of any thing he hath done priuate, or publike, Ile cenſure it ſlightly, and ridiculouſly.——

ANA. At any hand beware of that, ſo thou maiſt draw thine owne iudgement in ſuſpect. No, Ile inſtruct thee what thou ſhalt doe, and by a ſafer meanes: Approue any thing thou heareſt of his, to the receiu'd opinion of it; but if it bee extraordinarie, giue it from him to ſome other, whom thou more particularly affect'ſt. That's the way to plague him, and he ſhall neuer come to defend himſelfe. S'lud, Ile giue out, all he does is dictated from other men, and ſweare it too (if thou'lt ha'mee) and that I know the time, and place where he ſtole it, though my ſoule bee guiltie of no ſuch thing; and that I thinke, out of my heart, hee hates ſuch barren ſhifts: yet to doe thee a pleaſure, and him a diſgrace, I'le dam'my ſelfe, or doe any thing.

HED. Gramercies, my deare *deuill:* weele put it ſeriouſly in practice, yfaith.

Act III. *Scene* III.

CRITES.

DOe, good *detraction*, doe, and I the while
Shall ſhake thy ſpight off with a careleſſe ſmile.
Poore pittious gallants! What leane idle ſleights
Their thoughts ſuggeſt to flatter their ſtaru'd hopes?
As if I knew not how to entertaine
Theſe ſtraw-deuices: but, of force, muſt yeeld
To the weake ſtroke of their calumnious tongues.
What ſhould I care what euery dor doth buzze
In credulous eares? it is a crowne to me,
That the beſt iudgements can report me wrong'd;
Them lyars; and their ſlanders impudent.
Perhaps (vpon the rumour of their ſpeeches)
Some grieued friend will whiſper to me, CRITES,
Men ſpeake ill of thee; ſo they be ill men,
If they ſpake worſe, 'twere better: for of ſuch
To be diſprais'd, is the moſt perfect praiſe.
What can his cenſure hurt me, whom the world
Hath cenſur'd vile before me? If good CHRESTVS,
EVTHVS, or PHRONIMVS, had ſpoke the words,
They would haue moou'd me, and I ſhould haue call'd

My

My thoughts, and actions, to a ſtrict accompt
Vpon the hearing: But when I remember,
'Tis HEDON, and ANAIDES: alaſſe, then,
I thinke but what they are, and am not ſtirr'd.
The one, a light voluptuous reueller,
The other a ſtrange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and ignorant inough;
That talke (as they are wont) not as I merit:
Traduce by cuſtome, as moſt dogges doe barke,
Doe nothing out of judgement, but diſeaſe,
Speake ill, becauſe they neuer could ſpeake well.
And who'ld be angry with this race of creatures?
What wiſe phyſician haue we euer ſeene
Moou'd with a frantike man? the ſame affects
That he doth beare to his ſicke patient,
Should a right minde carrie to ſuch as theſe:
And I doe count it a moſt rare reuenge,
That I can thus (with ſuch a ſweet neglect)
Plucke from them all the pleaſure of their malice.
For that's the marke of all their inginous drifts,
To wound my patience, howſoe're they ſeeme
To aime at other obiects: which if miſs'd,
Their enui's like an arrow, ſhot vpright,
That, in the fall, indangers their owne heads.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

ARETE, CRITES.

WHat, CRITES! where haue you drawne forth the day?
You haue not viſited your jealous friends?
CRI. Where I haue ſeene (moſt honour'd ARETE,)
The ſtrangeſt pageant, faſhion'd like a court,
(At leaſt I dream't I ſaw it) ſo diffus'd,
So painted, pyed, and full of rainbow ſtraines,
As neuer yet (eyther by time, or place)
Was made the food to my diſtaſted ſence:
Nor can my weake imperfect memorie
Now render halfe the formes vnto my tongue,
That were conuolu'd within this thriftie roome.
Here, ſtalkes me by a proud, and ſpangled fir,
That lookes three hand-fuls higher then his fore-top;
Sauours himſelfe alone, is onely kind
And louing to himſelfe: one that will ſpeake
More darke, and doubtfull then ſix *oracles*;
Salutes a friend, as if he had a ſtitch,

Is his owne *chronicle*, and ſcarce can eat
For regiſtring himſelfe: is waited on
By mimiques, jeſters, pandars, paraſites,
And other ſuch like prodigies of men.
He paſt, appeares ſome mincing marmoſet
Made all of clothes, and face; his limbes ſo ſet
As if they had ſome voluntarie act
Without mans motion, and muſt mooue iuſt ſo
In ſpite of their creation: one that weighes
His breath betweene his teeth, and dares not ſmile
Beyond a point, for feare t'vnſtarch his looke;
Hath trauell'd to make legs, and ſeene the cringe
Of ſeuerall courts, and courtiers; knowes the time
Of giuing titles, and of taking wals;
Hath read court-common-places; made them his:
Studied the *grammar* of ſtate, and all the rules
Each formall vſher in that politike ſchoole,
Can teach a man. A third comes giuing nods
To his repenting creditors, proteſts
To weeping ſutors, takes the comming gold
Of inſolent, and baſe ambition,
That hourely rubs his dry, and itchie palmes:
Which grip't, like burning coales, he hurles away
Into the laps of bawdes, and buffons mouthes.
With him there meets ſome ſubtle PROTEVS, one
Can change, and varie with all formes he ſees;
Be any thing but honeſt; ſerues the time;
Houers betwixt two factions, and explores
The drifts of both; which (with croſſe face) he beares
To the diuided heads, and is receiu'd
With mutuall grace of eyther: one that dares
Doe deeds worthie the hurdle, or the wheele,
To be thought ſome bodie; and is (in ſooth)
Such as the *Satyriſt* points truly forth,
That onely to his crimes owes all his worth.

ARE. You tell vs wonders, CRITES.

CRI. This is nothing.

There ſtands a *Neophyte* glazing of his face,
Pruning his clothes, perfuming of his haire,
Againſt his idoll enters; and repeates
(Like an vnperfect *prologue*, at third muſike)
His part of ſpeeches, and confederate ieſts,
In paſſion to himſelfe. Another ſweares
His *Scene* of courtſhip ouer; bids, beleeue him,
Twentie times, ere they will; anon, doth ſeeme

As he would kiſſe away his hand in kindneſſe;
Then walkes of melancholike, and ſtands wreath'd,
As he were pinn'd vp to the arras, thus.
A third is moſt in action, ſwimmes, and friskes,
Playes with his miſtreſſe pappes, ſalutes her pumps,
Adores her hems, her skirts, her knots, her curles,
Will ſpend his patrimonie for a garter,
Or the leaſt feather in her bounteous fanne.
A fourth, he onely comes in for a *mute*:
Diuides the *act* with a dumbe ſhew, and *exit*.
Then muſt the ladies laugh, ſtraight comes their *Scene*,
A ſixt times worſe confuſion then the reſt.
Where you ſhall heare one talke of this mans *eye*;
Another, of his lip; a third, his noſe;
A fourth commend his legge; a fift his foot;
A ſixt his hand; and euery one a limme:
That you would thinke the poore diſtorted gallant
Muſt there expire. Then fall they in diſcourſe
Of tires, and faſhions, how they muſt take place,
Where they may kiſſe, and whom, when to ſit downe,
And with what grace to riſe; if they ſalute,
What curt'ſie they muſt vſe: ſuch cob-web ſtuffe,
As would enforce the common'ſt ſenſe abhorre
Th' *Arachnean* workers.

ARE. Patience, gentle CRITES.
This knot of ſpiders will be ſoone diſſolu'd,
And all their webs ſwept out of CYNTHIAS court,
When once her glorious *deitie* appeares,
And but preſents it ſelfe in her full light:
Till when, goe in, and ſpend your houres with vs
Your honour'd friends, TIME', and PHRONESIS,
In contemplation of our goddeſſe name.
Thinke on ſome ſweet, and choice inuention, now,
Worthie her ſerious, and illuſtrous eyes,
That from the merit of it we may take
Deſir'd occaſion to preferre your worth,
And make your ſeruice knowne to CYNTHIA.
It is the pride of ARETE to grace
Her ſtudious louers; and (in ſcorne of time,
Enuie, and ignorance) to lift their ſtate
Aboue a vulgar height. True happineſſe
Conſiſts not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth, and choice. Nor would I haue
Vertue a popular regard purſue:
Let them be good that loue me, though but few.

CRI.

CRI. I kisse thy hands, diuinest ARETE,
And vow my selfe to thee, and CYNTHIA.

Act III. *Scene* V.

AMORPHVS, ASOTVS.

A Little more forward: So, sir. Now goe in, dis-cloke your selfe, and come forth. Taylor, bestow thy absence vpon vs; and bee not prodigall of this secret, but to a deare customer. 'Tis well enterd, sir. Stay, you come on too fast; your pase is too impetuous. Imagine this to be the *palace* of your *pleasure*, or place, where your lady is pleas'd to bee seene. First, you present your selfe, thus: and spying her, you fall off, and walke some two turnes; in which time, it is to bee suppos'd, your passion hath sufficiently whited your face: then (stifling a sigh or two, and closing your lips) with a trembling boldnesse, and bold terrour, you aduance your selfe forward. Proue thus much, I pray you.

ASO. Yes, sir, (pray IOVE I can light on it) Here, I come in, you say, and present my selfe?

AMO. Good.

ASO. And then I spie her, and walke off?

AMO. Very good.

ASO. Now, sir, I stifle, and aduance forward?

AMO. Trembling.

ASO. Yes, sir, trembling: I shall doe it better when I come to it. And what must I speake now?

AMO. Mary, you shall say: Deare beautie, or, sweet honour (or by what other title you please to remember her) me thinkes you are melancholy. This is, if shee be alone now, and discompanied.

ASO. Well, sir, Ile enter againe; her title shall be, My deare LINDABRIDES.

AMO. LINDABRIDES?

ASO. I, sir, the Emperour ALICANDROES daughter, and the Prince MERIDIANS sister (in the *Knight of the Sunne*) shee should haue beene married to him, but that the Princesse CLARIDIANA———

AMO. O, you betray your reading.

ASO. Nay, sir, I haue read historie, I am a little *humanitian*. Interrupt me not, good sir. My deare LINDABRIDES, My deare LINDABRIDES, My deare LINDABRIDES, me thinkes you are melancholy.

AMO. I, and take her by the rosie-finger'd hand.

ASO. Must I so? O, my deare LINDABRIDES, mee thinkes you are melancholy.

AMO. Or thus, sir. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

ASO.

Aso. Beleeue mee, that's pretty. All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attires, soft beds, and silken thoughts, attend this deare beautie.

Amo. And then, offring to kisse her hand, if shee shall coily recoile, and signifie your repulse; you are to re-enforce your selfe, with; More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale: and, withall, protest her, to be the onely, and absolute vnparalell'd creature you do adore and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

Aso. This is hard, by my faith. I'le begin it all, againe.

Amo. Doe so, and I will act it for your ladie.

Aso. Will you vouchsafe, sir? All varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend this deare beautie.

Amo. So, sir, pray you away.

Aso. More then most faire ladie, let not the rigour of your iust disdaine, thus coursly censure of your seruants zeale, I protest, you are the onely, and absolute, vnapparelled———

Amo. Vnparalelld.

Aso. Vnparalelld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

Amo. This is, if shee abide you. But now, put case shee should bee *passant* when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gate thereafter, and call vpon her, Ladie, *Nymph*, Sweet refuge, Starre of our court. Then if shee be *guardant*, here: you are to come on, and (laterally disposing your selfe) sweare, by her blushing and well coloured cheeke, the bright die of her haire, her iuorie teeth (though they be ebonie) or some such white, and innocent oth, to induce you. If *reguardant*, then maintaine your station, briske, and irpe, shew the supple motion of your pliant bodie, but (in chiefe) of your knee, and hand, which cannot but arride her proud humour exceedingly.

Aso. I conceiue you, sir, I shall performe all these things in good time, I doubt not, they doe so hit me.

Amo. Well, sir, I am your ladie; make vse of any of these beginnings, or some other out of your owne inuention: and proue, how you can hold vp, and follow it. Say, say.

Aso. Yes, sir, my deare Lindabrides.———

Amo. No, you affect that Lindabrides too much. And (let mee tell you) it is not so courtly. Your *pedant* should prouide you some parcells of *french*, or some pretty commoditie of *italian* to commence with, if you would be exoticke, and exquisite.

Aso. Yes, sir, he was at my lodging t'other morning, I gaue him a doublet.

Amo. Double your beneuolence, and giue him the hose too, clothe you his bodie, he will helpe to apparell your mind. But now, see what

your

your proper GENIVS can performe alone, without adiection of any other MINERVA.

ASO. I comprehend you, ſir.

AMO. I doe ſtand you, ſir: fall backe to your firſt place. Good, paſſing well: Very properly purſude.

ASO. Beautifull, ambiguous, and ſufficient ladie, what! are you all alone?

AMO. We would be, ſir, if you would leaue vs.

ASO. I am at your beauties appointment, bright angell; but——

AMO. What but?

ASO. No harme, more then moſt faire feature.

AMO. That touch reliſhed well.

ASO. But, I proteſt——

AMO. And why ſhould you proteſt?

ASO. For good will (deare eſteem'd Madam) and I hope, your ladiſhip will ſo conceiue of it:

And will, in time, returne from your diſdaine,
And rue the ſuffrance of our friendly paine.

AMO. O, that peece was excellent! if you could picke out more of theſe *play-particles*, and (as occaſion ſhall ſalute you) embroider, or damaske your diſcourſe with them, perſwade your ſoule, it would moſt indicioully commend you. Come, this was a well diſcharg'd, and auſpicious bout. Proue the ſecond.

ASO. Ladie, I cannot ruffle it in red and yellow.

AMO. Why, if you can reuell it in white, ſir, 'tis ſufficient.

ASO. Say you ſo, ſweet ladie? *Lan, tede, dc, de, dc, dant, dant, dant, dante, &c.* No (in good faith) Madame, whoſoeuer told your ladiſhip ſo, abuſde you; but I would be glad to meet your ladiſhip in a meaſure.

AMO. Me, ſir? belike you meaſure me by your ſelfe, then?

ASO. Would I might, faire feature.

AMO. And what were you the better, if you might?

ASO. The better it pleaſe you to aske, faire ladie.

AMO. Why, this was rauiſhing, and moſt acutely continu'd. Well, ſpend not your humour too much, you haue now competently exerciſed your conceit: This (once or twice a day) will render you an accompliſht, elaborate, and well leuelled gallant. Conuey in your courting-ſtock, wee will (in the heat of this) goe viſit the *Nymphs* chamber.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ARGVRION, MORIA, CVPID.

I Would this water would ariue once, our trauailing friend ſo commended to vs.

ARG. So would I, for hee has left all vs in trauaile with expectation of it.

PHA.

PHA. Pray IOVE, I neuer riſe from this couch, if euer I thirſted more for a thing, in my whole time of being a courtier.

PHI. Nor I, I'le be ſworne: The very mention of it ſets my lips in a worſe heate, then if he had ſprinkled them with MERCVRY. Reach me the glaſſe, ſirrah.

CVP. Here, ladie.

MOR. They doe not peele, ſweet *Charge*, doe they?

PHI. Yes, a little, *Guardian*.

MOR. O, 'tis an eminent good ſigne. Euer when my lips doe ſo, I am ſure to haue ſome delicious good drinke, or other approching.

ARG. Mary, and this may be good for vs ladies: for (it ſeemes) tis far-fet by their ſtay.

MOR. My palate for yours (deare *Honor*) it ſhall proue moſt elegant, I warrant you: O, I doe fancy this geare that's long a comming, with an vnmeaſurable ſtraine.

PHA. Pray thee ſit downe, PHILAVTIA, that rebatu becomes thee ſingularly.

PHI. Is't not queint?

PHA. Yes faith. Me thinkes, thy ſeruant HEDON is nothing ſo obſequious to thee, as he was wont to be; I know not how, hee's growne out of his garbe a-late, hee's warpt.

MOR. In truneſſe, and ſo me thinkes too; hee's much conuerted.

PHI. Tut, let him bee what hee will, 'tis an *animall* I dreame not of. This tire (me thinkes) makes me looke very ingeniouſly, quick, and ſpirited, I ſhould be ſome LAVRA, or ſome DELIA, me thinkes.

MOR. As I am wiſe (faire *Honors*) that title ſhee gaue him, to bee her *Ambition*, ſpoild him: Before, hee was the moſt propitious and obſeruant young nouice——

PHA. No, no, you are the whole heauen awry, *Guardian*: 'tis the ſwaggering coach-horſe ANAIDES, drawes with him there, has beene the diuerter of him.

PHI. For CVPIDS ſake, ſpeake no more of him; would I might neuer dare to looke in a mirror againe, if I reſpect ere a marmaſet of them al, otherwiſe, then I would a feather, or my ſhittle-cock, to make ſport with, now and then.

PHA. Come, ſit downe; troth (and you be good *Beauties*) let's runne ouer 'hem all now: Which is the properſt man amongſt them? I ſay, the trauailer, AMORPHVS.

PHI. O, fie on him, he lookes like a *venetian* trumpetter, i' the battaile of *Lepanto*, in the gallerie yonder; and ſpeakes to the tune of a countrey ladie, that comes euer i' the rereward, or traine of a faſhion.

MOR. I ſhould haue iudgement in a feature, ſweet *Beauties*.

PHA. A bodie would thinke ſo, at theſe yeeres.

MOR. And I preferre another now, far before him, a million at leaſt.

PHA. Who might that be, *Guardian*?

MOR. Mary (faire *Charge*) ANAIDES.

PHA. ANAIDES! you talk't of a tune PHILAVTIA, there's one ſpeakes in a key: like the opening of ſome Iuſtices gate, or a poſte-boies horne, as if his voice fear'd an arreſt for ſome ill wordes it ſhould giue, and were loth to come forth.

PHI. I, and he has a very imperfect face.

PHA. Like a ſea-monſter, that were to rauiſh ANDROMEDA from the rocke.

PHI. His hand's too great too, by at leaſt a ſtrawes breadth

PHA. Nay, he has a worſe fault then that, too.

PHI. A long heele?

PHA. That were a fault in a ladie, rather then him: No, they ſay, hee puts off the calues of his legs, with his ſtockings, euery night.

PHI. Out vpon him: turne to another of the pictures, for loues ſake. What ſaies ARGVRION? whom doo's ſhee commend, afore the reſt?

CVP. I hope, I haue inſtructed her ſufficiently for an anſwere.

MOR. Troth, I made the motion to her ladiſhip for one to day, i' the preſence, but it appear'd ſhee was other-waies furniſht before: Shee would none.

PHA. Who was that, ARGVRION?

MOR. Mary, the poore plaine gentleman, i' the blacke, there.

PHA. Who, CRITES?

ARG. I, I, he. A fellow, that no body ſo much as lookt vpon, or regarded, and ſhee would haue had me done him particular grace.

PHA. That was a true tricke of your ſelfe, MORIA, to perſwade ARGVRION, to affect the ſcholer.

ARG. Tut, but ſhee ſhall be no chuſer for me. In good faith, I like the citizens ſonne there, ASOTVS, mee thinkes, none of them all come neere him.

PHA. Not, HEDON?

ARG. HEDON, in troth no. HEDON's a pretty ſlight courtier, and he weares his clothes well, and ſometimes in faſhion; Mary, his face is but indifferent, and he has no ſuch excellent body. No, th'other is a moſt delicate youth, a ſweet face, a ſtreight body, a well proportion'd legge and foot, a white hand, a tender voice.

PHI. How now, ARGVRION?

PHA. O, you ſhould haue let her alone, ſhee was beſtowing a copy of him vpon vs. Such a noſe were inough to make me loue a man, now.

PHI. And then his ſeuerall colours he weares; wherein he flouriſheth changeably, euery day.

PHA. O, but his ſhort haire, and his narrow eyes!

PHI. Why, ſhee dotes more palpably vpon him, then ere his father did vpon her.

PHA. Beleeue mee, the young gentleman deſerues it. If ſhee could dote more, 'twere not amiſſe. Hee is an exceeding proper youth, and would

would haue made a moſt neate barber-ſurgeon, if hee had beene put to it in time.

PHI. Say you ſo? me thinkes, he lookes like a taylour alreadie.

PHA. I, that had ſayed on one of his cuſtomers ſutes. His face is like a ſqueezed orange, or———

ARG. Well, ladies, jeſt on: the beſt of you both would be glad of ſuch a ſeruant.

MOR. I, I'le be ſworne would they, though hee be a little ſhame-fac'd.

PHA. Shame-fac'd, MORIA! out vpon him. Your ſhame-fac'd ſeruant is your onely gull.

MOR. Goe to, *Beauties*, make much of time, and place, and occaſion, and opportunitie, and fauourites, and things that belong to 'hem, for I'le enſure you, they will all relinquiſh; they cannot indure aboue another yeere; I know it out of future experience: and therefore take exhibition, and warning. I was once a reueller my ſelfe, and though I ſpeak it (as mine owne trumpet) I was then eſteem'd———

PHI. The very march-pane of the court, I warrant you?

PHA. And all the gallants came about you like flyes, did they not?

MOR. Goe to, they did ſomewhat, that's no matter now.

PHA. Nay, good MORIA, be not angrie. Put caſe, that wee foure now had the grant from IVNO, to wiſh our ſelues into what happie eſtate wee could? what would you wiſh to be, MORIA?

MOR. Who I? Let me ſee now. I would wiſh to be a wiſe woman, and know all the ſecrets of court, citie, and countrie. I would know what were done behind the arras, what vpon the ſtaires, what i' the garden, what i' the *Nymphs* chamber, what by barge, & what by coach. I would tel you which courtier were ſcabbed, and which not; which ladie had her owne face to lie with her a-nights, & which not; who put off their teeth with their clothes in court, who their haire, who their complexion; and in which boxe they put it. There ſhould not a *Nymph*, or a widdow be got with childe i' the verge, but I would gueſſe (within one or two,) who was the right father: and in what moneth it was gotten; with what words; and which way. I would tell you, which Madame lou'd a *Monſieur*, which a player, which a page; who ſlept with her huſband, who with her friend, who with her gentleman-vſher, who with her horſe-keeper, who with her monkie, and who with all. Yes, and who jigg'd the cocke too.

PHA. Fye, you'ld tell all, MORIA. If I ſhould wiſh now, it ſhould bee to haue your tongue out. But what ſayes PHILAVTIA? who would ſhe be?

PHI. Troth, the verie ſame I am. Onely I would wiſh my ſelfe a little more command, and ſoueraignetie; that all the court were ſubiect to my abſolute becke, and all things in it depending on my looke; as if there were no other heauen, but in my ſmile, nor other hell, but in my frowne; that I might ſend for any man I lift, and haue his head cut off, when I haue done with him; or made an *eunuch*, if he denyed mee: and if I ſaw a bet-

ter face then mine owne, I might haue my doctor to poyſon it. What would you wiſh, PHANTASTE?

PHA. Faith, I cannot (readily) tell you what: But (mee thinkes) I ſhould wiſh my ſelfe all manner of creatures. Now, I would bee an empreſſe; and by and by a dutcheſſe; then a great ladie of ſtate; then one of your *miſcelany* madams; then a waiting-woman; then your cittizens wife; then a courſe countrey gentlewoman; then a deyrie maide; then a ſhepheards laſſe; then an empreſſe againe, or the queene of *fayries*: And thus I would prooue the viciſſitudes, and whirle of pleaſures, about, and againe. As I were a ſhepheardeſſe, I would bee pip'd and ſung too; as a deyrie wench, I would dance at *may*-poles, and make ſillabubbes; As a countrey gentlewoman, keep a good houſe, and come vp to terme, to ſee motions; As a cittizens wife, bee troubled with a iealous huſband, and put to my ſhifts; (others miſeries ſhould bee my pleaſures) As a waiting-woman, I would taſte my ladies delights to her; As a *miſcellany* madame inuent new tyres, and goe viſite courtiers; As a great ladie, lye a bed, and haue courtiers viſite mee; As a dutcheſſe, I would keepe my ſtate; and as an empreſſe, I'ld doe any thing. And, in all theſe ſhapes, I would euer bee follow'd with th' affections of all that ſee mee. Mary, I my ſelfe would affect none; or if I did, it ſhould not bee heartily, but ſo as I might ſaue my ſelfe in 'hem ſtill, and take pride in tormenting the poore wretches. Or, (now I thinke on't) I would, for one yeere, wiſh my ſelfe one woman, but the richeſt, faireſt, and delicateſt in a kingdome, the very center of wealth, and beautie, wherein all lines of loue ſhould meet; and in that perſon I would prooue all manner of ſuters, of all humours, and of all complexions, and neuer haue any two of a ſort: I would ſee how *Loue* (by the power of his obiect) could worke inwardly alike, in a cholericke man, and a ſanguine; in a melancholique, and a phlegmatique; in a foole, and a wiſe man; in a clowne, and a courtier; in a valiant man, and a coward: and how he could varie outward, by letting this gallant expreſſe himſelfe in dumbe gaze; another with ſighing, and rubbing his fingers; a third, with play-ends, and pittifull verſes; a fourth, with ſtabbing himſelfe, and drinking healths, or writing languiſhing letters in his bloud; a fifth, in colour'd ribbands, and good clothes; with this lord to ſmile, and that lord to court, and the t'other lord to dote, and one lord to hang himſelfe. And then, I to haue a booke made of all this, which I would call the booke of humours, and euery night reade a little piece, ere I ſlept, and laugh at it. Here comes HEDON.

Act IIII. Scene III.

HEDON, ANAIDES, MERCVRIE, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, MORIA, ARGVRION, CVPID.

SAue you, sweet and cleere beauties: By the spirit that moues in me, you are all most pleasingly bestow'd, ladies. Onely, I can take it for no good *omen*, to find mine *Honor* so detected.

PHI. You need not feare, sir, I did of purpose humble my selfe against your comming, to decline the pride of my *ambition*.

HED. Faire *Honor*, *Ambition* dares not stoope; but if it be your sweet pleasure, I shall lose that title, I will (as I am HEDON) apply my selfe to your bounties.

PHI. That were the next way to distitle my selfe of *honor*. O, no, rather be still *ambitious*, I pray you.

HED. I will be any thing that you please, whilst it pleaseth you to bee your selfe, ladie. Sweet PHANTASTE, deare MORIA, most beautifull ARGVRION——

ANA. Farewell, HEDON.

HED. ANAIDES, stay, whither goe you?

ANA. S'light, what should I doe here? and you engrosse 'hem all for your owne vse, 'tis time for me to seeke out.

HED. I, engrosse 'hem? Away, mischiefe, this is one of your extrauagant iests now, because I began to salute 'hem by their names——

ANA. Faith, you might haue sparde vs Madame *Prudence*, the *Guardian* there, though you had more couetously aym'd at the rest.

HED. S'heart, take 'hem all, man: what speake you to me of ayming, or couetous?

ANA. I, say you so? nay, then, haue at 'hem: ladies, here's one hath distinguish'd you by your names alreadie. It shall onely become me, to aske, How you doe?

HED. Gods so, was this the designe you trauaill'd with?

PHA. Who answeres the brazen head? it spoke to some bodie.

ANA. Lady *Wisedome*, doe you interpret for these puppets?

MOR. In truth, and sadnesse (*Honors*) you are in great offence for this, goe too: the gentleman (I'le vnder-take with him) is a man of faire liuing, and able to maintaine a ladie in her two carroches a day; besides pages, munkeys, and parachitos, with such attendants as shee shall thinke meet for her turne, and therefore there is more respect requirable, howsoere you seeme to conniue. Harke you, sir, let mee discourse a sillable with you. I am to say to you, these ladies are not of that close, and open behauiour, as happily you may suspend; their carriage is well knowne, to be such as it should be, both gentle and extraordinarie.

MOR. O, here comes the other paire.

Act IIII. Scene III.

Amorphvs, Asotvs, Hedon, Anaides, Mercvrie, Cvpid, Phantaste, Philavtia, Argvrion, Moria.

THat was your fathers loue, the *Nymph* Argvrion. I would haue you direct all your courtship thither, if you could but endeare your selfe to her affection, you were eternally en-gallanted.

Aso. In truth, sir? pray Phœbvs I proue fauour-some in her faire eyes.

Amo. All diuine mixture, and increase of beautie to this bright beuy of ladies; and to the male-courtiers, complement, and courtesie.

Hed. In the behalfe of the males, I gratifie you, Amorphvs.

Pha. And I, of the females.

Amo. Succinctly return'd. I doe vale to both your thankes, and kisse them: but primarily to yours, most ingenious, acute, and polite ladie.

Phi. Gods my life, how hee doe's all to bee qualifie her! ingenious, acute, and polite? as if there were not others in place as ingenious, acute, and polite, as shee.

Hed. Yes, but you must know, ladie, hee cannot speake out of a *dictionarie* method.

Pha. Sit downe, sweet Amorphvs: When will this water come, thinke you?

Amo. It cannot now be long, faire ladie.

Cvp. Now obserue, Mercvry.

Aso. How? most ambiguous beautie? loue you? that I will by this hand-kercher.

Mer. S'lid, he drawes his othes out of his pocket.

Arg. But, will you be constant?

Aso. Constant, Madam? I will not say for constantnesse, but by this purse (which I would be loth to sweare by, vnlesse 'twere embroider'd) I protest (more then most faire ladie) you are the onely, absolute, and vnparalelld creature, I doe adore, and admire, and respect, and reuerence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome: Mee thinkes you are melancholy.

Arg. Do's your heart speake all this?

Aso. Say you?——

Mer. O, he is groping for another oth.

Aso. Now, by this watch (I marle how forward the day is) I doe vnfeignedly vow my selfe (s'light 'tis deeper then I tooke it, past fiue) yours entirely addicted, Madame.

Arg. I require no more, deareſt Asotvs, hence-forth let mee call you mine, and in remembrance of me, vouchsafe to weare this chaine, and this diamond.

Aso.

Aso. O god, ſweet ladie!

Cvp. There are new othes for him: what? doth Hermes taſte no alteration, in all this?

Mer. Yes, thou haſt ſtrooke Argvrion inamour'd on Asotvs, me thinkes.

Cvp. Alas, no; I am no-body, I: I can doe nothing in this diſguiſe.

Mer. But thou haſt not wounded any of the reſt, Cvpid?

Cvp. Not yet: it is enough that I haue begun ſo proſperouſly.

Arg. Nay, theſe are nothing to the gems I will hourely beſtow vpon thee: be but faithfull, and kind to me, and I will lade thee with my richeſt bounties: behold, here my bracelets, from mine armes.

Aso. Not ſo, good ladie, By this diamond.

Arg. Take 'hem, weare 'hem: my iewels, chaine of pearle, pendants, all I haue.

Aso. Nay then, by this pearle, you make me a wanton.

Cvp. Shall not ſhee anſwere for this, to maintayne him thus in ſwearing?

Mer. O, no, there is a way to weane him from this, the gentleman may be reclaim'd.

Cvp. I, if you had the ayring of his apparell, couſs', I thinke.

Aso. Louing? 'twere pitty I ſhould be liuing elſe, beleeue me. Saue you, ſir. Saue you, ſweet ladie. Saue you, Monſieur Anaides. Saue you, deare Madame.

Ana. Do'ſt thou know him that ſaluted thee, Hedon?

Hed. No, ſome idle Fvngoso, that hath got aboue the cup-board, ſince yeſterday.

Ana. S'lud, I neuer ſaw him till this morning, and he ſalutes me as familiarly, as if we had knowne together, ſince the deluge, or the firſt yeere of *Troy*-action.

Amo. A moſt right-handed, and auſpicious encounter. Confine your ſelfe to your fortunes.

Phi. For ſports ſake, let's haue ſome *riddles*, or *purpoſes*; hough.

Pha. No faith, your *prophecies* are beſt, the t'other are ſtale.

Phi. *Prophecies?* we cannot all ſit in at them; wee ſhall make a confuſion. No; what calld you that we had in the fore-noone?

Pha. *Subſtantiues*, and *Adiectiues*. Iſt not Hedon?

Phi. I, that, who begins?

Pha. I haue thought; ſpeake your *Adiectiues*, ſirs.

Phi. But doe not you change, then?

Pha. Not I, who ſaies?

Mor. Odoriferous.

Phi. Popular.

Arg. Humble.

Ana. White-liuer'd.

Hed. Barbarous.

Amo.

AMO. *Pythagoricall.*

HED. Yours, Signior.

ASO. What must I doe, sir?

AMO. Giue forth your *Adiectiue*, with the rest; as, prosperous, good, faire, sweet, well———

HED. Any thing, that hath not beene spoken.

ASO. Yes, sir: well-spoken, shall be mine.

PHA. What? ha' you all done?

ALL. I.

PHA. Then the *Substantiue* is Breeches. Why odoriferous Breeches, *Guardian?*

MOR. Odoriferous, because odoriferous; that which containes most varietie of sauour, and smell, we say is most odoriferous: now, Breeches I presume are incident to that varietie, and therefore odoriferous Breeches.

PHA. Well, we must take it howsoeuer, who's next? PHILAVTIA.

PHI. Popular.

PHA. Why popular Breeches?

PHI. Mary, that is, when they are not content to be generally noted in court, but will presse forth on common stages, and brokers stalls, to the publique view of the world.

PHA. Good: why humble Breeches? ARGVRION.

ARG. Humble, because they vse to be sate vpon; besides, if you tie 'hem not vp, their propertie is to fall downe about your heeles.

MER. Shee has worne the breeches, it seemes, which haue done so.

PHA. But why white-liuer'd?

ANA. Why? 'shart, are not their linings white? besides, when they come in swaggering companie, and will pocket vp any thing, may they not properly be said to be white-liuer'd?

PHA. O, yes, wee must not denie it. And why barbarous, HEDON?

HED. Barbarous, because commonly, when you haue worne your breeches sufficiently, you giue them to your Barber.

AMO. That's good: but now *Pythagoricall?*

PHA. I, AMORPHVS. Why *Pythagoricall* Breeches?

AMO. O, most kindly of all, 'tis a conceit of that fortune, I am bold to hug my braine for.

PHA. How ist, exquisite AMORPHVS?

AMO. O, I am rapt with it, 'tis so fit, so proper, so happy———

PHI. Nay, doe not racke vs thus?

AMO. I neuer truly relisht my selfe, before. Giue me your eares. Breeches *Pythagoricall*, by reason of their transmigration, into seuerall shapes.

MOR. Most rare, in sweet troth. Mary, this young gentleman, for his well-spoken———

PHA. I, why well-spoken Breeches?

ASO.

Aso. Well-ſpoken? mary well-ſpoken, becauſe—whatſoeuer they ſpeake, is well taken; and whatſoeuer is well taken, is well-ſpoken.

Mor. Excellent! beleeue me.

Aso. Not ſo, ladies, neither.

Hed. But why Breeches, now?

Pha. Breeches, *quaſi* beare-riches; when a gallant beares all his riches in his breeches:

Amo. Moſt fortunately *etymologyz'd*.

Pha. Nay, we haue another ſport afore this, of *A thing done*, and, *Who did it, &c.*

Phi. I, good Phantaste, let's haue that: Diſtribute the *places*.

Pha. Why, I imagine, *A thing done*; Hedon thinkes, *Who did it*; Moria, *With what it was done*; Anaides, *Where it was done*; Argvrion, *When it was done*; Amorphvs, *For what cauſe it was done*; you Philavtia, *What followed vpon the doing of it*; and this gentleman, *Who would haue done it better*. What? is't conceiu'd about?

All. Yes, yes.

Pha. Then ſpeake you, ſir. *Who would haue done it better?*

Aso. How! do's it beginne at me?

Pha. Yes, ſir: This play is cal'd the *Crab*, it goes backward.

Aso. May I not name my ſelfe?

Pha. If you pleaſe, ſir, and dare abide the venture of it.

Aso. Then, I would haue done it better, what euer it is.

Pha. No doubt on't, ſir: a good confidence. *What followed vpon the act*, Philavtia?

Phi. A few heate drops, and a moneths mirth.

Pha. *For what cauſe*, Amorphvs?

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Pha. *When*, Argvrion?

Arg. Laſt progreſſe.

Pha. *Where*, Anaides?

Ana. Why, in a paire of pain'd ſlops.

Pha. *With what*, Moria?

Mor. With a glyſter.

Pha. *Who*, Hedon?

Hed. A trauailer.

Pha. Then, *The thing done* was, An oration was made. Rehearſe. An oration was made.

Hed. By a trauailer.

Mor. With a glyſter.

Ana. In a paire of pain'd ſlops,

Arg. Laſt progreſſe.

Amo. For the delight of ladies.

Phi. A few heat drops, and a moneths mirth followed.

Pha. And, this ſilent gentleman would haue done it better.

Aso.

Aso. This was not so good, now.

Phi. In good faith, these vnhappie pages would be whipt, for staying thus.

Mor. Beshrew my hand, and my heart, else.

Amo. I doe wonder at their protraction!

Ana. Pray Venvs, my whore haue not discouer'd her selfe to the rascally boyes, and that be the cause of their stay.

Aso. I must sute my selfe with another page: this idle Prosaites will neuer be brought to wait well.

Mor. Sir, I haue a kinsman I could willingly wish to your seruice, if you would deigne to accept of him.

Aso. And I shall bee glad (most sweet ladie) to imbrace him: where is hee?

Mor. I can fetch him, sir, but I would bee loth to make you turne away your other page.

Aso. You shall not, most sufficient ladie, I will keepe both: pray you lets goe see him.

Arg. Whither goes my loue?

Aso. Ile returne presently, I goe but to see a page, with this ladie.

Ana. As sure as fate, 't is so; shee has opened all: A poxe of all *cockatrices*. Dam' me, if she haue plai'd loose with me, I'le cut her throat, within a haires breadth, so it may be heal'd againe.

Mer. What, is he jealous of his *Hermaphrodite*?

Cvp. O, I, this will be excellent sport.

Phi. Phantaste! Argvrion! what? you are sodainely strooke, me thinkes! for louesake let's haue some musike, till they come. *Ambition*, reach the *lyra*, I pray you.

Hed. Any thing to which my *Honour* shall direct mee.

Phi. Come, Amorphvs, cheare vp Phantaste.

Amo. It shall bee my pride, faire ladie, to attempt all that is in my power. But here is an instrument that (alone) is able to infuse soule in the most melancholique, and dull dispos'de creature vpon earth. O! let mee kisse thy faire knees. Beauteous eares attend it.

Hed. Will you haue the Kisse, *Honour*?

Phi. I, good *Ambition*.

Song.

O, That ioy so soone should waste!
or so sweet a blisse
as a kisse,
Might not for euer last!
So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lyes on roses,
When the morne her selfe discloses,
is not so precious.

O,

O, rather then I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſte ſuch another;
It ſhould bee my wiſhing
That I might dye kiſſing.

HED. I made this dittie, and the note to it, vpon a kiſſe that my *Honour* gaue me; how like you it, ſir?

AMO. A prettie ayre, in generall, I like it well: but in particular, your long die-note did arride me moſt, but it was ſomwhat too long. I can ſhew one, almoſt of the ſame nature, but much before it and not ſo long, in a compoſition of mine owne. I thinke I haue both the note, and dittie about me.

HED. Pray you, ſir, ſee.

AMO. Yes, there is the note; and all the parts if I miſ-thinke not. I will read the dittie to your beauties here, but firſt I am to make you familiar with the occaſion, which preſents it ſelfe thus. Vpon a time, going to take my leaue of the Emperour, and kiſſe his great hands; there being then preſent, the kings of *France*, and *Arragon*, the dukes of *Sauoy*, *Florence*, *Orleance*, *Bourbon*, *Brunſwicke*, the *Lantgraue*, *Count Palatine*, all which had ſeuerally feaſted me; beſides, infinite more of inferiour perſons, as Counts and others: it was my chance the Emperour detain'd by ſome exorbitant affaire) to wait him the fift part of an houre, or much neere it. In which time (retyring my ſelfe into a bay-window), the beauteous ladie ANNABELL, neece to the Empreſſe, and ſiſter to the King of *Arragon*, who hauing neuer before eyde mee, (but only heard the common report of my vertue, learning, and trauaile) fell into that extremitie of paſſion, for my loue, that ſhee there immediately ſwouned: phyſicians were ſent for, ſhe had to her chamber, ſo to her bed; where (languiſhing ſome few daies) after many times calling vpon me, with my name in her lips, ſhe expirde. As that (I muſt mourningly ſay) is the onely fault of my fortune, that, as it hath euer beene my hap to be ſew'd to, by all ladies, and beauties, where I haue come, ſo, I neuer yet ſojourn'd, or reſted in that place, or part of the world, where ſome high-borne admirable faire feature died not for my loue.

MER. O, the ſweet power of trauaile! are you guiltie of this, CVPID?

CVP. No, MERCVRIE, and that his page (COS) knowes, if he were here preſent to be ſworne.

PHI. But, how doth this draw on the dittie, ſir?

MER. O, ſhe is too quicke with him; he hath not deuis'd that yet.

AMO. Mary, ſome houre before ſhe departed, ſhe bequeath'd to mee this *gloue*; which *golden legacie*, the Emperour himſelfe tooke care to ſend after me, in ſixe coaches, couer'd all with blacke vellet, attended by the ſtate of his empire; all which he freely preſented mee with, and I reciprocally (out of the ſame bountie) gaue to the lords that brought it: only reſeruing the gift of the deceas'd ladie, vpon which I compoſde this *ode*, and ſet it to my moſt affected inſtrument, the *lyra*.

SONG.

SONG.

THou more then most sweet gloue,
Vnto my more sweet loue,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This emptie lodging, that now misses
The pure rosie hand, that ware thee,
Whiter then the kid, that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
CVPIDS selfe hath kist it ofter,
Then e're he did his mothers doues,
Supposing her the Queene of loues,
That was thy Mistresse,
Best of gloues.

MER. Blasphemie, blasphemie, CVPID.

CVP. I, I'le reuenge it time inough; HERMES.

PHI. Good AMORPHVS, let's heare it sung.

AMO. I care not to admit that, since it pleaseth PHILAVTIA to request it.

HED. Heere, sir.

After he hath sung.

AMO. Nay, play it, I pray you, you doe well, you doe well—How like you it, sir?

HED. Verie well in troth.

AMO. But very well? O, you are a meere *mammothrept* in judgement then. Why, doe you not obserue how excellently the dittie is affected in euerie place? that I doe not marrie a word of short quantitie to a long note? nor an ascending sillable to a descending tone? Besides, vpon the word (*best*) there, you see how I doe enter with an odde *minnum*, and driue it thorow the *briefe*, which no intelligent Musician (I know) but wil affirme to be verie rare, extraordinarie, and pleasing.

MER. And yet not fit to lament the death of a ladie, for all this.

CVP. Tut, heere be they will swallow any thing.

PHA. Pray you let me haue a coppie of it, AMORPHVS.

PHI. And me too, in troth, I like it exceedingly.

AMO. I haue denied it to princes, neuertheless to you (the true female twinnes of perfection) I am wonne, to depart withall.

HED. I hope I shall haue my *Honours* coppie.

Who is return'd from seeking his page.

PHA. You are *ambitious* in that, HEDON.

AMO. How now, ANAIDES! what is it hath conjur'd vp this distemperature in the circle of your face?

ANA. S'lood, what haue you to doe? A pox vpon your filthie trauailing face, hold your tongue.

HED. Nay, doo'st heare, *mischiefe?*

ANA. Away, muske-cat.

AMO. I say to thee, thou art rude, debauch't, impudent, coorse, impolisht, a frapler, and base.

HED.

HED. Heart of my father, what a strange alteration has halfe a yeeres haunting of ordinaries wrought in this fellow! that came with a *tuff-taffata* ierkin to towne but the other day, and a paire of penilesse hose, and now he is turn'd HERCVLES, he wants but a club.

ANA. Sir, you with the pencill on your chinne; I will garter my hose with your guts, and that shall be all.

MER. S'lid, what rare fireworkes be heere? flash, flash.

PHA. What's the matter HEDON? can you tell?

HED. Nothing, but that hee lackes crownes, and thinkes weele lend him some, to be friends.

Asotus returnes with Maria, and Morus.

ASO. Come, sweet ladie, in good truth I'le haue it, you shall not denie me. MORVS, perswade your aunt I may haue her picture, by any meanes.

MOR. Yes, sir: good aunt now, let him haue it, hee will vse mee the better, if you loue me, doe, good aunt.

MOR. Well, tell him, he shall haue it.

MOR. Master, you shall haue it, she saies.

ASO. Shall I? thanke her, good page.

CVP. What, has he entertain'd the *foole?*

MER. I, heele wait close, you shall see, though the *begger* hang off, awhile.

MOR. Aunt, my master thankes you.

MOR. Call him hither.

MOR. Yes, master

MOR. Yes, in veritie, and gaue me this purse, and he has promis'd me a most fine dogge; which he will haue drawne, with my picture, he saies; and desires most vehemently to bee knowne to your ladiships.

PHA. Call him hither, 'tis good groping such a gull.

MOR. Master ASOTVS, master ASOTVS.

ASO. For loues sake, let me goe: you see, I am call'd to the ladies.

ARG. Wilt thou forsake me then?

ASO. God so, what would you haue me doe?

MOR. Come hither, master ASOTVS. I doe ensure your ladiships, he is a gentleman of a verie worthie desert: and of a most bountifull nature. You must shew and insinuate your selfe responsible, and equivalent now to my commendment. Good *Honors*, grace him.

ASO. I protest (more then most faire ladies) I doe wish all varietie of diuine pleasures, choice sports, sweet musique, rich fare, braue attire, soft beds, and silken thoughts attend these faire beauties. Will it please your ladiship to weare this chaine of pearle, and this diamond, for my sake?

ARG. O.

ASO. And you, Madame, this iewell, and pendants.

ARG. O.

PHA. Wee know not how to deserue these bounties, out of so slight merit, ASOTVS.

PHI. No, in faith, but there's my gloue for a fauour.

PHA. And ſoone, after the reuells, I will beſtow a garter on you.

ASO. O Lord, ladies! it is more grace then euer I could haue hop'd, but that it pleaſeth your ladiſhips to extend. I proteſt, it is enough, that you but take knowledge of my—— if your ladiſhips want embroidered gownes, tires of any faſhion, rebatu's, iewells, or carkanets, any thing whatſoeuer, if you vouchſafe to accept.

CVP. And for it, they will helpe you to ſhooe-ties, and deuices.

ASO. I cannot vtter my ſelfe (deare beauties) but, you can conceiue——

ARG. O.

PHA. Sir, we will acknowledge your ſeruice, doubt not: henceforth, you ſhall bee no more ASOTVS to vs, but our *gold-finch*, and wee your *cages*.

ASO. O VENVS, Madams! how ſhall I deſerue this? if I were but made acquainted with HEDON, now, I'le trie: pray you away.

MER. How he praies *Money* to goe away from him!

ASO. AMORPHVS, a word with you: here's a watch I would beſtow vpon you, pray you make me knowne to that gallant.

AMO. That I will, ſir. Monſieur HEDON, I muſt intreat you to exchange knowledge with this gentleman.

HED. 'Tis a thing (next to the water we expect) I thirſt after, ſir. Good Monſieur ASOTVS.

ASO. Good Monſieur HEDON, I would be glad to be lou'd of men of your ranke, and ſpirit, I proteſt. Pleaſe you to accept this paire of bracelets, ſir: they are not worth the beſtowing——

MER. O, HERCVLES, how the gentleman purchaſes! this muſt needes bring ARGVRION to a conſumption.

HED. Sir, I ſhall neuer ſtand in the merit of ſuch bountie, I feare.

ASO. O, VENVS, ſir; your acquaintance ſhall bee ſufficient. And if at any time you neede my bill, or my bond.

Argurion ſwounds.

ARG. O, ô.

AMO. Helpe the ladie there.

MOR. Gods deare, ARGVRION! Madame, how doe you?

ARG. Sicke.

PHA. Haue her forth, and giue her aire.

ASO. I come againe ſtrait, ladies.

MER. Well, I doubt, all the phyſique hee has will ſcarce recouer her: ſhee's too farre ſpent.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

PHILAVTIA, GELAIA, ANAIDES, COS, PROSAITES, PHANTASTE, MORIA, AMORPHVS, HEDON.

O Here's the water come: fetch glasses, page.

GEL. Heart of my body, here's a coile indeed, with your iealous humours. Nothing but whore; and bitch, and all the villanous swaggering names you can thinke on? S'lid, take your bottle, and put it in your guts for me, I'le see you poxt ere I follow you any longer.

ANA. Nay, good punke, sweete rascall; dam' mee, if I am iealous now.

GEL. That's true indeede: pray let's goe.

MOR. What's the matter, there?

GEL. S'light, he has mee vpon intergatories, (nay, my mother shall know how you vse me) where I haue beene? and, why I should stay so long? and, how ist possible? and withall, calls me at his pleasure, I know not how many cockatrices, and things.

MOR. In truth and sadnesse, these are no good *epitaphs*, ANAIDES, to bestow vpon any gentlewoman; and (Ile ensure you) if I had knowne you would haue dealt thus with my daughter, she should neuer haue fancied you so deeply, as shee has done. Goe too.

ANA. Why, doe you heare, mother MORIA. Heart!

MOR. Nay, I pray you, sir, doe not sweare.

ANA. Sweare? why? S'lood, I haue sworne afore now, I hope. Both you and your daughter mistake me. I haue not honor'd ARETE, that is held the worthiest ladie in court (next to CYNTHIA) with halfe that obseruance, and respect, as I haue done her in priuate, howsoeuer outwardly I haue carried my selfe careless, and negligent. Come, you are a foolish *punke*, and know not when you are well imploi'd. Kisse me, come on. Doe it, I say.

MOR. Nay, indeed I must confesse, shee is apt to misprision. But I must haue you leaue it, minion.

AMO. How now, ASOTVS? how do's the ladie?

ASO. Faith, ill. I haue left my page with her, at her lodging.

HED. O, here's the rarest water that euer was tasted: fill him some.

PRO. What! has my master a new page?

MER. Yes, a kinsman of the ladie MORIAS: you must waite better now, or you are casheer'd, PROSAITES.

ANA. Come, gallants, you must pardon my foolish humour: when I am angrie, that any thing crosses mee, I grow impatient straight. Here, I drinke to you.

PHI. O, that we had fiue, or sixe bottles more of this liquor.

PHA. Now I commend your iudgement, AMORPHVS, who's that knockes? Looke, page.

MOR. O, most delicious, a little of this would make ARGVRION well.

PHA. O, no, giue her no cold drinke, by any meanes.

ANA. Slood, this water is the spirit of wine, Ile be hang'd else.

CVP. Here's the ladie ARETE, Madame.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

ARETE, MORIA, PHANTASTE, PHILAVTIA, ANAIDES, GELAIA, COS, PROSAITES, AMORPHVS, ASOTVS, HEDON, MERCVRIE, CVPID.

WHat! at your beuer, gallants?

MOR. Wilt please your ladiship drinke? tis of the new fountayne water.

ARE. Not I, MORIA, I thanke you. Gallants, you are for this night free, to your peculiar delights; CYNTHIA will haue no sports: when shee is pleas'd to come forth, you shall haue knowledge. In the meane time, I could wish you did prouide for solemne reuels, and some vnlook'd-for deuice of wit, to entertaine her, against she should vouchsafe to grace your pastimes with her presence.

AMO. What say you to a *Masque?*

HED. Nothing better, if the proiect were new, and rare.

ARE. Why, Ile send for CRITES, and haue his aduice; be you ready in your indeauours: He shall discharge you of the inuentiue part.

PHA. But, will not your ladiship stay?

ARE. Not now, PHANTASTE.

PHI. Let her goe, I pray you, good ladie *Sobrietie*, I am glad wee are rid of her.

PHA. What a set face the gentlewoman has, as shee were still going to a sacrifice?

PHI. O, shee is the extraction of a dozen of *Puritans*, for a looke.

MOR. Of all *Nymphs* i' the court, I cannot away with her; 'tis the courset thing——

PHI. I wonder, how CYNTHIA can affect her so aboue the rest! Here be they are euery way as faire as shee, and a thought fairer, I trow.

PHA. I, and as ingenious, and conceited as shee.

MOR. I, and as politique as shee, for all shee sets such a fore-head on't.

PHI. Would I were dead, if I would change to be CYNTHIA.

PHA. Or I.

MOR. Or I.

AMO. And there's her minion CRITES! why his aduice more then AMORPHVS? haue not I inuention, afore him? Learning, to better that inuention,

inuention, aboue him? and infanted, with pleaſant trauaile———

Ana. Death, what talke you of his learning? he vnderſtands no more then a ſchoole-boy; I haue put him downe my ſelfe a thouſand times (by this aire) and yet I neuer talkt with him but twice, in my life: you neuer ſaw his like. I could neuer get him to argue with me, but once, and then, becauſe I could not conſtrue an Author I quoted at firſt ſight, hee went away, and laught at me. By Hercvles, I ſcorne him, as I doe the ſodden *Nymph*, that was here e'en now, his miſtris Arete: And I loue my ſelfe for nothing elſe.

Hed. I wonder the fellow do's not hang himſelfe, being thus ſcorn'd, and contemn'd of vs that are held the moſt accompliſht ſocietie of gallants!

Mer. By your ſelues, none elſe.

Hed. I proteſt, if I had no muſique in me, no courtſhip, that I were not a reueller and could dance, or had not thoſe excellent qualities that giue a man life, and perfection, but a meere poore ſcholer as he is, I thinke I ſhould make ſome deſperate way with my ſelfe, whereas now (would I might neuer breathe more) if I doe know that creature in this kingdome, with whom I would change.

Cvp. This is excellent: well, I muſt alter all this ſoone.

Mer. Looke you doe, Cvpid. The bottles haue wrought, it ſeemes.

Aso. O, I am ſorry the reuels are croſt. I ſhould ha' tickled it ſoone. I did neuer appeare till then. S'lid, I am the neatlyeſt-made gallant i' the companie, and haue the beſt preſence; and my dancing——well, I know what our vſher ſaid to me, laſt time I was at the ſchoole: would I might haue lead Philavtia in the meaſures, and it had beene the gods will. I am moſt worthy, I am ſure.

Morvs. Maſter, I can tell you newes, the ladie kiſt mee yonder, and plaid with me, and ſayes ſhee lou'd you once, as well as ſhee do's me, but that you caſt her off.

Aso. Peace, my moſt eſteemed page.

Morvs. Yes.

Aso. What lucke is this, that our reuels are daſht? Now was I beginning to gliſter, i' the very high way of preferment. And Cynthia had but ſeene me dance a ſtraine, or doe but one trick, I had beene kept in court, I ſhould neuer haue needed to looke towards my friends againe.

Amo. Containe your ſelfe. You were a fortunate yong man, if you knew your owne good: which I haue now proiected, and will preſently multiply vpon you. *Beauties*, and *Valors*, your vouchſaf'd applauſe to a motion. The humorous Cynthia hath, for this night, with-drawne the light of your de-light———

Pha. Tis true Amorphvs, what may we doe to redeeme it?

Amo. Redeeme that we cannot, but, to create a new flame, is in our power. Here is a gentleman my ſcholer, whom (for ſome priuate reaſons me ſpecially mouing) I am couetous to gratifie with title of Maſter, in

the noble, and ſubtile ſcience of *Courtſhip*: For which grace, he ſhall this night in court, and in the long gallery, hold his publique *Act*, by open challenge, to all *Maſters* of the myſterie whatſoeuer, to play at the foure choice, and principall weapons thereof, viz. the *bare Accoſt*, the *better Regard*, the *ſolemne Addreſſe*, and the *perfect Cloſe*. What ſay you?

ALL. Excellent, excellent, AMORPHVS.

AMO. Well, let vs then take our time by the fore-head: I will inſtantly haue bills drawne, and aduanc'd in euery angle of the court. Sir, betray not your too much ioy. ANAIDES, wee muſt mixe this gentleman with you in acquaintance, Monſieur ASOTVS.

ANA. I am eaſily intreated to grace any of your friends, AMORPHVS.

ASO. Sir, and his friends ſhall likewiſe grace you, ſir. Nay, I begin to know my ſelfe, now.

AMO. O, you muſt continue your bounties.

ASO. Muſt I? why, I'le giue him this ruby on my finger. Doe you heare, ſir? I doe heartily wiſh your acquaintance, and I partly know my ſelfe worthy of it; pleaſe you, ſir, to accept this poore ruby, in a ring, ſir. The *poeſie* is of my owne deuice. *Let this bluſh for me*, ſir.

ANA. So it muſt for me, too. For I am not aſham'd to take it.

MORVS. Sweet man! by my troth, maſter, I loue you, will you loue me, too? for my aunts ſake? Ile waite well, you ſhall ſee. Ile ſtill bee here. Would I might neuer ſtirre, but you are a fine man in theſe clothes, Maſter, ſhall I haue 'hem, when you haue done with them?

ASO. As for that, MORVS, thou ſhalt ſee more hereafter: in the meane time, by this aire, or by this feather, Ile doe as much for thee, as any gallant ſhall doe for his page, whatſoeuer, in this court, corner of the world, or kingdome.

MER. I wonder, this gentleman ſhould affect to keepe a foole! mee thinkes, he makes ſport enough with himſelfe.

CVP. Well, PROSAITES, 'twere good you did waite cloſer.

PRO. I, Ile looke to it; 'tis time.

COS. The reuels would haue beene moſt ſumptuous to night, if they had gone forward.

MER. They muſt needs, when al the choiſeſt ſingularities of the court were vp in pantofles; ne're a one of them, but was able to make a whole ſhew of it ſelfe.

within. ASO. Sirrah, a torch, a torch.

PRO. O, what a call is there! I will haue a *canzonet* made, with nothing in it, but *ſirrah*; and the burthen ſhall be, *I come*.

MER. How now, CVPID, how doe you like this change?

CVP. Faith, the thred of my deuice is crackt, I may goe ſleepe till the reuelling muſique awake me.

MER. And then too, CVPID, without you had preuented the *Fountayne*. Alas, poore god, that remembers not *ſelfe-Loue*, to bee proofe againſt

againſt the violence of his quiuer! Well, I haue a plot vpon theſe prizers, for which, I muſt preſently find out CRITES, and with his aſſiſtance, purſue it to a high ſtraine of laughter, or MERCVRIE hath loſt of his mettall.

Act V. *Scene* I.

MERCVRIE, CRITES.

IT is reſolu'd on, CRITES, you muſt doe it.
CRI. The grace diuineſt MERCVRIE hath done me,
In this vouchſafde diſcouerie of himſelfe,
Binds my obſeruance in the vtmoſt terme
Of ſatisfaction, to his godly will:
Though I profeſſe (without the affectation
Of an enforc'd, and form'd auſteritie)
I could be willing to enioy no place
With ſo vnequall natures. MER. We beleeue it.
But for our ſake, and to inflict iuſt paines
On their prodigious follies, aide vs now:
No man is, preſently, made bad, with ill.
And good men, like the ſea, ſhould ſtill maintaine
Their noble taſte, in midſt of all freſh humours,
That flow about them, to corrupt their ſtreames,
Bearing no ſeaſon, much leſſe ſalt of goodneſſe.
It is our purpoſe, CRITES, to correct,
And puniſh, with our laughter, this nights ſport
Which our court-*Dors* ſo heartily intend:
And by that worthy ſcorne, to make them know
How farre beneath the dignitie of man
Their ſerious, and moſt practis'd actions are.
CRI. I, but though MERCVRIE can warrant out
His vnder-takings, and make all things good,
Out of the powers of his *diuinitie*,
Th'offence will be return'd with weight on me,
That am a creature ſo deſpiſde, and poore;
When the whole Court ſhall take it ſelfe abuſde
By our *ironicall* confederacie.
MER. You are deceiu'd. The better race in court
That haue the true nobilitie, call'd vertue,
Will apprehend it, as a gratefull right
Done to their ſeparate merit: and approue
The fit rebuke of ſo ridiculous heads,
Who with their apiſh cuſtomes, and forc'd garbes,
Would bring the name of courtier in contempt,
Did it not liue vnblemiſht in ſome few,

Whom

Whom equall IOVE hath lou'd, and PHŒBVS form'd
Of better mettall, and in better mould.

CRI. Well, ſince my leader on is MERCVRIE,
I ſhall not feare to follow. If I fall,
My proper vertue ſhall be my reliefe,
That follow'd ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a chiefe.

Act V. Scene II.

ASOTVS, AMORPHVS.

NO more, if you loue mee, good maſter, you are incompatible to liue withall: Send mee for the ladies.

AMO. Nay, but intend me.

ASO. Feare me not, I warrant you, ſir.

AMO. Render not your ſelfe a refractarie, on the ſodaine. I can allow well, you ſhould repute highly, heartily (and to the moſt) of your own endowments; it giues you forth to the world the more aſſur'd: but with reſeruation of an eye, to be alwaies turn'd dutifully back vpon your teacher.

ASO. Nay, good, ſir, leaue it to mee. Truſt mee with truſſing all the points of this action, I pray. S'lid, I hope we ſhall find wit to performe the *ſcience*, as well as another.

AMO. I confeſſe you to be of an aped, and docible humour. Yet, there are certaine *puntilioes*, or (as I may more nakedly inſinuate them) certaine intrinſecate ſtrokes, and wardes, to which your actiuitie is not yet amounted. As your *gentile dor*, in colours. For ſuppoſition, your miſtris appeares heere in *prize*, ribbanded with *greene*, and *yellow*; now it is the part of euery obſequious ſeruant, to be ſure to haue daily about him copie, and varietie of colours, to be preſently anſwerable to any hourely, or half-hourely change in his miſtris reuolution.——

ASO. (I know it, ſir.

AMO. Giue leaue, I pray you) which if your *Antagoniſt*, or player-againſt-you ſhall ignorantly be without, and your ſelfe can produce; you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. I, I, ſir.

AMO. Or, if you can poſſeſſe your oppoſite, that the *greene* your miſtris weares, is her reioycing or exultation in his ſeruice; the *yellow*, ſuſpicion of his truth, (from her height of affection:) and that he (greenly credulous) ſhall withdraw thus, in priuate, and from the aboundance of his pocket (to diſplace her jelous conceit) ſteale into his hat the colour, whoſe *blueneſſe* doth expreſſe trueneſſe, (ſhee being nor ſo, nor ſo affected) you giue him the *dor*.

ASO. Doe not I know it, ſir?

AMO. Nay, good——ſwell not aboue your vnderſtanding. There is yet a third *dor*, in colours.

ASO. I know it too, I know it.

AMO.

Amo. Doe you know it too? what is it? Make good your knowledge.

Aso. Why it is——no matter for that.

Amo. Doe it, on pœne of the *dor*.

Aso. Why? what is't, say you?

Amo. Loe, you haue giuen your selfe the *dor*. But I will remonstrate to you the third *dor*; which is not, as the two former *dors*, indicatiue, but deliberatiue: As how? As thus. Your *Rinaldo*, with a dutifull, and serious care, lying in his bed, meditating how to obserue his mistris, dispatcheth his lacquay to the chamber, early, to know what her colours are for the day; with purpose to apply his weare that day, accordingly: You lay wait before, preoccupie the chamber-maide, corrupt her, to returne false colours; He followes the fallacie; comes out accoutred to his beleeu'd instructions; your mistresse smiles; and you giue him the *dor*.

Aso. Why, so I told you, sir, I knew it.

Amo. Tolde mee? It is a strange outrecuidance! your humour too much redoundeth.

Aso. Why, sir, what, doe you thinke you know more?

Amo. I know that a cooke may as soone, and properly be said to smel wel, as you to be wise. I know these are most cleere, and cleane strokes. But then, you haue your *passages*, and *imbroccata's* in *courtship*; as the *bitter Bob* in wit; the *Reuerse* in face, or wry-mouth; and these more subtle, and secure offenders. I will example vnto you. Your opponent makes entrie, as you are ingag'd with your mistresse. You seeing him, close in her eare, with this whisper (here comes your *Babion*, disgrace him) and withall, stepping off, fall on his bosome, and turning to her, politiquely, aloud say, ladie, reguard this noble gentleman, a man rarely parted, second to none in this court; and then, stooping ouer his shoulder, your hand on his brest, your mouth on his back-side, you giue him the *Reuerse* stroke, with this *Sanna*, or Storkes-bill, which makes vp your wits *Bob*, most bitter.

Aso. Nay, for heauens sake, teach me no more. I know all as well—— S'lid, if I did not, why was I nominated? why did you chuse mee? why did the ladies pricke out mee? I am sure there were other gallants. But me of all the rest? By that light, and as I am a courtier, would I might neuer stirre, but 't is strange. Would to the lord, the ladies would come once.

Act v. *Scene* iii.

Morphides, Amorphvs, Asotvs, Hedon, Anaides, The Throng. Ladies, Citizen, Wife, Pages, Taylor, Mercer, Perfvmer, Iewelleer, &c.

Signior, the gallants and ladies are at hand. Are you readie, sir?

Amo. Instantly. Goe, accomplish your attire: Cousin Morphides, assist me, to make good the doore with your officious tyrannie.

Cit;

CIT. By your leaue my masters there, pray you let's come by.
PAG. You by? why should you come by, more then we?
WIF. Why, sir? Because he is my brother, that playes the *prizes*.
MOR. Your brother?
CIT. I, her brother, sir, and we must come in.
TAY. Why, what are you?
CIT. I am her husband, sir.
TAY. Then thrust forward your head.
AMO. What tumult is there?
MOR. Who's there? beare backe there. Stand from the doore.
AMO. Enter none but the ladies, and their hang-bies; welcome *Beauties*, and your kind *Shadowes*.
HED. This countrie ladie, my friend, good signior AMORPHVS.
ANA. And my *cockatrice*, heere.
AMO. She is welcome.
MOR. Knocke those same pages there; and goodman Cockescombe the cittizen, who would you speake withall?
AMO. With whom? your brother?
MOR. Who is your brother?
AMO. Master ASOTVS? Is hee your brother? Hee is taken vp with great persons. Hee is not to know you to night.
ASO. O IOVE, master! and there come ere a cittizen gentlewoman in my name, let her haue entrance, I pray you. It is my sister.
WIF. Brother.
CIT. Brother, master ASOTVS.
ASO. Who's there?
WIF. 'Tis I, brother.
ASO. Gods me! There she is, good master, intrude he.
MOR. Make place. Beare backe there.
AMO. Knocke that simple fellow, there.
WIF. Nay, good sir; It is my husband.
MOR. The simpler fellow hee. Away, backe with your head, sir.
ASO. Brother, you must pardon your *non-entry*: Husbands are not allow'd here in truth. Ile come home soone with my sister; pray you meet vs with a lanthorn, brother. Be merrie, sister: I shall make you laugh anon.
PHA. Your *prizer* is not readie AMORPHVS.
AMO. Apprehend your places, hee shall be soone; and at all points.
ANA. Is there any body come to answer him? Shal we haue any sport.
AMO. Sport of importance; howsoeuer, giue me the gloues.
HED. Gloues! why gloues, *Signior*?
He distributes gloues.
PHI. What's the ceremonie?
AMO. Besides their receiu'd firmesse, at all *prizes*, they are here properly accommodate to the nuptials of my *schollers* hauiour to the ladie *courtship*. Please you apparell your hands. *Madam* PHANTASTE, *madam* PHILAVTIA, *Guardian*, *Signior* HEDON, *Signior* ANAIDES, Gentlemen all, Ladies.

ALL.

ALL. Thankes, good AMORPHVS.

AMO. I will now call forth my *prouoſt*, and preſent him.

ANA. Heart! why ſhould not we be maſters, aſwell as he?

HED. That's true, and play our maſters *prizes*, as well as the t'other?

MOR. In ſadneſſe, for vſing your court-weapons, me thinks, you may.

PHA. Nay, but why ſhould not wee ladies play our *prizes*, I pray? I ſee no reaſon, but we ſhould take 'hem downe, at their owne weapons.

PHI. Troth, and ſo we may, if we handle 'nem well.

WIF. I indeed, forſooth, Madame, if 'twere i' the citie, wee would thinke foule ſcorne, but we would, forſooth.

PHA. Pray you, what ſhould we call your name?

WIF. My name is, *Downefall.*

HED. Good miſtris *Downefall!* I am ſorry, your huſband could not get in.

WIF. 'Tis no matter for him, ſir.

ANA. No, no, ſhee has the more liberty for her ſelfe.

PHA. Peace, peace: They come. *A flouriſh.*

AMO. So. Keepe vp your ruffe: the tincture of your necke is not all ſo pure, but it will aske it. Maintayne your ſprig vpright; your cloke on your halfe-ſhoulder falling; So: I will reade your bill, aduance it, and preſent you. Silence.

Be it knowne to all that profeſſe courtſhip, by theſe preſents (from the white ſattin reueller, to the cloth of tiſſue, and bodkin) that we, VLYSSES-POLYTROPVS-AMORPHVS, *Maſter of the noble, and ſubtile ſcience of courtſhip, doe giue leaue and licence to our* Prouoſt, ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, *to play his Maſters prize, againſt all Maſters whatſoeuer in this ſubtile myſterie, at theſe foure, the choice, and moſt cunning weapons of* court-complement, *viz. the* bare Accoſt; *the* better Reguard; *the* ſolemne Addreſſe; *and the* perfect Cloſe. *Theſe are therefore to giue notice, to all commers, that hee, the ſaid* ACOLASTVS-POLYPRAGMON-ASOTVS, *is here preſent (by the helpe of his Mercer, Taylor, Millaner, Sempſter, and ſo forth) at his deſigned houre, in this faire gallery, the preſent day of this preſent moneth, to performe, and doe his vttermoſt for the atchieuement, and bearing away of the prizes, which are theſe:* viz. *for the* bare Accoſt, *two* Wall-eyes, *in a* face forced: *For the* better Reguard, *a* Face fauourably ſimpring, *with a* Fanne wauing: *For the* ſolemne Addreſſe, *two* Lips wagging, *and neuer a wiſe word: For the* perfect Cloſe, *a* Wring by the hand, *with a* Banquet *in a corner. And* PHOEBVS *ſaue* CYNTHIA. The challen

Appeareth no man yet, to anſwere the *prizer?* No voice? Muſique, giue them their ſummons. *Muſique ſounds.*

PHA. The ſolemnity of this is excellent.

AMO. Silence. Well, I perceiue your name is their terror; and keepeth them backe.

ASO. I faith, Maſter, Let's goe: no body comes. *victus, victa, victum;*

victum; victi, victæ, victi——Let's bee retrograde.

AMO. Stay. That were diſpunct to the ladies. Rather, our ſelfe ſhall be your Encounter. Take your ſtate, vp, to the wall: And, ladie, may we implore you to ſtand forth, as firſt terme, or bound to our courtſhip.

A charge. HED. 'Fore heauen, 'twill ſhew rarely.

AMO. Sound a charge.

ANA. A poxe on't. Your vulgar will count this fabulous, and impudent, now: by that candle, they'le ne're conceit it.

PHA. Excellent well! Admirable!

PHI. Peace.

They act their accoſt ſeuerally to the lady that ſtands forth. HED. Moſt faſhionably, beleeue it.

PHI. O, he is a well-ſpoken gentleman.

PHA. Now the other.

PHI. Very good.

HED. For a Scholer, *Honor.*

ANA. O, 'tis too *dutch.* He reeles too much.

A flouriſh. HED. This weapon is done.

AMO. No, we haue our two bouts, at euery weapon, expect.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

To them. CRITES, MERCVRIE.

WHere be theſe gallants, and their braue *prizer* here?

MORP. Who's there? beare backe: Keepe the dore.

AMOR. What are you, ſir?

CRIT. By your licence, grand-maſter. Come forward, ſir.

ANAI. Heart! who let in that rag there, amongſt vs? put him out, an impecunious creature.

HEDO. Out with him.

MORP. Come, ſir.

AMOR. You muſt be retrograde.

CRIT. Soft, ſir, I am *Truchman*, and doe flouriſh before this *Monſieur*, or *french*-behau'd gentleman, here; who is drawne hither by report of your *chartells*, aduanced in court, to proue his fortune with your *prizer*, ſo he may haue faire play ſhewne him, and the libertie to chooſe his ſtickler.

AMOR. Is he a Maſter?

CRIT. That, ſir, he has to ſhew here; and, confirmed vnder the hands of the moſt skilfull, and cunning *complementaries* aliue: pleaſe you reade, ſir.

AMOR. What ſhall we doe?

ANAI. Death, diſgrace this fellow i' the blacke-ſtuffe, what euer you doe.

AMOR. Why, but he comes with the ſtranger.

HEDO. That's no matter. He is our owne countryman.

ANA.

ANA. I, and he is a ſcholer beſides. You may diſgrace him here, with authoritie.

AMO. Well, ſee theſe firſt.

ASO. Now ſhall I be obſeru'd by yon'd ſcholer, till I ſweat againe; I would to IOVE, it were ouer.

CRI. Sir, this is the wight of worth, that dares you to the encounter. A gentleman of ſo pleaſing, and ridiculous a carriage; as, euen ſtanding, carries meat in the mouth, you ſee; and I aſſure you, although no bred *courtling*, yet a moſt particular man, of goodly hauings, well faſhion'd hauiour, and of as hard'ned, and excellent a barke, as the moſt naturally-qualified amongſt them, inform'd, reform'd, and transform'd, from his originall citticiſme, by this *elixi'r*, or meere *magazine* of man. And, for your ſpectators, you behold them, what they are: The moſt choice particulars in court: This tels tales well; This prouides coaches; This repeates ieſts; This preſents gifts; This holds vp the arras; This takes downe from horſe; This proteſts by this light; This ſweares by that candle; This delighteth; This adoreth. Yet, all but three men. Then for your ladies, the moſt proud wittie creatures, all things apprehending, nothing vnderſtanding, perpetually laughing, curious maintayners of fooles, mercers, and minſtrels, coſtly to be kept, miſerably keeping, all diſdayning, but their painter, and pothecary, twixt whom and them there is this reciprock commerce, their beauties maintaine their painters, and their painters their beauties.

MER. Sir, you haue plaid the painter your ſelfe, and limb'd them to the life. I deſire to deſerue before 'hem.

AMO. This is *authentique*. Wee muſt reſolue to entertaine the *Monſieur*, howſoeuer we neglect him. *Hauing read the certificate.*

HED. Come, let's all goe together, and ſalute him.

ANA. Content, and not looke o' the other.

AMO. Well deuis'd: and a moſt puniſhing diſgrace.

HED. On.

AMO. *Monſieur*. We muſt not ſo much betray our ſelues to *diſcourtſhip*, as to ſuffer you to be longer vnſaluted: Pleaſe you to vſe the ſtate, ordain'd for the *opponent*; in which nature, without enuy we receiue you.

HED. And embrace you.

ANA. And commend vs to you, ſir.

PHI. Beleeue it, he is a man of excellent ſilence.

PHA. He keepes all his wit for action.

ANA. This hath diſcountenanc'd our *ſcholaris*, moſt richly.

HED. Out of all *emphaſis*. The *Monſieur* ſees, we regard him not.

AMO. Hold on: make it knowne how bitter a thing it is, not to bee look't on in court.

HED. S'lud, will he call him to him yet? doe's not *Monſieur* perceiue our diſgrace?

ANA. Hart! he is a foole, I ſee. Wee haue done our ſelues wrong to grace him.

HED. S'light, what an asse was I, to embrace him?

CRI. Illustrous, and fearefull iudges———

HED. Turne away, turne away.

CRI. It is the sute of the strange opponent (to whom you ought not to turne your tailes, and whose noses I must follow) that he may haue the iustice, before hee encounter his respected aduersarie, to see some light stroke of his play, commenc'd with some other.

HED. Answere not him, but the stranger, we will not beleeue him.

AMO. I will demand him my selfe.

CRI. O dreadfull disgrace, if a man were so foolish to feele it!

AMO. Is it your sute, *Monsieur*, to see some *pralude* of my scholer? Now, sure the *Monsieur* wants language.

HED. And take vpon him to be one of the accomplisht? S'light, that's a good iest: would we could take him with that *nullitie*. *Non sapette vui parlar' Itagliano?*

ANA. S'foot, the carpe ha's no tongue.

CRI. *Signior*, in courtship, you are to bid your abettors forbeare, and satisfie the *Monsieurs* requeste.

AMO. Well, I will strike him more silent, with admiration, and terrifie his daring hither. Hee shall behold my owne play, with my scholer. Ladie, with the touch of your white hand, let me re-enstate you. *Pronost*, begin to me, at the *bare Accost*. Now, for the honor of my discipline.

A charge.

HED. *Signior* AMORPHVS, reflect, reflect: what meanes hee by that mouthed waue?

CRI. He is in some distaste of your fellow disciple.

MER. *Signior*, your scholer might haue plaid well still, if hee could haue kept his seate longer: I haue enough of him, now. He is a mere peece of glasse, I see through him, by this time.

AMO. You come not to giue vs the scorne, *Monsieur*?

MER. Nor to be frighted with a face. *Signior!* I haue seene the lyons. You must pardon me. I shall bee loth to hazzard a reputation with one, that ha's not a reputation to lose.

AMO. How!

CRI. Meaning your *pupil*, sir.

ANA. This is that blacke deuill there.

AMO. You doe offer a strange affront, *Monsieur*.

CRI. Sir, he shall yeeld you all the honor of a competent aduersarie, if you please to vnder-take him———

MER. I am prest for the encounter.

AMO. Me? challenge me?

ASO. What! my Master, sir? S'light, *Monsieur*, meddle with me, doe you heare? but doe not meddle with my Master.

MER. Peace, good squib, goe out.

CRI. And stinke, he bids you.

ASO. Master?

AMO.

Amo. Silence, I doe accept him. Sit you downe, and obserue. Me? He neuer profest a thing at more charges. Prepare your selfe, sir. Challenge me? I will prosecute what disgrace my hatred can dictate to me.

Cri. How tender a trauailers spleene is? comparison, to men, that deserue least, is euer most offensiue.

Amo. You are instructed in our *chartell*, and know our weapons?

Mer. I appeare not without their notice, sir.

Aso. But must I lose the *prizes, Master?*

Amo. I will win them for you, bee patient. Lady, vouchsafe the tenure of this ensigne. Who shall be your stickler?

Mer. Behold him.

Amo. I would not wish you a weaker. Sound musiques. I prouoke you, at the *bare Accost.*

Pha. Excellent comely! *A charge.*

Cri. And worthily studied. This is th' *exalted Fore-top.*

Hed. O, his legge was too much produc'd.

Ana. And his hat was carried skiruily.

Phi. Peace; Let's see the *Monsieur's Accost:* Rare!

Pha. Sprightly, and short.

Ana. True, it is the *french curteau:* He lacks but to haue his nose slit.

Hed. He do's hop. He do's bound too much. *A flourish.*

Amo. The second bout, to conclude this weapon. *A charge.*

Pha. Good, beleeue it!

Phi. An excellent offer!

Cri. This is call'd the *solemne band-string.*

Hed. Foe, that cringe was not put home.

Ana. S'foot, he makes a face like a stab'd Lvcrece.

Aso. Well, he would needes take it vpon him, but would I had done it for all this. He makes me sit still here, like a *babioun* as I am.

Cri. Making villanous faces.

Phi. See, the *French* prepares it richly.

Cri. I, this is y'cleped the *serious trifle.*

Ana. S'lud, 'tis the *horse-start out o' the browne studie.*

Cri. Rather the *bird-ey'd stroke*, sir. Your obseruance is too blunt, sir. *A flourish.*

Amo. Iudges, award the *prize.* Take breath, sir. This bout hath beene laborious.

Aso. And yet your *Criticke*, or your *Besso'gno*, will thinke these things fopperie, and easie, now.

Cri. Or rather meere *lunacy.* For, would any reasonable creature make these his serious studies, and perfections? Much lesse, onely liue to these ends? to be the false pleasure of a few, the true loue of none, and the iust laughter of all?

Hed. We must preferre the *Monsieur*, we courtiers must be partiall.

Ana. Speake, *Guardian.* Name the *prize*, at the *bare Accost.*

Mor. A paire of *wall-eyes*, in a *face forced.*

ANA. Giue the *Monsieur*. AMORPHVS hath loſt his eies.

AMO. I! is the palate of your judgement downe? Gentles, I doe appeale.

ASO. Yes maſter, to me. The judges be fooles.

ANA. How now, ſir? Tie vp your tongue, Mungrill. He cannot appeale.

ASO. Say you, ſir?

ANA. Sit you ſtill, ſir.

ASO. Why, ſo I doe. Doe not I, I pray you?

MER. *Remercie, Madame*, and theſe honourable Cenſors.

AMO. Well, to the ſecond weapon, The *better Reguard*: I will encounter you better. Attempt.

HED. Sweet *Honour*.

PHI. What ſayes my good *Ambition?*

HED. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a *diſcretion*, with you, on AMORPHVS head.

PHI. Why, I take the *french*-behau'd gentleman.

HED. 'Tis done, a *diſcretion*.

CRI. A *diſcretion*? A prettie court-wager! would any diſcreet perſon hazard his wit, ſo?

PHA. I'le lay a *diſcretion*, with you, ANAIDES.

ANA. Hang 'hem. I'le not venter a doibt of *diſcretion*, on eyther of their heads.

CRI. No, he ſhould venter all then.

ANA. I like none of their playes.

A charge. HED. See, ſee, this is ſtrange play!

ANA. 'Tis too full of vncertaine motion. He hobbles too much.

CRI. 'Tis call'd your *court-ſtaggers*, ſir.

HED. That ſame fellow talkes ſo, now he has a place.

ANA. Hang him, neglect him.

MER. *Your good ladiſhips affectioned.*

WIF. Gods ſo! they ſpeake at this weapon, brother!

ASO. They muſt doe ſo, ſiſter, how ſhould it bee the *better Reguard*, elſe?

PHA. Me thinkes, hee did not this reſpectiuely inough.

PHI. Why, the *Monſieur* but dallies with him.

HED. Dallies? Slight ſee, hee'l put him too't, in earneſt. Well done, AMORPHVS.

ANA. That puffe was good indeed.

CRI. Gods mee! This is deſperate play. Hee hits himſelfe o'the ſhinnes.

HED. And he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

CRI. Indeed he diſplayes his feet, rarely.

HED. See, ſee; Hee do's the *reſpective Leere* damnably well.

AMO. *The true idolater of your beauties, ſhall neuer paſſe their deities vnadored: I reſt your poore knight.*

HED.

HED. See, now *the oblique leere*, or *the Ianus*: He ſatisfies all, with that aſpect, moſt nobly.

CRI. And moſt terribly he comes off: like your *Rodomantada*. *A flouriſh.*

PHA. How like you this play, ANAIDES?

ANA. Good play; but 't is too rough, and boiſterous.

AMO. I will ſecond it with a ſtroke eaſier, wherein I will prooue his language.

ANA. This is filthie, and graue, now. *A charge.*

HED. O, 't is coole, and warie play. Wee muſt not diſgrace our owne *camerade*, too much.

AMO. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per ye ſauore reſciuto da lei; che veramente deſidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: & ſicuratme ſignora mea cara, chè ioſera ſempre pronto à ſeruirla, & honorarla. Baſcio le mane de vo' ſignoria.*

CRI. The *venetian Dop* this.

PHA. Moſt vnexſpectedly excellent! The *French* goes downe certaine.

ASO. *As buckets are put downe into a well;*
Or as a ſchoole-boy.———

CRI. Truſſe vp your *ſimile*, *Iacke-daw*, and obſerue.

HED. Now the *Monſieur* is moou'd.

ANA. Boo-peepe.

HED. O, moſt antique.

CRI. The *french Quirke*, this ſir.

ANA. Heart, he will ouer-runne her!

MER. *Madamoyſelle, Ie voudroy que pounoy monſtrer mon affection, mais ie ſuis tant mal heureuſe, ci froid, ci layd, ci——Ie ne ſcay qui di dire——excuſe moy, Ie ſuis tout voſtre.* *A flouriſh.*

PHI. O braue, and ſpirited! Hee's a right *Ioualiſt*.

PHI. No, no: AMORPHVS grauitie outwaies it.

CRI. And yet your ladie, or your feather would outweigh both.

ANA. What's the *prize*, ladie, at this *better Reguard?*

MOR. *A Face fauourably ſimpring*, and *a fanne wauing*.

ANA. They haue done doubtfully. Diuide. Giue the *fauourable Face* to the *Signior*, and the *light waue* to the *Monſieur*.

AMO. You become the *ſimper*, well, ladie.

MER. And the *wag*, better.

AMO. Now, to our *ſolemne Addreſſe*. Pleaſe the well-grac'd PHILAVTIA to relieue the ladie *ſentinell*; ſhee hath ſtood long.

PHI. With all my heart, come, *Guardian*. Reſigne your place.

AMO. *Monſieur*, furniſh your ſelfe with what ſolemnitie of ornament you thinke fit for this third weapon; at which you are to ſhew all the cunning of ſtroke, your deuotion can poſſibly deuiſe.

MER. Let me alone, ſir. Ile ſufficiently decipher your amorous ſolemnities. CRITES, haue patience. See, if I hit not all their practicke obſeruance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantaſticke ladie-birds.

ANA. Giue the *Monſieur*. AMORPHVS hath loſt his eies.

AMO. I! is the palate of your judgement downe? Gentles, I doe appeale.

ASO. Yes maſter, to me. The judges be fooles.

ANA. How now, ſir? Tie vp your tongue, Mungrill. He cannot appeale.

ASO. Say you, ſir?

ANA. Sit you ſtill, ſir.

ASO. Why, ſo I doe. Doe not I, I pray you?

MER. *Remercie, Madame*, and theſe honourable Cenſors.

AMO. Well, to the ſecond weapon, The *better Reguard*: I will encounter you better. Attempt.

HED. Sweet *Honour*.

PHI. What ſayes my good *Ambition?*

HED. Which take you at this next weapon? I lay a *diſcretion*, with you, on AMORPHVS head.

PHI. Why, I take the *french*-behau'd gentleman.

HED. 'Tis done, a *diſcretion*.

CRI. A *diſcretion?* A prettie court-wager! would any diſcreet perſon hazard his wit, ſo?

PHA. I'le lay a *diſcretion*, with you, ANAIDES.

ANA. Hang 'hem. I'le not venter a doibt of *diſcretion*, on eyther of their heads.

CRI. No, he ſhould venter all then.

ANA. I like none of their playes.

A charge. HED. See, ſee, this is ſtrange play!

ANA. 'Tis too full of vncertaine motion. He hobbles too much.

CRI. 'Tis call'd your *court-ſtaggers*, ſir.

HED. That ſame fellow talkes ſo, now he has a place.

ANA. Hang him, neglect him.

MER. *Your good ladiſhips affectioned.*

WIF. Gods ſo! they ſpeake at this weapon, brother!

ASO. They muſt doe ſo, ſiſter, how ſhould it bee the *better Reguard*, elſe?

PHA. Me thinkes, hee did not this reſpectiuely inough.

PHI. Why, the *Monſieur* but dallies with him.

HED. Dallies? Slight ſee, hee'l put him too't, in earneſt. Well done, AMORPHVS.

ANA. That puffe was good indeed.

CRI. Gods mee! This is deſperate play. Hee hits himſelfe o'the ſhinnes.

HED. And he make this good through, he carries it, I warrant him.

CRI. Indeed he diſplayes his feet, rarely.

HED. See, ſee; Hee do's the *reſpective Leere* damnably well.

AMO. *The true idolater of your beauties, ſhall neuer paſſe their deities vndored: I reſt your poore knight.*

HED.

HED. See, now *the oblique leere*, or *the Ianus*: He satisfies all, with that aspect, most nobly.

CRI. And most terribly he comes off: like your *Rodomantada*. *A flourish.*

PHA. How like you this play, ANAIDES?

ANA. Good play; but 't is too rough, and boisterous.

AMO. I will second it with a stroke easier, wherein I will prooue his language.

ANA. This is filthie, and graue, now. *A charge.*

HED. O, 't is coole, and warie play. Wee must not disgrace our owne *camerade*, too much.

AMO. *Signora, ho tanto obligo per ye fauore resciuto da lei; che veramente desidero con tutto il core, à remunerarla in parte: & ficuratme signora mea cara, chè iosera sempre pronto à seruirla, & honorarla. Bascio le mane de vò signoria.*

CRI. The *venetian Dop* this.

PHA. Most vnexspectedly excellent! The *French* goes downe certaine.

ASO. *As buckets are put downe into a well;*
Or as a schoole-boy.———

CRI. Trusse vp your *simile*, *Iacke-daw*, and obserue.

HED. Now the *Monsieur* is moou'd.

ANA. Boe-peepe.

HED. O, most antique.

CRI. The *french Quirke*, this sir.

ANA. Heart, he will ouer-runne her!

MER. *Madamoyselle, Ie voudroy que pounoy monstrer mon affection, mais ie suis tant mal heureuse, ci froid, ci layd, ci——Ie ne scay qui di dire——excuse moy, Ie suis tout vostre.* *A flourish.*

PHI. O braue, and spirited! Hee's a right *Iouialist*.

PHI. No, no: AMORPHVS grauitie outwaies it.

CRI. And yet your ladie, or your feather would outweigh both.

ANA. What's the *prize*, ladie, at this *better Reguard?*

MOR. *A Face fauourably simpring*, and *a fanne wauing*.

ANA. They haue done doubtfully. Diuide. Giue the *fauourable Face* to the *Signior*, and the *light waue* to the *Monsieur*.

AMO. You become the *simper*, well, ladie.

MER. And the *wag*, better.

AMO. Now, to our *solemne Addresse*. Please the well-grac'd PHILAVTIA to relieue the ladie *sentinell*; shee hath stood long.

PHI. With all my heart, come, *Guardian*. Resigne your place.

AMO. *Monsieur*, furnish your selfe with what solemnitie of ornament you thinke fit for this third weapon; at which you are to shew all the cunning of stroke, your deuotion can possibly deuise.

MER. Let me alone, sir. Ile sufficiently decipher your amorous solemnities. CRITES, haue patience. See, if I hit not all their practicke obseruance, with which they lime twigs, to catch their phantasticke ladie-birds.

Cri. I, but you ſhould doe more charitably, to doe it more openly; that they might diſcouer themſelues mockt in theſe monſtrous affections.

Acharge.

Mer. *Lacquay*, where's the taylor?

Tay. Heere, ſir.

Hed. See, they haue their Taylor, Barber, Perfumer, Millaner, Iewceller, Feather-maker, all in common!

Ana. I, this is prettie.

They make them ſelues readie on the ſtage.

Amo. Here is a haire too much, take it off. Where are thy *mullets*?

Mer. Is this pinke of equall proportion to this cut, ſtanding of this diſtance from it?

Tay. That it is, ſir.

Mer. Is it ſo, ſir, you impudent *Poultroun*? you ſlaue, you liſt, you ſhreds, you.——

Hed. Excellent. This was the beſt, yet.

Ana. S'foot, we muſt vſe our taylors thus. This is your true magnanimitie.

Mer. Come, goe to: put on. Wee muſt beare with you, for the times ſake.

Amo. Is the perfume rich, in this jerkin?

Per. Taſte, ſmell; I aſſure you ſir, pure *beniamin*, the onely ſpirited ſent, that euer awak'd a *neapolitane* noſtrill. You would wiſh your ſelfe all noſe, for the loue ont. I frotted a jerkin, for a new-reuenu'd gentleman, yeelded me threeſcore crownes, but this morning, and the ſame titillation.

Amo. I ſauour no *ſampſuchine*, in it.

Per. I am a *nulli-fidian*, if there be not three thirds of a ſcruple more of *ſampſuchinum*, in this confection, then euer I put in any. Ile tell you all the ingredients, ſir.

Amo. You ſhall be ſimple, to diſcouer your *ſimples*.

Per. Simple? why ſir? what recke I to whom I diſcouer? I haue in it, *muske*, *ciuet*, *amber*, *phœnicobalanus*, the decoction of *turmericke*, *ſeſame*, *nard*, *ſpikenard*, *calamus odoratus*, *ſtacte*, *opobalſamum*, *amomum*, *ſtorax*, *ladanum*, *aſpalathum*, *oppenax*, *oenanthe*. And what of all theſe now? what are you the better? Tut, it is the ſorting, and the diuiding, and the mixing, and the tempring, and the ſearcing, and the decocting, that makes the fumigation, and the ſuffumigation.

Amo. Well, indue me with it.

Per. I will, ſir.

Hed. An excellent confection.

Cri. And moſt worthie a true voluptarie. Iove! what a coyle theſe mukſe-wormes take, to purchaſe anothers delight? for, themſelues, who beare the odours, haue euer the leaſt ſence of them. Yet, I doe like better the prodigalitie of jewels, and clothes, whereof one paſſeth to a mans heires; the other, at leaſt weares out time: This preſently expires, and without continuall riot in reparation is loſt: which who ſo ſtriues to keep, it is one ſpeciall argument to me, that (affecting to ſmell better then other men) he doth indeed ſmell farre worſe.

Mer.

MER. I know, you will say it sits well, sir.

TAY. Good faith, if it doe not, sir, let your Mistris be judge.

MER. By heauen, if my Mistris doe not like it, I'le make no more conscience to vndoe thee, then to vndoe an oyster.

TAY. Beleeue it, sir, there's ne're a Mistris i' the world can mislike it.

MER. No, not goodwife Taylor, your Mistris; that has onely the iudgment to heat your pressing toole. But for a *court*-Mistris, that studies these *decorums*, and knowes the proportion of euerie cut, to a haire; knowes why such a colour, is cut vpon such a colour, and, when a satten is cut vpon six taffataes, wil looke that we should diue into the depth of the cut.——Giue me my scarffe. Shew some ribbands, sirra. Ha you the feather?

FET. I, sir.

MER. Ha' you the jewell?

IEW. Yes, sir.

MER. What must I giue for the hire on't?

IEW. You'le giue me six crownes, sir?

MER. Sixe crownes? By heauen 'twere a good deed to borrow it of thee, to shew: and neuer let thee haue it againe.

IEW. I hope your worship will not doe so, sir.

MER. By IOVE, sir, there bee such trickes stirring, I can tell you, and worthily too. Extorting knaues! that liue by these *Court-decorums*, and yet,——What's your jewell worth, I pray?

IEW. A hundred crownes, sir.

MER. A hundred crownes? And sixe for the loane on't an houre? What's that i' the hundred for the yeare? These impostors would not bee hang'd? your thiefe is not comparable to 'hem, by HERCVLES, well, put it in, and the feather. You will ha't, and you shall; and the poxe giue you good on't.

AMO. Giue mee my confects, my *mostardini*, and place those colours in my hat.

MER. These are *bolognian* ribbands, I warrant you?

MIL. In truth, sir: if they be not right *granado* silke——

MER. A poxe on you, you'le all say so.

MIL. You giue me not a pennie, sir.

MER. Come sir, perfume my *demaunt*; May it ascend, like solemne sacrifice, into the nostrils of the *Queene of Loue*.

HED. Your *french ceremonies* are the best.

ANA. *Monsieur, Signior*, your *solemne Addresse* is too long. The ladies long to haue you come on.

AMO. Soft, sir, our comming on is not so easily prepar'd. Signior *Fig.*

PER. I, sir.

AMO. Can you helpe my complexion, heere?

PER. O yes, sir, I haue an excellent *mineral Fucus*, for the purpose. The gloues are right, sir, you shall burie 'hem in a mucke-hill, a draught, seuen yeeres, and take 'hem out; and wash 'hem; they shall still retaine

their

their first sent, true *spanish*. There's *ambre* i'the *vmbre*.

MER. Your price, sweet *Fig*.

PER. Giue me what you will, sir: The *Signior* payes me two crownes a paire, you shall giue me your loue, sir.

MER. My loue? with a pox to you, goodman *safefras*.

PER. I come, sir. There's an excellent *diapasme* in a chaine too, if you like it.

AMO. Stay, what are the ingredients to your *fucus*?

PER. Nought, but *sublimate*, and *crude mercurie*, sir, well prepar'd, and dulcified, with the jaw-bones of a sow, burnt, beaten, and searced.

AMO. I approue it. Lay it on.

MAR. Ile haue your chaine of pomander, sirrah; what's your price?

PER. Wee'le agree, *Monsieur*; Ile assure you, it was both decocted, and dried, where no sun came, and kept in an *onyx* euer since it was ball'd.

MER. Come, inuert my *mustachio*, and we haue done.

AMO. 'Tis good.

BAR. Hold still I pray you, sir.

PER. Nay, the *fucus* is exorbitant, sir.

MER. Death! doost thou burne me, Harlot?

BAR. I beseech you, sir.

A flourish. MER. Begger, Varlet, *Poultroun?*

HED. Excellent, excellent!

ANA. Your *french* Beate is the most naturall beate of the world.

ASO. O, that I had plaid at this weapon!

A charge. PHA. Peace, now they come on; the second part.

AMO. Madame, your beauties, being so attractiue, I muse you are left thus, alone.

PHI. Better be alone, sir; then ill-accompanied.

AMO. Nought can be ill, ladie, that can come neere your goodnesse.

MER. Sweet Madame, on what part of you soeuer a man casts his eye, he meets with perfection; you are the liuely image of VENVS, throughout; all the GRACES smile in your cheeks; your beautie nourishes, as well as delights; you haue a tongue steep't in honie; and a breath like a panther: your brests and forehead are whiter then gotes milke, or *May*-blossomes; a cloud is not so soft as your skinne.

HED. Well strooke, *Monsieur*: Hee charges like a *Frenchman* indeed, thicke, and hotly.

MER. Your cheekes are CVPIDS baths, wherein hee vses to steepe himselfe in milke, and nectar: Hee do's light all his torches at your eyes, and instructs you how to shoot, and wound, with their beames. Yet I loue nothing, in you, more then your innocence; you retaine so natiue a simplicitie, so vnblam'd a behauiour. Mee thinkes, with such a loue, I should find no head, nor foot of my pleasure: You are the verie spirit of a ladie.

ANA. Faire play, *Monsieur?* you are too hot on the quarrie. Giue your competitor audience.

AMO.

AMO. Lady, how ſtirring ſoeuer the *Monſieurs* tongue is, hee will lie by your ſide, more dull then your *eunuch*.

ANA. A good ſtroke; That mouth was excellently put ouer.

AMO. You are faire, lady——

CRI. You offer foule, *Signior*, to cloſe. Keepe your diſtance; for all your *Braue rampant*, here.

AMO. I ſay you are faire, lady, let your choice be fit, as you are faire.

MER. I ſay, ladies doe neuer beleeue they are faire, till ſome foole begins to dote vpon 'hem.

PHI. You play too rough, gentlemen.

AMO. Your *frenchified* foole is your onely foole, lady: I doe yeeld to this honorable *Monſieur*, in all ciuill, and humane courteſie.

MER. Buzze. *A flouriſh.*

ANA. Admirable. Giue him the *prize*. Giue him the *prize*; That mouth, againe, was moſt courtly hit, and rare.

AMO. I knew, I ſhould paſſe vpon him with the *bitter Bob*.

HED. O, but the *Reuerſe* was ſingular.

PHA. It was moſt ſubtile, AMORPHVS.

ASO. If I had don't, it ſhould haue beene better.

MER. How heartily they applaud this, CRITES!

CRI. You ſuffer 'hem too long

MER. I'le take off their edge inſtantly.

ANA. Name the *prize*, at the *ſolemne Addreſſe*.

PHI. Two *lips wagging*.

CRI. And neuer a wiſe word; I take it.

ANA. Giue to AMORPHVS. And, vpon him, againe; let him not draw free breath.

AMO. Thankes, faire deliuerer, and my honorable iudges, Madame PHANTASTE, you are our worthy obiect at this next weapon.

PHA. Moſt couetingly ready, AMORPHVS.

HED. Your *Monſieur* is creſt-falne.

ANA. So are moſt of 'hem once a yeere.

AMO. You will ſee, I ſhall now giue him the gentle *dor*, preſently, hee forgetting to ſhift the colours, which are now chang'd, with alteration of the Miſtris. At your laſt weapon, ſir. The *perfect Cloſe*. Set forward, intend your approch. *Monſieur*. *A charge.*

MER. 'Tis yours, *Signior*.

AMO. With your example, ſir.

MER. Not I, ſir.

AMO. It is your right.

MER. By no poſſible meanes.

AMO. You haue the way.

MER. As I am noble——

AMO. As I am vertuous——

MER. Pardon me, ſir.

AMO.

AMO. I will die firſt.

MER. You are a tyranne in courteſie.

AMO. He is remou'd—— Iudges beare witneſſe.

Amorphus ſtaies the other, on his mouing.

MER. What of that, ſir?

AMO. You are remou'd, ſir.

MER. Well.

AMO. I challenge you; you haue receiued the *dor*. Giue me the *prize*.

MER. Soft, ſir. How, the *dor*?

AMO. The common Miſtris, you ſee, is changed.

MER. Right, ſir.

AMO. And you haue ſtill in your hat the former colours.

MER. You lie, ſir, I haue none: I haue pull'd 'hem out. I meant to play diſcolour'd.

CRI. The *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*, the *dor*! the palpable *dor*.

A flouriſh.

ANA. Heart of my bloud, AMORPHVS, what ha' you done? Stuck a diſgrace vpon vs all, and at your laſt weapon?

ASO. I could haue done no more.

HED. By heauen, it was moſt vnfortunate lucke.

ANA. Lucke! by that candle, it was meere raſhneſſe, and ouer-ſight, would any man haue venterd to play ſo open, and forſake his ward? Dam' me if he ha' not eternally vndone himſelfe, in court; and diſcountenanc'd vs, that were his maine countenance, by it.

AMO. Forgiue it, now. It was the *ſolæciſme* of my ſtarres.

CRI. The *Wring by the hand*, and the *Banquet* is ours.

MER. O, here's a *lady*, *feeles* like a wench of the firſt yeare; you would thinke her hand did melt in your touch; and the bones of her fingers run out at length, when you preſt 'hem, they are ſo gently delicate! Hee that had the grace to print a kiſſe on theſe lips, ſhould taſte wine, & roſe-leaues. O, ſhee kiſſes as cloſe as a cockle. Let's take 'hem downe, as deepe as our hearts, wench, till our very ſoules mixe. Adieu, *Signior*. Good faith, I ſhall drinke to you at ſupper, ſir.

ANA. Stay, *Monſieur*. Who awards you the *prize*?

CRI. Why, his proper merit, ſir: you ſee hee has plaid downe your grand garbe-Maſter, here.

ANA. That's not in your *logicke* to determine, ſir: you are no courtier. This is none of your ſeuen, or nine beggerly *ſciences*, but a certaine myſterie aboue 'hem, wherein wee that haue skill muſt pronounce, and not ſuch freſh-men as you are.

CRI. Indeed, I muſt declare my ſelfe to you no profeſt courtling; nor to haue any excellent ſtroke, at your ſubtile weapons: yet if you pleaſe, I dare venter a hit with you, or your fellow, ſir DAGONET, here.

ANA. With me?

CRI. Yes, ſir.

ANA. Heart, I ſhall neuer haue ſuch a fortune to ſaue my ſelfe in a fellow againe, and your two reputations, gentlemen, as in this. I'le vnder-

HED.

HED. Doe, and ſwinge him ſoundly, good ANAIDES.

ANA. Let mee alone, I'le play other manner of play, then has beene ſeene, yet. I would the *prize* lay on't.

MER. It ſhall if you will, I forgiue my right.

ANA. Are you ſo confident? what's your weapon?

CRI. At any, I, ſir.

MER. The *perfect Cloſe*, That's now the beſt.

ANA. Content, I'le pay your ſcholaritie. Who offers?

CRI. Mary, that will I. I dare giue you that aduantage, too.

ANA. You dare? Well, looke to your *liberall* skonce.

AMO. Make your play ſtill, vpon the anſwere, ſir.

ANA. Hold your peace, you are a hobby-horſe.

ASO. Sit by me, Maſter.

MER. Now CRITES, ſtrike home.

CRI. You ſhall ſee me vndoe the aſſur'd ſwaggerer with a tricke, inſtantly: I will play all his owne play before him; court the wench, in his garbe, in his phraſe, with his face; leaue him not ſo much as a looke, an eye, a ſtalke, or an imperfect oth, to expreſſe himſelfe by, after me.

MER. Excellent, CRITES.

ANA. When begin you, ſir? Haue you conſulted? *A charge.*

CRI. To your coſt, ſir; which is the *Peece*, ſtands forth to bee courted? O, are you ſhee? Well, Madame, or ſweet lady, it is ſo, I doe loue you in ſome ſort, doe you conceiue? and though I am no *Monſieur*, nor no *Signior*, and do want (as they ſay) *logicke* and *ſophiſtrie*, and good words, to tell you why it is ſo; yet by this hand, and by that candle, it is ſo; And though I bee no booke-worme, nor one that deales by arte, to giue you *rhetorike*, and cauſes, why it ſhould be ſo, or make it good it is ſo, yet dam' me, but I know it is ſo, and am aſſur'd it is ſo, and I and my ſword ſhall make it appeare it is ſo; and giue you reaſon ſufficient, how it can be no otherwiſe, but ſo———

HED. S'light, ANAIDES, you are mockt; and ſo we are all.

MER. How now, Signior! What, ſuffer your ſelfe to bee coſſen'd of your courtſhip, before your face?

HED. This is plaine confederacy, to diſgrace vs: Let's bee gone, and plot ſome reuenge.

AMO. *When men diſgraces ſhare,*
The leſſer is the care.

CRI. Nay ſtay, my deare *Ambition*, I can doe you ouer too. You that tell your Miſtris, Her beautie is all compoſde of theft; Her haire ſtole from APOLLO's goldy-locks; Her white and red, lillies, and roſes ſtolne out of paradiſe; Her eyes, two ſtarres, pluckt from the skie; Her noſe, the *gnomon* of *Loues* diall, that tells you how the clocke of your heart goes: And for her other parts, as you cannot reckon 'hem, they are ſo many; ſo you cannot recount them, they are ſo manifeſt. Yours, if his owne, vnfortunate HOYDEN, in ſtead of HEDON. *A flouriſh.*

ASO.

Aso. Sister, come away, I cannot endure 'hem longer.
Mer. Goe, *Dors*, and you, my Madame *Courting-stocks*,
Follow your scorned, and derided mates;
Tell to your guiltie brests, what meere guilt blocks
You are, and how vnworthy humane states.
Cri. Now, sacred god of wit, if you can make
Those, whom our sports taxe in these apish graces,
Kisse (like the fighting snakes) your peacefull rod;
These times shall canonize you for a god.
Mer. Why, Crites, thinke you any noble spirit,
Or any, worth the title of a man,
Will be incenst, to see th'inchaunted vailes
Of selfe-conceit, and seruile flatterie
(Wrapt in so many folds, by time, and custome)
Drawne from his wronged, and bewitched eyes?
Who sees not now their shape, and nakednesse,
Is blinder then the sonne of earth, the mole:
Crown'd with no more humanitie, nor soule.
Cri. Though they may see it, yet the huge estate
Phansie, and forme, and sensuall pride haue gotten,
Will make them blush for anger, not for shame;
And turne shewne nakednesse, to impudence.
Humour is now the test, we trie things in;
All power is iust: Nought that delights is sinne.
And, yet the zeale of euery knowing man,
(Oppresst with hills of tyrannie, cast on vertue
By the light phant'sies of fooles, thus transported)
Cannot but vent the *Ætna* of his fires,
Tenflame best bosomes, with much worthier loue
Then of these outward, and effeminate shades:
That, these vaine ioyes, in which their wills consume
Such powers of wit, and soule, as are of force
To raise their beings to æternitie,
May be conuerted on workes, fitting men.
And, for the practice of a forced looke,
An antique gesture, or a fustian phrase,
Studie the natiue frame of a true heart,
An inward comelinesse of bountie, knowledge,
And spirit, that may conforme them, actually,
To *Gods* high figures, which they haue in power:
Which to neglect for a selfe-louing neatnesse,
Is sacrilege, of an vnpardon'd greatnesse.
Mer. Then let the truth of these things strengthen thee,
In thy exempt, and only man-like course:
Like it the more, the lesse it is respected;

Though

Though men faile, vertue is by gods protected.
See, here comes ARETE, I'le with-draw my selfe.

Act v. Scene v.

ARETE, CRITES.

CRITES, you must prouide strait for a masque,
'Tis CYNTHIAS pleasure. CRI. How, bright ARETE!
Why, 'twere a labour more for HERCVLES.
Better, and sooner durst I vnder-take
To make the different seasons of the yeere,
The windes, or elements to sympathize,
Then their vnmeasurable vanitie
Dance truely in a measure. They agree?
What though all concord's borne of contraries?
So many follies will confusion proue,
And like a sort of jarring instruments,
All out of tune: becausse (indeede) we see
There is not that analogie, twixt discords,
As betweene things but meerely opposite.
ARE. There is your error. For as HERMES wand
Charmes the disorders of tumultuous ghosts,
And as the strife of *Chaos* then did cease,
When better light then *Natures* did arriue:
So, what could neuer in it selfe agree,
Forgetteth the *eccentrike* propertie,
And at her sight, turnes forth-with regular,
Whose scepter guides the flowing *Ocean*.
And though it did not, yet the most of them
(Being either courtiers, or not wholy rude)
Respect of maiestie, the place, and presence,
Will keepe them within ring; especially
When they are not presented as themselues,
But masqu'd like others. For (in troth) not so
T'incorporate them, could be nothing else,
Then like a state vngouern'd without lawes;
Or body made of nothing but diseases:
The one, through impotency poore, and wretched,
The other, for the *anarchie* absurd.
CRI. But, ladie, for the reuellers themselues,
It would be better (in my poore conceit)
That others were imploid: for such as are
Vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES court, can seeme
No lesse vnfit to be in CYNTHIAES sports.

ARE. That, CRITES, is not purpoſed without
Particular knowledge of the Goddeſſe mind,
(Who holding true intelligence, what follies
Had crept into her palace) ſhee reſolu'd,
Of ſports, and triumphs, vnder that pretext,
To haue them muſter in their pompe, and fulneſſe:
That ſo ſhee might more ſtrictly, and to roote,
Effect the reformation ſhee intends.

CRI. I now conceiue her heauenly drift in all,
And will apply my ſpirits, to ſerue her will.
O thou, the very power, by which I am,
And but for which, it were in vaine to be,
Chiefe next DIANA, virgin, heauenly faire,
Admired ARETE (of them admir'd,
Whoſe ſoules are not enkindled by the ſenſe)
Diſdaine not my chaſte fire, but feede the flame
Deuoted truely to thy gracious name.

ARE. Leaue to ſuſpect vs: CRITES well ſhall find,
As we are now moſt deare, wee'le proue moſt kind.
Harke, I am call'd. CRI. I follow inſtantly.
PHŒBVS APOLLO: if with ancient rites,
And due deuotions, I haue euer hung
Elaborate *paans*, on thy golden ſhrine,
Or ſung thy triumphs in a loftie ſtraine,
Fit for a theater of gods to heare;
And thou, the other ſonne of mighty IOVE,
Cyllenian MERCVRY (ſweet MAIAS ioy)
If in the buſie tumults of the mind,
My path thou euer haſt illumined,
For which, thine altars I haue oft perfum'd,
And deckt thy ſtatues with diſcoloured flowres:
Now thriue inuention in this glorious court,
That not of bountie only, but of right,
CYNTHIA may grace, and giue it life by ſight.

Act V. *Scene* VI.

HESPERVS, CYNTHIA, ARETE, TYME, PHRONESIS, THAVMA.

The Hymne.

QVeene, *and* Huntreſſe, *chaſte, and faire*,
Now the Sunne *is laid to ſleepe*,

Scated,

Seated, in thy ſiluer chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe:
HESPERVS *intreats thy light,*
Goddeſſe, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy enuious ſhade
Dare it ſelfe to interpoſe;
CYNTHIAS *ſhining orbe was made*
Heauen to cleere, when day did cloſe:
Bleſſe vs then with wiſhed ſight,
Goddeſſe, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy criſtall-ſhining quiuer;
Gine vnto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how ſhort ſoeuer:
Thou that mak'ſt a day of night,
Goddeſſe, excellently bright.

CYN. When hath DIANA, like an enuious wretch,
That glitters onely to his ſoothed ſelfe,
Denying to the world, the precious vſe
Of hoorded wealth, with-held her friendly aide?
Monthly, we ſpend our ſtill-repaired ſhine,
And not forbid our virgin-waxen torch
To burne, and blaze, while nutriment doth laſt:
That once conſum'd, out of IOVES treaſurie
A new we take, and ſticke it in our ſpheare,
To giue the mutinous kind of wanting men,
Their look't-for light. Yet, what is their deſert?
" Bountie is wrong'd, interpreted as due;
" Mortalls can challenge not a ray, by right,
" Yet doe expect the whole of CYNTHIAS light.
But if that *Deities* with-drew their gifts,
For humane follies, what could men deſerue
But death, and darkneſſe? It behooues the high,
For their owne ſakes, to doe things worthily.

ARE. Moſt true, moſt ſacred *Goddeſſe*; for the heauens
Receiue no good of all the good they doe.
Nor IOVE, nor you, nor other heauenly power,
Are fed with fumes, which doe from incenſe riſe,
Or ſacrifices reeking in their gore,
Yet, for the care which you of mortalls haue,
(Whoſe proper good it is, that they be ſo)
You well are pleas'd with odours redolent:
But ignorant is all the race of men,
Which ſtill complaines, not knowing why, or when.

Cyn. Elſe, noble Arete, they would not blame,
And taxe, for or vnjuſt, or for as proud,
Thy Cynthia, in the things which are indeed
The greateſt glories in our ſtarrie crowne;
Such is our chaſtitie: which ſafely ſcornes
(Not *Loue*; for who more feruently doth loue
Immortall honour, and diuine renowne?
But) giddie Cvpid, Venvs franticke ſonne.
Yet Arete, if by this vailed light,
Wee but diſcouer'd (what we not diſcerne)
Any the leaſt of imputations ſtand
Readie to ſprinkle our vnſpotted fame,
With note of lightneſſe, from theſe reuels neere:
Not, for the empire of the vniuerſe,
Should night, or court, this whatſoeuer ſhine,
Or grace of ours vnhappily enjoy.
" Place, and occaſion are two priuie theeues;
" And from poore innocent ladies often ſteale
" (The beſt of things) an honourable name:
" To ſtay with follies, or where faults may be,
" Infers a crime, although the partie free.

Are. How *Cynthian-ly* (that is, how worthily
And like herſelfe) the matchleſſe Cynthia ſpeakes!
Infinite iealouſies, infinite regards,
Doe watch about the true virginitie:
But Phœbe liues from all, not onely fault,
But as from thought, ſo from ſuſpition free.
" Thy preſence *broad-ſeales* our delights for pure,
" What's done in Cynthias ſight, is done ſecure.

Cyn. That then ſo anſwer'd (deareſt Arete)
What th' argument or of what ſort our ſports
Are like to be this night, I not demaund.
Nothing which dutie, and deſire to pleaſe
Beares written in the forehead, comes amiſſe.
But vnto whoſe inuention, muſt we owe,
The complement of this nights furniture?

Are. Excellent Goddeſſe, to a mans, whoſe worth,
(Without hyperbole,) I thus may praiſe;
One (at leaſt) ſtudious of deſeruing well,
And (to ſpeake truth) indeed deſeruing well:
" Potentiall merit ſtands for actuall,
" Where onely oportunitie doth want,
" Not will, nor power: both which in him abound.
One, whom the Mvses, and Minerva loue.
For whom ſhould they, then Crites, more eſteeme,

Whom

Whom PHŒBVS (though not *Fortune*) holdeth deare?
And (which conuinceth excellence in him,)
A principall admirer of your ſelfe.
Euen, through th' vngentle injuries of *fate*,
And difficulties, which doe vertue choake,
Thus much of him appeares. What other things
Of farther note, doe lye vnborne in him,
Them I doe leaue for cheriſhment to ſhew,
And for a Goddeſſe graciouſly to judge.
CYN. We haue alreadie judg'd him, ARETE:
Nor are we ignorant, how noble minds
Suffer too much through thoſe indignities,
Which times, and vicious perſons caſt on them:
Our ſelfe haue euer vowed to eſteeme,
(As vertue, for it ſelfe, ſo) fortune baſe;
Who's firſt in worth, the ſame be firſt in place.
Nor farther notice (ARETE) we craue
Then thine approuals ſoueraigne warrantie:
Let' be thy care, to make vs knowne to him,
"CYNTHIA ſhall brighten, what the world made dimme.

Act V: *Scene* VII.

The firſt Masque.

CVPID, like ANTEROS. *To them.*

CLeare pearle of heauen, and, not to bee farther ambitious in titles, CYNTHIA. The fame of this illuſtrous night, among others, hath alſo drawne theſe foure faire virgins from the palace of their Queene *Perfection* (a word, which makes no ſufficient difference, twixt hers, and thine) to viſit thy imperiall court: for ſhe, their ſoueraigne, not finding where to dwell among men, before her returne to heauen, aduiſed them wholy to conſecrate themſelues to thy celeſtiall ſeruice, as in whoſe cleere ſpirit (the proper element, and ſphere of vertues) they ſhould behold not her alone, (their euer honour'd miſtris) but themſelues (more truly themſelues) to liue inthroniz'd. Her ſelfe would haue commended them vnto thy fauour more particularly, but that ſhee knowes no commendation is more auaileable with them, then that of proper vertue. Neuertheleſſe, ſhe will'd them to preſent this chriſtall *mound*, a note of monarchie, and ſymbole of perfection, to thy more worthie *deitie*; which, as heere by me they moſt humbly doe, ſo amongſt the rarities thereof, that is the chiefe, to ſhew whatſoeuer the world hath excellent, howſoeuer remote and various. But your irradiate iudgement will ſoone diſcouer the ſecrets of this little criſtall world. Themſelues (to appeare more plainely) becauſe they know nothing more odious, then falſe pretexts, haue choſen to expreſſe

their ſeuerall qualities, thus, in ſeuerall colours.

The firſt, in citron colour, is *naturall Affection*, which giuen vs to procure our good, is ſomtime called STORGE, & as euery one is neereſt to himſelfe, ſo this hand-maid of reaſon, *allowable ſelfe-loue*, as it is without harme, ſo are none without it: Her place in the court of *Perfection* was to quicken mindes in the purſuit of honour. Her deuice is a *perpendicular Leuell*, vpon a *Cube*, or *Square*. The word, SE SVO MODVLO. Alluding to that true meaſure of ones ſelfe, which as euerie one ought to make, ſo is it moſt conſpicuous in thy diuine example.

The ſecond, in greene, is AGLAIA, *delectable and pleaſant Conuerſation*, whoſe propertie is to moue a kindly delight, and ſometime not without laughter: Her office, to entertaine aſſemblies, and keepe ſocieties together with faire familiaritie. Her deuice within *a Ring of clouds, a Heart with ſhine about it.* The word, CVRARVM NVBILA PELLO. An *allegorie* of CYNTHIAES light, which no leſſe cleares the skie, then her faire mirth the heart.

The third, in the diſcolour'd mantle ſpangled all ouer, is EVPHANTASTE, *a well conceited Wittineſſe*, and imployd in honouring the court with the riches of her pure inuention. Her deuice, vpon a *Petaſus*, or *Mercurial* hat, a *Creſcent*. The word, SIC LAVS INGENII. Inferring, that the praiſe and glorie of wit, doth euer increaſe, as doth thy growing moone.

The fourth in white, is APHELEIA, a *Nymph* as pure and ſimple as the ſoule, or as an abraſe table, and is therefore called *Simplicitie*; without folds, without pleights, without colour, without counterfeit: and (to ſpeake plainly) *Plaineneſſe* it ſelfe. Her deuice is no deuice. The word vnder her *ſiluer Shield*, OMNIS ABEST FVCVS. Alluding to thy ſpotleſſe ſelfe, who art as farre from impuritie, as from mortalitie.

My ſelfe (celeſtiall Goddeſſe) more fit for the court of CYNTHIA, then the arbors of CYTHEREE, am call'd ANTEROS, or *Loues enemie*; the more welcome therefore to thy court, and the fitter to conduct this *quaternion*, who as they are thy profeſſed votaries, and for that cauſe aduerſaries to *Loue*, yet thee (perpetuall *Virgin*) they both loue, and vow to loue eternally.

Act V. *Scene* VIII.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES.

NOt without wonder, nor without delight,
Mine eyes haue view'd (in contemplations depth)
This worke of wit, diuine, and excellent:
What ſhape? what ſubſtance? or what vnknowne power
In virgins habite, crown'd with lawrell leaues,
And oliue branches wouen in betweene,
On ſea-girt rockes, like to a Goddeſſe ſhines?
O front! ô face! ô all cæleſtiall ſure,

And

And more then mortall! ARETE, behold
Another CYNTHIA, and another Queene,
Whose glorie (like a lasting *plenilune*)
Seemes ignorant of what it is to wane!
Not vnder heauen an obiect could be found
More fit to please. Let CRITES make approch.
Bountie forbids to paule our thanks with stay,
Or to deferre our fauour, after view:
" The time of grace is, when the cause is new.
ARE. Loe, here the man (celestiall DELIA)
Who (like a circle bounded in it selfe)
Contaynes as much, as man in fulnesse may.
Loe, here the man, who not of vsuall earth,
But of that nobler, and more precious mould,
Which PHŒBVS selfe doth temper, is compos'd;
And, who (though all were wanting to reward)
Yet, to himselfe he would not wanting be:
Thy fauours gaine is his ambitions most,
And labours best; who (humble in his height)
Stands fixed silent in thy glorious sight.
CYN. With no lesse pleasure, then we haue beheld
This precious christall, worke of rarest wit,
Our eye doth reade thee (now enstil'd) our CRITES;
Whom learning, vertue, and our fauour last,
Exempteth from the gloomy multitude.
" With common eye the supreme should not see.
Henceforth be ours, the more thy selfe to be.
CRI. Heau'ns purest light, whose orbe may be eclips'd,
But not thy praise (diuinest CYNTHIA)
How much too narrow for so high a grace,
Thine (saue therein) the most vnworthy CRITES
Doth find himselfe! for euer shine thy fame;
Thine honours euer, as thy beauties doe;
In me they must, my darke worlds chiefest lights,
By whose propitious beames my powers are rais'd
To hope some part of those most loftie points,
Which blessed ARETE hath pleas'd to name,
As markes, to which m'indeuours steps should bend:
Mine, as begun at thee, in thee must end.

Act v. *Scene* ix.

The second Masque.

MERCVRIE, as a PAGE.

SIster of PHŒBVS, to whose bright orbe we owe, that we not complaine of his absence; These foure brethren (for they are brethren, and sonnes of EVTAXIA, a lady knowne, and highly belou'd of your resplendent *deitie*) not able to be absent, when CYNTHIA held a solemnitie, officiously insinuate themselues into thy presence: For, as there are foure cardinall vertues, vpon which the whole frame of the *court* doth moue, so are these the foure cardinall properties, without which, the body of *complement* moueth not. With these foure siluer iauelins (which they beare in their hands) they support in Princes courts the state of the presence, as by office they are obliged; which, though here they may seeme superfluous, yet, for honors sake, they thus presume to visite thee, hauing also beene emploid in the palace of Queene *Perfection*. And though to them, that would make themselues gracious to a Goddesse, sacrifices were fitter then presents, or *Impreses*, yet they both hope thy fauour; and (in place of either) vse seuerall *Symboles*, contayning the titles of thy imperiall dignitie.

First, the hethermost, in the changeable blew, and greene robe, is the commendably-fashioned gallant, EVCOSMOS; whose courtly habite is the grace of the presence, and delight of the surueying eye: whom ladies vnderstand by the names of *neate*, and *elegant*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE VIRGINI, in which he would expresse thy *deities* principall glory, which hath euer beene *virginitie*.

The second, in the rich acoutrement, and robe of purple, empaled with gold, is EVPATHES; who entertaynes his mind with an harmelesse, but not incurious varietie: All the obiects of his senses are sumptuous, himselfe a gallant, that, without excesse, can make vse of superfluitie: goe richly in imbroideries, iewells (and what not?) without vanitie, and fare delicately without gluttonie: and therefore not (not without cause) is vniuersally thought to be of *fine humour*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE OPTIMAE. An attribute to expresse thy *goodnesse*, in which thou so resembleſt IOVE thy father.

The third, in the blush-colour'd sute, is, EVTOLMOS; as duely respecting others, as neuer neglecting himselfe; commonly knowne by the title of *good audacitie*: to courts, and courtly assemblies, a gueſt most acceptable. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE VIRAGINI. To expresse thy *hardy courage*, in chase of sauage beasts, which harbour in woods, and wilderneſſe.

The fourth, in watchet tinsell, is the kind, and truly benefique EVCOLOS. Who imparteth not without respect, but yet without difficultie; and hath the happinesse to make euery kindnesse seeme double, by the timely

timely, and freely beſtowing thereof. He is the chiefe of them, who (by the vulgar) are ſaid to be of *good nature*. His *Symbole* is, DIVAE MAXIMAE. An adiunct to ſignifie thy *greatneſſe*, which in heauen, earth, and hell is formidable.

Act v. *Scene* x.

CVPID, MERCVRIE.

The Maskes ioyne, and dance.

IS not that AMORPHVS, the trauailer?

MER. As though it were not! doe you not ſee how his legs are in trauaile with a meaſure?

CVP. HEDON, thy maſter is next.

MER. What, will CVPID turne *nomenclator*, and cry them?

CVP. No faith, but I haue a *comedie* toward, that would not be loſt for a kingdome.

MER. In good time, for CVPID will proue the *comedie*.

CVP. MERCVRY, I am ſtudying how to match them.

MER. How to miſ-match them were harder.

CVP. They are the *Nymphs* muſt doe it, I ſhall ſport my ſelfe with their paſſions aboue meaſure.

MER. Thoſe *Nymphs* would be tam'd a little indeed, but I feare thou haſt not arrowes for the purpoſe.

CVP. O, yes, here be of all ſorts, flights, rouers, and butt-ſhafts. But I can wound with a brandiſh, and neuer draw bow for the matter.

MER. I cannot but beleeue it, my inuiſible archer, and yet me thinks you are tedious.

CVP. It behoues me to be ſomewhat circumſpect, MERCVRY; for if CYNTHIA heare the twang of my bow, ſhee'le goe neere to whip mee with the ſtring: therefore, to preuent that, I thus diſcharge a brandiſh vpon——— it makes no matter which of the couples. PHANTASTE, and AMORPHVS, at you.

MER. Will the ſhaking of a ſhaft ſtrike 'hem into ſuch a feuer of affection?

CVP. As well as the wincke of an eye: but I pray thee, hinder me not with thy prattle.

MER. IOVE forbid I hinder thee. Mary, all that I feare, is CYNTHIAS preſence; which, with the cold of her chaſtitie, caſteth ſuch an *antiperiſtaſis* about the place, that no heate of thine will tarry with the patient.

CVP. It will tarry the rather, for the *antiperiſtaſis* will keepe it in.

MER. I long to ſee the experiment.

CVP. Why, their marrow boiles already, or they are all turn'd *eunuchs*.

MER. Nay, and 't bee ſo, I'le giue ouer ſpeaking, and bee a ſpectator onely.

They haue danced the firſt ſtraine.

AMO. CYNTHIA (by my bright ſoule) is a right exquiſite, and ſplendidious

didious lady; yet AMORPHVS, I thinke, hath ſeene more faſhions, I am ſure more countries: but whether I haue, or not, what neede wee gaze on CYNTHIA, that haue our ſelfe to admire?

PHA. O, excellent CYNTHIA! yet if PHANTASTE ſate where ſhee doo's, and had ſuch a tire on her head (for attire can doe much) I ſay no more-- but goddeſſes are goddeſſes, and PHANTASTE is as ſhee is! I would the reuells were done once, I might goe to my ſchoole of glaſſe, againe, and learne to doe my ſelfe right after all this ruffling.

MER. How now, CVPID? here's a wonderfull change with your brandiſh! doe you not heare, how they dote?

CVP. What prodigie is this? no word of loue? no mention? no motion?

MER. Not a word, my little *Ignis fatue*, not a word.

CVP. Are my darts inchaunted? Is their vigour gone? is their vertue——

MER. What? CVPID turn'd iealous of himſelfe? ha, ha, ha.

CVP. Laughs MERCVRY?

MER. Is CVPID angrie?

CVP. Hath he not cauſe, when his purpoſe is ſo deluded?

MOR. A rare *comædie*, it ſhall be intitled, CVPIDS.

CVP. Doe not ſcorne vs, HERMES.

MER. Choller, and CVPID, are two fiery things; I ſcorne 'hem not. But I ſee that come to paſſe, which I preſag'd in the beginning.

CVP. You cannot tell: perhaps the phyſicke will not worke ſo ſoone vpon ſome, as vpon others. It may be, the reſt are not ſo reſty.

MER. *Ex vngue*, you know the old *adage*, as theſe, ſo are the remainder.

CVP. I'le trie: this is the ſame ſhaft, with which I wounded ARGVRION.

MER. I, but let mee ſaue you a labour, CVPID: there were certayne bottles of water fetcht, and drunke off (ſince that time) by theſe gallants.

CVP. IOVE, ſtrike me into earth: The *Fountayne* of *ſelfe-Loue*!

MER. Nay, faint not, CVPID.

CVP. I remembred it not.

MER. Faith, it was ominous to take the name of ANTEROS vpon you, you know not what charme or inchantment lies in the word: you ſaw, I durſt not venter vpon any deuice, in our preſentment, but was content to be no other then a ſimple page. Your arrowes properties (to keepe *decorum*) CVPID, are ſuted (it ſhould ſeeme) to the nature of him you perſonate.

CVP. Indignitie not to be borne.

MER. Nay rather, an attempt to haue beene forborne.

The ſecond ſtraine.

CVP. How might I reuenge my ſelfe on this inſulting MERCVRY! there's CRITES, his minion, he has not taſted of this water. It ſhall be ſo. Is CRITES turn'd dotard on himſelfe too?

MER. That followes not, becauſe the venome of your ſhafts cannot pierce him, CVPID.

CVP.

CVP. As though there were one *antidote* for theſe, and another for him?

MER. As though there were not! or as if one effect might not ariſe of diuers cauſes? What ſay you to CYNTHIA, ARETE, PHRONESIS, TIME, and others there?

CVP. They are diuine.

MER. And CRITES aſpires to be ſo.

CVP. But that ſhall not ſerue him.

MER. 'Tis like to doe it, at this time. But CVPID is growne too couetous, that will not ſpare one of a multitude.

CVP. One is more then a multitude.

MER. ARETES fauour makes any one ſhot-proofe againſt thee, CVPID. I pray thee, light hony-bee, remember thou art not now in ADONIS garden, but in CYNTHIAS preſence, where thornes lie in garriſon about the roſes. Soft, CYNTHIA ſpeakes. *The third ſtraine.*

Act v. *Scene* xi.

CYNTHIA, ARETE, CRITES, MASQVERS.

LAdies, and gallants of our court, to end,
And giue a timely period to our ſports,
Let vs conclude them with declining night;
Our empire is but of the darker halfe.
And if you iudge it any recompence
For your faire paines, t' haue earn'd DIANAS thankes,
DIANA grants them: and beſtowes their crowne
To gratifie your acceptable zeale.
For you are they, that not (as ſome haue done)
Doe cenſure vs, as too ſeuere, and ſowre,
But as (more rightly) gracious to the good;
Although we not denie, vnto the proud,
Or the prophane, perhaps indeede auſtere:
For ſo ACTAEON, by preſuming farre,
Did (to our griefe) incurre a fatall doome;
And ſo, ſwolne NIOBE (comparing more
Then he preſum'd) was trophæed into ſtone.
But are we therefore judged too extreme?
Seemes it no crime, to enter ſacred bowers,
And hallowed places, with impure aſpect,
Moſt lewdly to pollute? Seemes it no crime,
To braue a *deitie*? Let mortals learne
To make religion of offending heauen;

And

And not at all to cenſure powers diuine.
To men, this argument ſhould ſtand for firme,
" A Goddeſſe did it, therefore it was good:
" We are not cruell, nor delight in bloud.
But what haue ſerious repetitions
To doe with reuels, and the ſports of court?
We not intend to ſowre your late delights
With harſh expoſtulation. Let 't ſuffice,
That we take notice, and can take reuenge
Of theſe calumnious, and lewd blaſphemies.
For we are no leſſe CYNTHIA, then we were,
Nor is our power (but as our ſelfe) the ſame:
Though we haue now put on no tyre of ſhine,
But mortall eyes vndaz'led may indure.
" Yeeres are beneath the ſpheres: and time makes weake
" Things vnder heauen, not powers which gouerne heauen.
And though our ſelfe be, in our ſelfe, ſecure,
Yet let not mortals challenge to themſelues
Immunitie from thence. Loe, this is all:
" Honour hath ſtore of ſpleene, but wanteth gall.
Once more, we caſt the ſlumber of our thankes
On your ta'ne toile, which here let take an end.
And that we not miſ-take your ſeuerall worths,
Nor you our fauour, from your ſelues remooue
What makes you not your ſelues, thoſe cloudes of maſque:
They vnmaſque. " Particular paines, particular thankes doe aske.
How! let me view you! ha? Are we contemn'd?
Is there ſo little awe of our diſdaine,
That any (vnder truſt of their diſguiſe)
Should mixe themſelues with others of the court?
And (without forehead) boldly preſſe ſo far,
As farther none? How apt is lenitie
To be abuſde? ſeueritie to be loth'd?
And yet, how much more doth the ſeeming face
Of neighbour-vertues, and their borrowed names,
Adde of lewd boldneſſe, to looſe vanities?
Who would haue thought that PHILAVTIA durſt
Or haue vſurped noble STORGES name?
Or with that theft haue ventred, on our eyes?
Who would haue thought, that all of them ſhould hope
So much of our conniuence, as to come
To grace themſelues, with titles not their owne?
In ſtead of med'cines, haue we maladies?
And ſuch impoſtumes, as PHANTASTE is,
Grow in our palace? we muſt lance theſe ſores,

Or all will putrifie. Nor are theſe all,
For we ſuſpect a farder fraud then this:
Take off our vaile, that ſhadowes may depart,
And ſhapes appeare, beloued ARETE——So.
Another face of things preſents it ſelfe,
Then did of late: What! featherd CVPID mask'd?
And mask'd like ANTEROS? And, ſtay! more ſtrange!
Deare MERCVRIE, our brother like a page,
To countenance the ambuſh of the boy?
Nor endeth our diſcouerie as yet:
GELAIA, like a *Nymph*, that but ere-while
(In male attire) did ſerue ANAIDES?
CVPID came hither to find ſport and game,
Who, heretofore hath beene too conuerſant
Among our traine; but neuer felt reuenge:
And MERCVRIE bare CVPID companie.
CVPID, we muſt confeſſe this time of mirth
(Proclaim'd by vs) gaue opportunitie,
To thy attempts, although no priuiledge;
Tempt vs no farther, we cannot indure
Thy preſence longer: vaniſh hence, away.
You, MERCVRIE, we muſt intreate to ſtay,
And heare what we determine of the reſt;
For in this plot, we well perceiue your hand.
But (for we meane not a *cenſorian* taske,
And yet to lance theſe vlcers growne ſo ripe)
Deare ARETE, and CRITES, to you two
We giue the charge; impoſe what paines you pleaſe:
Th' incurable cut off, the reſt reforme,
Remembring euer what we firſt decreed,
Since reuells were proclaim'd let now none bleed.

ARE. How well DIANA can diſtinguiſh times?
And ſort her cenſures? keeping to her ſelfe
The doome of gods, leauing the reſt to vs?
Come, cite them, CRITES, firſt, and then proceed.

CRI. Firſt, PHILAVTIA (for ſhe was the firſt,)
Then light GELAIA, in AGLAIAS name,
Thirdly PHANTASTE, and MORIA next,
Maine follies all, and of the female crew:
AMORPHVS, or EVCOSMOS conterfeit,
Voluptuous HEDON tane for EVPATHES,
Brazen ANAIDES, and ASOTVS laſt,
With his two pages, MORVS and PROSAITES;
And thou, the trauellers euill, COS, approch,
Impoſtors all, and male deformities——

ARE. Nay, forward, for I delegate my power.
And will that at thy mercie they doe ſtand,
Whom they ſo oft ſo plainely ſcorn'd before.
"'Tis vertue which they want, and wanting it,
"Honour no garment to their backes can fit.
Then, CRITES, practiſe thy diſcretion.
CRI. Adored CYNTHIA, and bright ARETE,
Another might ſeeme fitter for this taske,
Then CRITES farre, but that you iudge not ſo:
For I (not to appeare vindicatiue,
Or mindfull of contempts, which I contemn'd
As done of impotence) muſt be remiſſe,
Who, as I was the authour, in ſome ſort,
To worke their knowledge into CYNTHIAS ſight,
So ſhould be much ſeuerer to reuenge
Th'indignitie, hence iſſuing to her name.
But there's not one of theſe, who are vnpain'd,
Or by themſelues vnpuniſhed: for vice
Is like a furie to the vicious minde,
And turnes delight it ſelfe to puniſhment.
But we muſt forward to deſigne their doome,
You are offenders, that muſt be confeſt,
Doe you confeſſe it? ALL. We doe.
CRI. And, that you merit ſharpe correction? ALL. Yes.
CRI. Then we (reſeruing vnto DELIAES grace,
Her farther pleaſure, and to ARETE
What DELIA granteth) thus doe ſentence you.
That from this place (for pœnance knowne of all,
Since you haue drunke ſo deeply of *ſelfe-Loue*)
You (two and two) ſinging a *palinode*,
March to your ſeuerall homes by NIOBES ſtone,
And offer vp two teares apiece thereon;
That it may change the name, as you muſt change,
And of a ſtone be called *weeping Croſſe*:
Becauſe it ſtandeth croſſe of CYNTHIAS way,
One of whoſe names is ſacred TRIVIA.
And, after pœnance thus perform'd, you paſſe
In like ſet order, not as MIDAS did,
To waſh his gold off into *Tagus* ſtreame,
But to the well of knowledge, *Helicon*;
Where purged of your preſent maladies,
(Which are not few, nor ſlender) you become
Such as you faine would ſeeme: and then returne,
Offring your ſeruice to great CYNTHIA.
This is your ſentence, if the goddeſſe pleaſe.

To ratifie it with her high consent:
" The scope of wise mirth vnto fruict is bent.
CYN. We doe approue thy censure, belou'd CRITES.
Which MERCVRY, thy true propitious friend,
(A *deitie*, next IOVE, belou'd of vs)
Will vnder-take to see exactly done:
And for this seruice of discouerie
Perform'd by thee, in honor of our name,
We vow to guerdon it with such due grace,
As shall become our bountie, and thy place.
" Princes, that would their people should doe well,
" Must at themselues begin, as at the head;
" For men, by their example, patterne out
" Their imitations, and reguard of lawes:
" A vertuous *Court* a world to vertue drawes.

PALINODE.

AMO. *From* spanish *shrugs*, french *faces*, *smirks*, *irps*, *and all affected humours:*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From secret friends, sweet seruants, loues, doues, and such phantastique humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From stabbing of armes, flap-dragons, healths, whiffes, and all such swaggering humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From wauing of fannes, coy glaunces, glickes, cringes, and all such simpring humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From making loue by atturny, courting of puppets, and paying for new acquaintance.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From perfum'd dogs, munkeyes, sparrowes, dildo's, and parachito's.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From wearing bracelets of haire, shooe-ties, gloues, garters, and rings with poesies.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From pargetting, painting, slicking, glazing, and renewing old riueld faces.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From squiring to tilt-yards, play-houses, pageants, and all such publique places.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

PHA. *From entertayning one gallant to gull an other, and making fooles of either.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

AMO. *From belying ladies fauours, noble-mens countenance, coyning counterfet imployments, vaine-glorious taking to them other mens seruices, and all* selfe-louing *humours.*

CHORVS. Good MERCVRY defend vs.

SONG.

NOw each one drie his weeping eyes,
And to the well of knowledge haste;
Where purged of your maladies,
You may of sweeter waters taste:
And, with refined voice, report
The grace of CYNTHIA, *and her court.*

THE EPILOGVE.

GEntles, be't knowne to you, since I went in
I am turn'd rimer; and doe thus begin.
The Author (iealous, how your sense doth take
His trauailes) hath enioyned me to make
Some short, and ceremonious *epilogue*;
But if I yet know what, I am a rogue:
He ties me to such lawes, as quite distract
My thoughts; and would a yeere of time exact.
I neither must be faint, remisse, nor sorry,
Sowre, serious, confident, nor peremptory:

But

But betwixt theſe. Let's ſee; to lay the blame
Vpon the Childrens action, that were lame.
To craue your fauour, with a begging knee,
Were to diſtruſt the writers facultie.
To promiſe better at the next we bring,
Prorogues diſgrace, commends not any thing.
Stifly to ſtand on this, and proudly approue
The play, might taxe the maker of *ſelfe-Loue*.
Ile onely ſpeake, what I haue heard him ſay;
By (---) *'tis good, and if you lik't, you may.*

THE END.

Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, ſtupet, oſcitat, odit.
Hoc volo: nunc nobis carmina noſtra placent.

This Comicall Satyre vvas first acted, in the yeere 1600.

By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD. & IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY. & ROB. BAXTER.
THO. DAY. & IOH. FROST.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

POËTASTER,

OR

His Arraignement.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601. By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS CHAPPELL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,
for *Matthew Lownes.*

M. DC. XVI.

POETASTER;

OR,

HIS ARRAIGNMENT.

A Comical Satyre.

As it was lately Acted by the Children of Queene Elizabeths Chappell.

The Author B. I.

MART.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,

for Mathew Lownes.

M. DC. XVI.

TO

THE VERTVOVS AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,

Mr. Richard Martin.

SIR, *A thankefull man owes a courteſie euer: the vnthankefull, but when he needes it. To make mine owne marke appeare, and ſhew by which of theſe ſeales I am known, I ſend you this peece of what may liue of mine; for whoſe innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a noble and timely vndertaker, to the greateſt Iuſtice of this kingdome. Enioy now the delight of your goodneſſe; which is to ſee that proſper, you preſerv'd: and poſteritie to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name; which ſo much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conſpir'd to haue ſuppreſt.*

Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

Avgvstvs Cæsar.	Lvpvs.
Mecœnas.	Tvcca.
Marc. Ovid.	Crispinvs.
Cor. Gallvs.	Hermogenes.
Propertivs.	De. Fannivs.
Fvs. Aristvs.	Albivs.
Pvb. Ovid.	Minos.
Virgil.	Histrio.
Horace.	Pyrgvs.
Trebativs.	Lictors.

Ivlia.
Cytheris.
Plavtia.
Chloe.
Maydes.

THE SCENE.

ROME.

POËTASTER.

After the ſecond ſounding.

ENVIE. *Ariſing in the midſt of the ſtage.*



Ight, I ſalute thee, but with wounded nerues:
Wiſhing thy golden ſplendor, pitchy darkneſſe.
What's here? TH'ARRAIGNMENT? I: This, this is it,
That our ſunke eyes haue wak't for, all this while:
Here will be ſubiect for my ſnakes, and me.
Cling to my necke, and wriſts, my louing wormes,
And caſt you round, in ſoft, and amorous foulds,
Till I doe bid, vncurle: Then, breake your knots,
Shoot out your ſelues at length, as your forc't ſtings
Would hide themſelues within his malic't ſides,
To whom I ſhall apply you. Stay! the ſhine
Of this aſſembly here offends my ſight,
I'le darken that firſt, and out-face their grace.
Wonder not, if I ſtare: theſe fifteene weekes
(So long as ſince the plot was but an *embrion*)
Haue I, with burning lights, mixt vigilant thoughts,
In expectation of this hated play:
To which (at laſt) I am arriu'd as *Prologue*.
Nor would I, you ſhould looke for other lookes,
Geſture, or complement from me, then what
Th'infected bulke of ENVIE can afford:
For I am riſſe here with a couetous hope,
To blaſt your pleaſures, and deſtroy your ſports,
With wreſtings, comments, applications,

Spie-

Spie-like ſuggeſtions, priuie whiſperings,
And thouſand ſuch promooting ſleights as theſe.
Marke, how I will begin: The *Scene* is, ha!
ROME? ROME? and ROME? Cracke ey-ſtrings, and your balles
Drop into earth; let me be euer blind.
I am preuented; all my hopes are croſt,
Checkt, and abated; fie, a freezing ſweate
Flowes forth at all my pores, my entrailes burne:
What ſhould I doe? ROME? ROME? O my vext ſoule,
How might I force this to the preſent ſtate?
Are there no players here? no poet-apes,
That come with baſiliskes eyes, whoſe forked tongues
Are ſteept in venome, as their hearts in gall?
Eyther of theſe would helpe me; they could wreſt,
Peruert, and poyſon all they heare, or ſee,
With ſenſeleſſe gloſſes, and alluſions.
Now if you be good deuils, flye me not.
You know what deare, and ample faculties
I haue indow'd you with: Ile lend you more.
Here, take my ſnakes among you, come, and eate,
And while the ſqueez'd juice flowes in your blacke jawes,
Helpe me to damne the Authour. Spit it foorth
Vpon his lines, and ſhew your ruſtie teeth
At euerie word, or accent: or elſe chooſe
Out of my longeſt vipers, to ſticke downe
In your deep throats; and let the heads come forth
At your ranke mouthes; that he may ſee you arm'd
With triple malice, to hiſſe, ſting, and teare
His worke, and him; to forge, and then declame,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, ſuggeſt:
O, theſe are gifts wherein your ſoules are bleſt.
What? doe you hide your ſelues? will none appeare?
None anſwere? what, doth this calme troupe affright you?
Nay, then I doe deſpaire: downe, ſinke againe.
This trauaile is all loſt with my dead hopes.
If in ſuch boſomes, ſpight haue left to dwell,
Enuie is not on earth, nor ſcarſe in hell.

The third ſounding.

PROLOGVE.

STay, Monſter, ere thou ſinke, thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth: So ſpight ſhould die,

Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd by noble induſtrie.
If any muſe why I ſalute the ſtage,
An armed *Prologue*; know, 't is a dangerous age:
Wherein, who writes, had need preſent his *Scenes*
Fortie fold-proofe againſt the coniuring meanes
Of baſe detractors, and illiterate apes,
That fill vp roomes in faire and formall ſhapes.
'Gainſt theſe, haue we put on this forc't defence:
Whereof the *allegorie* and hid ſence
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put caſe our Authour ſhould, once more,
Sweare that his play were good; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of arrogance:
How ere that common ſpawne of ignorance,
Our frie of writers, may beſlime his fame,
And giue his action that adulterate name.
Such ful-blowne vanitie he more doth lothe,
Then baſe deiection: There's a meane 'twixt both.
Which with a conſtant firmeneſſe he purſues,
As one, that knowes the ſtrength of his owne *muſe*.
And this he hopes all free ſoules will allow,
Others, that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pitties, then enuies:
His mind it is aboue their iniuries.

Act I. *Scene* I.

OVID, LVSCVS.

THen, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,
My name ſhall liue, and my beſt part aſpire.
It ſhall goe ſo.

LVSC. Young maſter, maſter OVID, doe you heare? gods a mee! away with your *ſongs*, and *ſonnets*; and on with your gowne and cappe, quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this roome preſently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe. Theſe verſes too, a poyſon on 'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to caſt, by the bankes of *helicon*. Nay looke, what a raſcally vntoward thing this *poetrie* is; I could teare 'hem now.

OVID. Giue me, how neere's my father?

LVSC. Hart a'man: get a law-booke in your hand, I will not anſwere you elſe. Why ſo: now there's ſome formalitie in you. By IOVE, and three or foure of the gods more, I am right of mine olde maſters humour for that; this villanous *poetrie* will vndoe you, by the welkin.

OVID. What, haſt thou buskins on, LVSCVS, that thou ſwear'ſt ſo tragically, and high?

LVSC. No, but I haue bootes on, ſir, and ſo ha's your father too by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

OVID. Why? was he no readier?

LVSC. O no; and there was the madde skeldring captaine, with the veluet armes, readie to lay hold on him as hee comes downe: he that preſſes euerie man he meets, with an oath, to lend him money, and cries; (Thou muſt doo't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worſhip.)

OVID. Who? PANTILIVS TVCCA?

LVSC. I, hee: and I met little maſter LVPVS, the *Tribune*, going thither too.

OVID. Nay, and he be vnder their arreſt, I may (with ſafetie inough) reade ouer my *elegie*, before he come.

LVSC. Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, young maſter, you are not *caſtalian* mad, lunatike, frantike, deſperate? ha?

OVID. What aileſt thou, LVSCVS?

LVSC. God be with you, ſir, I'le leaue you to your *poeticall* fancies, and *furies*. I'le not be guiltie, I.

OVID. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:
For thus alone, our eare ſhall better judge
The haſtie errours of our morning *muſe*.

Ouid. Lib. 1. Amo. Ele. 15.

ENuie, why twit'ſt thou me, my time's ſpent ill?
And call'ſt my verſe, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (vnlike the line from whence I ſprung)
Wars duſtie honours I purſue not young?
Or that I ſtudie not the tedious lawes;
And proſtitute my voyce in euerie cauſe?
Thy ſcope is mortall; mine eternall fame:
Which through the world ſhall euer chaunt my name.
HOMER *will liue, whil'ſt* TENEDOS *ſtands, and* IDE,
Or, to the ſea, fleet SIMOIS *doth ſlide:*
And ſo ſhall HESIOD *too, while vines doe beare,*
Or crooked ſickles crop the ripened eare.
CALLIMACHVS, *though in inuention lowe,*
Shall ſtill be ſung: ſince he in art doth flowe.
No loſſe ſhall come to SOPHOCLES *proud vaine.*
With ſunne, and moone, ARATVS *ſhall remaine.*
Whil'ſt ſlaues be falſe, fathers hard, and bawdes be whoriſh,
Whil'ſt harlots flatter, ſhall MENANDER *flouriſh.*
ENNIVS, *though rude, and* ACCIVS *high-reard ſtraine,*
A freſh applauſe in euerie age ſhall gaine.
Of VARRO'S *name, what eare ſhall not be told?*
Of IASONS ARGO? *and the fleece of gold?*

Then

Then shall LVCRETIVS *loftie numbers die,*
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall frie.
TYTIRVS, *Tillago,* ÆNEE *shall be read,*
Whil'st ROME *of all the conquer'd world is head.*
Till CVPIDS *fires be out, and his bowe broken,*
Thy verses (neate TIBVLLVS*) shall be spoken.*
Our GALLVS *shall be knowne from east to west:*
So shall LYCORIS, *whom he now loues best.*
The suffering plough-share, or the flint may weare:
But heauenly poesie *no death can feare.*
Kings shall giue place to it, and kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus *flowes.*
Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright PHŒBVS *swell,*
With cups full flowing from the MVSES *well.*
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad louers Ile be often read.
" *Enuie, the liuing, not the dead, doth bite:*
" *For after death all men receiue their right.*
Then, when this bodie fals in funerall fire,
My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.

Act I. *Scene* II.

OVID *Senior*, OVID *Iunior*, LVSCVS, TVCCA, LVPVS, PYRGVS.

YOur name shall liue indeed, sir; you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and eares of the best and graueſt *Romanes*, that you thinke not on: you neuer so much as dreame of that. Are these the fruits of all my trauaile and expenses? is this the scope and aime of thy studies? are these the hopefull courses, wherewith I haue so long flattered my expectation from thee? verses? *poetrie?* OVID, whom I thought to see the pleader, become OVID the play-maker?

OVID *iu.* No, sir.

OVID *se.* Yes, sir. I heare of a *tragœdie* of yours comming foorth for the common players there, call'd MEDEA. By my houshold-gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragick part, more then is yet expected, to it: beleeue me when I promise it. What? shall I haue my sonne a stager now? an enghle for players? a gull? a rooke? a shot-clogge? to make suppers, and bee laught at? PVBLIVS, I will set thee on the funerall pile, first.

OVID *iu.* Sir, I beseech you to haue patience.

LVSC. Nay, this tis to haue your eares damm'd vp to good counsell. I did augure all this to him afore-hand, without poring into an oxes panch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tvcc. How now, good man ſlaue? what, *rowle powle?* all riualls, raſcall? why my Maſter, of worſhip, do'ſt heare? Are theſe thy beſt proiects? is this thy deſſeignes and thy diſcipline, to ſuffer knaues to bee competitors with commanders and gentlemen? are wee *paralells*, raſcall? are wee *paralells?*

Ovid. *ſe.* Sirrah, goe get my horſes ready. You'll ſtill be prating.

Tvcc. Doe, you perpetuall ſtinkard, doe, goe; talke to tapſters and oſtlers, you ſlaue, they are i' your element, goe: here bee the Emperours captaines, you raggamuffin raſcall; and not your *cam'rades*.

Lvpv. Indeed, Marcvs Ovid, theſe players are an idle generation, and doe much harme in a ſtate, corrupt yong gentrie very much, I know it: I haue not beene a *Tribune* thus long, and obſeru'd nothing: beſides, they will rob vs, vs, that are magiſtrates, of our reſpect, bring vs vpon their ſtages, and make vs ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wiſeſt men they can come by ſtill; me: only to bring vs in contempt with the vulgar, and make vs cheape.

Tvcc. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropſhin, they will indeede: the tongue of the *oracle* neuer twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kiſſe his miſtris ſlippers, in quiet, for 'hem: nor your white innocent gallant pawne his reuelling ſute, to make his punke a ſupper. An honeſt decayed commander, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be ſeene in a bawdie houſe, but he ſhall be ſtraight in one of their wormewood *comœdies*. They are growne licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the *ſtatute*, the raſcals, they are *blazond* there, there they are trickt, they and their pedigrees; they neede no other *heralds*, I wiſſe.

Ovid. *ſe.* Mee thinkes, if nothing elſe, yet this alone; the very reading of the publike *edicts* ſhould fright thee from commerce with them; and giue thee diſtaſte enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a ſtudent you are: this argues your proficiencie in the *law*.

Ovid. *iu.* They wrong mee, ſir, and doe abuſe you more,
That blow your eares with theſe vntrue reports.
I am not knowne vnto the open ſtage,
Nor doe I traffique in their *theaters*.
Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at requeſt
Of ſome neere friends, and honorable *Romanes*,
I haue begunne a *poeme* of that nature.

Ovid. *ſe.* You haue, ſir, a *poeme*? and where is't? that's the *law* you ſtudie.

Ovid. *iu.* Cornelivs Gallvs borrowed it to reade.

Ovid. *ſe.* Cornelivs Gallvs? There's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the ſame poiſon: and Tibvllvs, and Propertivs. But theſe are gentlemen of meanes, and reuenew now. Thou art a yonger brother, and haſt nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I proteſt ſhall bee bare indeed, if thou forſake not theſe vnprofitable by-courſes, and that timely too. Name me a profeſt *poet*, that his *poetrie* did euer af-

ford

ſord him ſo much as a competencie. I, your god of *poets* there (whom all of you admire and reuerence ſo much) HOMER, he whoſe worme-eaten ſtatue muſt not bee ſpewd againſt, but with hallowed lips, and groueling adoration, what was he? what was he?

TVCC. Mary, I'le tell thee, old ſwaggrer; He was a poore, blind, riming raſcall, that liu'd obſcurely vp and downe in boothes, and taphouſes, and ſcarce euer made a good meale in his ſleepe, the whoorſon hungrie begger.

OVID. *ſe.* He ſaies well: Nay, I know this nettles you now, but anſwere me; Is't not true? you'le tell me his name ſhall liue; and that (now being dead) his workes haue eterniz'd him, and made him diuine But could this diuinitie feed him, while he liu'd? could his name feaſt him?

TVCC. Or purchaſe him a *Senators* reuenue? could it?

OVID. *ſe.* I, or giue him place in the common-wealth? worſhip, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

TVCC. Thou ſpeakeſt ſentences, old BIAS.

LVPV. All this the *Law* will doe, yong ſir, if youle follow it.

OVID. *ſe.* If he be mine, hee ſhall follow and obſerue, what I will apt him too, or, I profeſſe here openly, and vtterly to diſclaime in him.

OVID. *in.* Sir, let me craue you will, forgoe theſe moodes;
I will be any thing, or ſtudie any thing:
I'le proue the vnfaſhion'd body of the *law*
Pure elegance, and make her ruggedſt ſtraines
Runne ſmoothly, as PROPERTIVS *elegies.*

OVID. *ſe.* PROPERTIVS *elegies?* good!

LVPV. Nay, you take him too quickly, MARCVS.

OVID. *ſe.* Why, he cannot ſpeake, he cannot thinke out of *poetrie*, he is bewitcht with it.

LVPV. Come, doe not miſ-prize him.

OVID. *ſe. Miſ-prize?* I, mary, I would haue him vſe ſome ſuch wordes now: They haue ſome touch, ſome taſte of the *law*. Hee ſhould make himſelfe a ſtile out of theſe, and let his PROPERTIVS *elegies* goe by.

LVPV. Indeed, yong PVBLIVS, he that will now hit the marke, muſt ſhoot thorough the *law*, we haue no other *planet* raignes, & in that ſpheare, you may ſit, and ſing with angels. Why, the *law* makes a man happy, without reſpecting any other merit: a ſimple ſcholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.

TVCC. He tells thee true, my noble *Neophyte*; my little *Grammaticaſter*, he do's: It ſhall neuer put thee to thy *Mathematiques*, *Metaphyſiques*, *Philoſophie*, and I know not what ſuppos'd ſufficiencies; If thou canſt but haue the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noiſe inough, be impudent inough, and 'tis inough.

LVPV. Three bookes will furniſh you.

TVCC. And the leſſe arte, the better: Beſides, when it ſhall be in the power of thy cheu'rill conſcience, to doe right, or wrong, at thy pleaſure, my pretty ALCIBIADES.

LVPV. I, and to haue better men then himſelfe, by many thouſand degrees, to obſerue him, and ſtand bare.

TVCC. True, and he to carry himſelfe proud, and ſtately, and haue the law on his ſide for't, old boy.

OVID. *ſe.* Well, the day growes old, gentlemen, and I muſt leaue you. PVBLIVS, if thou wilt hold my fauour, abandon theſe idle fruitleſſe ſtudies that ſo bewitch thee. Send IANVS home his back-face againe, and looke only forward to the *law*: Intend that. I will allow thee, what ſhall ſute thee in the ranke of gentlemen, and maintaine thy ſocietie with the beſt: and vnder theſe conditions, I leaue thee. My bleſſings light vpon thee, if thou reſpect them: if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine owne heart wil ake for it ſelfe; and ſo farewel. What, are my horſes come?

LVSC. Yes, ſir, they are at the gate without.

OVID. *ſe.* That's well. ASINIVS LVPVS, a word. Captaine, I ſhall take my leaue of you?

TVCC. No, my little old boy, diſpatch with COTHVRNVS there: I'le attend thee, I———

LVSC. To borrow ſome ten drachmes, I know his proiect.

OVID. *ſe.* Sir, you ſhall make me beholding to you. Now Captaine TVCCA, what ſay you?

TVCC. Why, what ſhould I ſay? or what can I ſay, my flowre o' the order? Should I ſay, thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wiſe? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all theſe, and thou knoweſt it (my noble LVCVLLVS) thou knoweſt it: come, bee not aſhamed of thy vertues, old ſtumpe. Honour's a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the *man of warres* MECOENAS, old boy. Why ſhouldſt not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as hee is by his *poets?* How now, my carrier, what newes?

LVSC. The boy has ſtaied within for his *cue*, this halfe houre.

TVCC. Come, doe not whiſper to me, but ſpeake it out: what? it is no treaſon againſt the ſtate, I hope, is't?

LVSC. Yes, againſt the ſtate of my maſters purſe.

PYRG. Sir, AGRIPPA deſires you to forbeare him till the next weeke: his moyles are not yet come vp.

TVCC. His moyles? now the *bots*, the *ſpauin*, and the *glanders*, and ſome dozen diſeaſes more, light on him, and his moyles. What ha' they the *yellowes*, his moyles, that they come no faſter? or are they foundred? ha? his moyles ha' the *ſtaggers* belike: ha' they?

PYRG. O no, ſir: then your tongue might be ſuſpected for one of his moyles.

TVCC. Hee owes mee almoſt a talent, and hee thinks to beare it away with his moyles, does hee? Sirrah, you, nut-cracker, goe your waies to him againe, and tell him I muſt ha' money, I: I cannot eate ſtones and turfes, ſay. What, will he clem me, and my followers? Aske him, an' he will clem me: doe, goe. He would haue mee frie my ierkin, would hee?

Away,

Away, ſetter, away. Yet, ſtay, my little tumbler: this old boy ſhall ſupply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot bee importunate, I: I cannot bee impudent.

PYRG. Alas, ſir, no: you are the moſt maidenly bluſhing creature vpon the earth.

TVCC. Do'ſt thou heare, my little *ſixe and fiftie*, or thereabouts? Thou art not to learne the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time: thou hadſt not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth haue their *chymera's*, as well as other creatures: and they doe ſee monſters, ſometimes: they doe, they doe, braue boy.

PYRG. Better cheape then he ſhall ſee you, I warrant him.

TVCC. Thou muſt let me haue ſixe, ſixe, drachmes, I meane, old boy; thou ſhalt doe it: I tell thee, old boy, thou ſhalt, and in priuate too, do'ſt thou ſee? Goe, walke off: there, there. Sixe is the ſumme. Thy ſonn's a gallant ſparke, and muſt not be put out of a ſudden: come hither, CALLIMACHVS, thy father tells me thou art too poeticall, boy, thou muſt not be ſo, thou muſt leaue them, yong nouice, thou muſt, they are a ſort of poore ſtaru'd raſcalls; that are euer wrapt vp in foule linnen; and can boaſt of nothing but a leane viſage, peering out of a ſeame-rent ſute; the very *emblemes* of beggerie. No, doſt heare? turne lawyer, Thou ſhalt be my ſolicitor: 'Tis right, old boy, iſt?

OVID. *ſe.* You were beſt tell it, Captaine.

TVCC. No: fare thou well mine honeſt horſe-man, and thou old beuer. Pray thee *Romane*, when thou commeſt to towne, ſee me at my lodging, viſit me ſometimes: thou ſhalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke me, good ſwaggerer. IOVE keepe thy chaine from pawning, goe thy waies, if thou lack money, I'le lend thee ſome: I'le leaue thee to thy horſe, now. Adieu.

OVID. *ſe.* Farewell, good Captaine.

TVCC. Boy, you can haue but halfe a ſhare now, boy.

OVID. *ſe.* 'Tis a ſtrange boldneſſe, that accompanies this fellow: Come.

OVID. *iu.* I'le giue attendance on you, to your horſe, ſir, pleaſe you—

OVID. *ſe.* No: keepe your chamber, and fall to your ſtudies; doe ſo: the gods of *Rome* bleſſe thee.

OVID. *iu.* And giue me ſtomacke to digeſt this *law*,
That ſhould haue followed ſure, had I beene he.
O ſacred *poeſie*, thou ſpirit of artes,
The ſoule of ſcience, and the queene of ſoules,
What prophane violence, almoſt ſacriledge,
Hath here beene offered thy diuinities!
That thine owne guiltleſſe pouertie ſhould arme
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence, is all their force of argument
Drawne forth againſt thee; or from the abuſe

Of

Of thy great powers in adultrate braines:
When, would men learne but to diſtinguiſh ſpirits,
And ſet true difference twixt thoſe jaded wits
That runne a broken paſe for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy *Muſe*,
Borne on the wings of her immortall thought,
That kickes at earth with a diſdainefull heele,
And beats at heauen gates with her bright hooues;
They would not then with ſuch diſtorted faces,
And deſp'rate cenſures ſtab at *poeſie*.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their minds
Should ne're deſcend on ſo vnworthy obiects,
As gold, or titles: they would dread farre more,
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.
" The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth: but now,
" Your onely barbariſme is t'haue wit, and want.
" No matter now in vertue who excells,
" He, that hath coine, hath all perfection elſe.

Act I. *Scene* III.

TIBVLLVS, OVID.

OVID? OVID. Who's there? Come in. TIBV. Good morrow, Lawyer.

OVID. Good morrow (deare TIBVLLVS) welcome: ſit downe.

TIBV. Not I. What: ſo hard at it? Let's ſee, what's here? Nay, I will ſee it—— OVID. Pray thee away——

TIBV. *If thrice in field, a man vanquiſh his foe,*
'Tis after in his choice to ſerue, or no.

How now OVID! *Law*—caſes in verſe?

OVID. In troth, I know not: they runne from my pen Vnwittingly, if they be verſe. What's the newes abroad?

TIBV. Off with this gowne, I come to haue thee walke.

OVID. No, good TIBVLLVS, I'm not now in caſe, Pray' let me alone. TIBV. How? not in caſe! S'light thou'rt in too much caſe, by all this *law*.

OVID. Troth, if I liue, I will new dreſſe the *law*, In ſprightly *poeſies* habillaments.

TIBV. The hell thou wilt. What, turne *law* into verſe? Thy father has ſchool'd thee, I ſee. Here, reade that ſame. There's ſubiect for you: and if I miſtake not, A *Superſedeas* to your melancholy.

OVID. How! ſubſcrib'd IVLIA! ô, my life, my heauen!

TIBV. Is the mood chang'd?

OVID. Muſique of wit! Note for th' harmonious ſpheares!

Celeſtiall

Celestiall accents, how you ravish me!

TIBV. What is it, OVID?

OVID. That I must meete my IVLIA, the Princesse IVLIA.

TIBV. Where?

OVID. Why, at——hart, I haue forgot: my passion so transports mee.

TIBV. Ile saue your paines: it is at ALBIVS house,
The iewellers, where the faire LYCORIS lies.

OVID. Who? CYTHERIS, CORNELIVS GALLVS loue?

TIBV. I, heele be there too, and my PLAVTIA.

OVID. And why not your DELIA?

TIBV. Yes, and your CORINNA.

OVID. True, but my sweet TIBVLLVS, keepe that secret:
I would not, for all ROME, it should be thought,
I vaile bright IVLIA vnderneath that name:
IVLIA the gemme, and iewell of my soule,
That takes her honours from the golden skie,
As beautie doth all lustre, from her eye.
The ayre respires the pure *elysian* sweets,
In which she breathes: and from her lookes descend
The glories of the summer. Heauen she is,
Prays'd in her selfe aboue all praise: and he,
Which heares her speake, would sweare the tune-full orbes
Turn'd in his *zenith* onely. TIBV. PVBLIVS, thou'lt lose thy selfe.

OVID. O, in no labyrinth, can I safelier erre,
Then when I lose my selfe in praysing her.
Hence *Law*, and welcome, *Muses*; though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcilde,
And now made one. Hencefoorth, I promise faith,
And all my serious houres to spend with you:
With you, whose musicke striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steales forth my spirit,
In IVLIAS name; faire IVLIA: IVLIAS loue
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'le studie,
The law, and art of sacred IVLIAS loue:
All other obiects will but abiects proue.

TIBV. Come, wee shall haue thee as passionate, as PROPERTIVS, anon.

OVID. O, how does my SEXTVS?

TIBV. Faith, full of sorrow, for his CYNTHIAS death.

OVID. What, still?

TIBV. Still, and still more, his grieues doe grow vpon him,
As doe his houres. Neuer did I know
An vnderstanding spirit so take to heart
The common worke of *fate*. OVID. O my TIBVLLVS,

Let

Let vs not blame him: for, against such chances,
The heartiest strife of vertue is not proofe.
We may read constancie, and fortitude,
To other soules: but had our selues beene strooke
With the like *planet*, had our loues (like his)
Beene rauisht from vs, by injurious death,
And in the height, and heat of our best dayes,
It would haue crackt our sinnewes, shrunke our veines,
And made our verie heart-strings iarre, like his.
Come, let's goe take him foorth, and prooue, if mirth
Or companie will but abate his passion.

TIBV. Content, and I implore the gods, it may.

Act II. *Scene* I.

ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, CHLOE, MAYDES, CYTHERIS.

MAster CRISPINVS, you are welcome: Pray', vse a stoole, sir. Your cousin CYTHERIS will come downe presently. Wee are so busie for the receiuing of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir, Pray you sit, sir.

CRIS. I am verie well, sir. Ne're trust me, but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment! an excellent ayre, an excellent ayre!

ALBI. I, sir, 'tis a prettie ayre. These courtiers runne in my minde still; I must looke out: for IVPITERS sake, sit, sir. Or, please you walke into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

CRIS. I am most strenuously well, I thanke you, sir.

ALBI. Much good doe you, sir.

CHLO. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses, and violets here; Fye, here bee roomes sauour the most pittifully ranke that euer I felt: I crie the gods mercie, my husband's in the winde of vs.

ALBI. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent: well said, my sweet CHLOE. Trimme vp your house most obsequiously.

CHLO. For VVLCANVS sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth you ouercome our perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

ALBI. Heare but my opinion, sweet wife.

CHLO. A pinne for your pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus fulsome to me in euerie thing, I'le bee diuorc't; Gods my bodie? you know what you were, before I married you; I was a gentlewoman borne, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizens wife; because I heard indeed, they kept their wiues as fine as ladies; and that wee might rule our husbands, like ladies; and doe what wee listed: doe you thinke I would haue married you, else?

ALBI.

ALBI. I acknowledge, ſweet wife, ſhe ſpeakes the beſt of any woman in *Italy*, and mooues as mightily: which makes me, I had rather ſhe ſhould make bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her. But ſweet wife———

CHLO. Yet againe? Iſt not grace inough for you, that I call you huſband, and you call me wife: but you muſt ſtill bee poking mee, againſt my will, to things?

ALBI. But you know, wife; here are the greateſt ladies, and gallanteſt gentlemen of ROME, to bee entertain'd in our houſe now: and I would faine aduiſe thee, to entertaine them in the beſt ſort, yfaith wife.

CHLO. In ſinceritie, did you euer heare a man talke ſo idlely? You would ſeeme to be maſter? You would haue your ſpoke in my cart? you would aduiſe me to entertaine ladies, and gentlemen? becauſe you can marſhall your pack-needles, horſe-combes, hobby-horſes, and wall-candleſtickes in your ware-houſe better then I; therefore you can tell how to entertaine ladies, and gentle-folkes better then I?

ALBI. O my ſweet wife, vpbraid me not with that: "Gaine ſauours ſweetly from any thing; He that reſpects to get, muſt reliſh all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt oade, and frankincenſe; or the moſt precious balſamum, and a tar-barrell.

CHLO. Mary fough: You ſell ſnuffers too, if you be remembred, but I pray you let mee buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in ſnuffe, to learne how to entertaine gentlefolkes, of you, at theſe yeeres, I faith. Alas man; there was not a gentleman came to your houſe i' your tother wiues time, I hope? nor a ladie? nor muſique? nor maſques? Nor you, nor your houſe were ſo much as ſpoken of, before I diſbaſt my ſelfe, from my hood and my fartingall, to theſe bumrowles, and your whale-bone-bodies.

ALBI. Looke here, my ſweet wife; I am mum, my deare mummia, my balſamum, my *ſpermacete*, and my verie citie of———ſhee has the moſt beſt, true, fæminine wit in ROME!

CRIS. I haue heard ſo, ſir; and doe moſt vehemently deſire to participate the knowledge of her faire features.

ALBI. Ah, peace; you ſhall heare more anon: bee not ſeene yet, I pray you; not yet: Obſerue.

CHLO. 'Sbodie, giue huſbands the head a little more, and they'll bee nothing but head ſhortly; whats he there?

MAYD. 1. I know not forſooth.

MAYD. 2. Who would you ſpeake with, ſir?

CRIS. I would ſpeake with my couſin CYTHERIS.

MAYD. Hee is one forſooth would ſpeake with his couſin CYTHERIS.

CHLO. Is ſhe your couſin, ſir?

CRIS. Yes in truth, forſooth, for fault of a better.

CHLO. Shee is a gentlewoman?

CRIS.

CRIS. Or elſe ſhe ſhould not be my couſin, I aſſure you.

CHLO. Are you a gentleman borne?

CRIS. That I am, ladie; you ſhall ſee mine armes, if 't pleaſe you.

CHLO. No, your legges doe ſufficiently ſhew you are a gentleman borne, ſir: for a man borne vpon little legges, is alwayes a gentleman borne.

CRIS. Yet, I pray you, vouchſafe the ſight of my armes, Miſtreſſe; for I beare them about me, to haue 'hem ſeene: my name is CRISPINVS, or CRI-SPINAS indeed; which is well expreſt in my armes, (a Face crying *in chiefe*; and beneath it a blouddie Toe, betweene three Thornes *pungent.*)

CHLO. Then you are welcome, ſir; now you are a gentleman borne, I can find in my heart to welcome you: for I am a gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high inough, though 'twere my fortune to marrie a tradeſ-man.

CRIS. No doubt of that, ſweet feature, your carriage ſhewes it in any mans eye, that is carried vpon you with iudgement.

Hee is ſtill going in and out.

ALBI. Deare wife, be not angry.

CHLO. God's my paſſion!

ALBI. Heare me but one thing; let not your maydes ſet cuſhions in the parlor windowes; nor in the dyning-chamber windowes; nor vpon ſtooles, in eyther of them, in any caſe; for 'tis tauerne-like; but lay them one vpon another, in ſome out-roome, or corner of the dyning-chamber.

CHLO. Goe, goe, meddle with your bed-chamber onely, or rather with your bed in your chamber, onely; or rather with your wife in your bed onely; or on my faith, I'le not be pleas'd with you onely.

ALBI. Looke here, my deare wife, entertaine that gentleman kindly, I pre' thee;——mum.

CHLO. Goe, I need your inſtructions indeede; anger mee no more, I aduiſe you. Citi-ſin, quoth'a! ſhe's a wiſe gentlewoman yfaith, will marrie her ſelfe to the ſinne of the citie.

ALBI. But this time, and no more (by heauen) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dyning-chamber, in any caſe, but in the gallerie onely, for 'tis not courtly elſe, o' my word, wife.

CHLO. 'Sprecious, neuer haue done!

ALBI. Wife.——

CHLO. Doe I not beare a reaſonable corrigible hand ouer him, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. By this hand, ladie, you hold a moſt ſweet hand ouer him.

ALBI. And then for the great gilt andyrons?——

CHLO. Againe! would the andyrons were in your great guttes, for mee.

ALBI. I doe vaniſh, wife.

CHLO. How ſhall I doe, Maſter CRISPINVS? here will bee all the braueſt ladies in court preſently, to ſee your couſin CYTHERIS: ô the gods!

gods! how might I behaue my ſelfe now, as to entertayne them moſt courtly?

Cris. Mary, ladie, if you will entertaine them moſt courtly, you muſt doe thus: as ſoone as euer your maide, or your man brings you word they are come; you muſt ſay (A poxe on 'hem, what doe they here.) And yet when they come, ſpeake them as faire, and giue them the kindeſt welcome in wordes, that can be.

Chlo. Is that the faſhion of courtiers, Crispinvs?

Cris. I aſſure you, it is, ladie, I haue obſeru'd it.

Chlo. For your poxe, ſir, it is eaſily hit on; but, 'tis not ſo eaſily to ſpeake faire after, me thinkes?

Albi. O wife, the coaches are come, on my word, a number of coaches, and courtiers.

Chlo. A poxe on them: what doe they here?

Albi. How now wife! wouldſt thou not haue 'hem come?

Chlo. Come? come, you are a foole, you: He knowes not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you; and good maſter Crispinvs, you can obſerue, you ſay; let me intreat you for all the ladies behauiours, iewels, ieſts, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and conferre of them.

Cris. I warrant you, ſweet ladie; let mee alone to obſerue, till I turne my ſelfe to nothing but obſeruation.
Good morrow couſin Cytheris.

Cyth. Welcome kind couſin. What? are they come?

Albi. I, your friend Cornelivs Gallvs, Ovid, Tibvllvs, Propertivs, with Ivlia the Emperors daughter, and the ladie Plavtia, are lighted at the dore; and with them Hermogenes Tigellivs, the excellent muſician.

Cyth. Come, let vs goe meet them, Chloe.

Chlo. Obſerue, Crispinvs.

Cris. At a haires breadth, ladie, I warrant you.

Act II. Scene II.

Gallvs, Ovid, Tibvllvs, Propertivs, Hermogenes, Ivlia, Plavtia, Cytheris, Chloe, Albivs, Crispinvs.

Health to the louely Chloe; you muſt pardon me, Miſtris, that I preferre this faire gentlewoman.

Cyth. I pardon, and praiſe you for it, ſir; and I beſeech your Excellence, receiue her beauties into your knowledge and fauour.

Ivli. Cytheris, ſhee hath fauour, and behauiour, that commands as much of me: and ſweet Chloe, know I doe exceedingly loue you, and

that I will approue in any grace my father the Emperour may shew you. Is this your husband?

ALBI. For fault of a better, if it please your highnesse.

CHLO. Gods my life! how hee shames mee!

CYTH. Not a whit, CHLOE, they all thinke you politike, and wittie; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth, and soueraignty.

OVID. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

TIBV. And would be glad to deserue your loue, sir.

ALBI. My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; I'le come to you againe presently.

PLAV. You haue chosen you a most faire companion here, CYTHERIS, and a very faire house.

CYTH. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome, PLAVTIA.

CHLO. With all my heart, I assure your ladiship.

PLAV. Thankes, sweet Mistris CHLOE.

IVLI. You must needes come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there be sure your welcome shall be as great to vs.

OVID. Shee will well deserue it, Madame. I see, euen in her lookes, gentrie, and generall worthinesse.

TIBV. I haue not seene a more certaine character of an excellent disposition.

ALBI. Wife.

CHLO. O, they doe so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

ALBI. For the banquet, sweet wife.

CHLO. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and bee welcome, the Princesse sayes.

GALL. OVID, and TIBVLLVS, you may bee bold to welcome your Mistresses here.

OVID. We find it so, sir.

TIBV. And thanke CORNELIVS GALLVS.

OVID. Nay, my sweet SEXTVS, in faith thou art not sociable.

PROP. Infaith, I am not, PVBLIVS; nor I cannot.
Sicke mindes, are like sicke men that burne with feuers,
Who when they drinke, please but a present tast,
And after beare a more impatient fit.
Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,
And my selfe most. GALL. Stay, sweet PROPERTIVS.

TIBV. You yeeld too much vnto your grieues, and fate,
Which neuer hurts, but when we say it hurts vs.

PROP. O peace, TIBVLLVS; your philosophie
Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh, and grieue;

The

The free and vnconstrained spirit feeles
No weight of my oppression. OVID. Worthy *Roman!*
Me thinkes I taste his miserie; and could
Sit downe, and chide at his malignant starres.

IVLI. Me thinkes I loue him, that he loues so truely.

CYTH. This is the perfect'st loue, liues after death.

GALL. Such is the constant ground of vertue still.

PLAV. It puts on an inseparable face.

CHLO. Haue you markt euery thing, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. Euery thing, I warrant you.

CHLO. What gentlemen are these? doe you know them?

CRIS. I, they are *poets*, lady.

CHLO. *Poets?* they did not talke of me since I went, did they?

CRIS. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens.

CHLO. Now in sinceritie, they be the finest kind of men, that euer I knew: *Poets?* Could not one get the Emperour to make my husband a *Poet*, thinke you?

CRIS. No, ladie, 'tis loue, and beautie make *Poets*: and since you like *Poets* so well, your loue, and beauties shall make me a *Poet*.

CHLO. What shall they? and such a one as these?

CRIS. I, and a better then these: I would be sorry else.

CHLO. And shall your lookes change? and your haire change? and all, like these?

CRIS. Why, a man may be a *Poet*, and yet not change his haire, lady.

CHLO. Well, wee shall see your cunning: yet if you can change your haire, I pray, doe.

ALBI. Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet staies within for you, please you draw neere, and accost it.

IVLI. We thanke you, good ALBIVS: but when shall wee see those excellent iewels you are commended to haue?

ALBI. At your ladiships seruice. I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'le frequent these plaies more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.

GALL. Why, how now, HERMOGENES? what aileſt thou trow?

HERM. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.

GALL. Melancholy! how so?

HERM. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.

CHLO. Is that hard-fauour'd gentleman a *poet* too; CYTHERIS?

CYTH. No; this is HERMOGENES, as humorous as a *poet* though: he is a *Musician*.

CHLO. A *Musician?* then he can sing.

CYTH. That he can excellently; did you neuer heare him?

CHLO. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

CYTH. I know not. Friend, Mistresse CHLOE would faine heare

that I will approue in any grace my father the Emperour may ſhew you. Is this your huſband?

ALBI. For fault of a better, if it pleaſe your highneſſe.

CHLO. Gods my life! how hee ſhames mee!

CYTH. Not a whit, CHLOE, they all thinke you politike, and wittie; wiſe women chooſe not huſbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth, and ſoueraignetie.

OVID. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

TIBV. And would be glad to deſerue your loue, ſir.

ALBI. My wife will anſwere you all, gentlemen; I'le come to you againe preſently.

PLAV. You haue choſen you a moſt faire companion here, CYTHERIS, and a very faire houſe.

CYTH. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome, PLAVTIA.

CHLO. With all my heart, I aſſure your ladiſhip.

PLAV. Thankes, ſweet Miſtris CHLOE.

IVLI. You muſt needes come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there bee ſure your welcome ſhall be as great to vs.

OVID. Shee will well deſerue it, Madame. I ſee, euen in her lookes, gentrie, and generall worthineſſe.

TIBV. I haue not ſeene a more certaine character of an excellent diſpoſition.

ALBI. Wife.

CHLO. O, they doe ſo commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

ALBI. For the banquet, ſweet wife.

CHLO. Yes; and I muſt needs come to court, and bee welcome, the Princeſſe ſayes.

GALL. OVID, and TIBVLLVS, you may bee bold to welcome your Miſtreſſes here.

OVID. We find it ſo, ſir.

TIBV. And thanke CORNELIVS GALLVS.

OVID. Nay, my ſweet SEXTVS, in faith thou art not ſociable.

PROP. Infaith, I am not, PVBLIVS; nor I cannot.
Sicke mindes, are like ſicke men that burne with feuers,
Who when they drinke, pleaſe but a preſent taſt,
And after beare a more impatient fit.
Pray, let me leaue you; I offend you all,
And my ſelfe moſt. GALL. Stay, ſweet PROPERTIVS.

TIBV. You yeeld too much vnto your grieues, and fate,
Which neuer hurts, but when we ſay it hurts vs.

PROP. O peace, TIBVLLVS; your philoſophie
Lends you too rough a hand to ſearch my wounds.
Speake they of griefes, that know to ſigh, and grieue;

The

The free and vnconſtrained ſpirit feeles
No weight of my oppreſſion. OVID. Worthy *Roman!*
Me thinkes I taſte his miſerie; and could
Sit downe, and chide at his malignant ſtarres.

IVLI. Me thinkes I loue him, that he loues ſo truely.

CYTH. This is the perfect'ſt loue, liues after death.

GALL. Such is the conſtant ground of vertue ſtill.

PLAV. It puts on an inſeparable face.

CHLO. Haue you markt euery thing, CRISPINVS?

CRIS. Euery thing, I warrant you.

CHLO. What gentlemen are theſe? doe you know them?

CRIS. I, they are *poets*, lady.

CHLO. *Poets?* they did not talke of me ſince I went, did they?

CRIS. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heauens.

CHLO. Now in ſinceritie, they be the fineſt kind of men, that euer I knew: *Poets?* Could not one get the Emperour to make my huſband a *Poet*, thinke you?

CRIS. No, ladie, 'tis loue, and beautie make *Poets*: and ſince you like *Poets* ſo well, your loue, and beauties ſhall make me a *Poet*.

CHLO. What ſhall they? and ſuch a one as theſe?

CRIS. I, and a better then theſe: I would be ſorry elſe.

CHLO. And ſhall your lookes change? and your haire change? and all, like theſe?

CRIS. Why, a man may be a *Poet*, and yet not change his haire, lady.

CHLO. Well, wee ſhall ſee your cunning: yet if you can change your haire, I pray, doe.

ALBI. Ladies, and lordings, there's a ſlight banquet ſtaies within for you, pleaſe you draw neere, and accoſt it.

IVLI. We thanke you, good ALBIVS: but when ſhall wee ſee thoſe excellent iewels you are commended to haue?

ALBI. At your ladiſhips ſeruice. I got that ſpeech by ſeeing a play laſt day, and it did me ſome grace now: I ſee, 'tis good to collect ſometimes; I'le frequent theſe plaies more then I haue done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.

GALL. Why, how now, HERMOGENES? what aileſt thou trow?

HERM. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.

GALL. Melancholy! how ſo?

HERM. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.

CHLO. Is that hard-fauour'd gentleman a *poet* too; CYTHERIS?

CYTH. No; this is HERMOGENES, as humorous as a *poet* though: he is a *Muſician*.

CHLO. A *Muſician?* then he can ſing.

CYTH. That he can excellently; did you neuer heare him?

CHLO. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

CYTH. I know not. Friend, Miſtreſſe CHLOE would faine heare

HERMOGENES ſing: are you intereſted in him?

GALL. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him ſo farre, to the ſatisfaction of ſo faire a beautie; but rather then faile, weele all bee ſuiters to him.

HERM. 'Cannot ſing.

GALL. Pray thee, HERMOGENES.

HERM. 'Cannot ſing.

GALL. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whoſe houſe, I know thou maiſt be euer welcome.

CHLO. That he ſhall in truth, ſir, if he can ſing.

OVID. What's that?

GALL. This gentlewoman is wooing HERMOGENES for a ſong.

OVID. A ſong? come, he ſhall not denie her. HERMOGENES?

HERM. 'Cannot ſing.

GALL. No, the ladies muſt doe it, hee ſtaies but to haue their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

IVLI. That ſhall not want: our ſelfe will be the firſt ſhall promiſe to pay him more then thankes, vpon a fauour ſo worthily vouchſaf't.

HERM. Thanke you, Madame, but 'will not ſing.

TIBV. Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abſtaine from intreating him.

CRIS. Doe you loue ſinging, ladie?

CHLO. O, paſſingly.

CRIS. Intreat the ladies, to intreat me to ſing then, I beſeech you.

CHLO. I beſeech your grace, intreat this gentleman to ſing.

IVLI. That we will CHLOE; can he ſing excellently?

CHLO. I thinke ſo, Madame: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to ſing.

CRIS. Heauen, and earth! would you tell that?

IVLI. Good ſir, let's intreat you to vſe your voice.

CRIS. Alas, Madame, I cannot in truth.

PLAV. The gentleman is modeſt: I warrant you, he ſings excellently.

OVID. HERMOGENES, cleere your throat; I ſee by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

CRIS. Not I, ſir, I'le challenge no man.

TIBV. That's your modeſtie, ſir: but wee, out of an aſſurance of your excellencie, challenge him in your behalfe.

CRIS. I thanke you, gentlemen, I'le doe my beſt.

HERM. Let that beſt be good, ſir, you were beſt.

GALL. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you ſing, ſir?

CRIS. *If I freely may diſcouer, &c.* Sir, I'le ſing that.

OVID. One of your owne compoſitions, HERMOGENES. He offers you vantage enough.

CRIS. Nay truely, gentlemen, I'le challenge no man——: I can ſing but one ſtaffe of the dittie neither.

GALL.

GALL. The better: HERMOGENES himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

IF I freely may discouer,
What would please me in my louer:
I would haue her faire, and wittie,
Sauouring more of court, then cittie;
A little proud, but full of pittie:
Light, and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enioying,
Neither too easie, nor too hard:
All extremes I would haue bard.

GALL. Beleeue me, sir, you sing most excellently.

OVID. If there were a praise aboue excellence, the gentleman highly deserues it.

HERM. Sir, all this doth not yet make mee enuie you: for I know I sing better then you.

TIBV. Attend HERMOGENES, now.

2.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but vs'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Euery fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely iealous, I would haue her,
Then onely constant when I craue her.
'Tis a vertue should not saue her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peeuishnesse annoy me.

IVLI. Nay, HERMOGENES, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of vs.

HERM. You shall heare me sing another: now will I begin.

GALL. We shall doe this gentlemans banquet too much wrong, that staies for vs, ladies.

IVLI. 'Tis true: and well thought on, CORNELIVS GALLVS.

HERM. Why 'tis but a short aire, 'twill be done presently, pray' stay; strike musique.

OVID. No, good HERMOGENES: wee'll end this difference within.

IVLI. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, hat they know no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or end.

ALBI. Please you lead the way, gentles?

ALL. Thankes, good ALBIVS.

ALBI. O, what a charme of thankes was here put vpon me! O IOVE, what a ſetting forth it is to a man, to haue many courtiers come to his houſe! Sweetly was it ſaid of a good olde houſe-keeper; *I had rather want meate, then want gheſts*: ſpecially, if they be courtly gheſts. For, neuer truſt me, if one of their good legges made in a houſe, be not worth all the good cheere, a man can make them. Hee that would haue fine gheſts, let him haue a fine wife; he that would haue a fine wife, let him come to me.

CRIS. By your kind leaue, Maſter ALBIVS.

ALBI. What, you are not gone, Maſter CRISPINVS?

CRIS. Yes faith, I haue a deſſeigne drawes me hence: pray' ſir, faſhion me an excuſe to the ladies.

ALBI. Will you not ſtay? and ſee the iewels, ſir? I pay you ſtay.

CRIS. Not for a million, ſir, now; Let it ſuffice, I muſt relinquiſh; and ſo in a word, pleaſe you to expiate this complement.

ALBI. Mum.

CRIS. Ile preſently goe and enghle ſome broker, for a *Poets* gowne, and beſpeake a garland: and then ieweller, looke to your beſt iewell yfaith.

Act III. *Scene* I.

HORACE, CRISPINVS.

Hor. li. 1. Sat. 9

HMh? yes; I will begin an *ode* ſo: and it ſhall be to MECOENAS.

CRIS. 'Slid, yonder's HORACE! they ſay hee's an excellent *Poet*: MECOENAS loues him. Ile fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I thinke he be compoſing, as he goes i' the ſtreet! ha? 't is a good humour, and he be: Ile compoſe too.

HORA. *Swell me a bowle with luſtie wine,*
Till I may ſee the plump LYÆVS *ſwim*
Aboue the brim:
I drinke, as I would wright,
In flowing meaſure, fill'd with flame, and ſpright.

CRIS. Sweet HORACE, MINERVA, and the *Muſes* ſtand auſpicious to thy deſſeignes. How far'ſt thou, ſweete man? frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

HORA. Not greatly gallant, ſir, like my fortunes; well. I'm bold to take my leaue, ſir, you'ld naught elſe, ſir, would you?

CRIS. Troth, no, but I could wiſh thou did'ſt know vs; HORACE, we are a ſcholer, I aſſure thee.

HORA. A ſcholer, ſir? I ſhall bee couetous of your faire knowledge.

CRIS. Gramercie, good HORACE. Nay, we are new turn'd *Poet* too, which is more; and a *Satyriſt* too, which is more then that: I write iuſt in thy veine, I. I am for your *odes* or your *ſermons*, or any thing indeed; wee are a gentleman beſides: our name is RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, we are a prettie *ſtoick* too.

HORA.

Hora. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it, ſir.

Cris. By Phœbvs, here's a moſt neate fine ſtreet, is't not? I proteſt to thee, I am enamour'd of this ſtreet now, more then of halfe the ſtreets of *Rome*, againe; 'tis ſo polite, and terſe! There's the front of a building now. I ſtudie architecture too: if euer I ſhould build, I'de haue a houſe iuſt of that *proſpective*.

Hora. Doubtleſſe, this gallants tongue has a good turne, when hee ſleepes.

Cris. I doe make verſes, when I come in ſuch a ſtreet as this: O your city-ladies, you ſhall ha'hem ſit in euery ſhop like the *Muſes*—— offring you the *caſtalian* dewes, and the *theſpian* liquors, to as many as haue but the ſweet grace and audacitie to—— ſip of their lips. Did you neuer heare any of my verſes?

Hora. No, ſir (but I am in ſome feare, I muſt, now.)

Cris. I'le tell thee ſome (if I can but recouer 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a dreſſing, I ſaw a iewellers wife weare, who indeede was a iewell her ſelfe: I preferre that kind of tire now, what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hora. With your ſiluer bodkin, it does well, ſir.

Cris. I cannot tell, but it ſtirres me more then all your court-curles, or your ſpangles, or your tricks; I affect not theſe high gable-ends, theſe *tuſcane*-tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your *pyramid's*; giue me a fine ſweet—— little delicate dreſſing, with a bodkin, as you ſay: and a muſhrome, for all your other ornatures.

Hora. Is't not poſſible to make an eſcape from him?

Cris. I haue remitted my verſes, all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

Hora. Here's he, could wiſh you had elſe.

Cris. Pray Iove, I can intreat 'hem of my memorie.

Hora. You put your memorie to too much trouble, ſir.

Cris. No, ſweet Horace, we muſt not ha' thee thinke ſo.

Hora. I crie you mercy; then, they are my eares
That muſt be tortur'd: well, you muſt haue patience, eares.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, obſerue.

Hora. Yes, ſir: your ſattin ſleeue begins to fret at the rug that is vnderneath it, I doe obſerue: And your ample veluet baſes are not without euident ſtaines of a hot diſpoſition, naturally.

Cris. O— I'le die them into another colour, at pleaſure: how many yards of veluet doſt thou thinke they containe?

Hora. Hart! I haue put him now in a freſh way
To vexe me more: Faith, ſir, your mercers booke
Will tell you with more patience, then I can;
(For I am croſt, and ſo's not that, I thinke.)

Cris. S'light, theſe verſes haue loſt me againe: I ſhall not inuite 'hem to mind, now.

Hora. Racke not your thoughts, good ſir; rather, deferre it

To

To a new time; I'le meete you at your lodging,
Or where you pleaſe: Till then, IOVE keepe you, ſir.

CRIS. Nay, gentle HORACE, ſtay: I haue it, now.

HORA. Yes, ſir. APOLLO, HERMES, IVPITER, looke down vpon me.

CRIS. *Rich was thy hap, ſweet, deintie cap,*
There to be placed:
Where thy ſmooth blacke, ſleeke white may ſmacke,
And both be graced.

white, is there vſurpt for her brow; her forehead: and then *ſleeke*, as the *paralell* to *ſmooth*, that went before. A kind of *Paranomaſie*, or *Agnomination*: doe you conceiue, ſir?

HORA. Excellent. Troth, ſir, I muſt be abrupt, and leaue you.

CRIS. Why, what haſte haſt thou? pray thee, ſtay a little: thou ſhalt not goe yet, by PHŒBVS.

HORA. I ſhall not? what remedie? Fie, how I ſweat with ſuffering!

CRIS. And then———

HORA. Pray, ſir, giue me leaue to wipe my face a little.

CRIS. Yes, doe, good HORACE.

HORA. Thanke you, ſir.
Death! I muſt craue his leaue to piſſe anon;
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth:
I am in ſome ſuch feare. This tyrannie
Is ſtrange, to take mine eares vp by *commiſſion*,
(Whether I will or no) and make them ſtalls
To his lewd *ſolœciſmes*, and worded traſh.
Happy thou, bold BOLANVS, now, I ſay;
Whoſe freedome, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, haue call'd him foole, and foole,
And ranke, and tedious foole, and haue ſlung ieſts
As hard as ſtones, till thou hadſt pelted him
Out of the place: whil'ſt my tame modeſtie
Suffers my wit be made a ſolemne aſſe
To beare his fopperies———

CRIS. HORACE, thou art miſerably affected to be gone, I ſee. But—pray thee, let's proue, to enioy thee awhile: Thou haſt no buſineſſe, I aſſure me. Whether is thy iourney directed? ha?

HORA. Sir, I am going to viſit a friend, that's ſicke.

CRIS. A friend? What's he? doe not I know him?

HORA. No, ſir, you doe not know him; and 'tis not the worſe for him.

CRIS. What's his name? where's he lodg'd?

HORA. Where, I ſhall be fearefull to draw you out of your way, ſir; a great way hence: Pray', ſir, let's part.

CRIS. Nay, but where is't? I pray thee, ſay.

HORA. On the farre ſide of all *Tyber* yonder, by CAESARS gardens.

CRIS.

CRIS. O, that's my courſe directly; I am for you. Come, goe: why ſtand'ſt thou?

HORA. Yes, ſir: marry, the plague is in that part of the citie; I had almoſt forgot to tell you, ſir.

CRIS. Fow: It's no matter, I feare no peſtilence, I ha' not offended PHŒBVS.

HORA. I haue, it ſeemes; or elſe this heauie ſcourge
Could ne're haue lighted on me———

CRIS. Come, along.

HORA. I am to goe downe ſome halfe mile, this way, ſir, firſt, to ſpeake with his phyſician: And from thence to his apothecary, where I ſhall ſtay the mixing of diuers drugs———

CRIS. Why, it's all one. I haue nothing to doe, and I loue not to be idle, I'le beare thee companie. How call'ſt thou the pothecary?

HORA. O, that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir RHADAMANTHVS, RHADAMANTHVS, ſir.
There's one ſo cald, is a iuſt iudge, in hell,
And doth inflict ſtrange vengeance on all thoſe,
That (here on earth) torment poore patient ſpirits.

CRIS. He dwells at the three *Furies*, by IANVS Temple?

HORA. Your pothecary does, ſir.

CRIS. Hart, I owe him money for ſweet meates, and hee has laid to arreſt me, I heare: but———

HORA. Sir, I haue made a moſt ſolemne vow: I will neuer baile any man.

CRIS. Well then, I'le ſweare, and ſpeake him faire, if the worſt come. But his name is MINOS, not RHADAMANTHVS, HORACE.

HORA. That may bee, ſir: I but gueſt at his name by his ſigne. But your MINOS is a iudge too, ſir?

CRIS. I proteſt to thee, HORACE (doe but taſte mee once) if I doe know my ſelfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that eſteeme of VARIVS, or VIRGIL, or TIBVLLVS, or any of 'hem indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou doſt; which I am content to forgiue: I would faine ſee, which of theſe could pen more verſes in a day, or with more facilitie then I; or that could court his miſtris, kiſſe her hand, make better ſport with her fanne, or her dogge———

HORA. I cannot baile you yet, ſir.

CRIS. Or that could moue his body more gracefully, or dance better: you ſhoo'd ſee mee, were it not i' the ſtreet———

HORA. Nor yet.

CRIS. Why, I haue beene a reueller, and at my cloth of ſiluer ſute, and my long ſtocking, in my time, and will be againe———

HORA. If you may be truſted, ſir.

CRIS. And then for my ſinging, HERMOGENES himſelfe enuies me; that is your onely Maſter of muſique you haue in *Rome*.

HORA.

HORA. Is your mother liuing, ſir?

CRIS. Au: Conuert thy thoughts to ſomewhat elſe, I pray thee.

HORA. You haue much of the mother in you, ſir: your father is dead?

CRIS. I, I thanke IOVE, and my grand-father too and all my kinſfolkes, and well compos'd in their vrnes.

HORA. The more their happineſſe; that reſt in peace,
Free from th'abundant torture of thy tongue;
Would I were with them too. CRIS. What's that, HORACE?

HORA. I now remember me, ſir, of a ſad fate
A cunning woman, one SABELLA ſung,
When in her vrne, ſhe caſt my deſtinie,
I being but a child CRIS. What was't I pray thee?

HORA. Shee told me, I ſhould ſurely neuer periſh
By famine, poyſon, or the enemies ſword;
The *hecticke* feuer, cough, or pleuriſie,
Should neuer hurt me; nor the tardie gowt:
But in my time, I ſhould be once ſurpriz'd,
By a ſtrong tedious talker, that ſhould vexe
And almoſt bring me to conſumption.
Therefore (if I were wiſe) ſhe warn'd me ſhunne
All ſuch long-winded monſters, as my bane:
For if I could but ſcape that one diſcourſer,
I might (no doubt) proue an olde aged man.
By your leaue, ſir?

CRIS. Tut, tut: abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore IOVE, now I thinke ont, I am to appeare in court here, to anſwere to one that has me in ſuit; ſweet HORACE, goe with mee, this is my houre: if I neglect it, the law proceedes againſt me. Thou art familiar with theſe things, pray thee, if thou lou'ſt me, goe.

HORA. Now, let me dye, ſir, if I know your lawes;
Or haue the power to ſtand ſtill halfe ſo long
In their loud courts, as while a caſe is Argued.
Beſides, you know, ſir, where I am to goe,
And the neceſſitie.———

CRIS. 'Tis true:———

HORA. I hope the houre of my releaſe be come: Hee will (vpon this conſideration) diſcharge me, ſure.

CRIS. Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may beſt doe; whether to leaue thee, or my affaires, HORACE?

HORA. O IVPITER, mee, ſir; mee, by any meanes: I beſeech you, mee, ſir.

CRIS. No faith, I'le venture thoſe now: Thou ſhalt ſee I loue thee, come HORACE.

HORA. Nay then, I am deſperate: I follow you, ſir. 'Tis hard con-

contending with a man that ouer-comes thus.

Cris. And how deales Mecœnas with thee? liberally? ha? Is he open-handed? bountifull?

Hora. Hee's ſtill himſelfe, ſir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are all moſt choice ſpirits, and of the firſt ranke of *Romanes:* I doe not know that *poet*, I proteſt, ha's vs'd his fortune more proſperouſly, then thou haſt. If thou would'ſt bring me knowne to Mecœnas, I ſhould ſecond thy deſert well; thou ſhould'ſt find a good ſure aſſiſtant of mee: one, that would ſpeake all good of thee in thy abſence, and be content with the next place, not enuying thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not liue, but I thinke thou and I (in a ſmall time) ſhould lift them all out of fauour, both Virgil, Varivs, and the beſt of them; and enioy him wholy to our ſelues.

Hora. Gods, you doe know it, I can hold no longer;
This brize hath prickt my patience: Sir, your ſilkeneſſe
Cleerely miſtakes Mecœnas, and his houſe;
To thinke, there breathes a ſpirit beneath his roofe,
Subiect vnto thoſe poore affections
Of vnder-mining enuie, and detraction,
Moodes, onely proper to baſe groueling minds;
That place is not in *Rome*, I dare affirme,
More pure, or free, from ſuch low common euils.
There's no man greeu'd, that this is thought more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit, his reward of grace:
Which with a mutuall loue they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder! 'tis ſcarce credible, this.

Hora. I am no torture, to enforce you to beleeue it, but 'tis ſo.

Cris. Why, this enflames mee with a more ardent deſire to bee his, then before: but, I doubt I ſhall find the entrance, to his familiaritie, ſomwhat more then difficult, Horace.

Hora. Tut, you'le conquer him, as you haue done me; There's no ſtanding out againſt you, ſir, I ſee that. Either your importunitie, or the intimation of your good parts; or——

Cris. Nay, I'le bribe his porter, and the groomes of his chamber; make his doores open to mee that way, firſt: and then, I'le obſerue my times. Say, he ſhould extrude mee his houſe to day; ſhall I therefore deſiſt, or let fall my ſuite, to morrow? No: I'le attend him, follow him, meet him i' the ſtreet, the high waies, run by his coach, neuer leaue him. What? Man hath nothing giuen him, in this life, without much labour.

Hora. And impudence.
Archer of heauen, Phœbvs, take thy bow,
And with a full drawne ſhaft, naile to the earth
This Python; that I may yet run hence, and liue.

Or

Or brawnie HERCVLES, doe thou come downe,
And (though thou mak'ſt it vp thy thirteenth labour)
Reſcue me from this HYDRA of diſcourſe, here.

Act III. *Scene* II.

ARISTIVS, HORACE, CRISPINVS.

HORACE, well met. HORA. O welcome, my releeuer,
ARISTIVS, As thou lou'ſt me, ranſome me.
ARIS. What ayl'ſt thou, man? HORA. 'Death, I am ſeaz'd on here
By a Land-*Remora*, I cannot ſtirre;
Not moue, but as he pleaſe. CRIS. Wilt thou goe, HORACE?
HORA. 'Hart! he cleaues to me like ALCIDES ſhirt,
Tearing my fleſh, and ſinnewes; ô, I ha' beene vext
And tortur'd with him, beyond fortie feuers.
For IOVES ſake, find ſome meanes, to take me from him.
ARIS. Yes, I will: but I'le goe firſt, and tell MECŒNAS.
CRIS. Come, ſhall we goe?
ARIS. The ieſt will make his eyes runne, yfaith.
HORA. Nay, ARISTIVS?
ARIS. Farewell, HORACE.
HORA. 'Death! will a' leaue me? FVSCVS ARISTIVS, doe you heare? Gods of *Rome!* you ſaid, you had ſomewhat to ſay to me, in priuate.
ARIS. I, but I ſee, you are now imploi'd with that gentleman: 'twere offence to trouble you. I'le take ſome fitter oportunitie, farewell.
HORA. Miſchiefe, and torment! ô, my ſoule, and heart,
How are you crampt with anguiſh! Death it ſelfe
Brings not the like convulſions. ô, this day,
That euer I ſhould view thy tedious face———
CRIS. HORACE, what paſſion? what humour is this?
HORA. Away, good prodigie, afflict me not.
(A friend, and mocke me thus!) neuer was man
So left vnder the axe——how now.

Act III. *Scene* III.

MINOS, LICTORS, CRISPINVS, HORACE.

THat's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the aſh-colour'd feather: his name is LABERIVS CRISPINVS.
LICT. LABERIVS CRISPINVS; I arreſt you in the Emperours name.
CRIS. Me, ſir? doe you arreſt me?
LICT. I, ſir, at the ſute of Maſter MINOS the pothecarie.

HORA.

HORA. Thankes, great APOLLO: I will not slip thy fauour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes.

CRIS. Master MINOS? I know no master MINOS. Where's HORACE? HORACE? HORACE?

MINO. Sir, doe not you know me?

CRIS. O yes; I know you, master MINOS: 'crie you mercy. But HORACE? Gods me, is he gone?

MINO. I, and so would you too, if you knew how. Officer, looke to him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, master MINOS? pray' let's be vs'd like a man of our owne fashion. By IANVS, and IVPITER, I meant to haue paied you next weeke, euery drachme. Seeke not to eclipse my reputation, thus vulgarly.

MINO. Sir, your oathes cannot serue you, you know I haue forborne you long.

CRIS. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, doe not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for sweet meates——

LICT. Sweet meat must haue sowre sawce, sir. Come along.

CRIS. Sweet, master MINOS: I am forfeited to eternall disgrace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

TVCCA, PYRGVS, MINOS, LICTORS, CRISPINVS, HISTRIO, DEMETRIVS.

WHy, how now, my good brace of bloud-hounds? whither doe you dragge the gent'man? you mungrels, you curres, you bandogs, wee are Captaine TVCCA, that talke to you, you inhumane pilchers.

MINO. Sir, he is their prisoner.

TVCC. Their pestilence. What are you, sir?

MINO. A citizen of *Rome*, sir.

TVCC. Then you are not farre distant from a foole, sir.

MINO. A pothecarie, sir.

TVCC. I knew thou wast not a *physician*; fough: out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of *lotium*, and the syringe: away, quack-saluer. Follower, my sword.

PYRG. Here, noble leader, youle doe no harme with it: I'le trust you.

TVCC. Doe you heare, you, good-man slaue? hooke, ramme, rogue, catch-pole, lose the gent'man, or by my veluet armes——

LICT. What will you doe, sir?

TVCC. Kisse thy hand, my honourable actiue varlet: and imbrace thee, thus. *The Officer strikes vp his heeles.*

PYRG. O patient *metamorphoſis!*

TVCC. My ſword, my tall raſcall.

LICT. Nay, ſoft, ſir: Some wiſer then ſome.

TVCC. What? and a wit to! By PLVTO, thou muſt bee cheriſh'd, ſlaue; here's three drachmes for thee: hold.

PYRG. There's halfe his lendings gone.

TVCC. Giue mee.

LICT. No, ſir, your firſt word ſhall ſtand: I'le hold all.

TVCC. Nay, but, rogue———

LICT. You would make a reſcue of our priſoner, ſir, you?

TVCC. I, a reſcue? away inhumane varlet. Come, come, I neuer reliſh aboue one ieſt at moſt; doe not diſguſt me: Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I tell thee, rogue, doe not.

LICT. How, ſir? rogue?

TVCC. I, why! thou art not angrie, raſcall? art thou?

LICT. I cannot tell, ſir, I am little better, vpon theſe termes.

TVCC. Ha! gods, and fiends! why, do'ſt heare? rogue, thou, giue me thy hand; I ſay vnto thee, thy hand: rogue. What? do'ſt not thou know me? not me, rogue? not Captaine TVCCA, rogue?

MINO. Come: pra' ſurrender the gentleman his ſword, officer; we'll haue no fighting here.

TVCC. What's thy name?

MINO. MINOS, an't pleaſe you.

TVCC. MINOS? come, hither, MINOS; Thou art a wiſe fellow, it ſeemes: Let me talke with thee.

CRIS. Was euer wretch ſo wretched, as vnfortunate I?

TVCC. Thou art one of the *centum-viri*, old boy, art' not?

MINO. No, indeed, maſter Captaine.

TVCC. Goe to, thou ſhalt be, then: I'le ha' thee one, MINOS. Take my ſword from thoſe raſcals, do'ſt thou ſee? goe, doe it: I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little MINOS?

MINO. Foureſcore *ſeſterties*, ſir.

TVCC. What? no more? Come, thou ſhalt releaſe him, MINOS: what, I'le bee his baile, thou ſhalt take my word, old boy, and caſheere theſe furies: thou ſhalt do't, I ſay, thou ſhalt, little MINOS, thou ſhalt.

CRIS. Yes, and as I am a gentleman, and a reueller, I'le make a peece of *poetrie*, and abſolue all, within theſe fiue daies.

TVCC. Come, MINOS is not to learne how to vſe a gent'man of qualitie, I know; My ſword: If hee pay thee not, I will, and I muſt, old boy. Thou ſhalt bee my pothecary too: ha'ſt good *eringo's*, MINOS?

MINO. The beſt in *Rome*, ſir.

TVCC. Goe too then——— Vermine, know the houſe.

PYRG.

PYRG. I warrant you, Collonell.

TVCC. For this gentleman, MINOS?

MINO. Ile take your word, Captaine.

TVCC. Thou hast it, my sword———

MINO. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, Master CRISPINVS.

TVCC. How, MINOS? looke in the gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, MINOS.

CRIS. By IOVE, sweet Captaine, you doe most infinitely endeare, and oblige me to you.

TVCC. Tut, I cannot complement, by MARS: but IVPITER loue me, as I loue good wordes, and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt giue my boy that girdle, and hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more———

CRIS. O IVPITER! Captaine, he 'shall haue them now, presently: please you to be acceptiue, young gentleman.

PYRG. Yes, sir, feare not; I shall accept: I haue a prettie fooliſh humour of taking, if you knew all.

TVCC. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

CRIS. By my truth, and earnest, but hee shall, Captaine, by your leaue.

TVCC. Nay, and a 'sweare by his truth, and earnest, take it boy: doe not make a gent'man forsworne.

LICT. Well, sir, there is your sword; but thanke master MINOS: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

TVCC. MINOS is iust, and you are knaues, and———

LICT. What say you, sir?

TVCC. Passe on, my good scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee: But, that I hate to haue action with such base rogues as these; you should ha' seene me vnrip their noses now, and haue sent 'hem to the next barbers, to stitching: for, doe you see— I am a man of humour, and I doe loue the varlets, the honest varlets; they haue wit, and valour: and are indeed good profitable—— errant rogues, as any liue in an empire. Doest thou heare, POETASTER? second me. Stand vp (MINOS) close, gather, yet, so. Sir (thou shalt haue a quarter share, bee resolute) you shall, at my request, take MINOS by the hand, here, little MINOS, I will haue it so; all friends, and a health: Be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the wine, old boy, thou shalt do't, little MINOS, thou shalt: make vs pay it in our physicke. What? we must liue, and honour the gods, sometimes; now BACCHVS, now COMVS, now PRIAPVS: euery god, a little. What's he, that stalkes by, there? boy, PYRGVS, you were best let him passe, sirrah; doe, ferret, let him passe, doe.

PYRG. 'Tis a player, sir.

TVCC. A player? Call him, call the lowsie slaue hither: what, will he saile by, and not once strike, or vaile to a *Man of warre*? ha? doe you

heare? you, player, rogue, ſtalker, come backe here: no reſpect to men of worſhip, you ſlaue? What, you are proud, you raſcall, are you proud? ha? you grow rich, doe you? and purchaſe, you two-penny teare-mouth? you haue *fortune*, and the good yeere on your ſide, you ſtinkard? you haue? you haue?

HIST. Nay, ſweet Captaine, be confin'd to ſome reaſon; I proteſt I ſaw you not, ſir.

TVCC. You did not? where was your ſight, OEDIPVS? you walke with hares eies, doe you? I'le ha' 'hem glas'd, rogue; and you ſay the word, they ſhall be glaz'd for you: come, we muſt haue you turne fiddler againe, ſlaue, 'get a baſe violin at your backe, and march in a tawnie coate, with one ſleeue, to Gooſe-faire, and then you'll know vs; you'll ſee vs then; you will, gulch, you will? Then, wil't pleaſe your worſhip to haue any muſicke, Captaine?

HIST. Nay, good Captaine.

TVCC. What? doe you laugh, *Owle glaſs*? death, you perſtemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellowes: I haue commanded a hundred and fiftie ſuch rogues, I.

1. PYR. I, and moſt of that hundred and fiftie, haue beene leaders of a legion.

HIST. If I haue exhibited wrong, I'le tender ſatisfaction, Captaine.

TVCC. Sai'ſt thou ſo, honeſt vermine? Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt make vs a ſupper one of theſe nights.

HIST. When you pleaſe, by IOVE, Captaine, moſt willingly.

TVCC. Doeſt thou 'ſweare? to morrow then; ſay, and hold ſlaue. There are ſome of you plaiers honeſt gent'man-like ſcoundrels, and ſuſpected to ha' ſome wit, as well as your *poets*; both at drinking, and breaking of ieſts: and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder yee, now and then, of halfe a dozen ſhillings, or ſo. Doeſt thou not know that PANTALABVS there?

HIST. No, I aſſure you, Captaine.

TVCC. Goe, and bee acquainted with him, then; hee is a gent'man, parcell-*poet*, you ſlaue: his father was a man of worſhip, I tell thee. Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new ſtalking ſtraine; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, MINOTAVRVS, he was: hee will teach thee to teare, and rand, Raſcall, to him, cheriſh his *muſe*, goe: thou haſt fortie, fortie, ſhillings, I meane, ſtinkard, giue him in earneſt, doe, he ſhall write for thee, ſlaue. If hee pen for thee once, thou ſhalt not need to trauell, with thy pumps full of grauell, any more, after a blinde iade and a hamper: and ſtalke vpon boords, and barrell heads, to an old crackt trumpet———

HIST. Troth, I thinke I ha' not ſo much about me, Captaine.

TVCC. It's no matter: giue him what thou haſt: *Stiffe toe*, I'le giue my word for the reſt: though it lacke a ſhilling, or two, it skils not: Goe, thou art an honeſt ſhifter, I'le ha' the *ſtatute* repeal'd for thee. MINOS,

I muſt

must tell thee, MINOS, thou hast deiected yon gent'mans spirit exceedingly: do'st obserue? do'it note, little MINOS?

MINO. Yes, sir.

TVCC. Goe to then, raise; recouer, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twentie into his hand, twentie, sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be MINOS, I'le pay.

MINO. Yes forsooth, Captaine.

2. PYR. Doe not we serue a notable sharke?

TVCC. And what new matters haue you now afoot, sirrah? ha? I would faine come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play; if I knew when there were a good bawdie one: but they say, you ha' nothing but *humours, reuells*, and *satyres*, that girde, and fart at the time, you slaue.

HIST. No, I assure you, Captaine, not wee. They are on the other side of *Tyber*: we haue as much ribaldrie in our plaies, as can bee, as you would wish, Captaine: All the sinners, i' the suburbs, come, and applaud our action, daily.

TVCC. I heare, you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say: I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac't scoundrels of you: life of PLVTO, and you stage me, stinkard; your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your *Globes*, and your *Triumphs*.

HIST. Not we, by PHŒBVS, Captaine: doe not doe vs imputation without desert.

TVCC. I wu' not, my good two-penny rascall: reach mee thy neuse. Do'st heare? What wilt thou giue mee a weeke, for my brace of beagles, here, my little point-trussers? you shall ha' them act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt heare him speake, in king DARIVS dolefull straine.

1. PYR. *O dolefull dayes! O direfull deadly dump!*
O wicked world! and worldly wickednesse!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In true of this right rascall wretchednesse!

TVCC. In an amorous vaine now, sirrah, peace.

1. PYR. *O, shee is wilder, and more hard, withall,*
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stonie wall.
Yet might shee loue me, to vpreare her state:
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might shee loue me, to content her sire:
I, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee loue me as her beauties thrall:
I, but I feare, shee cannot loue at all.

TVCC. Now, the horrible fierce Souldier, you, sirrah.

1. PYR. *What? will I braue thee? I, and beard thee too.*
A roman spirit scornes to beare a braine,
So full of base pusillanimitie.

DEMET. HIST. Excellent.

TVCC. Nay, thou ſhalt ſee that, ſhall rauiſh thee anon: prick vp thine eares, ſtinkard: the Ghoſt, boies.

1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1. PYR. *Vindicta.*

2. PYR. *Timoria.*

1. PYR. *Veni.*

2. PYR. *Veni.*

TVCC. Now, thunder, ſirrah, you, the rumbling plaier.

1. PYR. I, but ſome bodie muſt crie *(murder)* then, in a ſmall voice.

TVCC. Your fellow-ſharer, there, ſhall do't; Crie, ſirrah, crie.

1. PYR. *Murder, murder.*

2. PYR. *Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?*

DEMET. HIST. O, admirable good, I proteſt.

TVCC. Sirrah, boy, brace your drumme a little ſtraighter, and doe the t'other fellow there, hee in the—— what ſha' call him—— and yet, ſtay too.

2. PYR. *Nay, and thou dallieſt, then I am thy foe,*
And feare ſhall force, what friendſhip cannot win;
Thy death ſhall burie what thy life conceales,
Villaine! thou dieſt, for more reſpecting her——

1. PYR. *O, ſtay my Lord.*

2. PYR. *Then me: yet ſpeake the truth, and I will guerdon thee:*
But if thou dally once againe, thou dieſt.

TVCC. Enough of this, boy.

2. PYR. *Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy guts vnto king* PLVTOES *hell, and princely* EREBVS; *for ſparrowes muſt haue foode.*

HIST. 'Pray, ſweet Captaine, let one of them doe a little of a ladie.

TVCC. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: doe, ſirrah, doe: 'twill allay your fellowes furie a little.

1. PYR. *Maſter, mocke on: the ſcorne thou giueſt me,*
Pray IOVE, *ſome lady may returne on thee.*

2. PYR. No: you ſhall ſee mee doe the *Moore*: Maſter, lend mee your ſcarfe a little.

TVCC. Here, 'tis at thy ſeruice, boy.

They with-draw to make themſelues ready.

2. PYR. You, maſter MINOS, harke hither a little.

TVCC. How do'ſt like him? art not rapt? art not tickled now? do'ſt not applaud, raſcall? do'ſt not applaud?

HIST. Yes: what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Captaine?

TVCC. No, you mangonizing ſlaue, I will not part from 'hem: you'll ſell 'hem for enghles you: let's ha' good cheere to morrow-night at ſupper, ſtalker, and then wee'll talke, good capon, and plouer, doe you heare, ſirrah? and doe not bring your eating plaier with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eate a legge of mutton, while I am in my porridge,

the

the leane POLVPHAGVS, his belly is like *Barathrum*, he lookes like a midwife in mans apparell, the ſlaue. Nor the villanous-out-of-tune fiddler ÆNOBARBVS, bring not him. What haſt thou there? ſixe and thirtie? ha?

HIST. No, here's all I haue (Captaine) ſome fiue and twentie. Pray, ſir, will you preſent, and accommodate it vnto the gentleman: for mine owne part, I am a meere ſtranger to his humour: beſides, I haue ſome buſineſſe inuites me hence, with Maſter ASINIVS LVPVS, the *tribune*.

TVCC. Well: goe thy waies: purſue thy proiects, let mee alone with this deſſeigne; my POETASTER ſhall make thee a play, and thou ſhalt be a man of good parts, in it. But ſtay, let mee ſee: Doe not bring your ÆSOPE, your polititian; vnleſſe you can ram vp his mouth with cloues: the ſlaue ſmells ranker then ſome ſixteene dung-hills, and is ſeuenteene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring FRISKER, my *zany*: Hee's a good skipping ſwaggerer; and your fat foole there, my MANGO, bring him too: but let him not begge rapiers, nor ſcarfes, in his ouer-familiar playing face, nor rore out his barren bold ieſts, with a tormenting laughter, betweene drunke, and drie. Doe you heare, ſtiffe-toe? Giue him warning, admonition, to forſake his ſawcy glauering grace, and his goggle eie: it does not become him, ſirrah: tell him ſo. I haue ſtood vp and defended you I, to gent'men, when you haue beene ſaid to prey vpon pu'nees, and honeſt citizens, for ſocks, or buskins: or when they ha' call'd you vſurers, or brokers, or ſaid, you were able to helpe to a peece of fleſh—— I haue ſworne, I did not thinke ſo. Nor that you were the common retreats for punkes decai'd i' their practice. I cannot beleeue it of you———

HIST. Thanke you, Captaine: IVPITER, and the reſt of the gods confine your moderne delights, without diſguſt.

TVCC. Stay, thou ſhalt ſee the *Moore*, ere thou goeſt: what's he, with the halfe-armes there, that ſalutes vs out of his cloke, like a *motion*? ha?

HIST. O, ſir, his dubblet's a little decaied; hee is otherwiſe a very ſimple honeſt fellow, ſir, one DEMETRIVS, a dreſſer of plaies about the towne, here; we haue hir'd him to abuſe HORACE, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants: as, TIBVLLVS, MECŒNAS, CORNELIVS GALLVS, and the reſt.

TVCC. And: why ſo, ſtinkard?

HIST. O, it will get vs a huge deale of money (Captaine) and wee haue need on't; for this winter ha's made vs all poorer, then ſo many ſtaru'd ſnakes: No bodie comes at vs; not a gentleman, nor a———

TVCC. But, you know nothing by him, doe you, to make a play of?

HIST. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our Author will deuiſe, that, that ſhall ſerue in ſome ſort.

TVCC. Why, my PARNASSVS, here, ſhall helpe him, if thou wilt: Can thy Author doe it impudently enough?

HIST. O, I warrant you, Captaine, and ſpitefully inough, too; hee ha's one of the moſt ouer-flowing ranke wits, in *Rome*. He will ſlander any man that breathes, if he diſguſt him.

TVCC.

TVCC. I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty raſcall, and he haue theſe commendable qualities, I'le cheriſh him (ſtay, here comes the *Tartar*) I'le make a gathering for him, I: a purſe, and put the poore ſlaue in freſh rags. Tell him ſo, to comfort him: well ſaid, boy.

The boy comes in on Minos ſhoulders, who ſtalkes, as he alls.

2. PYR. *Where art thou, boy? where is* CALIPOLIS?
Fight earth-quakes, in the entrailes of the earth,
And eaſterne whirle-windes in the helliſh ſhades:
Some foule contagion of th'infected heauens
Blaſt all the trees; and in their curſed tops
The diſmall night-rauen, and tragicke owle
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.

TVCC. Well, now fare thee well, my honeſt penny-biter: Commend me to ſeuen-ſhares and a halfe, and remember to morrow— if you lacke a ſeruice, you ſhall play in my name, raſcalls, but you ſhall buy your owne cloth, and I'le ha' two ſhares for my countenance. Let thy author ſtay with mee.

DEME. Yes, ſir.

TVCC. 'Twas well done, little MINOS, thou didſt ſtalke well; forgiue me that I ſaid thou ſtunkſt, MINOS: 'twas the ſauour of a *poet*, I met ſweating in the ſtreet, hangs yet in my noſtrills.

CRIS. Who? HORACE?

TVCC. I; he, do'ſt thou know him?

CRIS. O, he forſooke me moſt barbarouſly, I proteſt.

TVCC. Hang him fuſtie *ſatyre*, he ſmells all goate; hee carries a ram, vnder his arme-holes, the ſlaue: I am the worſe when I ſee him. Did not MINOS impart?

CRIS. Yes, here are twentie drachmes, he did conuey.

TVCC. Well ſaid, keepe 'hem, wee'll ſhare anon; come, little MINOS.

CRIS. Faith, Captaine, I'le be bold to ſhew you a miſtris of mine, a iewellers wife, a gallant, as we goe along.

TVCC. There ſpoke my *Genius*. MINOS, ſome of thy *eringoes*, little MINOS; ſend: come hither, PARNASSVS, I muſt ha' thee familiar with my little locuſt, here, 'tis a good vermine, they ſay. See, here's HORACE, and old TREBATIVS, the great lawier, in his companie; let's auoid him, now: He is too well ſeconded.

Act III. *Scene* V.

HORACE, TREBATIVS.

Hor. Sat. 1. li. 2.

THere are, to whom I ſeeme exceſſiue ſower;
And paſt a *ſatyres* law, t'extend my power:
Others, that thinke what euer I haue writ
Wants pith, and matter to eterniſe it;

And

And that they could, in one daies light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I doe, TREBATIVS? say. TREB. Surcease.
HORA. And shall my *Muse* admit no more encrease?
TREB. So I aduise. HORA. An ill death let mee die.
If 'twere not best; but sleepe auoids mine eye:
And I vse these, lest nights should tedious seeme.
TREB. Rather, contend to sleepe, and liue like them,
That holding golden sleepe in speciall price,
Rub'd with sweet oiles, swim siluer *Tyber* thrice,
And euery eu'en, with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such loue of writing rauish thee,
Then dare to sing vnconquer'd CAESARS deeds;
Who cheeres such actions, with aboundant meeds.
HORA. That, father, I desire; but when I trie,
I feele defects in euery facultie:
Nor is't a labour fit for euery pen,
To paint the horrid troups of armed men;
The launces burst, in GALLIA's slaughtred forces;
Or wounded *Parthians*, tumbled from their horses;
Great CAESARS warres cannot be fought with words.
TREB. Yet, what his vertue in his peace affords,
His fortitude, and iustice thou canst show;
As wise LVCILIVS, honor'd SCIPIO.
HORA. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such sleight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble wordes of FLACCVS cannot clime
The' attentiue eare of CAESAR; nor must I
With lesse obseruance shunne grosse flatterie:
For he, reposed safe in his owne merit,
Spurnes backe the gloses of a fawning spirit.
TREB. But, how much better would such accents sound,
Then, with a sad, and serious verse to wound
PANTOLABVS, railing in his sawcie iests?
Or NOMENTANVS spent in riotous feasts?
" In *satyres*, each man (though vntoucht) complaines
" As he were hurt; and hates such biting straines.
HORA. What shall I doe? MILONIVS shakes his heeles
" In ceaslesse dances, when his braine once feeles
" The stirring feruour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false number apprehend.
CASTOR his horse; POLLVX loues handie fights?
Thousand heads, a thousand choise delights.

My

My pleaſure is in feet, my words to cloſe,
As, both our better, old LVCILIVS does:
He, as his truſtie friends, his bookes did truſt
With all his ſecrets; nor, in things vniuſt,
Or actions lawfull, ran to other men:
So, that the old mans life, deſcrib'd was ſeene
As in a votiue table in his lines;
And to his ſteps my *Genius* inclines,
Lucanian, or *Apulian*, I not whether;
For the *Venuſian* colonie plowes either:
Sent thither, when the *Sabines* were forc'd thence
(As old fame ſings) to giue the place defence
'Gainſt ſuch, as ſeeing it emptie, might make rode
Vpon the empire; or there fixe abode:
Whether th' *Apulian* borderer it were,
Or the *Lucanian* violence they feare.
But this my ſtile no liuing man ſhall touch,
If firſt I be not forc'd by baſe reproch;
But, like a ſheathed ſword, it ſhall defend
My innocent life; for, why ſhould I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thiefe
Robs my good name, the treaſure of my life?
O IVPITER, let it with ruſt be eaten,
Before it touch, or inſolently threaten
The life of any with the leaſt diſeaſe;
So much I loue, and woe a generall peace.
But, he that wrongs me (better, I proclame,
He neuer had aſſai'd to touch my fame.)
For he ſhall weepe, and walke with euery tongue
Throughout the citie, infamouſly ſong.
SERVIVS, the *Prætor*, threats the lawes, and vrne,
If any at his deedes repine or ſpurne;
The witch, GANIDIA, that ALBVCIVS got,
Denounceth witch-craft, where ſhee loueth not:
THVRIVS, the iudge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To ſuch, as ſtriue with his iudiciall will;
" All men affright their foes in what they may,
" Nature commands it, and men muſt obay.
Obſerue with me; " The wolfe his tooth doth vſe:
" The bull his horne. And, who doth this infuſe,
" But nature? There's luxurious SCAEVA; Truſt
His long-liu'd mother with him; His ſo iuſt
And ſcrupulous right hand no miſchiefe will;
No more, then with his heele a wolfe will kill,

Or

Or Oxe with iaw : Mary, let him alone
With temper'd poiſon to remoue the croane.
But, briefly, if to age I deſtin'd bee,
Or that quick deaths black wings inuiron me;
If rich, or poore; at *Rome*; or fate command
I ſhall be baniſh't to ſome other land;
What hiew ſoeuer, my whole ſtate ſhall beare,
I will write *ſatyres* ſtill, in ſpight of feare.
TREB. HORACE; I feare, thou draw'ſt no laſting breath:
And that ſome great mans friend will be thy death.
HORA. What? when the man that firſt did *ſatyriſe*,
Durſt pull the skin ouer the eares of vice;
And make, who ſtood in outward faſhion cleare,
Giue place, as foule within; ſhall I forbeare?
Did LAELIVS, or the man, ſo great with fame,
That from ſackt *Carthage* fetcht his worthy name,
Storme, that LVCILIVS did METELLVS pierce?
Or bury LVPVS quick, in famous verſe?
Rulers, and ſubiects, by whole tribes he checkt;
But vertue, and her friends did ſtill protect:
And when from ſight, or from the iudgement ſeat,
The vertuous SCIPIO, and wiſe LAELIVS met,
Vnbrac't, with him in all light ſports, they ſhar'd;
Till, their moſt frugall ſuppers were prepar'd.
What e're I am, though both for wealth, and wit;
Beneath LVCILIVS, I am pleas'd to ſit,
Yet, enuy (ſpight of her empoiſoned breſt)
Shall ſay, I liu'd in grace here, with the beſt;
And, ſeeking in weake traſh to make her wound,
Shall find me ſolid, and her teeth vnſound:
'Leſſe, learn'd TREBATIVS cenſure diſagree.
TREB. No, HORACE, I of force muſt yeeld to thee;
Only, take heed, as being aduis'd by mee,
Leſt thou incurre ſome danger: Better pauſe
Then rue thy ignorance of the ſacred lawes;
There's iuſtice, and great action may be ſu'd
'Gainſt ſuch, as wrong mens fames with verſes lewd.
HORA. I, with lewd verſes; ſuch as libels bee,
And aym'd at perſons of good qualitie.
I reuerence and adore that iuſt decree:
But if they ſhall be ſharp, yet modeſt rimes
That ſpare mens perſons, and but taxe their crimes,
Such, ſhall in open court, find currant paſſe,
Were CAESAR iudge, and with the makers grace.

TREB.

TREB. Nay, I'le adde more; if thou thy ſelfe being cleare,
Shalt taxe in perſon a man, fit to beare
Shame, and reproch; his ſute ſhall quickly bee
Diſſolu'd in laughter, and thou thence fit free.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

CHLOE, CYTHERIS.

BVt, ſweet ladie, ſay: am I well inough attir'd for the court, in ſadneſſe?

CYTH. Well inough? excellent well, ſweet Miſtris CHLOE, this ſtraight-bodied city attire (I can tell you) will ſtir a courtiers bloud, more, then the fineſt looſe ſacks the ladies vſe to be put in; and then you are as well iewell'd as any of them, your ruffe, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beautie, I can tell you, there's many of them would defie the painter, if they could change with you. Mary, the worſt is, you muſt looke to be enuied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

CHLO. O IOVE, Madam, I ſhall buy them too cheape! Giue me my muffe, and my dogge there. And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

CYTH. O IVNO! why, you ſhall ſee 'hem flock about you with their puffe wings, and aske you, where you bought your lawne? and what you paid for it? who ſtarches you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to ſome pure landreſſes, out of the citie.

CHLO. O CVPID! giue me my fanne, and my maſque too: And will the lords, and the *poets* there, vſe one well too, ladie?

CYTH. Doubt not of that: you ſhall haue kiſſes from them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, vpon your lips, as thick as ſtones out of ſlings, at the aſſault of a citie. And then your eares will be ſo furd with the breath of their complements, that you cannot catch cold of your head (if you would) in three winters after.

CHLO. Thanke you, ſweet ladie. O heauen! And how muſt one behaue her ſelfe amongſt 'hem? you know all.

CYTH. Faith, impudently inough, miſtris CHLOE, and well inough. Carrie not too much vnder-thought betwixt your ſelfe and them; nor your citie mannerly word (forſooth) vſe it not too often in any caſe; but plaine, I, Madam; and, No, Madam: Nor neuer ſay, your Lordſhip, nor your Honor; but, you, and you my Lord, and my Ladie: the other, they count too ſimple, and minſitiue. And though they deſire to kiſſe heauen with their titles, yet they will count them fooles that giue them too humbly.

CHLO. O intolerable, IVPITER! By my troth, ladie, I would not for a world, but you had lyen in my houſe: and i' faith you ſhall not pay a farthing,

farthing, for your boord, nor your chambers.

CYTH. O, sweet Mistresse CHLOE!

CHLO. I faith, you shall not ladie, nay, good ladie, doe not offer it.

Act IIII. Scene II.

COR. GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, CYTHERIS, CHLOE.

COme, where be these ladies? By your leaue, bright starres, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court: where your late kind entertainement is now to bee requited with a heauenly banquet.

CYTH. A heauenly banquet, *Gallus*?

COR. GALL. No lesse, my deare, CYTHERIS.

TIBV. That were not strange, ladie, if the *epithete* were onely giuen for the companie inuited thither; your selfe, and this faire gentlewoman.

CHLO. Are we inuited to court, sir?

TIBV. You are, ladie, by the great Princesse, IVLIA: who longs to greet you with any fauours, that may worthily make you an often courtier.

CHLO. In sinceritie, I thanke her, sir. You haue a coach? ha' you not?

TIBV. The Princesse hath sent her owne, ladie.

CHLO. O VENVS! that's well: I doe long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

CYTH. But, sweet GALLVS, pray you, resolue mee, why you giue that heauenly prayse, to this earthly banquet?

COR. GALL. Because (CYTHERIS) it must bee celebrated by the heauenly powers: All the Gods, and Goddesses will bee there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

CHLO. A prettie fiction in truth.

CYTH. A fiction indeed, CHLOE, and fit, for the fit of a *poet*.

COR. GALL. Why, CYTHERIS, may not *poets* (from whose diuine spirits, all the honours of the gods haue beene deduc't) intreate so much honor of the gods, to haue their diuine presence at a *poeticall* banquet?

CYTH. Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your habilities to make vs two goddesses, at your feast?

COR. GALL. Who knowes not (CYTHERIS) that the sacred breath of a true *poet*, can blow any vertuous humanitie, vp to *deitie*?

TIBV. To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that *poets* (in spight of the world) are able to *deifie* themselues: At this banquet, to which you are inuited, wee intend to assume the figures of the Gods; and to giue our seuerall Loues the formes of Goddesses. OVID will be IVPITER; the Princesse IVLIA, IVNO; GALLVS here APOLLO; you CYTHERIS, PALLAS; I will bee BACCHVS; and my Loue PLAVTIA, CERES: And to install you, and your husband,

faire CHLOE, in honours, equall with ours; you shall be a Goddesse, and your husband a God.

CHLO. A God? O my god!

TIBV. A God, but a lame God, ladie: for he shall be VULCAN, and you VENVS. And this will make our banquet no lesse then heauenly.

CHLO. In sinceritie, it will bee sugred. Good IOVE, what a prettie foolish thing it is to be a *poet*! But harke you, sweet CYTHERIS; could they not possibly leaue out my husband? mee thinkes, a bodies husband do's not so well at Court: A bodies friend, or so——but husband, 'tis like your clog to your *marmaset*, for all the world, and the heauens.

CYTH. Tut, neuer feare, CHLOE: your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

CHLO. Nay, then I am certified: he shall goe.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

GALLVS, HORACE, TIBVLLVS, ALBIVS, CRISPINVS, TVCCA, DEMETRIVS, CYTHERIS, CHLOE.

HORACE! Welcome.

HORA. Gentlemen, heare you the newes?

TIBV. What newes, my QVINTVS?

HORA. Our melancholike friend, PROPERTIVS,
Hath clos'd himselfe, vp, in his CYNTHIAS tombe;
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

ALBI. Nay, good master CRISPINVS, pray you, bring neere the gentleman.

HORA. CRISPINVS? Hide mee, good GALLVS: TIBVLLVS, shelter mee.

CRIS. Make your approch, sweet Captaine.

TIBV. What meanes this, HORACE?

HORA. I am surpriz'd againe, farewell. GALL. Stay, HORACE.

HORA. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' vulture? No:
PHŒBVS defend me. TIBV. 'Slight! I hold my life,
This same is he met him in *holy street*.

GALL. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of PROPERTIVS relisheth very strange, with me.

TVCC. By thy leaue, my neat scoundrell: what, is this the mad boy you talk't on?

CRIS. I: this is master ALBIVS, Captaine.

TVCC. Giue me thy hand, AGAMEMNON; we heare abroad, thou art the HECTOR of citizens: what sayest thou? are we welcome to thee, noble NEOPTOLEMVS?

ALBI. Welcome, Captaine? by IOVE, and all the Gods i' the capitoll——

TVCC.

TVCC. No more, we conceiue thee. Which of theſe is thy wedlocke, MENELAVS? thy HELLEN? thy LVCRECE? that wee may doe her honor; mad boy?

CRIS. Shee i' the little fine dreſſing, ſir, is my Miſtris.

ALBI. For fault of a better, ſir.

TVCC. A better, prophane raſcall? I crie thee mercy (my good ſcroile) was't thou?

ALBI. No harme, Captaine.

TVCC. Shee is a VENVS, a VESTA, a MELPOMENE: Come hither, PENELOPE; what's thy name, IRIS?

CHLO. My name is CHLOE, ſir; I am a gentlewoman.

TVCC. Thou art in merit to be an empreſſe (CHLOE) for an eye, and a lip; thou haſt an emperors noſe: kiſſe me againe: 'tis a vertuous punke, So. Before IOVE, the gods were a ſort of goſlings, when they ſuffred ſo ſweet a breath, to perfume the bed of a ſtinkard: thou hadſt ill fortune, THISBE; the fates were infatuate; they were, punke; they were.

CHLO. That's ſure, ſir: let me craue your name, I pray you, ſir.

TVCC. I am know'n by the name of Captaine TVCCA, punke; the noble *Roman*, punke: a gent'man, and a commander, punke.

CHLO. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander? that's as good as a *poet*, me thinkes.

CRIS. A prettie inſtrument! It's my couſin CYTHERIS violl, this: is't not?

CYTH. Nay, play couſin, it wants but ſuch a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

CRIS. Alas, couſin, you are merrily inſpir'd.

CYTH. 'Pray you play, if you loue me.

CRIS. Yes, couſin: you know, I doe not hate you.

TIBV. A moſt ſubtill wench! How ſhe hath baited him with a violl yonder, for a ſong!

CRIS. Couſin, 'pray you call miſtris CHLOE; ſhee ſhall heare an eſſay of my *poetrie*.

TVCC. I'le call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's one, will ſet thee vp, my ſweet punke; ſet thee vp.

CHLO. Are you a puet, ſo ſoone, ſir?

ALBI. Wife: mum.

SONG.

LOue is blinde, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is ſcant-
one ſuch another:
No, not his Mother.
He hath pluckt her doues, *and* ſparrowes,
To feather his ſharpe arrowes,
And alone preuaileth,
Whilſt ſicke VENVS *waileth.*

But if CYPRIS *once recouer*
The wag; it ſhall behoue her
To looke better to him:
Or ſhee will vndoe him.

ALBI. O, moſt odoriferous muſicke!

TVCC. A, ha! ſtinkard. Another ORPHEVS, you ſlaue, another ORPHEVS! an ARION, riding on the backe of a dolphin, raſcall!

GALL. Haue you a copy of this dittie, ſir?

CRIS. Maſter ALBIVS ha's.

ALBI. I, but in truth, they are my wiues verſes; I muſt not ſhew 'hem.

TVCC. Shew 'hem, bankerupt, ſhew 'hem; they haue ſalt in 'hem, and will brooke the aire, ſtinkard.

GALL. How? to his bright miſtris, CANIDIA?

CRIS. I, ſir, that's but a borrowed name; as OVIDS CORINNA, or PROPERTIVS his CYNTHIA, or your NEMESIS, or DELIA, TIBVLLVS.

GALL. It's the name of HORACE his witch, as I remember.

TIBV. Why? the ditt'is all borrowed; 'tis HORACES: hang him *plagiary*.

TVCC. How? he borrow of HORACE? hee ſhall pawne himſelfe to ten brokers, firſt. Doe you heare, POETASTERS? I know you to be men of worſhip—— He ſhall write with HORACE, for a talent: and let MECŒNAS, and his whole colledge of *critticks* take his part: thou ſhalt do't, young PHŒBVS: thou ſhalt, PHAETON; thou ſhalt.

DEME. Alas, ſir, HORACE! hee is a meere ſpunge; nothing but humours, and obſeruation, he goes vp and downe ſucking from euery ſocietie, and when hee comes home, ſqueazes himſelfe drie againe. I know him, I.

TVCC. Thou ſaieſt true, my poore *poeticall Furie*, hee will pen all hee knowes. A ſharpe thornie-tooth'd *ſatyricall* raſcall, flie him; hee carries hey in his horne: he wil ſooner loſe his beſt friend, then his leaſt ieſt. What he once drops vpon paper, againſt a man, liues eternally to vpbraid him in the mouth of euery ſlaue tankerd-bearer, or water-man; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-houſe, but ſhall point at him: 'tis all dogge, and ſcorpion; he carries poiſon in his teeth, and a ſting in his taile. Fough, body of IOVE! I'le haue the ſlaue whipt one of theſe daies for his *ſatyres*, and his humours, by one caſheer'd clarke, or another.

CRIS. Wee'll vnder-take him, Captaine.

DEME. I, and tickle him i' faith, for his arrogancie, and his impudence, in commending his owne things; and for his tranſlating: I can trace him i' faith. O, he is the moſt open fellow, liuing; I had as lieue as a new ſute, I were at it.

TVCC. Say no more then, but doe it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new ſute; ſting him, my little neufts; I'le giue you inſtructions: I'le bee your

your intelligencer, we'll all ioyne, and hang vpon him like ſo many horſe-leaches, the plaiers and all. We ſhall ſup together, ſoone; and then wee'll conſpire, i'faith.

GALL. O, that HORACE had ſtaied ſtill, here.

TIBV. So would not I: for both theſe would haue turn'd *Pythagoreans*, then.

GALL. What, mute?

TIBV. I, as fiſhes i'faith: come, ladies, ſhall we goe?

CYTH. We await you, ſir. But miſtris CHLOE askes, if you haue not a god to ſpare, for this gentleman.

GALL. Who, Captaine TVCCA?

CYTH. I; hee.

GALL. Yes, if we can inuite him along, he ſhall be MARS.

CHLO. Ha's MARS any thing to doe with VENVS?

TIBV. O, moſt of all, ladie.

CHLO. Nay, then, I pray' let him bee inuited: and what ſhall CRISPINVS be?

TIBV. MERCVRY, miſtris CHLOE.

CHLO. MERCVRY? that's a *Poet?* is't?

GALL. No, ladie; but ſomewhat inclining that way: hee is a *Herald at Armes.*

CHLO. A *Herald* at *armes?* good: and MERCVRY? pretty: hee ha's to doe with VENVS, too?

TIBV. A little, with her face, ladie; or ſo.

CHLO. 'Tis very well; pray' let's goe, I long to be at it.

CYTH. Gentlemen, ſhall we pray your companies along?

CRIS. You ſhall not only pray, but preuaile, ladie. Come, ſweet Captaine.

TVCC. Yes, I follow: but thou muſt not talke of this now, my little bankerupt.

ALBI. Captaine, looke here: mum.

DEME. I'le goe write, ſir.

TVCC. Doe, doe, ſtay: there's a drachme, to purchaſe ginger-bread, for thy *muſe*.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

LVPVS, HISTRIO, LICTOR, MINOS, MECŒNAS, HORACE.

COme, let vs talke, here; here we may bee priuate: ſhut the dore,

LICTOR. You are a plaier, you ſay.

HIST. I, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

LVPV. Good: and how are you able to giue this intelligence?

HIST. Mary, ſir, they directed a letter to me, and my fellow-ſharers.

LVPV. Speake lower, you are not now i'your *theater*, Stager: my

sword, knaue. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

HIST. Yes, sir; to hire some of our properties; as a scepter, and a crowne, for IOVE; and a *caduceus* for MERCVRY: and a *petasus*——

LVPV. *Caduceus?* and *petasus?* Let me see your letter. This is a coniuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'le act a *tragœdie*, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serue these *poets* to prophane? dispatch. Plaier, I thanke thee. The Emperour shall take knowledge of thy good seruice. Who's there now? Looke, knaue. A *crowne*, and a *scepter?* this is good: rebellion, now?

LICT. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master MINOS.

LVPV. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knaue? Tell him; I haue affaires of state, in hand; I can talke to no pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there.

You shall see, I haue fish't out a cunning peece of plot now: They haue had some intelligence, that their proiect is discouer'd, and now haue they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing, that I meant to take physick to day: As sure as death, 'tis there. IVPITER, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I haue an *antidote* more then you wote off, sir; throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the dogge; And yet we cannot tarrie to trie experiments, now: arrest him, you shall goe with me, sir; I'le tickle you, pothecarie; I'le giue you a glister, i' faith. Haue I the letter? I: 'tis here. Come, your *fasces*, LICTORS: The halfe pikes, and the halberds, take them downe from the *lares*, there. Plaier, assist me.

MEC. Whither now, ASINIVS LVPVS, with this armorie?

LVPV. I cannot talke now; I charge you, assist me: Treason, treason.

HORA. How? treason?

LVPV. I: if you loue the Emperour, and the state, follow me.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

OVID, IVLIA, GALLVS, CYTHERIS, TIBVLLVS, PLAVTIA, ALBIVS, CHLOE, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, HERMOGENES, PYRGVS.

GOds, and Goddesses, take your seuerall seates. Now, MERCVRY, mone your *caduceus*, and in IVPITERS name command silence.

CRIS. In the name of IVPITER; silence.

HERM. The cryer of the court hath too clarified a voice.

GALL. Peace, *Momus*.

OVID. Oh, he is the God of reprehension; let him alone. 'Tis his office. MERCVRY, goe forward, and proclaime after PHŒBVS, our high pleasure,

pleasure, to all the *Deities* that shall partake this high banquet.

CRIS. Yes, sir.

GALL. The great God, IVPITER, — CRIS. The great, &c.
Of his licentious goodnesse, — Of his, &c.
Willing to make this feast, no fast — Willing, &c.
From any manner of pleasure; — From any, &c.
Nor to bind any God or Goddesse, — Nor to, &c.
To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names: — To be, &c.
He giues them all free licence, — He giues, &c.
To speake no wiser, then persons of baser titles; — To speake, &c.
And to be nothing better, then common men, or women. — And to, &c.
And therefore no God — And there, &c.
Shall need to keep himselfe more strictly to his Goddesse, — Shall need, &c.
Then any man do's to his wife. — Then any, &c.
Nor any Goddesse — Nor any, &c.
Shall need to keepe her selfe more strictly to her God, — Shall need, &c.
Then any woman do's to her husband. — Then any, &c.
But, since it is no part of wisdome, — But, since, &c.
In these daies, to come into bonds; — In these, &c.
It shall be lawfull for euery louer, — It shall, &c.
To breake louing oathes, — To breake, &c.
To change their louers, and make loue to others, — To change, &c.
As the heate of euery ones bloud, — As the, &c.
And the spirit of our *nectar* shall inspire. — And the, &c.
And IVPITER, saue IVPITER. — And IVPI. &c.

TIBV. So: now we may play the fooles, by authoritie.

HERM. To play the foole by authoritie, is wisdome.

IVLI. Away with your matterie sentences, *Momus*; they are too graue, and wise, for this meeting.

OVID. MERCVRY, giue our iester a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our cates.

TVCC. Do'st heare, mad IVPITER? Wee'll haue it enacted; He, that speakes the first wise word, shall be made cuckold. What sai'st thou? Is't not a good motion?

OVID. *Deities*, are you all agreed?

ALL. Agreed, great IVPITER.

ALBI. I haue read in a booke, that to play the foole wisely, is high wisdome.

GALL. How now, VULCAN! will you be the first wizard?

OVID. Take his wife, MARS, and make him cuckold, quickly.

TVCC. Come, cockatrice.

CHLO. No, let me alone with him, IVPITER: I'le make you take heed, sir, while you liue againe; if there be twelue in a companie, that you bee not the wisest of 'hem.

ALBI. No more, I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'le be here: mum.

OVID.

OVID. Fill vs a bowle of *nectar*, GANYMEDE: we will drinke to our daughter VENVS.

GALL. Looke to your wife, VULCAN: IVPITER begins to court her.

TIBV. Nay, let MARS looke to it: VULCAN muſt doe, as VENVS doe's, beare.

TVCC. Sirrah, boy: catamite. Looke, you play GANYMEDE well now, you ſlaue. Doe not ſpill your *nectar*; Carrie your cup euen: ſo. You ſhould haue rub'd your face, with whites of egges, you raſcall; till your browes had ſhone like our ſooty brothers here, as ſleeke as a horn-booke: or ha' ſteept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem ſo plump, that IVNO might haue beene iealous of 'hem. Punke, kiſſe me, punke.

OVID. Here, daughter VENVS, I drinke to thee.

CHLO. 'Thanke you, good father IVPITER.

TVCC. Why, mother IVNO! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou ſuffer this ocular temptation?

TIBV. MARS is enrag'd, hee lookes bigge, and begins to ſtut, for anger.

HERM. Well plaid, Captaine MARS.

TVCC. Well ſaid, minſtrell MOMVS: I muſt put you in? muſt I? When will you be in good fooling of your ſelfe, fiddler? neuer?

HERM. O, 'tis our faſhion, to be ſilent, when there is a better foole in place, euer.

TVCC. 'Thanke you, raſcall.

OVID. Fill to our daughter VENVS, GANYMEDE, who fills her father with affection.

IVLI. Wilt thou be ranging, IVPITER, before my face?

OVID. Why not, IVNO? why ſhould IVPITER ſtand in awe of thy face, IVNO?

IVLI. Becauſe it is thy wiues face, IVPITER.

OVID. What, ſhall a huſband be afraid of his wiues face? will ſhee paint it ſo horribly? Wee are a King, cot-queane; and we will raigne in our pleaſures; and wee will cudgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with vs.

IVLI. I will find fault with thee, King cuckold-maker: what, ſhall the King of gods turne the King of good fellowes, and haue no fellow in wickedneſſe? This makes our *poets*, that know our prophaneneſſe, liue as prophane, as we: By my god-head, IVPITER; I will ioyne with all the other gods, here; bind thee hand and foot; throw thee downe into earth; and make a poore *port* of thee, if thou abuſe me thus.

GALL. A good ſmart-tongu'd Goddeſſe; a right IVNO.

OVID. IVNO, we will cudgell thee, IVNO: we told thee ſo yeſterday, when thou wert iealous of vs, for THETIS.

PYRG. Nay, to day ſhee had me in inquiſition too.

TVCC. Well ſaid, my fine *Phrygian* frie, informe, informe. Giue mee ſome wine (King of *Heralds*) I may drinke to my cockatrice.

OVID.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede, wee will cudgell thee, Iuno: by Styx, we will.

Iuli. I, 'tis well, Gods may grow impudent in iniquitie, and they must not be told of it———

Ovid. Yea, we will knocke our chinne againſt our breſt; and ſhake thee out of *Olympus*, into an oyſter-bote, for thy ſcolding.

Iuli. Your noſe is not long enough to doe it, Iupiter, if all thy ſtrumpets, thou haſt among the ſtarres, tooke thy part. And there is neuer a ſtarre in thy fore-head, but ſhall be a horne, if thou perſiſt to abuſe me.

Cris. A good ieſt, i' faith.

Ovid. We tell thee, thou anger'ſt vs, cot-queane; and we will thunder thee in peeces, for thy cot-queanitie.

Cris. Another good ieſt.

Albi. O, my hammers, and my *Cyclops!* this boy fills not wine enough, to make vs kind enough, to one another.

Tucc. Nor thou haſt not collied thy face enough, ſtinkard.

Albi. I'le ply the table with *nectar*, and make them friends.

Herm. Heauen is like to haue but a lame skinker, then.

Albi. "Wine, and good liuers, make true louers: I'le ſentence them together. Here father, here mother, for ſhame, drinke your ſelues drunke, and forget this diſſention: you two ſhould cling together, before our faces, and giue vs example of vnitie.

Gall. O, excellently ſpoken, Vulcan, on the ſodaine!

Tibv. Iupiter, may doe well to preferre his tongue to ſome office, for his eloquence.

Tucc. His tongue ſhall bee gent'man vſher to his wit, and ſtill goe before it.

Albi. An excellent fit office!

Cris. I, and an excellent good ieſt, beſides.

Herm. What, haue you hired Mercvry, to cry your ieſts you make?

Ovid. Momvs, you are enuious.

Tucc. Why, you whoreſon block-head, 'tis your only blocke of wit in faſhion (now adaies) to applaud other folkes ieſts.

Herm. True: with thoſe that are not artificers themſelues. Vulcan, you nod; and the mirth of the ieſt droops.

Pyrg. He ha's fild *nectar* ſo long, till his braine ſwims in it.

Gall. What, doe we nod, fellow Gods? ſound muſicke, and let vs ſtartle our ſpirits with a ſong.

Tucc. Doe, Apollo: thou art a good muſician.

Gall. What ſaies Iupiter?

Ovid. Ha? ha?

Gall. A ſong.

Ovid. Why, doe, doe, ſing.

Plav. Bacchvs, what ſay you?

Tibv. Ceres?

Plav. But, to this ſong?

Tibv.

TIBV. Sing, for my part.

IVLI. Your belly weighes downe your head, BACCHVS: here's a ſong toward.

TIBV. Begin, VULCAN——

ALBI. What elſe? what elſe?

TVCC. Say, IVPITER——

OVID. MERCVRY——

CRIS. I, ſay, ſay——

SONG.

WAke, our mirth begins to die:
Quicken it with tunes, and wine:
Raiſe your notes, you're out: fie, fie,
This drouzineſſe is an ill ſigne.
We baniſh him the queere of Gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one, but nods.

OVID. I like not this ſodaine and generall heauineſſe, amongſt our Godheads: 'Tis ſomewhat ominous. APOLLO, command vs lowder muſicke, and let MERCVRY, and MOMVS contend to pleaſe, and reuiue our ſenſes.

SONG.

HERM. *THen, in a free and lofty ſtraine,*
Our broken tunes we thus repaire;
CRIS. *And we anſwere them againe,*
Running diuiſion on the panting aire:
AMBO. *To celebrate this feaſt of* ſenſe,
As free from ſcandall, as offence.
HERM. *Here is* beautie, *for the eye;*
CRIS. *For the eare, ſweet* melodie;
HERM. Ambroſiack odours, *for the ſmell;*
CRIS. *Delicious* nectar, *for the taſte;*
AMBO. *For the touch, a* ladies waſte;
Which doth all the reſt excell!

OVID. I: This hath wak't vs. MERCVRY, our Herald; Goe from our ſelfe, the great God IVPITER, to the great Emperour, AVGVSTVS CAESAR: And command him, from vs (of whoſe bountie he hath receiued his ſir-name, AVGVSTVS) that for a thanke-offring to our beneficence, he preſently ſacrifice as a diſh to this banquet, his beautifull and wanton daughter IVLIA. Shee's a curſt queane, tell him; and plaies the ſcold behind his backe: Therefore, let her be ſacrific'd. Command him this, MERCVRY, in our high name of IVPITER ALTITONANS.

IVLI. Stay, feather-footed MERCVRY, and tell AVGVSTVS, from vs, the great IVNO SATVRNIA; if he thinke it hard to doe, as IVPITER hath

hath commanded him, and ſacrifice his daughter, that hee had better to doe ſo ten times, then ſuffer her to loue the well-nos'd *poet*, OVID: whom he ſhall doe well to whip, or cauſe to bee whipt, about the capitoll, for ſoothing her, in her follies.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

CÆSAR, MECŒNAS, HORACE, LVPVS, HISTRIO, MINOS, LICTORS, OVID, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, TVCCA, CRISPINVS, ALBIVS, HERMOGENES, PYRGVS, IVLIA, CYTHERIS, PLAVTIA, CHLOE.

WHat ſight is this? MECŒNAS! HORACE! ſay!
Haue we our ſenſes? Doe we heare? and ſee?
Or, are theſe but imaginarie obiects
Drawne by our phantaſie? Why ſpeake you not?
Let vs doe ſacrifice? Are they the Gods?
Reuerence, amaze, and furie fight in me.
What? doe they kneele? Nay, then I ſee 'tis true
I thought impoſſible: ô, impious ſight!
Let me diuert mine eyes; the very thought
Euerts my ſoule, with paſſion: looke not, man.
There is a panther, whoſe vnnaturall eyes
Will ſtrike thee dead: turne then, and die on her
With her owne death. *He offers to kill his daughter.*

MECŒ. HORACE. What meanes imperiall CAESAR?

CAESA. What, would you haue me let the ſtrumpet liue,
That, for this pageant, earnes ſo many deathes?

TVCC. Boy, ſlinke boy.

PYRG. 'Pray IVPITER, we be not follow'd by the ſent, Maſter.

CAESA. Say, ſir, what are you?

ALBI. I play VULCAN, ſir.

CAESA. But, what are you, ſir?

ALBI. Your citizen, and ieweller, ſir.

CAESA. And what are you, dame?

CHLO. I play VENVS, forſooth.

CAESA. I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?

CHLO. Your citizen, and iewellers wife, ſir.

CAESA. And you, good ſir?

CRIS. Your gentleman, parcell-*poet*, ſir.

CAESA. O, that prophaned name!
And are theſe ſeemely companie for thee,
Degenerate monſter? all the reſt I know,

And

And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull ſakes.
Are you, that firſt the *deities* inſpir'd
With skill of their high natures, and their powers,
The firſt abuſers of their vſe-full light;
Prophaning thus their dignities, in their formes:
And making them like you, but counterfeits?
O, who ſhall follow vertue, and embrace her,
When her falſe boſome is found nought but aire?
And yet, of thoſe embraces, *centaures* ſpring,
That warre with humane peace, and poyſon men.
Who ſhall, with greater comforts, comprehend
Her vnſeene being, and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and ſhould eternize her,
Liue, as ſhee were no law vnto your liues:
Nor liu'd her ſelfe, but with your idle breaths?
If you thinke gods but fain'd, and vertue painted,
Know, we ſuſtaine an actuall reſidence;
And, with the title of an Emperour,
Retaine his ſpirit, and imperiall power:
By which (in impoſition too remiſſe,
Licentious NASO, for thy violent wrong,
In ſoothing the declin'd affections
Of our baſe daughter) we exile thy feete
From all approch, to our imperiall court,
On paine of death: and thy miſ-gotten loue
Commit to patronage of iron doores;
Since her ſoft-hearted ſire cannot containe her.

MECOE. O, good my lord; forgiue: be like the Gods.

HORA. Let royall bountie (CAESAR) mediate.

CAESA. There is no bountie to be ſhewed to ſuch,
As haue no reall goodneſſe: Bountie is
A ſpice of vertue: and what vertuous act
Can take effect on them, that haue no power
Of equall habitude to apprehend it,
But liue in worſhip of that idoll vice,
As if there were no vertue, but in ſhade
Of ſtrong imagination, meerely enforc't?
This ſhewes, their knowledge is meere ignorance;
Their farre-fetcht dignitie of ſoule, a phanſy;
And all their ſquare pretext of grauitie
A meere vaine glorie: hence, away with 'hem.
I will preferre for knowledge, none, but ſuch
As rule their liues by it, and can becalme
All ſea of humour, with the marble *trident*
Of their ſtrong ſpirits: Others fight below
With gnats, and ſhaddowes, others nothing know.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

TVCCA, CRISPINVS, PYRGVS, HORACE, MECŒNAS, LVPVS, HISTRIO.

WHat's become of my little punke, VENVS! and the poult-foot ſtinkard, her huſband? ha?

CRIS. O, they are rid home i' the coach, as faſt as the wheeles can runne.

TVCC. God IVPITER is baniſht, I heare: and his cockatrice, IVNO, lockt vp: 'Hart; and and all the *poetrie* in *Parnaſſus* get me to bee a player againe, I'le ſell 'hem my ſhare for a ſeſterce. But this is humours, HORACE, that goat-footed enuious ſlaue; hee's turn'd fawne now, an informer, the rogue: 'tis hee has betraid vs all. Did you not ſee him, with the Emperour, crouching?

CRIS. Yes.

TVCC. Well, follow me. Thou ſhalt libell, and I'le cudgell the raſcall. Boy, prouide me a truncheon; Reuenge ſhall gratulate him, *tam* MARTI, *quàm* MERCVRIO.

PYRG. I, but Maſter; take heed how you giue this out, HORACE is a man of the ſword.

CRIS. 'Tis true, in troth: they ſay, he's valiant.

TVCC. Valiant? ſo is mine arſe, gods, and fiends! I'le blow him into aire, when I meet him next: He dares not fight with a puck-fiſt.

PYRG. Maſter, here he comes.

Horace paſſes by.

TVCC. Where? IVPITER ſaue thee, my good *poet*; my noble *prophet*; my little fat HORACE. I ſcorne to beate the rogue i' the court; and I ſaluted him, thus faire, becauſe hee ſhould ſuſpect nothing, the raſcall: Come, wee'll goe ſee how forward our iourney-man is toward the vntruſſing of him.

CRIS. Doe you heare, Captaine? I'le write nothing in it but innocence: becauſe I may ſweare I am innocent.

HORA. Nay, why purſue you not the Emperor for your reward, now, LVPVS?

MECŒ. Stay, ASINIVS; you, and your ſtager, and your band of LICTORS:
I hope your ſeruice merits more reſpect,
Then thus, without a thankes, to be ſent hence?

HIST. Well, well, ieſt on, ieſt on.

HORA. Thou baſe vnworthy groome. LVPV. I, I, 'tis good.

HORA. Was this the treaſon? this, the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue ſo bellowed through the court?
Hadſt thou no other proiect to encreaſe
Thy grace with CAESAR, but this woluiſh traine;

To prey vpon the life of innocent mirth,
And harmeleſſe pleaſures, bred, of noble wit?
Away, I loathe thy preſence: ſuch as thou,
They are the moths, and ſcarabes of a ſtate;
The bane of empires; and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endeare themſelues to any 'employment)
Care not, whoſe fame they blaſt; whoſe life they endanger:
And vnder a diſguis'd, and cob-web maſque
Of loue, vnto their ſoueraigne, vomit forth
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props, and columnes of his ſafety,
The guards vnto his perſon, and his peace,
Diſturbe it moſt, with their falſe lapwing-cries.

LVPVS. Good. CAESAR ſhall know of this; beleeue it.

MECOE. CAESAR doth know it (wolfe) and to his knowledge,
Hee will (I hope) reward your baſe endeuours.
" Princes that will but heare, or giue acceſſe
" To ſuch officious ſpies, can ne're be ſafe:
" They take in poyſon, with an open eare,
" And, free from danger, become ſlaues to feare.

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

OVID.

BAniſht the court? Let me be baniſht life;
Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
Within the court, is all the kingdome bounded,
And as her ſacred ſpheare doth comprehend
Ten thouſand times ſo much, as ſo much place
In any part of all the empire elſe;
So euery body, mooving in her ſpheare,
Containes ten thouſand times as much in him,
As any other, her choice orbe excludes.
As in a circle, a magician, then
Is ſafe, againſt the ſpirit, he excites;
But out of it, is ſubiect to his rage,
And loſeth all the vertue of his arte:
So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Loſe all the good gifts, that in it I ioy'd.
" No vertue currant is, but with her ſtamp:
" And no vice vicious, blaunch't with her white hand.
The court's the abſtract of all *Romes* deſert;
And my deare IVLIA, th'abſtract of the court.

Mee

Mee thinkes, now I come neere her, I reſpire
Some aire of that late comfort, I receiu'd:
And while the euening, with her modeſt vaile,
Giues leaue to ſuch poore ſhaddowes as my ſelfe,
To ſteale abroad, I, like a heart-leſſe ghoſt,
Without the liuing body of my loue,
Will here walke, and attend her. For I know,
Not farre from hence, ſhee is impriſoned,
And hopes, of her ſtrict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to ſpeake to me,
And cheere my fainting ſpirits, with her breath.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

Shee appeareth aboue, as at her chamber window.

IVLIA, OVID.

OVID? my loue? OVID. Here, heauenly IVLIA.
IVLI. Here? and not here? O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like our ſelues,
Both one; and yet diuided, as oppos'd?
I high, thou low? ô, this our plight of place
Doubly preſents the two lets of our loue,
Locall, and ceremoniall height, and lowneſſe:
Both waies, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our mindes are euen, yet: ô, why ſhould our bodies,
That are their ſlaues, be ſo without their rule?
Ile caſt my ſelfe downe to thee; If I die,
Ile euer liue with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of dutie, or of cruell power,
Shall keepe mee from thee; ſhould my father locke
This body vp within a tombe of braſſe,
Yet Ile be with thee. If the formes, I hold
Now in my ſoule, be made one ſubſtance with it;
That ſoule immortall; and the ſame 'tis now;
Death cannot raze th'affects, ſhee now retayneth:
And then, may ſhee be any where ſhee will.
The ſoules of parents rule not childrens ſoules,
When death ſets both in their diſſolu'd eſtates;
Then is no child, nor father: then eternitie
Frees all, from any temporall reſpect.
I come, my OVID, take me in thine armes:
And let me breathe my ſoule into thy breſt.
OVID. O, ſtay, my loue: the hopes thou do'ſt conceiue
Of thy quicke death, and of thy future life,
Are not autenticall. Thou chooſeſt death,

So thou might'ſt ioy thy loue, in th'other life.
But know (my princely loue) when thou art dead,
Thou onely muſt ſuruiue in perfect ſoule;
And in the ſoule, are no affections:
We powre out our affections with our bloud;
And with our blouds affections, fade our loues.
" No life hath loue in ſuch ſweet ſtate, as this;
" No eſſence is ſo deare to moodie ſenſe,
" As fleſh, and bloud; whoſe quinteſſence is ſenſe.
" Beautie, compos'd of bloud, and fleſh, moues more,
" And is more plauſible to bloud, and fleſh,
" Then ſpirituall beautie can be to the ſpirit.
Such apprehenſion, as we haue in dreames
(When ſleepe, the bond of ſenſes, locks them vp)
Such ſhall we haue, when death deſtroies them quite.
If loue be then thy obiect, change not life;
Liue high, and happy ſtill: I ſtill below,
Cloſe with my fortunes, in thy height, ſhall ioy.

IVLI. Ay me, that vertue, whoſe braue eagles wings
With euery ſtroke, blow ſtarres, in burning heauen;
Should like a ſwallow (preying toward ſtormes)
Fly cloſe to earth: and with an eager plume,
Purſue thoſe obiects, which none elſe can ſee,
But ſeeme to all the world, the emptie aire.
Thus thou (poore OVID) and all vertuous men
Muſt prey like ſwallowes, on inuiſible foode;
Purſuing flies, or nothing: and thus loue,
And euery worldly phanſie, is tranſpos'd,
By worldly tyrannie, to what plight it liſt.
O, father, ſince thou gau'ſt me not my mind,
Striue not to rule it: Take, but what thou gau'ſt
To thy diſpoſure. Thy affections
Rule not in me; I muſt beare all my griefes,
Let me vſe all my pleaſures: vertuous loue
Was neuer ſcandall to a Goddeſſe ſtate.
But, hee's inflexible! and, my deare loue,
Thy life may chance be ſhortned, by the length
Of my vnwilling ſpeeches to depart.
Farewell, ſweet life: though thou be yet exil'd
Th'officious court, enioy me amply, ſtill:
My ſoule, in this my breath, enters thine eares,
And on this turrets floore, will I lie dead,
Till we may meet againe. In this proud height,
I kneele beneath thee, in my proſtrate loue,
And kiſſe the happy ſands, that kiſſe thy feet.

" Great

" Great Iove ſubmits a ſcepter, to a cell;
" And louers, ere they part, will meet in hell.
Ovid. Farewell, all companie; and if I could
All light with thee: hells ſhade ſhould hide my browes,
Till thy deare beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.
Ivli. Ovid, my loue: alas, may we not ſtay *Shee calls him backe.*
A little longer (think'ſt thou) vndiſcern'd?
Ovid. For thine owne good, faire Goddeſſe, doe not ſtay:
Who would ingage a firmament of fires,
Shining in thee, for me, a falling ſtarre?
Be gone, ſweet life-bloud: if I ſhould diſcerne
Thy ſelfe but toucht, for my ſake, I ſhould die.
Ivli. I will be gone, then; and not heauen it ſelfe
Shall draw me backe. Ovid. Yet Ivlia, if thou wilt, *He calls her backe.*
A little longer, ſtay. Ivli. I am content.
Ovid. O, mightie Ovid! what the ſway of heauen
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.
Ivli. Who ſhall goe firſt, my loue? my paſſionate eyes
Will not endure to ſee thee turne from mee.
Ovid. If thou goe firſt, my ſoule will follow thee.
Ivli. Then we muſt ſtay. Ovid. Ay me, there is no ſtay
In amorous pleaſures: if both ſtay, both die.
I heare thy father, hence, my *deitie.*
Feare forgeth ſounds in my deluded eares;
I did not heare him: I am mad with loue.
There is no ſpirit, vnder heauen, that workes
With ſuch illuſion: yet ſuch witchcraft kill mee,
Ere a ſound mind, without it, ſaue my life.
Here, on my knees, I worſhip the bleſt place
That held my goddeſſe; and the louing aire,
That clos'd her body in his ſilken armes:
Vaine Ovid! kneele not to the place, nor aire;
Shee's in thy heart: riſe then, and worſhip there.
" The trueſt wiſdome ſilly men can haue,
" Is dotage, on the follies of their fleſh.

Act v. *Scene* i.

Cæsar, Mecœnas, Gallvs, Tibvllvs, Horace, Eqvites Ro.

WE, that haue conquer'd ſtill, to ſaue the conquer'd,
And lou'd to make inflictions feard, not felt;
Grieu'd to reproue, and ioyfull to reward,
More proud of reconcilement, then reuenge,

Reſume into the late ſtate of our loue,
Worthy CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS:
You both are gentlemen, you, CORNELIVS,
A ſouldier of renowne; and the firſt *prouoſt*,
That euer let our *Roman* eagles flie
On ſwarthy *Ægypt*, quarried with her ſpoiles.
Yet (not to beare cold formes, nor mens out-termes,
Without the inward fires, and liues of men)
You both haue vertues, ſhining through your ſhapes;
To ſhew, your titles are not writ on poſts,
Or hollow ſtatues, which the beſt men are,
Without *Promethean* ſtuffings reacht from heauen!
Sweet *poeſies* ſacred garlands crowne your gentrie:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The moſt abſtract, and perfect; if ſhee bee
True borne, and nurſt with all the ſciences.
Shee can ſo mould *Rome*, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they ſhall ſtand freſh, and miraculous,
Euen, when they mixe with innouating duſt;
In her ſweet ſtreames ſhall our braue *Roman* ſpirits
Chace, and ſwim after death, with their choiſe deeds
Shining on their white ſhoulders; and therein
Shall *Tyber*, and our famous riuers fall
With ſuch attraction, that th'ambitious line
Of the round world ſhall to her center ſhrinke,
To heare their muſicke: And, for theſe high parts,
CAESAR ſhall reuerence the *Pierian* artes.

MECOE. Your Maieſties high grace to *poeſie*,
Shall ſtand 'gainſt all the dull detractions
Of leaden ſoules; who (for the vaine aſſumings
Of ſome, quite worthleſſe of her ſoueraigne wreaths)
Containe her worthieſt *prophets* in contempt.

GALL. Happy is *Rome* of all earths other ſtates,
To haue ſo true, and great a preſident,
For her inferiour ſpirits to imitate,
As CAESAR is; who addeth to the ſunne,
Influence, and luſtre: in encreaſing thus
His inſpirations, kindling fire in vs.

HORA. PHOEBVS himſelfe ſhall kneele at CAESARS ſhrine,
And deck it with *bay*-garlands dew'd with wine,
To quite the worſhip CAESAR does to him:
Where other Princes, hoiſted to their thrones
By fortunes paſſionate and diſordered power,
Sit in their height, like clouds, before the ſunne,

Hindring

Hindring his comforts; and (by their exceſſe
Of cold in vertue, and croſſe heate in vice)
Thunder, and tempeſt, on thoſe learned heads,
Whom CAESAR with ſuch honour doth aduance.
TIBV. All humane buſineſſe fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blinde hand,
Shee, blinde, beſtowes blinde gifts: that ſtill haue nurſt
They ſee not who, nor how, but ſtill, the worſt.
CAES. CAESAR, for his rule, and for ſo much ſtuffe
As fortune puts in his hand, ſhall diſpoſe it
(As if his hand had eyes, and ſoule, in it)
With worth, and iudgement. " Hands, that part with gifts,
" Or will reſtraine their vſe, without deſert;
" Or with a miſerie, numm'd to vertues right,
" Worke, as they had no ſoule to gouerne them,
" And quite reiect her: ſeu'ring their eſtates
" From humane order. Whoſoeuer can,
" And will not cheriſh vertue, is no man.
EQVES. VIRGIL is now at hand, imperiall CAESAR.
CAES. *Romes* honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,
And ſet it on our right hand; where 'tis fit,
Romes honour, and our owne, ſhould euer ſit.
Now he is come out of *Campania*,
I doubt not, he hath finiſht all his *Æneids*,
Which, like another ſoule, I long t'enioy.
What thinke * you three, of VIRGIL, gentlemen,
(That are of his profeſſion, though rankt higher)
Or HORACE, what ſaiſt thou, that art the pooreſt,
And likelieſt to enuy, or to detract?
HORA. CAESAR ſpeakes after common men, in this,
To make a difference of me, for my poorenesſe:
As if the filth of pouertie ſunke as deepe
Into a knowing ſpirit, as the bane
Of riches doth, into an ignorant ſoule.
No, CAESAR, they be path-leſſe, mooriſh minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, euer after ſinke
Beneath the ſteps of any villanie.
But knowledge is the *nectar*, that keepes ſweet
A perfect ſoule, euen in this graue of ſinne;
And for my ſoule, it is as free, as CAESARS:
For, what I know is due, I'le giue to all.
" He that detracts, or enuies vertuous merit,
" Is ſtill the couetous, and the ignorant ſpirit.
CAES. Thankes, HORACE, for thy free, and holſome ſharpneſſe:

* Viz. *Mecenas, Gallus, Tibullus*

Which

Which pleaſeth CAESAR more, then ſeruile fawnes.
" A flatterd prince ſoone turnes the prince of fooles.
And for thy ſake, wee'll put no difference more
Betweene the great, and good, for being poore.
Say then, lou'd HORACE, thy true thought of VIRGIL:
HORA. I iudge him of a rectified ſpirit,
By many reuolutions of diſcourſe
(In his bright reaſons influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men;
Bearing the nature, and ſimilitude
Of a right heauenly bodie: moſt ſeuere
In faſhion, and collection of himſelfe,
And then as cleare, and confident, as IOVE.
GALL. And yet ſo chaſte, and tender is his eare,
In ſuffering any ſyllable to paſſe,
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name
Of iſſue to his ſo examin'd ſelfe;
That all the laſting fruits of his full merit
In his owne *poemes*, he doth ſtill diſtaſte:
As if his mindes peece, which he ſtroue to paint,
Could not with fleſhly pencils haue her right.
TIBV. But, to approue his workes of ſoueraigne worth,
This obſeruation (me thinkes) more then ſerues:
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with ſuch iudgement, labour'd, and diſtill'd
Through all the needfull vſes of our liues,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He ſhould not touch at any ſerious point,
But he might breathe his ſpirit out of him.
CAES. You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference, he can vſe?
TIBV. True, royall CAESAR. CAES. Worthily obſeru'd:
And a moſt worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall HORACE, of his learning?
HORA. His learning labours not the ſchoole-like gloſſe,
That moſt conſiſts in *eechoing* wordes, and termes,
And ſooneſt wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long, or far-fetcht circumſtance,
Wrapt in the curious generalties of artes:
But a direct, and *analyticke* ſumme
Of all the worth and firſt effects of artes.
And for his *poeſie*, 'tis ſo ramm'd with life,
That it ſhall gather ſtrength of life, with being,
And liue hereafter, more admir'd, then now.
CAES. This one conſent, in all your doomes of him,

And

And mutuall loues of all your ſeuerall merits,
Argues a trueth of merit in you all.

Act v. *Scene* 11.

CÆSAR, VIRGIL, MECŒNAS, GALLVS, TIBVLLVS, HORACE, EQVITES RO.

SEe, here comes VIRGIL; we will riſe and greet him:
Welcome to CAESAR, VIRGIL. CAESAR, and VIRGIL
Shall differ but in ſound; to CAESAR, VIRGIL
(Of his expreſſed greatneſſe) ſhall be made
A ſecond ſur-name, and to VIRGIL, CAESAR.
Where are thy famous *Æneids*? doe vs grace
To let vs ſee, and ſurfet on their ſight.
VIRG. Worthleſſe they are of CAESARS gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants:
Which yet are more, then my time could ſupply.
And, could great CAESARS expectation
Be ſatisfied with any other ſeruice,
I would not ſhew them. CAES. VIRGIL is too modeſt;
Or ſeekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.
Shew them, ſweet VIRGIL. VIRG. Then, in ſuch due feare,
As fits preſenters of great workes, to CAESAR,
I humbly ſhew them. CAES. Let vs now behold
A humane ſoule made viſible in life;
And more refulgent in a ſenſeleſſe paper,
Then in the ſenſuall complement of Kings.
Read, read, thy ſelfe, deare VIRGIL, let not me
Prophane one accent, with an vntun'd tongue:
" Beſt matter, badly ſhowne, ſhewes worſe, then bad.
See then, this chaire, of purpoſe ſet for thee
To reade thy *poeme* in: refuſe it not.
" Vertue, without preſumption, place may take
" Aboue beſt Kings, whom onely ſhe ſhould make.
VIRG. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To preſent eyes, and to all future times
A groſſe vntruth; that any *poet* (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporall dignity)
Should, with *decorum*, tranſcend CAESARS chaire.
" Poore vertue raiſ'd, high birth and wealth ſet vnder,
" Croſſeth heau'ns courſes, and makes worldlings wonder.
CAES. The courſe of heauen, and fate it ſelfe, in this
Will CAESAR croſſe; much more all worldly cuſtome.

HORA.

HORA. " Cuſtome, in courſe of honour, euer erres:
" And they are beſt, whom fortune leaſt preferres.
CAES. HORACE hath (but more ſtrictly) ſpoke our thoughts.
The vaſt rude ſwinge of generall confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from ſenſe:
And therefore reaſon (which in right ſhould be
The ſpeciall rector of all *harmonie*)
Shall ſhew we are a man, diſtinct by it,
From thoſe, whom cuſtome rapteth in her preaſſe.
Aſcend then, VIRGIL: and where firſt by chance
We here haue turn'd thy booke, doe thou firſt reade.
VIRG. Great CAESAR hath his will: I will aſcend.
'Twere ſimple iniurie to his free hand,
That ſweepes the cobwebs, from vn-vſed vertue,
And makes her ſhine proportion'd, to her worth,
To be more nice to entertaine his grace;
Then he is choiſe, and liberall to afford it.
CAES. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doores,
And let none enter, peace. Begin, good VIRGIL.

Virg. lib. 4. Æneid.

VIRG. *Meane while, the skies 'gan thunder; and in taile*
Of that, fell powring ſtormes of ſleet, and haile:
The Tyrian *lords, and* Troian *youth, each where*
With VENVS Dardane * *nephew, now, in feare*
Seeke out for ſeuerall ſhelter through the plaine;
Whil'ſt flouds come rowling from the hills amaine.
Dido a caue, The Troian * *Prince the ſame*
Lighted vpon. There, earth, and heauens great * dame,
That hath the charge of marriage, firſt gaue ſigne
Vnto this contract; fire, and aire did ſhine,
As guiltie of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs, *with ſhreekings, doe the region fill.*
Here firſt began their bane; This day was ground
Of all their ills: For now, nor rumours ſound,
Nor nice reſpect of ſtate mooues DIDO *ought;*
Her loue, no longer now, by ſtealth is ſought:
Shee calls this wedlocke, and with that faire name
Couers her fault. Forth-with the bruit, and fame,
Through all the greateſt Lybian *townes, is gone;*
Fame, a fleet euill, then which is ſwifter none:
That mouing growes, and flying gathers ſtrength;
Little at firſt, and fearefull; but at length
Shee dares attempt the skies, and ſtalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, ſtird vp with ſpight
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as ſome wright,

* Iulus.
* Æneas.
* Iuno.

Shee

Shee was last sister of that Giant race,*
That thought to scale Ioves *court; right swift of pase,*
And swifter, far, of wing: a monster vast,
And dreadfull. Looke, how many plumes are plac't
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Sticke vnderneath: and (which may stranger rise
In the report) as many tongues shee beares,
As many mouthes, as many listning eares.
Nightly, in midst of all the heauen, shee flies,
And through the earths darke shaddow, shreeking, cries;
Nor doe her eyes once bend, to taste sweet sleepe:
By day, on tops of houses, shee doth keepe,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities, and townes of most conspicuous site.
As couetous shee is of tales, and lies,
As prodigall of truth: This monster, &c.

* Cæus, Enceladus, &c.

Act v. *Scene* iii.

Lvpvs, Tvcca, Crispinvs, Demetrivs, Histrio, Lictors, Cæsar, Virgil, Mecœnas, Gallvs, Tibvllvs, Horace, Eqvites Ro.

COme, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the Emperour?

Eqves 1. Sir, you must pardon vs.

Eqves 2. Caesar is priuate now, you may not enter.

Tvcc. Not enter? Charge 'hem, vpon their allegeance, crop-shin.

Eqves 1. We haue a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lvpv. I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:
What? doe you know my affaires?
I haue matter of danger, and state, to impart to Caesar.

Caes. What noise is there? who's that names Caesar?

Lvpv. A friend to Caesar. One that for Caesars good, would speake with Caesar.

Caes. Who is't? looke, Cornelivs.

Eqves 1. Asinivs Lvpvs.

Caes. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We haue no vacant eare, now, to receiue
The vnseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mecœ. You must auoid him there.

Lvpv. I coniure thee, as thou art Caesar, or respect'st thine owne safetie; or the safetie of the state, Caesar: Heare mee, speake with mee,

Caesar;

CAESAR; 'tis no common buſineſſe, I come about; but ſuch as, being neglected, may concerne the life of CAESAR.

CAES. The life of CAESAR? Let him enter. VIRGIL, keepe thy ſeat.

EQVITES. Beare backe there: whither will you? keepe backe.

TVCC. By thy leaue good man vſher: mend thy perruke, ſo.

LVPV. Lay hold on HORACE there; and on MECOENAS, LICTORS. *Romans*, offer no reſcue, vpon your allegeance: Reade, royall CAESAR; I'le tickle you, *Satyre*.

TVCC. He will, *humours*, he will: He will ſqueeze you, *Poet* puckfiſt.

LVPV. I'le lop you off, for an vnprofitable branch, you *ſatyricall* varlet.

TVCC. I, and EPAMINONDAS your patron, here, with his flaggon chaine; Come, reſigne: Though 'twere your great grand-fathers, the law ha's made it mine now, ſir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd raſcalls; looke to him.

CAES. What is this, ASINIVS LVPVS? I vnderſtand it not.

LVPV. Not vnderſtand it? A libell, CAESAR. A dangerous, ſeditious libell. A libell in picture.

CAES. A libell?

LVPV. I, I found it in this HORACE his ſtudie, in MECOENAS his houſe, here; I challenge the penaltie of the lawes againſt 'hem.

TVCC. I, and remember to begge their land betimes; before ſome of theſe hungrie court-hounds ſent it out.

CAES. Shew it to HORACE: Aske him, if he know it.

LVPV. Know it? His hand is at it, CAESAR.

CAES. Then 'tis no libell.

HORA. It is the imperfect body of an *embleme*, CAESAR, I began for MECOENAS.

LVPV. An *embleme?* right: That's *greeke* for a libell. Doe but marke, how confident he is.

HORA. A iuſt man cannot feare, thou fooliſh *Tribune*;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vaſtneſſe of a tyrannes eare,
The ſenſeleſſe rigour of the wreſted lawes,
Or the red eyes of ſtrain'd authoritie
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life.
His innocence is armour 'gainſt all theſe.

LVPV. Innocence? ô, impudence! Let mee ſee, let mee ſee. Is not here an Eagle? And is not that Eagle meant by CAESAR? ha? Do's not CAESAR giue the eagle? Anſwere me; what ſaiſt thou?

TVCC. Haſt thou any euaſion, ſtinkard?

LVPV. Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'le tickle you, *Satyre*.

HORA. Piſh. Ha, ha.

LVPV. Doſt thou piſh me? Giue me my long-ſword.

HORA. With reuerence to great CAESAR, worthy *Romans*,

Obſerue

Obserue but this ridiculous commenter:
The soule to my *deuice*, was in this *distich*.

Thus, oft, the base and rauenous multitude
Surviue, to share the spoiles of fortitude.

Which in this body, I haue figur'd here,
A VULTVRE——

LVPV. A Vulture? I; now, 'tis a Vulture. O, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! ha's not your Vulture a beake? ha's it not legges? and tallons? and wings? and feathers?

TVCC. Touch him, old *Buskins*.

HORA. And therefore must it be an Eagle?

MECOE. Respect him not, good HORACE: Say your *deuice*.

HORA. A VULTVRE, and a WOLFE——

LVPV. A Wolfe? good. That's I; I am the wolfe. My name's LVPVS, I am meant by the wolfe. On, on, a Vulture, and a Wolfe——

HORA. Preying vpon the carcasse of an ASSE——

LVPV. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the asse. You meane me by the asse——

MECOE. 'Pray thee, leaue braying then.

HORA. If you will needes take it, I cannot with modestie giue it from you.

MECOE. But, by that beast, the old *Ægyptians*
Were wont to figure in their *hieroglyphicks*,
Patience, frugalitie, and fortitude;
For none of which, we can suspect you, *Tribune*.

CAES. Who was it, LVPVS, that inform'd you first,
This should be meant by vs? or was't your comment?

LVPV. No, CAESAR: A player gaue mee the first light of it, indeede.

TVCC. I, an honest sycophant-like slaue, and a politician, besides.

CAES. Where is that player?

TVCC. He is without, here.

CAES. Call him in.

TVCC. Call in the player, there: Master ÆSOPE, call him.

EQVITES. Player? where is the player? Beare backe: None, but the player, enter.

TVCC. Yes: this gent'man, and his *Achates* must.

CRIS. 'Pray you, master vsher; wee'll stand close, here.

TVCC. 'Tis a gent'man of qualitie, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell yee. Come ÆSOPE: hast a bay-leafe i' thy mouth? Well said, be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt haue a *monopoly* of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy couey, vnder the Emperours broad seale, for this seruice.

CAES. Is this hee?

LVPV. I, CAESAR: this is hee.

CAES. Let him be whipt. LICTORS, goe take him hence.
And LVPVS, for your fierce credulitie,
One fit him with a paire of larger eares:
'Tis CAESARS doome, and must not be reuok't.
We hate, to haue our court, and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.

LVPV. CAESAR. CAES. Gag him, we may haue his silence.

VIRG. CAESAR hath done like CAESAR. Faire, and iust
Is his award, against these braineleſſe creatures.
'Tis not the wholesome sharpe moralitie,
Or modest anger of a *satyricke* spirit,
That hurts, or wounds the bodie of a state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter: who will distort, and straine
The generall scope and purpose of an authour,
To his particular, and priuate spleene.

CAES. We know it, our deare VIRGIL, and esteeme it
A most dishonest practice, in that man,
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.
This while the rest whisper Cæsar. What would CORNELIVS GALLVS, and TIBVLLVS?

TVCC. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare? a man of worship; and honourable: Holde, here, take thy chaine againe. Resume, mad MECŒNAS. What? do'st thou thinke, I meant t' haue kept it, bold boy? No; I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What? will I turne sharke, vpon my friends? or my friends friends? I scorne it with my three soules. Come, I loue bully HORACE, as well as thou do'st, I: 'tis an honest *hieroglyphick*, Giue mee thy wrist, *Helicon*. Do'st thou thinke, I'le second e're a *rhinoceros* of them all, against thee? ha? or thy noble *Hippocrene*, here? I'le turne stager first, and be whipt too: do'st thou see, bully?

CAES. You haue your will of CAESAR: vse it *Romanes*.
VIRGIL shall be your *Prætor*; and our selfe
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;
And thinke it no impeach of royaltie.
Our eare is now too much prophan'd (graue MARO)
With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines:
Put vp thy booke, till both the time and wee
Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance
For the receiuing so diuine a worke.
Proceede with your dessеigne.

MECŒ. GALL. TIBV. Thankes, to great CAESAR.

GALL. TIBVLLVS, draw you the inditement then, whil'st HORACE arrests them, on the *statute* of *Calumny*: MECŒNAS, and I, will take our places here. *Lictors*, assist him.

HORA.

HORA. I am the worst accuser, vnder heauen.
GALL. Tut, you must do't: 'Twill be noble mirth.
HORA. I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.
TIBV. I, but the world takes knowledge.
HORA. 'Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish, a foole should hate me.
TVCC. Body of IVPITER! What? Will they arraigne my briske POETASTER, and his poore iourney-man, ha? Would I were abroad skeldring for a drachme, so I were out of this labyrinth againe: I doe feele my selfe turne stinkard, already. But I must set the best face I haue, vpon't now: well said, my diuine, deft HORACE, bring the whorson detracting slaues to the barre, doe. Make 'hem hold vp their spread golls: Ile giue in euidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, CRISPINVS, would thy man had a cleane band.
CRIS. What must we doe, Captaine?
TVCC. Thou shalt see anon: Doe not make diuision with thy legs, so.
CAES. What's he, HORACE?
HORA. I only know him for a motion, CAESAR.
TVCC. I am one of thy Commanders, CAESAR; A man of seruice, and action; My name is PANTILIVS TVCCA: I haue seru'd i' thy warres against MARKE ANTONY, I.
CAES. Doe you know him, CORNELIVS?
GALL. Hee's one, that hath had the mustring, or conuoy of a companie, now, and then: I neuer noted him by any other imployment.
CAES. We will obserue him better.
TIBV. LICTOR, proclaime silence, in the court.
LICT. In the name of CAESAR, silence.
TIBV. Let the parties, the accuser, and the accused, present themselues.
LICT. The accuser, and the accused; present your selues in court.
CRIS. DEMETRIVS. Here.
VIRG. Reade the inditement.
TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *hold vp your hands. You are, before this time, ioyntly and seuerally indited, and here presently to be arraigned, vpon the* Statute *of* Calumny, *or* Lex Remmia *(The one by the name of* RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *alias* CRISPINAS, Poetaster, *and* plagiary: *the other, by the name of* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, play-dresser, *and* plagiary) *That you (not hauing the feare of* PHŒBVS, *or his shafts, before your eyes) contrary to the peace of our liege lord,* AVGVSTVS CAESAR, *his crowne and dignitie, and against the forme of a* Statute, *in that case made, and prouided; haue most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selues) maliciously, gone about to deprane, and calumniate the person and writings of* QVINTVS HORACIVS FLACCVS, *here present,* poet, *and* priest *to the* Muses: *and to that end haue mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by seuerall meanes, and in sundry places, for the*

better accompliſhing your baſe and enuious purpoſe; taxing him, falſly, of ſelfe-loue, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by tranſlation, &c. *Of all which* calumnies, *and euery of them, in manner and forme aforeſaid, what anſwere you? Are you guiltie, or not guiltie?*

TVCC. Not guiltie, ſay.

CRIS. DEMET. Not guiltie.

TIBV. How will you be tryed?

TVCC. By the *Romane* Gods, and the nobleſt *Romanes.*

CRIS. DEMET. By the *Romane* Gods, and the nobleſt *Romanes.*

VIRG. Here ſits MECŒNAS, and CORNELIVS GALLVS: Are you contented to be tryed by theſe?

TVCC. I, ſo the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commiſſion, ſay.

CRIS. DEMET. I, ſo the noble Captaine may bee ioyn'd with them in commiſſion.

VIRG. What ſayes the plaintife?

HORA. I am content.

VIRG. Captaine, then take your place.

TVCC. Alas, my worſhipfull *Prætor!* 'tis more of thy gent'neſſe, then of my deſeruing, Iwuſſe. But, ſince it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wiſdome, and grauitie, come, my calumnious varlets: Let's heare you talke for your ſelues, now, an houre or two. What can you ſay? Make a noiſe. Act, act.

VIRG. Stay, turne, and take an oath firſt. *You ſhall ſweare,*
By thunder-darting IOVE, *the King of gods;*
And by the Genius *of* AVGVSTVS CAESAR;
By your owne white, and vncorrupted ſoules;
And the deepe reuerence of our Romane *iuſtice;*
To iudge this caſe, with truth and equitie:
As bound by your religion, and your lawes.
Now reade the euidence: But firſt demand
Of either priſoner, if that *writ* be theirs.

TIBV. Shew this vnto CRISPINVS. Is it yours?

TVCC. Say I: what? doſt thou ſtand vpon it, pimpe? Doe not denie thine owne MINERVA, thy PALLAS, the iſſue of thy braine.

CRIS. Yes, it is mine.

TIBV. Shew that vnto DEMETRIVS. Is it yours?

DEME. It is.

TVCC. There's a father, will not denie his owne baſtard, now, I warrant thee.

VIRG. Reade them aloud.

TIBV. *Rampe vp, my* genius; *be not retrograde:*
But boldly nominate a ſpade, a ſpade.
What, ſhall thy lubricall and glibberie Muſe
Liue, as ſhee were defunct, like punke in ſtewes?
(TVCC. Excellent!) *Alas!*

Alas! That were no moderne consequence,
To haue cothurnall buskins frighted hence.
No, teach thy incubus *to poetize;*
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
Vpon that puft-vp lumpe of barmy froth,
(TVCCA. Ah, ha!)
Or clumsie chil-blain'd iudgement: that, with oath,
Magnificates his merit; and bespawles
The conscious time, with humorous some, and brawles,
As if his organons *of sense would crack*
The sinewes of my patience. Breake his back,
O Poets *all, and some: For now we list*
Of strenuous venge-ance to clutch the fist,

Subscri. CRIS.

TVCC. I mary, this was written like a HERCVLES in *poetrie*, now.
CAES. Excellently well threatned!
VIRG. I, and as strangely worded, CAESAR.
CAES. We obserue it.
VIRG. The other, now.
TVCC. This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too, this'll doe wel.
TIBV. *Our* Muse *is in mind for th'vntrussing a* poet,
I slip by his name; for most men doe know it:
A critick, *that all the world bescumbers*
With satyricall *humours, and* lyricall *numbers.*
(TVCC. Art thou there, boy?)
And for the most part, himselfe doth aduance
With much selfe-loue, and more arroganee.
(TVCC. Good againe.)
And (but that I would not be thought a prater)
I could tell you, he were a translater.
I know the authors from whence he ha's stole,
And could trace him too, but that I vnderstand 'hem not full and whole.
(TVCC. That line is broke loose from all his fellowes: chaine him vp shorter, doe.)
The best note I can giue you to know him by,
Is, that he keepes gallants *company;*
Whom I would wish, in time should him feare,
Left after they buy repentance too deare.

Subscri. DEME. FAN.

TVCC. Well said. This carries palme with it.
HORA. And why, thou motly gull? why should they feare?
When hast thou knowne vs wrong, or taxe a friend?
I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.
Now thou curl'st vp, thou poore, and nasty snake,

And ſhrink'ſt thy poyſ'nous head into thy boſome:
Out viper, thou that eat'ſt thy parents, hence.
Rather, ſuch ſpeckled creatures, as thy ſelfe,
Should be eſchew'd, and ſhund: ſuch, as will bite
And gnaw their abſent friends, not cure their fame,
Catch at the looſeſt laughters, and affect
To be thought ieſters, ſuch, as can deuiſe
Things neuer ſeene, or heard, t'impaire mens names,
And gratifie their credulous aduerſaries,
Will carrie tales, doe baſeſt offices,
Cheriſh diuided fires, and ſtill increaſe
New flames, out of old embers, will reueale
Each ſecret that's committed to their truſt,
Theſe be black ſlaues: *Romans*, take heed of theſe.

TVCC. Thou twang'ſt right, little HORACE, they be indeed:
A couple of chap-falne curres. Come, We of the bench,
Let's riſe to the *vrne*, and condemne 'hem, quickly.

VIRG. Before you goe together (worthy *Romans*)
We are to tender our opinion;
And giue you thoſe inſtructions, that may adde
Vnto your euen iudgement in the cauſe:
Which thus we doe commence. Firſt you muſt know
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can bee no deiection; and the ſcorne
Of humble baſeneſſe, oftentimes, ſo workes
In a high ſoule vpon the groſſer ſpirit,
That to his bleared, and offended ſenſe,
There ſeemes a hideous fault blaz'd in the obiect;
When only the diſeaſe is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes, our HORACE now ſtands taxt
Of impudence, ſelfe-loue, and arrogance,
By theſe, who ſhare no merit in themſelues;
And therefore, thinke his portion is as ſmall.
For they, from their owne guilt, aſſure their ſoules,
If they ſhould confidently praiſe their workes,
In them it would appeare inflation:
Which, in a full, and wel-digeſted man,
Cannot receiue that foule abuſiue name,
But the faire title of erection.
And, for his true vſe of tranſlating men,
It ſtill hath bin a worke of as much palme
In cleereſt iudgements, as t'inuent, or make.
His ſharpeneſſe, that is moſt excuſable;
As being forc't out of a ſuffering vertue,
Oppreſſed with the licence of the time:

And howsoeuer fooles, or ierking *pedants*,
Players, or such like *buffons*, barking wits,
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,
Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;
This (like IOVES thunder) shall their pride controule,
The honest *Satyre* hath the happiest soule.
Now, *Romans*, you haue heard our thoughts. With-draw, when you please.

TIBV. Remoue the accused from the barre.

TVCC. Who holds the *vrne* to vs? ha? Feare nothing: Ile quit you, mine honest pittifull stinkards. Ile do't.

CRIS. Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

TVCC. Goe to.

CAES. TIBVLLVS, let there be a case of vizards priuately prouided: we haue found a subiect to bestow them on.

TIBV. It shall be done, CAESAR.

CAES. Here be wordes, HORACE, able to bastinado a mans eares.

HORA. I. Please it great CAESAR, I haue pills about me
(Mixt with the whitest kind of *ellebore*)
Would giue him a light vomit; that should purge
His braine, and stomack of those tumorous heates:
Might I haue leaue to minister vnto him.

CAES. O! be his ÆSCVLAPIVS, gentle HORACE;
You shall haue leaue, and he shall be your patient.
VIRGIL, vse your authoritie, command him forth.

VIRG. CAESAR is carefull of your health, CRISPINVS;
And hath himselfe chose a physitian
To minister vnto you: take his pills.

HORA. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholsome;
Take yet another, so: Stand by, they'll worke anon.

TIBV. *Romans*, returne to your seuerall seates: *Lictors*, bring forward the *vrne*; and set the accused at the barre.

TVCC. Quickly, you whorson egregious warlets; Come forward. What? shall we sit all day vpon you? you make no more haste, now, then a begger vpon pattins: or a physitian to a patient that has no money, you pilchers.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *hold vp your hands. You haue (according to the* Roman *custome) put your selues vpon triall to the* vrne, *for diuers and sundrie* calumnies, *whereof, you haue before this time beene indited, and are now presently arraigned: Prepare your selues to harken to the verdict of your* Iurors. CAIVS CILNIVS MECŒNAS *pronounceth you, by this* hand-writing, *Guiltie.* CORNELIVS GALLVS, *Guiltie.* PANTILIVS TVCCA *Guiltie.*

TVCC. Parcell-guiltie, I.

DEME. He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeed,
Suborn'd vs to the calumnie.

TVCC.

Tvcc. I, you whorſon *cantharides*? was't I?
Deme. I appeale to your conſcience, Captaine.
Tibv. Then, you confeſſe it, now.
Deme. I doe, and craue the mercy of the court.
Tibv. What ſaith Crispinvs?
Cris. O, the Captaine, the Captaine———
Hora. My phyſicke begins to worke with my patient, I ſee.
Virg. Captaine, ſtand forth and anſwere.
Tvcc. Hold thy peace, *Poet Prætor*: I appeale from thee, to Caesar,
I. Doe me right, royall Caesar.
Caes. Mary, and I will, ſir. *Lictors*, gag him: doe.
And put a caſe of vizards o're his head,
That he may looke *bi-fronted*, as he ſpeakes.
Tvcc. Gods, and fiends! Caesar! thou wilt not, Caesar? wilt thou? Away, you whorſon vultures; away. You thinke I am a dead *corps* now, becauſe Caesar is diſpos'd to ieſt with a man of marke, or ſo. Hold your hook't talons out of my fleſh, you inhumane *Harpies*. Goe to, do't. What? will the royall Avgvstvs caſt away a gent'man of worſhip, a Captaine, and a Commander, for a couple of condemn'd caitiue calumnious *Cargo's*?
Caes. Diſpatch, *Lictors*.
Tvcc. Caesar.
Caes. Forward, Tibvllvs.
Virg. Demand, what cauſe they had to maligne Horace.
Deme. In troth, no great cauſe, not I; I muſt confeſſe: but that hee kept better company (for the moſt part) then I: and that better men lou'd him, then lou'd me: and that his writings thriu'd better then mine, and were better lik't, and grac't: nothing elſe.
Virg. Thus, enuious ſoules repine at others good.
Hora. If this be all; faith, I forgiue thee freely.
Enuy me ſtill, ſo long as Virgil loues me,
Gallvs, Tibvllvs, and the beſt-beſt Caesar,
My deare Mecœnas: while theſe, with many more
(Whoſe names I wiſely ſlip) ſhall thinke me worthy
Their honour'd, and ador'd ſocietie,
And reade, and loue, proue, and applaud my *poemes*;
I would not wiſh but ſuch as you ſhould ſpight them.
Cris. O———
Tibv. How now, Crispinvs?
Cris. O, I am ſicke———
Hora. A baſon, a baſon, quickly; our phyſick works. Faint not, man.
Cris. O——*retrograde*——*reciprocall*——*Incubus*.
Caes. What's that, Horace?
Hora. *Retrograde*, and *reciprocall Incubus* are come vp.
Gall. Thankes be to Ivpiter.

Cris.

CRIS. O—*glibbery*—*lubricall*—*defunct*—ô——
HORA. Well ſaid: here's ſome ſtore.
VIRG. What are they?
HORA. *Glibbery*, *lubricall*, and *defunct*.
GALL. O, they came vp eaſie.
CRIS. O—ô——
TIBV. What's that?
HORA. Nothing, yet.
CRIS. *Magnificate*.
MECOE. *Magnificate?* that came vp ſomewhat hard.
HORA. I. What cheere, CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O, I ſhall caſt vp my—*ſpurious*—*ſnotteries*——
HORA. Good. Againe.
CRIS. *Chilblaind*—ô—ô—*clumſie*——
HORA. That *clumſie* ſtucke terribly.
MECOE. What's all that, HORACE?
HORA. *Spurious ſnotteries, chilblain'd, clumſie*.
TIBV. O IVPITER!
GALL. Who would haue thought, there ſhould ha' beene ſuch a deale of filth in a *poet?*
CRIS. O—*barmy froth*——
CAES. What's that?
CRIS. —*Puffy*—*inflate*—*turgidous*—*ventoſitous*.
HORA. *Barmy froth*, *puffy*, *inflate*, *turgidous*, and *ventoſitous* are come vp.
TIBV. O, terrible, windie wordes!
GALL. A ſigne of a windie braine.
CRIS. O—*oblatrant*—*furibund*—*fatuate*—*ſtrenuous*——
HORA. Here's a deale: *oblatrant*, *furibund*, *fatuate*, *ſtrenuous*.
CAES. Now, all's come vp, I trow. What a tumult hee had in his belly!
HORA. No: there's the often *conſcious dampe* behind, ſtill.
CRIS. O—*conſcious*—*dampe*.
HORA. It's come vp, thankes to APOLLO, and ÆSCVLAPIVS: Yet, there's another; you were beſt take a pill more?
CRIS. O, no: ô—ô—ô—ô.
HORA. Force your ſelfe then, a little with your finger.
CRIS. O—ô—*prorumped*.
TIBV. *Prorumped?* What a noiſe it made! as if his ſpirit would haue prorumpt with it.
CRIS. O—ô—ô.
VIRG. Helpe him: it ſtickes ſtrangely, what euer it is.
CRIS. O—*clutcht*.
HORA. Now it's come: *clutcht*.
CAES. *Clutcht?* It's well, that's come vp! It had but a narrow paſſage.

CRIS.

CRIS. O——
VIRG. Againe, hold him: hold his head there.
CRIS. *Snarling guſts——quaking cuſtard*
HORA. How now, CRISPINVS?
CRIS. O——*obſtupefact.*
TIBV. Nay: that are all we, I aſſure you.
HORA. How doe you feele your ſelfe?
CRIS. Pretty, and well, I thanke you.
VIRG. Theſe pills can but reſtore him for a time;
Not cure him quite of ſuch a maladie,
Caught by ſo many ſurfets; which haue fill'd
His bloud, and braine, thus full of crudities:
'Tis neceſſary, therefore, he obſerue
A ſtrict and holſome dyet. Looke, you take
Each morning, of old CATOES principles
A good draught, next your heart; that walke vpon,
Till it be well digeſted: Then come home,
And taſte a piece of TERENCE, ſucke his phraſe
In ſtead of lycorice; and, at any hand,
Shun PLAVTVS, and old ENNIVS, they are meates
Too harſh for a weake ſtomacke. Vſe to reade
(But not without a *tutor*) the beſt *Greekes:*
As ORPHEVS, MVSAEVS, PINDARVS,
HESIOD, CALLIMACHVS, and THEOCRITE,
High HOMER, but beware of LYCOPHRON:
He is too darke, and dangerous a diſh.
You muſt not hunt for wild, out-landiſh termes,
To ſtuffe out a peculiar *dialect*;
But let your *matter* runne before your *words:*
And if, at any time, you chaunce to meet
Some *Gallo-belgick* phraſe, you ſhall not ſtraight
Racke your poore verſe to giue it entertainement;
But let it paſſe: and doe not thinke your ſelfe
Much damnified, if you doe leaue it out;
When, nor your vnderſtanding, nor the ſenſe
Could well receiue it. This faire abſtinence,
In time, will render you more ſound, and cleere;
And this haue I preſcrib'd to you, in place
Of a ſtrict ſentence: which till he performe,
Attire him in that robe. And hence-forth, learne
To beare your ſelfe more humbly; not to ſwell,
Or breathe your inſolent, and idle ſpight,
On him, whoſe laughter, can your worſt affright.
TIBV. Take him away. CRIS. IVPITER guard CAE
VIRG. And, for a weeke, or two, ſee him lockt vp

In

In some darke place, remoou'd from companie:
He will talke idly else after his physicke.
Now, to you, sir. Th'extremitie of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your *calumny*; But, since it pleaseth
HORACE (the partie wrong'd) t'intreat, of CAESAR,
A mitigation of that iuster doome;
With CAESARS tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.
DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, thou shalt here put on
That coate, and cap; and henceforth, thinke thy selfe
No other, then they make thee: vow to weare them
In euery faire, and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.

HOR. Only (graue *Prætor*) here, in open court,
I craue the oath, for good behauiour,
May be administred vnto them both.

VIRG. HORACE, it shall: TIBVLLVS, giue it them.

TIBV. RVFVS LABERIVS CRISPINVS, *and* DEMETRIVS FANNIVS, *Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely attest, and sweare; That neuer (after this instant) either, at* Booke-sellers stalls, *in* tauernes, two-penny roomes, 'tyring-houses, noble-mens buttries, puisne's chambers *(the best, and furthest places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once offer, or dare (thereby to endeare your selfe the more to any* player, *inghle, or guiltie* gull, *in your companie) to maligne, traduce, or detract the* person, *or writings of* QVINTVS HORATIVS FLACCVS; *or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your enuy shall find cause to worke vpon, either, for that, or for keeping himselfe in better acquaintance, or enioying better friends: Or if (transported by any sodaine and desperate resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not vnder the basteon, or in the next presence, being an honorable assembly of his fauourers, bee brought as voluntary gent. to vndertake the for-swearing of it. Neither shall you at any time (ambitiously, affecting the title of the* vntrussers, *or* whippers *of the age) suffer the itch of writing to ouer-run your performance in* libell; *vpon paine of being taken vp for* lepers *in wit, and (losing both your time, and your papers) bee irrecouerably forfeited to the* hospitall *of* Fooles. *So helpe you our* Roman gods, *and the* Genius *of great* CAESAR.

VIRG. So: now dissolue the court.

HOR. TIBV. GALL. MECOE. VIRG. And thankes to CAESAR,
That thus hath exercis'd his patience.

CAES. We haue, indeed, you worthiest friends of CAESAR.
It is the bane, and torment of our eares,
To heare the discords of those iangling rimers,
That, with their bad and scandalous practices,
Bring all true arts, and learning in contempt.

But

But let not your high thoughts deſcend ſo low,
As theſe deſpiſed obiects; Let them fall,
With their flat groueling ſoules: Be you your ſelues.
And as with our beſt fauours you ſtand crown'd:
So let your mutuall loues be ſtill renown'd.
Enuy will dwell, where there is want of merit,
Though the deſeruing man ſhould cracke his ſpirit.

SONG.

BLuſh, folly, bluſh: here's none that feares
The wagging of an aſſes eares,
Although a woolniſh caſe he weares.
Detraction is but baſeneſſe-varlet;
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in ſcarlet.

THE END.

Rumpatur, quiſquis rumpitur inuidia.

TO THE READER.

IF, by looking on what is paſt, thou haſt deſerv'd that name, I am willing thou ſhould'ſt yet know more, by that which followes; an apologeticall Dialogue: *which was only once ſpoken vpon the ſtage, and all the anſwere I euer gaue, to ſundry impotent libells then caſt out (and ſome yet remayning) againſt me, and this Play. Wherein I take no pleaſure to reuiue the times, but that Poſteritie may make a difference, betweene their manners that prouok'd me then, and mine that neglected them euer. For, in theſe ſtrifes, and on ſuch perſons, were as wretched to affect a victorie, as it is vnhappy to be committed with them.* Non annorum canicies eſt laudanda, ſed morum.

The Perſons.

NASVTVS, POLYPOSVS, AVTHOR.

I Pray you let's goe ſee him, how he lookes
After theſe libells. POLY. O, vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.
NASV. Doe you thinke ſo? I ſhould be ſorry for him,
If I found that. POLY. O, they are ſuch bitter things,

He cannot chooſe. NAS. But, is he guilty of 'hem?
POL. Fuh! that's no matter. NAS. No? POL. No. Here's his lodging;
Wee'll ſteale vpon him: or, let's liſten, ſtay.
He has a humor oft t' talke t' himſelfe.
NAS. They are your manners lead me, not mine owne.
AVT. The *Fates* haue not ſpun him the courſeſt thred
That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet ſo liue, although but to himſelfe,
As he can ſafely ſcorne the tongues of ſlaues;
And neglect *Fortune*, more then ſhe can him.
It is the happieſt thing, this not to be
Within the reach of malice; It prouides
A man ſo well, to laugh of iniuries:
And neuer ſends him farder for his vengeance
Then the vex'd boſome of his enemy.
I, now, but thinke, how poore their ſpight ſets off,
Who, after all their waſte of ſulphurous tearmes,
And burſt-out thunder of their charged mouthes,
Haue nothing left, but the vnſau'ry ſmoake
Of their blacke vomit, to vpbrayd themſelues:
Whilſt I, at whom they ſhot, ſit here ſhot-free,
And as vn-hurt of enuy, as vnhit.
POL. I, but the Multitude, they thinke not ſo, ſir,
They thinke you hit, and hurt: and dare giue out
Your ſilence argues it, in not reioyning
To this, or that late libell? AVT. 'Laſſe, good rout!
I can affoord them leaue, to erre ſo ſtill:
And, like the barking ſtudents of Beares-Colledge,
To ſwallow vp the garbadge of the time
With greedy gullets, whilſt my ſelfe ſit by
Pleaſ'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beaſtly feeding.
Tis a ſweet madneſſe runnes along with them,
To thinke, all that are aym'd at, ſtill are ſtrooke:
Then, where the ſhaft ſtill lights, make that the marke,
And ſo, each feare, or feauer-ſhaken foole
May challenge TEVCERS hand in archery.
Good troth, if I knew any man ſo vile,
To act the crimes, theſe whippers reprehend,
Or what their ſeruile apes geſticulate,
I ſhould not then much muſe, their ſhreds were lik'd;
Since ill men haue a luſt t' heare others ſinnes,
And good men haue a zeale to heare ſinne ſham'd.
But when it is all excrement, they vent,
Baſe filth, and offall: or theſts, notable
As *Ocean* pyracies, or high-way ſtands:
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their owne,

Or what their owne foule thoughts ſuggeſted to them,
And, that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them, but liues himſelfe (if knowne)
Improbior ſatyram ſcribente cinædo.
What ſhould I ſay, more? then turne ſtone with wonder!
NAS. I neuer ſaw this play bred all this tumult.
What was there in it could ſo deeply offend?
And ſtirre ſo many hornets? AVT. Shall I tell you?
NAS. Yes, and ingenuouſly. AVT. Then, by the hope,
Which I preferre vnto all other obiects,
I can profeſſe, I neuer writ that peece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some ſalt it had, but neyther tooth, nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumſtance,
Which, in the ſetting downe, I could ſuſpect
Might be peruerted by an enemies tongue.
Onely, it had the fault to be call'd mine.
That was the crime. POL. No? why they, ſay you tax'd
The Law, and Lawyers; Captaines; and the Players
By their particular names. AVT. It is not ſo.
I vſ'd no name. My Bookes haue ſtill beene taught
To ſpare the perſons, and to ſpeake the vices.
Theſe are meere ſlanders, and enforc'd by ſuch
As haue no ſafer wayes to mens diſgraces,
But their owne lyes, and loſſe of honeſty.
Fellowes of practiſ'd, and moſt laxatiue tongues,
Whoſe empty and eager bellies, i' the yeere,
Compell their braynes to many deſp'rate ſhifts,
(I ſpare to name 'hem: for, their wretchedneſſe,
Fury it ſelfe would pardon.) Theſe, or ſuch
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch, t'haue me their aduerſary (I know not)
Or all theſe mixt; but ſure I am, three yeeres,
They did prouoke me with their petulant ſtiles
On euery ſtage: And I at laſt, vnwilling,
But weary, I confeſſe, of ſo much trouble,
Thought, I would try, if ſhame could winne vpon 'hem.
And therefore choſe AVGVSTVS CAESARS times,
When wit, and artes were at their height in *Rome*,
To ſhew that VIRGIL, HORACE, and the reſt
Of thoſe great maſter-ſpirits did not want
Detractors, then, or practiſers againſt them:
And by this line (although no *paralel*)
I hop'd at laſt they would ſit downe, and bluſh.
But nothing could I finde more contrary.
And though the impudence of flyes be great,
Yet *this hath* ſo prouok'd the angry waſpes,

Or as you sayd, of the next nest, the hornets;
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrills:
And like so many screaming grasse-hoppers,
Held by the wings, fill euery eare with noyse.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd,
First, of the Law. Indeed, I brought in OVID,
Chid by his angry father, for neglecting
The study of their lawes, for poetry:
And I am warranted by his owne words.

Sæpe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas? *Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.*
Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

And in farre harsher termes elsewhere, as these:

Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me *Amo. lib. 1. Eleg. 15.*
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.

But how this should relate, vnto our lawes,
Or their iust ministers, with least abuse,
I reuerence both too much, to vnderstand!
Then, for the Captaine; I will onely speake
An *Epigramme* I here haue made: It is
Vnto true Souldiers. That's the *lemma*. Marke it.

Strength of my Countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd Captaines, and wrong you,
And your high names; I doe desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence:
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, *None*
Your great profession, which I once did peane;
And did not shame it with my actions, then,
No more then I dare, now, doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, hauing vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captaine, still: is such.

Now, for the Players, it is true, I tax'd them,
And yet, but some; and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might haue sate still, vnquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
To thinke well of themselues. But, impotent they
Thought each mans vice belong'd to their whole tribe:
And much good doo't them. What th' haue done 'gainst me,
I am not mou'd with. If it gaue 'hem meat,
Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end:
Onely amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
To run in that vile line. POL. And is this all?
Will you not answere then the libells? AVT. No.
POL. Nor the vntrussers? AVT. Neither. POL. Y'are vndone then.
AV. With whom? POL. The world. AV. The bauds? PO. It will be taken
To be stupidity, or tamenesse in you.

Avt. But, they that haue incenſ'd me, can in ſoule
Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
To ſpurne, or baffull 'hem; or ſquirt their eyes
With inke, or vrine: or I could doe worſe,
Arm'd with Archilochvs fury, write *Iambicks*,
Should make the deſperate laſhers hang themſelues.
Rime 'hem to death, as they doe *Iriſh* rats
In drumming tunes. Or, liuing, I could ſtampe
Their foreheads with thoſe deepe, and publike brands
That the whole company of *Barber-Surgeons*
Should not take off, with all their art, and playſters.
And theſe my prints ſhould laſt, ſtill to be read
In their pale fronts: when, what they write 'gainſt me,
Shall like a figure, drawne in water, fleete,
And the poore wretched papers be employed
To cloth *tabacco*, or ſome cheaper drug.
This I could doe, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their owne deedes haue mark'd 'hem,
And, that I know, within his guilty breſt
Each ſlanderer beares a whip, that ſhall torment him,
Worſe, then a million of theſe temporall plagues:
Which to purſue, were but a feminine humour,
And, farre beneath the dignitie of a man.

Nas. 'Tis true: for to reuenge their iniuries,
Wee: to confeſſe you felt 'hem. Let 'hem goe,
And vſe the treaſure of the foole, their tongues,
Who makes his gayne, by ſpeaking worſt, of beſt.

Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations——

Avt. As what? Po. That all your writing, is meere rayling.

Avt. Ha! If all the ſalt in the old *comædy*
Should be ſo cenſur'd, or the ſharpeſt wit
Of the bold *ſatyre*, termed ſcolding rage,
What age could then compare with thoſe, for buffons?
VVhat ſhould be ſayd of Aristophanes?
Persivs? or Iuvenal? whoſe names we now
So glorifie in ſchooles, at leaſt pretend it.
Ha' they no other? Pol. Yes: they ſay you are ſlow,
And ſcarſe bring forth a play a yeere. Avt. 'Tis true.
I would, they could not ſay that I did that,
There's all the ioy that I take i' their trade,
Vnleſſe ſuch Scribes as they might be proſcrib'd
Th' abuſed theaters. They would thinke it ſtrange, now,
A man ſhould take but colts-foote, for one day,
And, betweene whiles, ſpit out a better *poeme*
Then e're the maſter of art, or giuer of wit,
Their belly made. Yet, this is poſſible,

If a free minde had but the patience,
To thinke ſo much, together, and ſo vile.
But, that theſe baſe, and beggerly conceipts
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Againſt the moſt abſtracted worke, oppos'd
To the ſtuff'd noſtrills of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd, and liberall ſoule,
To riue his ſtayned quill, vp to the back,
And damne his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things, that were borne, when none but the ſtill night,
And his dumbe candle ſaw his pinching throes:
Were not his owne free merit a more crowne
Vnto his trauailes, then their reeling claps.
This 'tis, that ſtrikes me ſilent, ſeales my lips,
And apts me, rather to ſleepe out my time,
Then I would waſte it in contemned ſtriſes,
With theſe vile *Ibides*, theſe vncleane birds,
That make their mouthes their clyſters, and ſtill purge
From their hot entrailes. But, I leaue the monſters
To their owne fate. And, ſince the *Comick* MVSE
Hath prou'd ſo ominous to me, I will trie
If *Tragedie* haue a more kind aſpect.
Her fauours in my next I will purſue,
Where, if I proue the pleaſure but of one,
So he iudicious be; He ſhall b' alone
A Theatre vnto me: Once, I'le ſay,
To ſtrike the eare of time, in thoſe freſh ſtraines,
As ſhall, beſide the cunning of their ground,
Giue cauſe to ſome of wonder, ſome deſpight,
And vnto more, deſpaire, to imitate their ſound.
I, that ſpend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,
To come forth worth the iuy, or the bayes,
And in this age can hope no other grace——
Leaue me. There's ſomething come into my thought,
That muſt, and ſhall be ſung, high, and aloofe,
Safe from the wolues black iaw, and the dull aſſes hoofe.

NASV. I reuerence theſe raptures, and obey 'hem.

This Comicall Satyre vvas first acted, in the yeere 1601.

By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD. } IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY. } WILL. OSTLER.
THO. DAY. } THO. MARTON.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

SEIANVS his FALL.

A Tragœdie.

Acted, in the yeere 1603.
By the K. MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasq;
Invenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.

SOLILOQUIES.

FALL.



LONDON,

TO THE NO LESSE NOBLE, BY VERTVE, THEN BLOVD:

Esme

L. Avbigny.

My Lord,



If euer any ruine were so great, as to suruiue; I thinke this be one I send you: the Fal *of* Seianus. *It is a poeme, that (if I well remember) in your Lo. sight, suffer'd no lesse violence from our people here, then the subiect of it did from the rage of the people of* Rome; *but, with a different fate, as (I hope) merit: For this hath out-liu'd their malice, and begot it selfe a greater fauour then he lost, the loue of good men. Amongst whom, if I make your Lo. the first it thankes, it is not without a iust confession of the bond your benefits haue, and euer shall hold vpon me.*

Your Lo. most faithfull honorer,

Ben. Ionson.

The Argument.

ÆLius Seianus, *sonne to* Seius Strabo, *a gentleman of* Rome, *and borne at* Vulsinium, *after his long seruice in court: first, vnder* Augustus, *afterward,* Tiberius: *grew into that fauour with the latter, and won him by those artes, as there wanted nothing, but the name, to make him a copartner of the Empire. Which greatnesse of his,* Drusus, *the Emperors sonne not brooking, after many smother'd dislikes, it one day breaking out, the* Prince *strooke him publikely on the face. To reuenge which disgrace,* Liuia, *the wife of* Drusus *(being before corrupted by him to her dishonour, and the discouery of her husbands councells)* Seianus *practiseth with, together with her Physitian, called* Eudemus, *and one* Lygdus, *an Eunuch, to poyson* Drusus. *This their inhumane act hauing successefull, and vnsuspected passage, it emboldeneth* Seianus *to farther, & more insolent proiects, euen the ambition of the Empire: where finding the lets, he must encounter, to be many, & hard, in respect of the issue of* Germanicus *(who were next in hope for the succession) he deuiseth to make* Tiberius *selfe, his meanes: & instill's into his eares many doubts, and suspicions, both against the Princes, and their mother* Agrippina: *which Cæsar iealously hearkning to, as couetously consenteth to their ruine, and their friends. In this time, the better to mature and strengthen his designe, he labours to marry* Liuia, *and worketh (with all his ingine) to remoue* Tiberius *from the knowledge of publike businesse, with allurements of a quiet and retyred life: the latter of which,* Tiberius *(out of a proneneſſe to lust, and a desire to hide those vnnaturall pleasures, which he could not so publikely practise) embraceth: the former inkindleth his feares, and there giues him first cause of doubt, or suspect toward* Seianus. *Against whom, he raiseth (in priuate) a new instrument, one* Sertorius Macro, *and by him vnder-worketh, discouers the others counsells, his meanes, his ends, sounds the affections of the* Senators, *diuides, distracts them: at last, when* Seianus *least looketh, and is most secure (with pretext of doing him an vn-wonted honour in the* Senate) *he traines him from his guardes, with one letter, and in one day, hath him suspected, accused, condemned, and torne in pieces, by the rage of the people.*

The Persons of the Play.

TIBERIVS.

DRVSVS *se.*	SEIANVS.
NERO.	LATIARIS.
DRVSVS *iu.*	VARRO.
CALIGVLA.	MACRO.
ARRVNTIVS.	COTTA.
SILIVS.	AFER.
SABINVS.	HATERIVS.
LEPIDVS.	SANQVINIVS.
CORDVS.	POMPONIVS.
GALLVS.	POSTHVMVS.
REGVLVS.	TRIO.
TERENTIVS.	MINVTIVS.
LACO.	SATRIVS.
EVDEMVS.	NATTA.
RVFVS.	OPSIVS.

TRIBVNI.

AGRIPPINA. { LIVIA. / SOSIA. }

PRAECONES.	LICTORES.
FLAMEN.	MINISTRI.
TVBICINES.	TIBICINES.
NVNTIVS.	SERVVS.

THE SCENE.

ROME.

SEIANVS.

Act. 1.

SABINVS, SILIVS, NATTA, LATIARIS, CORDVS, SATRIVS, ARRVNTIVS, EVDEMVS, HATERIVS, &c.



Aile, CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. TITIVS SABINVS, Haile.
Yo'are rarely met in court! SAB. Therefore, well met.
SIL. 'Tis true: Indeed, this place is not our ſphære.
SAB. No, SILIVS, wee are no good inginers;
We want the fine arts, & their thriuing vſe,
Should make vs grac'd, or fauour'd of the times:
We haue no ſhift of faces, no cleft tongues,
No ſoft, and glutinous bodies, that can ſticke,
Like ſnailes, on painted walls; or, on our breſts,
Creepe vp, to fall, from that proud height, to which
We did by ſlauerie, not by ſeruice, clime.
We are no guilty men, and then no great;
We haue nor place in court, office in ſtate,
That we can ſay, we owe vnto our crimes:
We burne with no black ſecrets, which can make
Vs deare to the pale authors; or liue fear'd
Of their ſtill waking iealoſies, to raiſe
Our ſelues a fortune, by ſubuerting theirs.
We ſtand not in the lines, that doe aduance
To that ſo courted point. SIL. But yonder leane
A paire that doe. (SAB. Good couſin LATIARIS.)
SIL. SATRIVS SECVNDVS, and PINNARIVS NATTA,
The great SEIANVS clients: There be two,

Know

Know more, then honeſt councells: whoſe cloſe breſts
Were they rip'd vp to light, it would be found
A poore, and idle ſinne, to which their trunkes
Had not beene made fit organs. Theſe can lye,
Flatter, and ſweare, forſweare, depraue, informe,
Smile, and betray; make guilty men; then beg
The forfeit liues, to get the liuings; cut
Mens throates with whiſprings; ſell to gaping ſutors
The emptie ſmoake, that flyes about the Palace;
Laugh, when their patron laughes; ſweat, when he ſweates;
Be hot, and cold with him; change euery moode,
Habit, and garbe, as often as he varies;
Obſerue him, as his watch obſerues his clocke;
And true, as turkiſe in the deare lords ring,
Looke well, or ill with him: ready to praiſe
His lordſhip, if he ſpit, or but piſſe faire,
Haue an indifferent ſtoole, or breake winde well,
Nothing can ſcape their catch. SAB. Alas! theſe things
Deſerue no note, confer'd with other vile,
And filthier flatteries, that corrupt the times:
When, not alone our gentries chiefe are faine
To make their ſafety from ſuch ſordide acts,
But all our *Conſuls*, and no little part
Of ſuch as haue beene *Prætors*, yea, the moſt
Of *Senators* (that elſe not vſe their voyces) *Pedarij.*
Start vp in publique *Senate*, and there ſtriue
Who ſhall propound moſt abiect things, and baſe,
So much, as oft TIBERIVS hath beene heard,
Leauing the court, to crie ô race of men,
Prepar'd for ſeruitude! which ſhew'd, that, he
Who leaſt the publique liberty could like,
As loathly brook'd their flat ſeruilitie.
SIL. Well, all is worthy of vs, were it more,
Who with our ryots, pride, and ciuill hate,
Haue ſo prouok'd the iuſtice of the gods.
We, that (within theſe foureſcore yeeres) were borne
Free, equall lords of the triumphed world,
And knew no maſters, but affections,
To which betraying firſt our liberties,
We ſince became the ſlaues to one mans luſts;
And now to many: euery miniſtring ſpie
That will accuſe, and ſweare, is lord of you,
Of me, of all, our fortunes, and our liues.
Our lookes are call'd to queſtion, and our wordes,
How innocent ſoeuer, are made crimes;

We ſhall not ſhortly dare to tell our dreames,
Or thinke, but 'twill be treaſon. SAB. " Tyrannes artes
" Are to giue flatterers, grace; accuſers, power;
" That thoſe may ſeeme to kill whom they deuoure.
Now good CREMVTIVS CORDVS. COR. Haile, to your lordſhip.
They whiſper. NAT. Who's that ſalutes your couſin? LAT. 'Tis one CORDVS,
A gentleman of *Rome*: one, that has writ
Annal's of late, they ſay, and very well.
NAT. Annal's? of what times? LAT. I thinke of POMPEI's,
And CAIVS CAESARS; and ſo downe to theſe.
NAT. How ſtands h'affected to the preſent ſtate?
Is he or *Druſian?* or *Germanican?*
Or ours? or neutrall? LAT. I know him not ſo far.
NAT. Thoſe times are ſomewhat queaſie to be toucht.
Haue you or ſeene, or heard part of his worke?
LAT. Not I, he meanes they ſhall be publike ſhortly.
NAT. O. CORDVS do you cal him? LAT. I. SAB. But theſe our times
Are not the ſame, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. Times? the men,
The men are not the ſame: 'tis we are baſe,
Poore, and degenerate from th'exalted ſtreine
Of our great fathers. Where is now the ſoule
Of god-like CATO? he, that durſt be good,
When CAESAR durſt be euill; and had power,
As not to liue his ſlaue, to dye his maſter.
Or where the conſtant BRVTVS, that (being proofe
Againſt all charme of benefits) did ſtrike
So braue a blow into the monſters heart
That ſought vnkindly to captiue his countrie?
O, they are fled the light. Thoſe mightie ſpirits
Lye rak'd vp, with their aſhes in their vrnes,
And not a ſparke of their eternall fire
Glowes in a preſent boſome. All's but blaze,
Flaſhes, and ſmoke, wherewith we labour ſo,
There's nothing *Romane* in vs; nothing good,
Gallant, or great: 'Tis true, that CORDVS ſay's,
Braue CASSIVS *was the laſt of all that race.*
Druſus paſſeth by. SAB. Stand by, lord DRVSVS. HAT. Th'Emp'rours ſon, giue place.
SIL. I like the prince well. ARR. A riotous youth,
There's little hope of him. SAB. That fault his age
Will, as it growes, correct. Me thinkes, he beares
Himſelfe, each day, more nobly then other:
And wins no leſſe on mens affections,
Then doth his father loſe. Beleeue me, I loue him;
And chiefly for oppoſing to SEIANVS.
SIL. And I, for gracing his yong kinſmen ſo,

The

The ſonnes of Prince GERMANICVS: It ſhewes
A gallant cleereneſſe in him, a ſtreight minde,
That enuies not, in them, their fathers name.
ARR. His name was, while he liu'd, aboue all enuie;
And being dead, without it. O, that man!
If there were ſeedes of the old vertue left,
They liu'd in him. SIL. He had the fruits, ARRVNTIVS,
More then the ſeedes: SABINVS, and my ſelfe
Had meanes to know him, within; and can report him.
We were his followers, (he would call vs friends.)
He was a man moſt like to vertue; In all,
And euery action, neerer to the gods,
Then men, in nature; of a body as faire
As was his mind; and no leſſe reuerend
In face, then fame: He could ſo vſe his ſtate,
Temp'ring his greatneſſe, with his grauitie,
As it auoyded all ſelfe-loue in him,
And ſpight in others. What his funeralls lack'd
In images, and pompe, they had ſupply'd
With honourable ſorrow, ſouldiers ſadneſſe,
A kind of ſilent mourning, ſuch, as men
(Who know no teares, but from their captiues) vſe
To ſhew in ſo great loſſes. COR. I thought once,
Conſidering their formes, age, manner of deaths,
The neereneſſe of the places, where they fell,
Thaue paralell'd him with great ALEXANDER:
For both were of beſt feature, of high race,
Yeer'd but to thirtie, and, in forraine lands,
By their owne people, alike made away.
SAB. I know not, for his death, how you might wreſt it:
But, for his life, it did as much diſdaine
Compariſon, with that voluptuous, raſh,
Giddy, and drunken *Macedon's*, as mine
Doth with my bond-mans. All the good, in him,
(His valour, and his fortune) he made his;
But he had other touches of late *Romanes*,
That more did ſpeake him: POMPEI's dignitie,
The innocence of CATO, CAESAR's ſpirit,
Wiſe BRVTVS temp'rance, and euery vertue,
Which, parted vnto others, gaue them name,
Flow'd mixt in him. He was the ſoule of goodneſſe:
And all our praiſes of him are like ſtreames
Drawne from a ſpring, that ſtill riſe full, and leaue
The part remayning greateſt. ARR. I am ſure
He was too great for vs, and that they knew

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Who did remoue him hence. SAB. When men grow faſt
Honor'd, and lou'd, there is a tricke in ſtate
(Which iealous princes neuer faile to vſe)
How to decline that growth, with faire pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embaſſie, the war, or ſuch,
To ſhift them forth into another aire,
Where they may purge, and leſſen; ſo was he:
And had his ſecon'ds there, ſent by TIBERIVS,
And his more ſubtile damme, to diſcontent him;
To breede, and cheriſh mutinies; detract
His greateſt actions; giue audacious check
To his commands; and worke to put him out
In open act of treaſon. All which ſnares
When his wiſe cares preuented, a fine poyſon
Was thought on, to mature their practices.
COR. Here comes SEIANVS. SIL. Now obſerue the ſtoupes,
The bendings, and the falls. ARR. Moſt creeping baſe!

They paſſe ouer the ſtage.

SEIANVS, SATRIVS, TERENTIVS, &c.

I Note 'hem well: No more. Say you. SAT. My lord,
There is a gentleman of *Rome*, would buy——
SEI. How cal you him you talk'd with? SAT. 'Pleaſe your lordſhip,
It is EVDEMVS, the phyſitian
To LIVIA, DRVSV's wife. SEI. On with your ſute.
Would buy, you ſaid—— SAT. A *Tribunes* place, my lord.
SEI. What will he giue? SAT. Fiftie *ſeſtertia*.
SEI. LIVIA's phyſitian, ſay you, is that fellow?
SAT. It is, my lord; your lordſhips anſwere? SEI. To what?
SAT. The place, my lord. 'Tis for a gentleman,
Your lordſhip will well like off, when you ſee him;
And one, you may make yours, by the grant.
SEI. Well, let him bring his money, and his name.
SAT. Thanke your lordſhip. He ſhall, my lord. SEI. Come hither.
Know you this ſame EVDEMVS? Is he learn'd?
SAT. Reputed ſo, my lord: and of deepe practice.
SEI. Bring him in, to me, in the gallerie;
And take you cauſe, to leaue vs there, togither:
I would confer with him, about a griefe.——On.
ARR. So, yet! another? yet? ô deſperate ſtate
Of grou'ling honour! Seeſt thou this, ô ſunne,
And doe wee ſee thee after? Me thinkes, day
Should loſe his light, when men doe loſe their ſhames,
And, for the emptie circumſtance of life,

Betray

Betray their cauſe of liuing. SIL. Nothing ſo.
SEIANVS can repaire, if IOVE ſhould ruine.
He is the now court-god; And well applyed
With ſacrifice of knees, of crookes, and cringe,
He will doe more then all the houſe of heau'n
Can, for a thouſand *hecatombes*. 'Tis he
Makes vs our day, or night; Hell, and *Elyſium*
Are in his looke: We talke of RHADAMANTH,
Furies, and fire-brands; But 'tis his frowne
That is all theſe, where, on the aduerſe part,
His ſmile is more, then ere (yet) *Poets* fain'd
Of bliſſe, and ſhades, *nectar*—— ARR. A ſeruing boy?
I knew him, at CAIVS trencher, when for hyre,
He proſtituted his abuſed body
To that great gourmond, fat APICIVS;
And was the noted *pathick* of the time.
SAB. And, now, the ſecond face of the whole world.
The partner of the empire, hath his image
Rear'd equall with TIBERIVS, borne in enſignes,
Command's, diſpoſes euery dignitie,
Centurions, *Tribunes*, Heads of *prouinces*,
Prators, and *Conſuls*, all that heretofore
Romes generall ſuffrage gaue, is now his ſale.
The gaine, or rather ſpoile, of all the earth,
One, and his houſe, receiues. SIL. He hath of late
Made him a ſtrength too, ſtrangely, by reducing
All the *Pretorian* bands into one campe,
Which he command's: pretending, that the ſouldier
By liuing looſe, and ſcattered, fell to ryot;
And that if any ſodaine enterpriſe
Should be attempted, their vnited ſtrength
Would be far more, then ſeuer'd; and their life
More ſtrict, if from the citie more remou'd.
SAB. Where, now, he builds, what kind of fort's he pleaſe,
Is hard to court the ſouldier, by his name,
Wooes, feaſts the chiefeſt men of action,
Whoſe wants, not loues, compell them to be his.
And, though he ne're were liberall by kind,
Yet, to his owne darke ends, hee's moſt profuſe,
Lauiſh, and letting flye, he cares not what
To his ambition. ARR. Yet, hath he ambition?
Is there that ſtep in ſtate can make him higher?
Or more? or any thing he is, but leſſe?
SIL. Nothing, but Emp'rour. ARR. The name TIBERIVS
I hope, will keepe; how ere he hath fore-gone

The dignitie, and power. SIL. Sure, while he liues.
ARR. And dead, it comes to DRVSVS. Should he fayle,
To the braue iſſue of GERMANICVS;
And they are three: Too many (ha?) for him
To haue a plot vpon? SAB. I doe not know
The heart of his deſignes; but, ſure, their face
Lookes farther then the preſent. ARR. By the gods,
If I could geſſe he had but ſuch a thought,
My ſword ſhould cleaue him downe from head to heart,
But I would finde it out: and with my hand
I'ld hurle his panting braine about the ayre,
In mites, as ſmall as *atomi*, to'vndoe
The knotted bed —— SAB. You are obſeru'd, ARRVNTIVS.
He turnes to Seianus clyents. ARR. Death! I dare tell him ſo; and all his ſpies:
You, ſir, I would, doe you looke? and you. SAB. Forbeare.

SATRIVS, EVDEMVS, SEIANVS.

HEere, he will inſtant be; Let's walke a turne.
Yo'are in a muſe, EVDEMVS! EVD. Not I, ſir.
I wonder he ſhould marke me out ſo! well,
IOVE, and APOLLO forme it for the beſt.
SAT. Your fortune's made vnto you now, EVDEMVS,
If you can but lay hold vpon the meanes;
Doe but obſerue his humour, and —— beleeue it ——
He's the nobleſt *Romane*, where he takes ——
Here comes his lordſhip. SEI. Now, good SATRIVS.
SAT. This is the gentleman, my lord. SEI. Is this?
Giue me your hand, we muſt be more acquainted.
Report, ſir, hath ſpoke out your art, and learning:
And I am glad I haue ſo needfull cauſe,
(How euer in it ſelfe painefull, and hard)
To make me knowne to ſo great vertue. Looke,
Who's that? SATRIVS —— I haue a griefe, ſir,
That will deſire your helpe. Your name's EVDEMVS?
EVD. Yes. SEI. Sir? EVD. It is, my lord. SEI. I heare, you are
Phyſitian to LIVIA, the princeſſe?
EVD. I miniſter vnto her, my good lord.
SEI. You miniſter to a royall lady, then.
EVD. She is, my lord, and fayre. SEI. That's vnderſtood
Of all their ſexe, who are, or would be ſo;
And thoſe, that would be, phyſicke ſoone can make 'hem:
For thoſe that are, their beauties feare no collours.
EVD. Your lordſhip is conceited. SEI. Sir, you know it.
And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,

On

On this, and other ſecrets. Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, beſides LIVIA,
Haue you your patients? EVD. Many, my good lord.
The great AVGVSTA, VRGVLANIA.
MVTILIA PRISCA, and PLANCINA, diuers ——
SEI. And, all theſe tell you the particulars
Of euery ſeuerall griefe? how firſt it grew,
And then encreaſ'd, what action cauſed that;
What paſſion that: and anſwere to each point
That you will put 'hem. EVD. Elſe, my lord, we know not
How to preſcribe the remedies. SEI. Goe to,
Yo'are a ſubtill nation, you Phyſitians!
And growne the onely cabinets, in court,
To ladies priuacies. Faith which of theſe
Is the moſt pleaſant lady, in her phyſicke?
Come, you are modeſt now. EVD. 'Tis fit, my lord.
SEI. Why, ſir, I doe not aske you of their vrines,
Whoſe ſmel's moſt violet? or whoſe ſeige is beſt?
Or who makes hardeſt faces on her ſtoole?
Which lady ſleepes with her owne face, a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hayre? which her complexion?
And, in which boxe ſhe puts it? Theſe were queſtions
That might, perhaps, haue put your grauity
To ſome defence of bluſh. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittieſt? merieſt? wantonneſt?
Harmeleſſe intergatories, but conceipts.
Methinks, AVGVSTA ſhould be moſt peruerſe,
And froward in her fit? EVD. She's ſo, my lord.
SEI. I knew it. And MVTILIA the moſt iocund?
EVD. 'Tis very true, my lord. SEI. And why would you
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what's LIVIA?
I know, ſhe's quick, and quaintly ſpirited,
And will haue ſtrange thoughts, when ſhe's at leaſure;
She tells 'hem all to you? EVD. My nobleſt lord,
He breaths not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to ſerue
(In any act, that may preſerue mine honour)
Before your lordſhip. SEI. Sir, you can looſe no honor,
By truſting ought to me. The courſeſt act
Done to my ſeruice, I can ſo requite,
As all the world ſhall ſtile it honorable:
"Your idle, vertuous *definitions*
"Keepe honor poore, and are as ſcorn'd, as vaine:
"Thoſe deeds breathe honor, that do ſucke in gaine.

EVD. But,

The dignitie, and power. SIL. Sure, while he liues.
ARR. And dead, it comes to DRVSVS. Should he fayle,
To the braue iſſue of GERMANICVS;
And they are three: Too many (ha?) for him
To haue a plot vpon? SAB. I doe not know
The heart of his deſignes; but, ſure, their face
Lookes farther then the preſent. ARR. By the gods,
If I could geſſe he had but ſuch a thought,
My ſword ſhould cleaue him downe from head to heart,
But I would finde it out: and with my hand
I'ld hurle his panting braine about the ayre,
In mites, as ſmall as *atomi*, to'vndoe
The knotted bed —— SAB. You are obſeru'd, ARRVNTIVS.
He turnes to Seianus clyents. ARR. Death! I dare tell him ſo; and all his ſpies:
You, ſir, I would, doe you looke? and you. SAB. Forbeare.

SATRIVS, EVDEMVS, SEIANVS.

HEere, he will inſtant be; Let's walke a turne.
Yo'are in a muſe, EVDEMVS? EVD. Not I, ſir.
I wonder he ſhould marke me out ſo! well,
IOVE, and APOLLO forme it for the beſt.
SAT. Your fortune's made vnto you now, EVDEMVS,
If you can but lay hold vpon the meanes;
Doe but obſerue his humour, and —— beleeue it ——
He's the nobleſt *Romane*, where he takes ——
Here comes his lordſhip. SEI. Now, good SATRIVS.
SAT. This is the gentleman, my lord. SEI. Is this?
Giue me your hand, we muſt be more acquainted.
Report, ſir, hath ſpoke out your art, and learning:
And I am glad I haue ſo needfull cauſe,
(How euer in it ſelfe painefull, and hard)
To make me knowne to ſo great vertue. Looke,
Who's that? SATRIVS — I haue a griefe, ſir,
That will deſire your helpe. Your name's EVDEMVS?
EVD. Yes. SEI. Sir? EVD. It is, my lord. SEI. I heare, you are
Phyſitian to LIVIA, the princeſſe?
EVD. I miniſter vnto her, my good lord.
SEI. You miniſter to a royall lady, then.
EVD. She is, my lord, and fayre. SEI. That's vnderſtood
Of all their ſexe, who are, or would be ſo;
And thoſe, that would be, phyſicke ſoone can make 'hem:
For thoſe that are, their beauties feare no collours.
EVD. Your lordſhip is conceited. SEI. Sir, you know it.
And can (if need be) read a learned lecture,

On

On this, and other ſecrets. Pray you tell me,
What more of ladies, beſides LIVIA,
Haue you your patients? EVD. Many, my good lord.
The great AVGVSTA, VRGVLANIA.
MVTILIA PRISCA, and PLANCINA, diuers ——
SEI. And, all theſe tell you the particulars
Of euery ſeuerall griefe? how firſt it grew,
And then encreaſ'd, what action cauſed that;
What paſſion that: and anſwere to each point
That you will put 'hem. EVD. Elſe, my lord, we know not
How to preſcribe the remedies. SEI. Goe to,
Yo'are a ſubtill nation, you Phyſitians!
And growne the onely cabinets, in court,
To ladies priuacies. Faith which of theſe
Is the moſt pleaſant lady, in her phyſicke?
Come, you are modeſt now. EVD. 'Tis fit, my lord.
SEI. Why, ſir, I doe not aske you of their vrines,
Whoſe ſmel's moſt violet? or whoſe ſeige is beſt?
Or who makes hardeſt faces on her ſtoole?
Which lady ſleepes with her owne face, a nights?
Which puts her teeth off, with her clothes, in court?
Or, which her hayre? which her complexion?
And, in which boxe ſhe puts it? Theſe were queſtions
That might, perhaps, haue put your grauity
To ſome defence of bluſh. But, I enquir'd,
Which was the wittieſt? merieſt? wantonneſt?
Harmleſſe intergatories, but conceipts.
Methinks, AVGVSTA ſhould be moſt peruerſe,
And froward in her fit? EVD. She's ſo, my lord.
SEI. I knew it. And MVTILIA the moſt iocund?
EVD. 'Tis very true, my lord. SEI. And why would you
Conceale this from me, now? Come, what's LIVIA?
I know, ſhe's quick, and quaintly ſpirited,
And will haue ſtrange thoughts, when ſhe's at leaſure;
She tells 'hem all to you? EVD. My nobleſt lord,
He breaths not in the empire, or on earth,
Whom I would be ambitious to ſerue
(In any act, that may preſerue mine honour)
Before your lordſhip. SEI. Sir, you can looſe no honor,
By truſting ought to me. The courſeſt act
Done to my ſeruice, I can ſo requite,
As all the world ſhall ſtile it honorable:
"Your idle, vertuous *definitions*
"Keepe honor poore, and are as ſcorn'd, as vaine:
"Thoſe deeds breathe honor, that do ſucke in gaine.

EVD. But,

Evd. But, good my lord, if I ſhould thus betray
The counſels of my patient, and a ladies
Of her high place, and worth; what might your lordſhip,
(Who preſently are to truſt me with your owne)
Iudge of my faith? Sei. Only the beſt, I ſweare.
Say now, that I ſhould vtter you my griefe;
And with it, the true cauſe; that it were loue;
And loue to Livia: you ſhould tell her this?
Should ſhe ſuſpect your faith? I would you could
Tell me as much, from her; ſee, if my braine
Could be turn'd iealous. Evd. Happily, my lord,
I could, in time, tell you as much, and more;
So I might ſafely promiſe but the firſt,
To her, from you. Sei. As ſafely, my Evdemvs,
(I now dare call thee ſo) as I haue put
The ſecret into thee. Evd. My lord — Sei. Proteſt not.
Thy lookes are vowes to me, vſe onely ſpeed,
And but affect her with Seianvs loue,
Thou art a man, made, to make *Conſuls*. Goe.
Evd. My lord, Ile promiſe you a priuate meeting
This day, together. Sei. Canſt thou? Evd. Yes. Sei. The place?
Evd. My gardens, whither I ſhall fetch your lordſhip.
Sei. Let me adore my Æscvlapivs.
Why, this indeed is phyſick! and out-ſpeakes
The knowledge of cheape drugs, or any vſe
Can be made out of it! more comforting
Then all your *opiates*, *iulebes*, *apozemes*,
Magiſtrall *ſyrrupes*, or — Be gone, my friend,
Not barely ſtiled, but created ſo;
Expect things, greater then thy largeſt hopes,
To ouertake thee: Fortune, ſhall be taught
To know how ill ſhe hath deſeru'd thus long,
To come behinde thy wiſhes. Goe, and ſpeed.
"Ambition makes more truſty ſlaues, then need,
Theſe fellowes, by the fauour of their arte,
Haue, ſtill, the meanes to tempt, oft-times, the power.
If Livia will be now corrupted, then
Thou haſt the way, Seianvs, to worke out
His ſecrets, who (thou knoweſt) endures thee not,
Her huſband Drvsvs: and to worke againſt them.
Proſper it, Palla's, thou, that betterſt wit;
For Venvs hath the ſmalleſt ſhare in it.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS, DRVSVS.

WEe not endure these flatteries, let him stand;
Our empire, ensignes, axes, roddes, and state
Take not away our humane nature from vs:
Looke vp, on vs, and fall before the gods. *One kneeles to him.*
SEI. How like a god, speakes CAESAR! ARR. There, obserue!
He can indure that second, that's no flattery.
O, what is it, proud slime will not beleeue
Of his owne worth, to heare it equall prais'd
Thus with the gods? COR. He did not heare it, sir.
ARR. He did not? Tut, he must not, we thinke meanely.
'Tis your most courtly, knowne confederacy,
To haue your priuate parasite redeeme
What he, in publique subtilty, will lose
To making him a name. HAT. Right mighty lord ——
TIB. We must make vp our eares, 'gainst these assaults
Of charming tongues; we pray you vse, no more
These contumelies to vs: stile not vs
Or lord, or mighty, who professe our selfe
The seruant of the *Senate*, and are proud
T'enioy them our good, iust, and fauouring lords.
COR. Rarely dissembled. ARR. Prince-like, to the life.
"SAB. When power, that may command, so much descends,
"Their bondage, whom it stoupes to, it intends.
TIB. Whence are these letters? HAT. From the *Senate*. TIB. So.
Whence these? LA. From thence too. TIB. Are they sitting, now?
LAT. They stay thy answere, CAESAR. SIL. If this man
Had but a minde allied vnto his words,
How blest a fate were it to vs, and *Rome?*
We could not thinke that state, for which to change,
Although the ayme were our old liberty:
The ghosts of those that fell for that, would grieue
Their bodies liu'd not, now, againe to serue.
"Men are deceiu'd, who thinke there can be thrall
"Beneath a vertuous prince. Wish'd liberty
"Ne're louelier lookes, then vnder such a crowne.
But, when his grace is meerely but lip-good,
And, that no longer, then he aires himselfe
Abroad in publique, there, to seeme to shun
The strokes, and stripes of flatterers, which within
Are lechery vnto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,
As (dead to vertue) he permits himselfe
Be carried like a pitcher, by the eares,

To

To euery act of vice: this is a caſe
Deſerues our feare, and doth preſage the nigh,
And cloſe approach of bloud and tyranny.
"Flattery is midwife vnto princes rage:
"And nothing ſooner, doth helpe foorth a tyranne,
"Then that, and whiſperers grace, who haue the time,
"The place, the power, to make all men offenders.
ARR. He ſhould be told this; and be bid diſſemble
With fooles, and blinde men: We that know the euill,
Should hunt the Palace-rattes, or giue them bane;
Fright hence theſe worſe then rauens, that deuoure
The quicke, where they but prey vpon the dead:
He ſhall be told it. SAB. Stay, ARRVNTIVS,
We muſt abide our oportunity:
And practiſe what is fit, as what is needfull.
"It is not ſafe t'enforce a ſoueraigne's eare:
"Princes heare well, if they at all will heare.
ARR. Ha? Say you ſo? well. In the meane time, IOVE,
(Say not, but I doe call vpon thee now.)
Of all wilde beaſts, preſerue me from a tyranne;
And of all tame, a flatterer. SIL. 'Tis well pray'd.
TIB. Returne the lords this voyce, we are their creature:
And it is fit, a good, and honeſt prince,
Whom they, out of their bounty, haue inſtructed
With ſo dilate, and abſolute a power,
Should owe the office of it, to their ſeruice;
And good of all, and euery citizen.
Nor ſhall it e're repent vs, to haue wiſh'd
The *Senate* iuſt, and fau'ring lords vnto vs,
"Since their free loues doe yeeld no leſſe defence
"T'a princes ſtate, then his owne innocence.
Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
Shall want to pleaſe vs, that hath pleaſed them;
Our ſuffrage rather ſhall preuent, then ſtay
Behind their wills: 'tis empire, to obey
Where ſuch, ſo great, ſo graue, ſo good determine.
Yet, for the ſute of *Spaine*, t'erect a temple
In honour of our mother, and our ſelfe,
We muſt (with pardon of the *Senate*) not
Aſſent thereto. Their lordſhips may obiect
Our not denying the ſame late requeſt
Vnto the *Aſian* cities: We deſire
That our defence, for ſuffering that, be knowne
In theſe briefe reaſons, with our after purpoſe.
Since deified AVGVSTVS hindred not

A temple to be built, at *Pergamum*,
In honour of himselfe, and sacred *Rome*,
We, that haue all his deedes, and wordes obseru'd
Euer, in place of lawes, the rather follow'd
That pleasing precedent, because, with ours,
The *Senates* reuerence also, there, was ioyn'd.
But, as, t'haue once receiu'd it, may deserue
The gaine of pardon, so, to be ador'd
With the continew'd stile, and note of gods,
Through all the *prouinces*, were wild ambition,
And no lesse pride: Yea, eu'n AVGVSTVS name
Would early vanish, should it be prophan'd
With such promiscuous flatteries. For our part,
We here protest it, and are couetous
Posteritie should know it, we are mortall;
And can but deedes of men: 'twere glory' inough,
Could we be truely a prince. And, they shall adde
Abounding grace, vnto our memorie,
That shall report vs worthy our fore-fathers,
Carefull of your affaires, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any priuate frowne
For publike good. These things shall be to vs
Temples, and statues, reared in your mindes,
The fairest, and most during imag'rie:
For those of stone, or brasse, if they become
Odious in iudgement of posteritie,
Are more contemn'd, as dying sepulchres,
Then tane for liuing monuments. We then
Make here our suite, alike to gods, and men,
The one, vntill the period of our race,
T'inspire vs with a free, and quiet mind,
Discerning both diuine, and humane lawes;
The other, to vouchsafe vs after death,
An honourable mention, and faire praise,
T'accompanie our actions, and our name:
The rest of greatnesse princes may command,
And (therefore) may neglect, only, a long,
A lasting, high, and happy memorie
They should, without being satisfied, pursue.
Contempt of fame begets contempt of vertue.

NAT. Rare! SAT. Most diuine! SEI. The *Oracles* are ceas'd,
That only CAESAR, with their tongue, might speake.

ARR. Let me be gone, most felt, and open this!

COR. Stay. ARR. What? to heare more cunning, and fine wordes,
With their sound flatter'd, ere their sense be meant?

TIB. Their choiſe of *Antium*, there to place the guift
Vow'd to the goddeſſe, for our mothers health,
Fortuna equeſtris. We will the *Senate* know, we fairely like;
As alſo, of their grant to LEPIDVS,
For his repayring the *Æmilian* place,
And reſtauration of thoſe monuments:
Their grace too in confining of SILANVS,
To th'other Is'le *Cithera*, at the ſute
Of his religious ſiſter, much commends
Their policie, ſo temp'red with their mercy.
But, for the honours, which they haue decreed
To our SEIANVS, to aduance his ſtatue
In POMPEI's theatre (whoſe ruining fire
His vigilance, and labour kept reſtrain'd
In that one loſſe) they haue, therein, out-gone
Their owne great wiſedomes, by their skilfull choiſe,
And placing of their bounties, on a man,
Whoſe merit more adornes the dignitie,
Then that can him: and giues a benefit,
In taking, greater, then it can receiue.
Bluſh not, SEIANVS, thou great aide of *Rome*,
Aſſociate of our labours, our chiefe helper,
Let vs not force thy ſimple modeſtie
With offring at thy praiſe, for more we cannot,
Since there's no voice can take it. No man, here,
Receiue our ſpeeches, as *hyperbole's*;
For we are far from flatt'ring our friend,
(Let enuy know) as from the need to flatter.
Nor let them aske the cauſes of our praiſe;
Princes haue ſtill their grounds rear'd with themſelues,
Aboue the poore low flats of common men,
And, who will ſearch the reaſons of their acts,
Muſt ſtand on equall baſes. Lead, away.
Our loues vnto the *Senate*. ARR. *Cæſar*. SAB. Peace.
COR. Great POMPEI's theatre was neuer ruin'd
Till now, that proud SEIANVS hath a ſtatue
Rear'd on his aſhes. ARR. Place the ſhame of ſouldiers,
Aboue the beſt of generalls? cracke the world!
And bruiſe the name of *Romanes* into duſt,
Ere we behold it! SIL. Checke your paſſion;
Lord DRVSVS tarries. DRV. Is my father mad?
Wearie of life, and rule, lords? thus to heaue
An idoll vp with praiſe! make him his mate!
His riuall in the empire! ARR. O, good prince!
DRV. Allow him ſtatues? titles? honours? ſuch,

As

As he himſelfe refuſeth? ARR. Braue, braue DRVSVS!
DRV. The firſt aſcents to ſoueraigntie are hard
But, entred once, there neuer wants or meanes,
Or miniſters, to helpe th'aſpirer on.
ARR. True, gallant DRVSVS. DRV. We muſt ſhortly pray
To *Modeſtie*, that he will reſt contented——
ARR. I, where he is, and not write emp'rour.

SEIANVS, DRVSVS, ARRVNTIVS, &c. *He enters, followed with clients.*

THere is your bill, and yours; Bring you your man:
I haue mou'd for you, too, LATIARIS. DRV. What?
Is your vaſt greatneſſe growne ſo blindly bold,
That you will ouer vs? SEI. Why, then giue way.
DRV. Giue way, *Coloſſus?* Doe you lift? Aduance you?
Take that. ARR. Good! braue! excellent braue prince! *Druſus ſtrikes him.*
DRV. Nay, come, approch. What? ſtand you off? at gaze?
It lookes too full of death, for thy cold ſpirits.
Auoid mine eye, dull camell, or my ſword
Shall make thy brau'rie fitter for a graue,
Then for a triumph. I'le aduance a ſtatue,
O'your owne bulke; but 't ſhall be on the croſſe:
Where I will naile your pride, at breadth, and length,
And cracke thoſe ſinnewes, which are yet but ſtretch'd
With your ſwolne fortunes rage. ARR. A noble prince!
ALL. A CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR, a CASTOR!

SEIANVS.

HE that, with ſuch wrong mou'd, can beare it through
With patience, and an euen mind, knowes how
To turne it backe. Wrath, couer'd, carryes fate:
Reuenge is loſt, if I profeſſe my hate.
What was my practice late, I'le now purſue
As my fell iuſtice. This hath ſtil'd it new.

CHORVS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act. II.

SEIANVS, LIVIA, EVDEMVS.

PHyſitian, thou art worthy of a prouince,
For the great fauours done vnto our loues;
And, but that greateſt LIVIA beares a part
In the requitall of thy ſeruices,

I ſhould alone, deſpaire of ought, like meanes,
To giue them worthy ſatisfaction.
Liv. Evdemvs, (I will ſee it) ſhall receiue
A fit, and full reward, for his large merit.
But for this potion, we intend to Drvsvs,
(No more our huſband, now) whom ſhall we chooſe
As the moſt apt, and abled inſtrument,
To miniſter it to him? Evd. I ſay, Lygdvs.
Sei. Lygdvs? what's he? Liv. An Eunuch Drvsvs loues.
Evd. I, and his cup-bearer. Sei. Name not a ſecond.
If Drvsvs loue him, and he haue that place,
We cannot thinke a fitter. Evd. True, my lord,
For free acceſſe, and truſt, are two maine aides.
Sei. Skilfull phyſitian! Liv. But he muſt be wrought
To th'vndertaking, with ſome labour'd arte.
Sei. Is he ambitious? Liv. No. Sei. Or couetous?
Liv. Neither. Evd. Yet, gold is a good generall charme.
Sei. What is he then? Liv. Faith, only wanton, light.
Sei. How! Is he young? and faire? Evd. A delicate youth.
Sei. Send him to me, I'le worke him. Royall ladie,
Though I haue lou'd you long, and with that height
Of zeale, and dutie, (like the fire, which more
It mounts, it trembles) thinking nought could adde
Vnto the feruour, which your eye had kindled;
Yet, now I ſee your wiſedome, iudgement, ſtrength,
Quickneſſe, and will, to apprehend the meanes
To your owne good, and greatneſſe, I proteſt
My ſelfe through rarefied, and turn'd all flame
In your affection: Such a ſpirit as yours,
Was not created for the idle ſecond
To a poore flaſh, as Drvsvs; but to ſhine
Bright, as the Moone, among the leſſer lights,
And ſhare the ſou'raigntie of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper ſpheare,
When ſhee, and her Seianvs ſhall diuide
The name of Caesar; and Avgvsta's ſtarre
Be dimm'd with glorie of a brighter beame:
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the ſcarce-ſeene Tiberivs borrowes all
His little light from vs, whoſe folded armes
Shall make one perfect orbe. Who's that? Evdemvs,
Looke, 'tis not Drvsvs? Ladie, doe not feare.
Liv. Not I, my lord. My feare, and loue of him
Left me at once. Sei. Illuſtrous ladie! ſtay——
Evd. I'le tell his lordſhip. Sei. Who is't, Evdemvs?

Evd.

Evd. One of your lordſhips ſeruants, brings you word
The Emp'rour hath ſent for you. Sei. O! where is he? *He goes out.*
With your faire leaue, deare Princeſſe. I'le but aske
A queſtion, and returne. Evd. Fortunate Princeſſe!
How are you bleſt in the fruition
Of this vnequald man, this ſoule of *Rome*,
The empires life, and voice of Caesars world!
Liv. So bleſſed, my Evdemvs, as to know
The bliſſe I haue, with what I ought to owe
The meanes that wrought it. How do'I looke to day?
Evd. Excellent cleere, beleeue it. This ſame *fucus*
Was well laid on. Liv. Me thinkes, 'tis here not white.
Evd. Lend me your ſcarlet, lady. 'Tis the ſunne
Hath giu'n ſome little taint vnto the *ceruſe*,
You ſhould haue vs'd of the white oyle I gaue you.
Seianvs, for your loue! his very name
Commandeth aboue Cvpid, or his ſhafts——
(Liv. Nay, now yo'haue made it worſe. Evd. I'le helpe it ſtraight.)
And, but pronounc'd, is a ſufficient charme
Againſt all rumour; and of abſolute power
To ſatisfie for any ladies honour.
(Liv. What doe you now, Evdemvs? Evd. Make a light *fucus*,
To touch you ore withall.) Honor'd Seianvs!
What act (though ne're ſo ſtrange, and inſolent)
But that addition will at leaſt beare out,
If't doe not expiate? Liv. Here, good phyſitian.
Evd. I like this ſtudie to preſerue the loue
Of ſuch a man, that comes not euery houre
To greet the world. ('Tis now well, ladie, you ſhould
Vſe of the *dentifrice*, I preſcrib'd you, too,
To cleere your teeth, and the prepar'd *pomatum*,
To ſmoothe the skin:) A lady cannot be
Too curious of her forme, that ſtill would hold
The heart of ſuch a perſon, made her captiue,
As you haue his: who, to endeare him more
In your cleere eye, hath put away his wife,
The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
Faire *Apicata*, and made ſpacious roome
To your new pleaſures. Liv. Haue not we return'd
That, with our hate of Drvsvs, and diſcouerie
Of all his councels? Evd. Yes, and wiſely, lady,
The ages that ſucceed, and ſtand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, ſhall admire
And reckon it an act, without your ſexe:
It hath that rare apparance. Some will thinke

Your fortune could not yeeld a deeper ſound,
Then mixt with DRVSVS; But, when they ſhall heare
That, and the thunder of SEIANVS meet,
SEIANVS, whoſe high name doth ſtrike the ſtarres,
And rings about the concaue, great SEIANVS,
Whoſe glories, ſtile, and titles are himſelfe,
The often iterating of SEIANVS:
They then will loſe their thoughts, and be aſham'd
To take acquaintance of them. SEI. I muſt make
A rude departure, lady. CAESAR ſends
With all his haſte both of command, and prayer.
Be reſolute in our plot; you haue my ſoule,
As certayne yours, as it is my bodies.
And, wiſe phyſitian, ſo prepare the poyſon
As you may lay the ſubtile operation
Vpon ſome naturall diſeaſe of his.
Your eunuch ſend to me. I kiſſe your hands,
Glorie of ladies, and commend my loue
To your beſt faith, and memorie. LIV. My lord,
I ſhall but change your wordes. Farewell. Yet, this
Remember for your heed, he loues you not;
You know, what I haue told you; His deſignes
Are full of grudge, and danger: we muſt vſe
More then a common ſpeed. SEI. Excellent lady,
How you doe fire my bloud! LIV. Well, you muſt goe!
The thoughts be beſt, are leaſt ſet forth to ſhew.
EVD. When will you take ſome phyſick, lady? LIV. When
I ſhall, EVDEMVS: But let DRVSVS drug
Be firſt prepar'd. EVD. Were LYGDVS made, that's done;
I haue it readie. And to morrow-morning,
I'le ſend you a perfume, firſt to reſolue,
And procure ſweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanſe, and cleere the *cutis*; againſt when,
I'le haue an excellent new *fucus* made,
Reſiſtiue 'gainſt the ſunne, the raine, or wind,
Which you ſhall lay on with a breath, or oyle,
As you beſt like, and laſt ſome fourteene houres.
This change came timely, lady, for your health;
And the reſtoring your complexion,
Which DRVSVS choller had almoſt burnt vp:
Wherein your fortune hath preſcrib'd you better
Then arte could doe. LIV. Thankes, good phyſitian,
I'le vſe my fortune (you ſhall ſee) with reuerence.
Is my coach ready? EVD. It attends your highneſſe.

SEIANVS

SEIANVS.

IF this be not reuenge, when I haue done
And made it perfect, let *Ægyptian* ſlaues,
Parthians, and bare-foot *Hebrewes* brand my face,
And print my body full of iniuries.
Thou loſt thy ſelfe, childe DRVSVS, when thou thought'ſt
Thou could'ſt out-skip my vengeance: or out-ſtand
The power I had to cruſh thee into ayre.
Thy follyes now ſhall taſte what kinde of man
They haue prouok'd, and this thy fathers houſe
Cracke in the flame of my incenſed rage,
Whoſe fury ſhall admit no ſhame, or meane.
Adultery? it is the lighteſt ill,
I will commit. A race of wicked acts
Shall flow out of my anger, and o're-ſpread
The worlds wide face, which no poſterity
Shall e're approoue, nor yet keepe ſilent: Things,
That for their cunning, cloſe, and cruell marke,
Thy father would wiſh his; and ſhall (perhaps)
Carry the empty name, but we the prize.
On then, my ſoule, and ſtart not in thy courſe;
Though heau'n drop ſulphure, and hell belch out fire,
Laugh at the idle terrors: Tell proud IOVE,
Betweene his power, and thine, there is no oddes.
Twas onely feare, firſt, in the world made gods.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

IS yet SEIANVS come? SEI. He's here, dread CAESAR.
TIB. Let all depart that chamber, and the next:
Sit downe, my comfort. When the maſter-prince
Of all the world, SEIANVS, ſaith, he feares;
Is it not fatall? SEI. Yes, to thoſe are fear'd.
TIB. And not to him? SEI. Not, if he wiſely turne
That part of fate he holdeth, firſt on them.
TIB. That nature, bloud, and lawes of kinde forbid.
SEI. Doe policie, and ſtate forbid it? TIB. No.
SEI. The reſt of poore reſpects, then, let goe by:
State is inough to make th'act iuſt, them guilty.
TIB. Long hate purſues ſuch acts. SEI. Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dreame on ſou'raignty. TIB. Are rites
Of faith, loue, piety, to be trod downe?
Forgotten? and made vaine? SEI. All for a crowne.
The prince, who ſhames a tyrannes name to beare,

Shall neuer dare doe any thing, but feare;
All the command of ſcepters quite doth periſh
If it beginne religious thoughts to cheriſh:
Whole Empires fall, ſwaid by thoſe nice reſpects.
It is the licence of darke deeds protects
Eu'n ſtates moſt hated: when no lawes reſiſt
The ſword, but that it acteth what it liſt.

TIB. Yet ſo, we may doe all things cruelly,
Not ſafely: SEI. Yes, and doe them thoroughly.

TIB. Knowes yet, SEIANVS, whom we point at? SEI. I,
Or elſe my thought, my ſenſe, or both doe erre:
'Tis AGRIPPINA? TIB. She; and her proud race.

SEI. Proud? dangerous, CAESAR. For in them apace
The fathers ſpirit ſhoots vp. GERMANICVS
Liues in their lookes, their gate, their forme, t'vpbraide vs
With his cloſe death, if not reuenge the ſame.

TIB. The act's not knowne. SEI. Not prou'd. But whiſpring fame
Knowledge, and proofe doth to the iealous giue,
Who, then to faile, would their owne thought beleeue.
It is not ſafe, the children draw long breath,
That are prouoked by a parents death.

TIB. It is as dangerous, to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence.

SEI. Stay, till they ſtrike at CAESAR: then their crime
Will be enough, but late, and out of time
For him to puniſh. TIB. Doe they purpoſe it?

SEI. You know, ſir, thunder ſpeakes not till it hit.
Be not ſecure: none ſwifthier are oppreſt,
Then they, whom confidence betrayes to reſt.
Let not your daring make your danger ſuch:
All power's to be fear'd, where 'tis too much.
The youth's are (of themſelues) hote, violent,
Full of great thought; and that male-ſpirited dame,
Their mother, ſlackes no meanes to put them on,
By large allowance, popular preſentings,
Increaſe of traine, and ſtate, ſuing for titles,
Hath them commended with like praiers, like vowes,
To the ſame Gods, with CAESAR: daies and nights
Shee ſpends in banquets, and ambitious feaſts
For the Nobilitie; where CAIVS SILIVS,
TITIVS SABINVS, olde ARRVNTIVS,
ASINIVS GALLVS, FVRNIVS, REGVLVS,
And others, of that diſcontented liſt,
Are the prime gueſts. There, and to theſe, ſhe tels
Whoſe niece ſhe was, whoſe daughter, and whoſe wife,

And

And then must they compare her with AVGVSTA,
I, and preferre her too, commend her forme,
Extoll her fruitfulnesse; at which a showre
Fals for the memorie of GERMANICVS,
Which they blow ouer straight, with windie praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sonnes:
Who, with these hourely ticklings, grow so pleas'd,
And wantonly conceited of themselues,
As now, they sticke not to beleeue they're such,
As these doe giue 'hem out: and would be thought
(More then competitors) immediate heires.
Whilest to their thirst of rule they winne the rout
(That's still the friend of noueltie) with hope
Of future freedome, which on euerie change,
That greedily, though emptily, expects.
CAESAR, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
And princes that will keepe olde dignitie,
Must not admit too youthfull heires stand by;
Not their owne issue: but so darkely set
As shadowes are in picture, to giue height,
And lustre to themselues. TIB. We will command
Their ranke thoughts downe, and with a stricter hand
Then we haue yet put forth, their traines must bate,
Their titles, feasts and factions. SEI. Or your state.
But how sir, will you worke? TIB. Confine 'hem, SEI. No.
They are too great, and that too faint a blow,
To giue them now: it would haue serv'd at first,
When, with the weakest touch, their knot had burst.
But, now, your care must be, not to detect
The smallest cord, or line of your suspect,
For such, who know the weight of princes feare,
Will, when they find themselues discouer'd, reare
Their forces, like seene snakes, that else would lye
Rould in their circles, close: Nought is more high,
Daring, or desperate, then offenders found;
Where guilt is, rage, and courage doth abound.
The course must be, to let 'hem still swell vp,
Riot, and surfet on blind fortunes cup;
Giue 'hem more place, more dignities, more stile,
Call 'hem to *court*, to *senate*: in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twaine, or more
Of the maine Fautors; (It will fright the store)
And, by some by-occasion. Thus, with slight
You shall disarme first, and they (in night ——
Of their ambition) not perceiue the traine,

Till,

Till, in the ingine, they are caught, and ſlaine.
TIB. We would not kill, if we knew how to ſaue;
Yet, then a throne, 'tis cheaper giue a graue.
Is there no way to bind them by deſerts?
SEI. Sir, wolues do change their haire, but not their harts.
While thus your thought vnto a meane is tied,
You neither dare inough, nor doe prouide.
All modeſtie is fond; and chiefly where
The ſubiect is no leſſe compeld to beare,
Then praiſe his ſou'raignes acts. TIB. We can no longer
Keepe on our maſque to thee, our deare SEIANVS;
Thy thoughts are ours, in all, and we but proou'd
Their voice, in our deſignes, which by aſſenting
Hath more confirm'd vs, then if heartning IOVE
Had, from his hundred ſtatues, bid vs ſtrike,
And at the ſtroke clickt all his marble thumb's.
But, who ſhall firſt be ſtrooke? SEI. Firſt, CAIVS SILIVS;
He is the moſt of marke, and moſt of danger:
In power, and reputation equall ſtrong,
Hauing commanded an imperiall armie
Seuen yeeres together, vanquiſh'd SACROVIR
In *Germanie*, and thence obtain'd to weare
The ornaments triumphall. His ſteep fall,
By how much it doth giue the weightier crack,
Will ſend more wounding terrour to the reſt,
Command them ſtand aloofe, and giue more way
To our ſurpriſing of the principall.
TIB. But what, SABINVS? SEI. Let him grow awhile,
His fate is not yet ripe: we muſt not plucke
At all together, leſt wee catch our ſelues.
And ther's ARRVNTIVS too, he only talkes.
But SOSIA, SILIVS wife, would be wound in
Now, for ſhe hath a furie in her breſt
More, then hell euer knew; and would be ſent
Thither in time. Then, is there one CREMVTIVS
CORDVS, a writing fellow, they haue got
To gather notes of the precedent times,
And make them into Annal's; a moſt tart
And bitter ſpirit (I heare) who, vnder colour
Of prayſing thoſe, doth taxe the preſent ſtate,
Cenſures the men, the actions, leaues no tricke,
No practice vn-examin'd, paralels
The times, the gouernments, a profeſt champion,
For the old libertie—— TIB. A periſhing wretch.
As if there were that *chaos* bred in things,

That

That lawes, and libertie would not rather chooſe
To be quite broken, and tane hence by vs,
Then haue the ſtaine to be preſeru'd by ſuch.
Haue we the meanes, to make theſe guiltie, firſt?

SEI. Truſt that to me: let CAESAR, by his power,
But cauſe a formall meeting of the *Senate*,
I will haue matter, and accuſers readie.

TIB. But how? let vs conſult. SEI. Wee ſhall miſpend
The time of action. Counſels are vnfit
In buſineſſe, where all reſt is more pernicious
Then raſhneſſe can be. Acts of this cloſe kind
Thriue more by execution, then aduice.
There is no lingring in that worke begun,
Which cannot praiſed be, vntill through done.

TIB. Our edict ſhall, forthwith, command a court.
While I can liue, I will preuent earths furie:
Ἐμοῦ θανόντος γαῖα μιχθήτω πυρί.

POSTHVMVS, SEIANVS.

MY Lord SEIANVS——SEI. IVLIVS POSTHVMVS,
Come with my wiſh! what newes from AGRIPPINA's?
POS. Faith none. They all locke vp themſelues a'late;
Or talke in character: I haue not ſeene
A companie ſo chang'd. Except they had
Intelligence by augurie of our practice. (found you?
SEI. When were you there? POS. Laſt night. SEI. And what gheſts
POS. SABINVS, SILIVS, (the olde liſt,) ARRVNTIVS,
FVRNIVS, and GALLVS. SEI. Would not theſe talke? POS. Little.
And yet we offered choice of argument.
SATRIVS was with me. SEI. Well: 'tis guilt inough
Their often meeting. You forgot t'extoll
The hoſpitable ladie? POS. No, that tricke
Was well put home, and had ſucceded too,
But that SABINVS cought a caution out;
For ſhe began to ſwell: SEI. And may ſhe burſt.
IVLIVS, I would haue you goe inſtantly,
Vnto the palace of the great AVGVSTA,
And, (by your kindeſt friend,) get ſwift acceſſe;
Acquaint her, with theſe meetings: Tell the words
You brought me, (th'other day) of SILIVS,
Adde ſomewhat to 'hem. Make her vnderſtand
The danger of SABINVS, and the times,
Out of his cloſeneſſe. Giue ARRVNTIVS words
Of malice againſt CAESAR; ſo, to GALLVS:

Mutilia Priſca.

But

But (aboue all) to AGRIPPINA. Say,
(As you may truely) that her infinite pride,
Propt with the hopes of her too fruitfull wombe,
With popular ſtudies gapes for ſoueraignti e;
And threatens CAESAR. Pray AVGVSTA then,
That for her owne, great CAESARS, and the pub-
lique ſafetie, ſhe be pleas'd to vrge theſe dangers.
CAESAR is too ſecure (he muſt be told,
And beſt hee'll take it from a mothers tongue.)
Alas! what is 't for vs to ſound, t' explore,
To watch, oppoſe, plot, practiſe, or preuent,
If he, for whom it is ſo ſtrongly labour'd,
Shall, out of greatneſſe, and free ſpirit, be
Supinely negligent? Our citi's now
Deuided as in time o'th'ciuill warre,
And men forbeare not to declare themſelues
Of AGRIPPINA's partie. Euery day,
The faction multiplies; and will doe more
If not reſiſted: you can beſt inlarge it
As you find audience. Noble POSTHVMVS,
Commend me to your PRISCA: and pray her,
Shee will ſolicite this great buſineſſe
To earneſt, and moſt preſent execution,
With all her vtmoſt credit with AVGVSTA.

POS. I ſhall not faile in my inſtructions.

SEI. This ſecond (from his mother) will well vrge
Our late deſigne, and ſpur on CAESARS rage:
Which elſe might grow remiſſe. The way, to put
A prince in bloud, is to preſent the ſhapes
Of dangers, greater then they are (like late,
Or early ſhadowes) and, ſometimes, to faine
Where there are none, onely, to make him feare;
His feare will make him cruell: And once entred,
He doth not eaſily learne to ſtop, or ſpare
Where he may doubt. This haue I made my rule,
To thruſt TIBERIVS into tyrannie,
And make him toile, to turne aſide thoſe blockes,
Which I alone, could not remooue with ſafetie.
DRVSVS once gone, GERMANICVS three ſonnes
Would clog my way; whoſe guardes haue too much faith
To be corrupted: and their mother knowne
Of too-too vnreproou'd a chaſtitie,
To be attempted, as light LIVIA was.
Worke then, my art, on CAESAR's feares, as they
On thoſe they feare, till all my betts be clear'd:

And

And he in ruines of his houſe, and hate
Of all his ſubiects, bury his owne ſtate:
When, with my peace, and ſafty, I will riſe,
By making him the publike ſacrifice.

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THey'are growne exceeding circumſpect, and wary.
NAT. They haue vs in the wind: And yet, ARRVNTIVS
Cannot contayne himſelfe. SAT. Tut, hee's not yet
Look'd after, there are others more deſir'd,
That are more ſilent. NAT. Here he comes. Away.

SABINVS, ARRVNTIVS, CORDVS.

HOw is it, that theſe beagles haunt the houſe
Of AGRIPPINA? ARR. O, they hunt, they hunt.
There is ſome game here lodg'd, which they muſt rouſe,
To make the great-ones ſport. COR. Did you obſerue
How they inueigh'd 'gainſt CAESAR? ARR. I, baytes, baytes,
For vs to bite at: would I haue my fleſh
Torne by the publique hooke, theſe qualified hang-men
Should be my company. COR. Here comes another.
ARR. I, there's a man, APER the oratour!
One, that hath phraſes, figures, and fine flowres,
To ſtrew his *rethorique* with, and doth make haſte
To get him note, or name, by any offer
Where bloud, or gaine be obiects; ſteepes his wordes,
When he would kill, in artificiall teares:
The Crocodile of *Tyber*! him I loue,
That man is mine. He hath my heart, and voice,
When I would curſe, he, he. SAB. Contemne the ſlaues,
Their preſent liues will be their future graues.

SILIVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO,
SOSIA.

MAy't pleaſe your highneſſe not forget your ſelfe,
I dare not, with my manners, to attempt
Your trouble farder. AGR. Farewell, noble SILIVS.
SIL. Moſt royall princeſſe. AGR. SOSIA ſtayes with vs?
SIL. Shee is your ſeruant, and doth owe your grace
An honeſt, but vnprofitable loue.
AGR. How can that be, when there's no gaine, but vertuous?
SIL. You take the morall, not the politique ſenſe.

I meant,

I meant, as shee is bold, and free of speech,
Earnest to vtter what her zealous thought
Trauailes withall, in honour of your house;
Which act, as it is simply borne in her,
Pertakes of loue, and honesty, but may,
By th'ouer-often, and vnseason'd vse,
Turne to your losse, and danger: For your state
Is wayted on by enuies, as by eyes;
And euery second ghest your tables take,
Is a fee'd spie, t'obserue who goes, who comes,
What conference you haue, with whom, where, when,
What the discourse is, what the lookes, the thoughts
Of eu'ry person there, they doe extract,
And make into a substance. ARR. Heare me, SILIVS,
Were all TIBERIVS body stuck with eyes,
And eu'ry wall, and hanging in my house
Transparent, as this lawne I weare, or ayre;
Yea, had SEIANVS both his eares as long
As to my in-most closet: I would hate
To whisper any thought, or change an act,
To be made IVNO's riuall. Vertues forces
Shew euer noblest in conspicuous courses.

SIL. 'Tis great, and brauely spoken, like the spirit
Of AGRIPPINA: yet, your highnesse knowes,
There is nor losse, nor shame in prouidence:
Few can, what all should doe, beware inough.
You may perceiue with what officious face,
SATRIVS, and NATTA, APER, and the rest
Visite your house, of late, t'enquire the secrets;
And with what bold, and priuiledg'd arte, they raile
Against AVGVSTA: yea, and at TIBERIVS,
Tell tricks of LIVIA, and SEIANVS, all
T'excite, and call your indignation on,
That they might heare it at more libertie.

AGR. Yo'are too suspitious, SILIVS. SIL. Pray the gods,
I be so AGRIPPINA: But I feare
Some subtill practice. They, that durst to strike
At so examp-lesse, and vn-blam'd a life,
As, that of the renown'd GERMANICVS,
Will not sit downe, with that exploit alone:
" He threatens many, that hath iniur'd one.

NER. 'Twere best rip forth their tongues, seare out their eies,
When next they come. SOS. A fit reward for spies.

DRVSVS *in:* AGRIPPINA, NERO, SILIVS.

HEare you the rumour? AGR. What? DRV. DRVSVS is dying.
AGR. Dying! NER. That's strange! AGR. Yo' were with him,
DRV. One met EVDEMVS, the Physician, (yesternight.
Sent for, but now: who thinkes he cannot liue.
SIL. Thinkes? if't be arriu'd at that, he knowes,
Or none. AGR. This's quicke! what should bee his disease?
SIL. Poyson. Poyson——AGR. How, SILIVS! NER. What's that?
SIL. Nay, nothing. There was (late) a certaine blow
Giu'n o' the face. NER. I, to SEIANVS? SIL. True.
DRV. And, what of that? SIL. I am glad I gaue it not.
NER. But, there is somewhat else? SIL. Yes, priuate meetings,
With a great ladie, at a physicians,
And, a wife turn'd away——NER. Ha! SIL. Toyes, meere toyes:
What wisdom's now i'th' streets? i'th' common mouth?
DRV. Feares, whisp'rings, tumults, noyse, I know not what:
They say, the *Senate* sit. SIL. I'le thither, straight;
And see what's in the forge. AGR. Good SILIVS doe.
SOSIA, and I will in. SIL. Haste you, my lords,
To visit the sicke prince: tender your loues,
And sorrowes to the people. This SEIANVS
(Trust my diuining soule) hath plots on all:
No tree, that stops his prospect, but must fall.

CHORVS——*Of Musicians.*

Act III.

THE SENATE.

SEIANVS, VARRO, LATIARIS.
COTTA, AFER.
GALLVS, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.
PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

THIS only you must vrge against him, VARRO,
Nor I, nor CÆSAR may appeare therein,
Except in your defence, who are the *Consul*:
And, vnder colour of late en'mitie
Betweene your father, and his, may better doe it,
As free from all suspition of a practice.
Here be your notes, what points to touch at; read:
Bee cunning in them. AFER ha's them too.

VAR. But is he ſummon'd? SEI. No. It was debated
By CAESAR, and concluded as moſt fit
To him take vnprepar'd. AFE. And proſecute
All vnder name of treaſon. VAR. I conceiue.
SAB. DRVSVS being dead, CAESAR will not be here.
GAL. What ſhould the buſineſſe of this *Senate* bee?
ARR. That can my ſubtile whiſperers tell you: We,
That are the good dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keepe the marble warme.
What ſhould we doe with thoſe deepe myſteries,
Proper to theſe fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe vs be ſau'd
From whips, and *furies*. GAL. See, ſee, ſee, their action!
ARR. I, now their heads doe trauaile, now they worke;
Their faces runne like ſhittles, they are weauing
Some curious cobweb to catch flyes. SAB. Obſerue,
They take their places. ARR. What ſo low? GAL. O yes,
They muſt be ſeene to flatter CAESARS griefe
Though but in ſitting. VAR. Bid vs ſilence. PRAE. Silence.
VAR. *Fathers Conſcript, may this our preſent meeting*
Turne faire, and fortunate to the Common-wealth.

SILIVS, SENATE.

SEe, SILIVS enters. SIL. Haile graue *Fathers*. LIC. Stand.
SILIVS, forbeare thy place. SEN. How? PRAE. SILIVS ſtand
The *Conſul* hath to charge thee. LIC. Roome for CAESAR. (forth,
ARR. Is he come too? nay then expect a tricke.
SAB. SILIVS accus'd? ſure he will anſwere nobly.

TIBERIVS, SENATE.

WE ſtand amazed, *Fathers*, to behold
This generall deiection. Wherefore ſit
Romes Conſuls thus diſſolu'd, as they had loſt
All the remembrance both of ſtile, and place?
It not becomes. No woes are of fit waight,
To make the honour of the empire ſtoope:
Though I, in my peculiar ſelfe, may meete
Iuſt reprehenſion, that ſo ſuddenly,
And, in ſo freſh a griefe, would greet the *Senate*,
When priuate tongues, of kinſmen, and allies,
(Inſpir'd with comforts) lothly are indur'd,
The face of men not ſeene, and ſcarce the day,
To thouſands, that communicate our loſſe.

Nor

Nor can I argue these of weaknesse; since
They take but naturall wayes: yet I must seeke
For stronger aides, and those faire helpes draw out
From warme imbraces of the common-wealth.
Our mother, great AVGVSTA, 'is strooke with time,
Our selfe impresst with aged characters,
DRVSVS is gone, his children young, and babes,
Our aimes must now reflect on those, that may
Giue timely succour to these present ills,
And are our only glad-suruiuing hopes,
The noble issue of GERMANICVS,
NERO, and DRVSVS: might it please the *Consul*
Honour them in, (they both attend without.)
I would present them to the *Senates* care,
And raise those sunnes of ioy, that should drinke vp
These flouds of sorrow, in your drowned eyes.

ARR. By IOVE, I am not OEDIPVS inough,
To vnderstand this SPHYNX. SAB. The princes come.

TIBERIVS, NERO, DRVSVS *iunior.*

APproch you noble NERO, noble DRVSVS,
These princes, *Fathers*, when their parent dyed,
I gaue vnto their vncle, with this prayer,
That, though h' had proper issue of his owne,
He would no lesse bring vp, and foster these,
Then that selfe-bloud; and by that act confirme
Their worths to him, and to posteritie:
DRVSVS tane hence, I turne my prayers to you,
And, 'fore our countrie, and our gods, beseech
You take, and rule AVGVSTVS nephewes sonnes,
Sprung of the noblest ancestors; and so
Accomplish both my dutie, and your owne.
NERO, and DRVSVS, (these shall be to you
In place of parents, these your fathers, these,
And not vnfitly: For you are so borne,
As all your good, or ill 's the common-wealths.
Receyue them, you strong guardians; and blest go'ds
Make all their actions answere to their blouds:
Let their great titles find increase by them,
Not they by titles. Set them, as in place,
So in example, aboue all the *Romanes*:
And may they know no riuals, but themselues.
Let fortune giue them nothing; but attend
Vpon their vertue: and that still come forth

VAR. But is he ſummon'd? SEI. No. It was debated
By CAESAR, and concluded as moſt fit
To him take vnprepar'd. AFE. And proſecute
All vnder name of treaſon. VAR. I conceiue.
SAB. DRVSVS being dead, CAESAR will not be here.
GAL. What ſhould the buſineſſe of this *Senate* bee?
ARR. That can my ſubtile whiſperers tell you: We,
That are the good-dull-noble lookers on,
Are only call'd to keepe the marble warme.
What ſhould we doe with thoſe deepe myſteries,
Proper to theſe fine heads? let them alone.
Our ignorance may, perchance, helpe vs be ſau'd
From whips, and furies. GAL. See, ſee, ſee, their action!
ARR. I, now their heads doe trauaile, now they worke;
Their faces runne like ſhittles, they are weauing
Some curious cobweb to catch flyes. SAB. Obſerue,
They take their places. ARR. What ſo low? GAL. O yes,
They muſt be ſeene to flatter CAESARS griefe
Though but in ſitting. VAR. Bid vs ſilence. PRAE. Silence.
VAR. *Fathers Conſcript, may this our preſent meeting*
Turne faire, and fortunate to the Common-wealth:

SILIVS, SENATE.

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That, though h' had proper iſſue of his owne,
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Then that ſelfe-bloud; and by that act confirme
Their worths to him, and to poſteritie:
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And, 'fore our countrie, and our gods, beſeech
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In place of parents, theſe your fathers, theſe,
And not vnfitly: For you are ſo borne,
As all your good, or ill 's the common-wealths.
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Make all their actions anſwere to their blouds:
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So in example, aboue all the *Romanes*:
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Let fortune giue them nothing; but attend
Vpon their vertue: and that ſtill come forth

Greater then hope, and better then their fame.
Relieue me, Fathers, with your generall voyce.
SEN. *May all the gods consent to* CAESAR's *wish,*
And adde to any honours, that may crowne
The hopefull issue of GERMANICVS.
A forme of speaking they had.
TIB. We thanke you, reuerend Fathers, in their right.
ARR. If this were true now! but the space, the space
Betweene the breſt, and lips—— TIBERIVS heart
Lyes a thought farder, then another mans.
TIB. My comforts are ſo flowing in my ioyes,
As, in them, all my ſtreames of griefe are loſt,
No leſſe then are land-waters in the ſea,
Or ſhowres in riuers; though their cauſe was ſuch,
As might haue ſprinkled eu'n the gods with teares:
Yet ſince the greater doth embrace the leſſe,
We couetouſly obey. (ARR. Well acted, CAESAR.)
TIB. And, now I am the happy witneſſe made
Of your ſo much deſir'd affections,
To this great iſſue, I could wiſh, the fates
Would here ſet peacefull period to my dayes;
How euer, to my labours, I intreat
(And beg it of this *Senate*) ſome fit eaſe.
(ARR. Laugh, Fathers, laugh: Ha' you no ſpleenes about you?)
TIB. The burden is too heauy, I ſuſtayne
On my vnwilling ſhoulders; and I pray
It may be taken off, and re-confer'd
Vpon the *Conſuls*, or ſome other *Romane*,
More able, and more worthy. (ARR. Laugh on, ſtill.)
SAB. Why, this doth render all the reſt ſuſpected!
GAL. It poyſons all. ARR. O, do' you taſte it then?
SAB. It takes away my faith to any thing
He ſhall hereafter ſpeake. ARR. I, to pray that,
A wreath of laurell.
Which would be to his head as hot as thunder,
(Gain'ſt which he weares that charme) ſhould but the court
Receiue him at his word. GAL. Heare. TIB. For my ſelfe,
I know my weakeneſſe, and ſo little couet
(Like ſome gone paſt) the waight that will oppreſſe me,
As my ambition is the counter-point.
(ARR. Finely maintain'd; good ſtill.) SEI. But *Rome*, whoſe bloud,
Whoſe nerues, whoſe life, whoſe very frame relyes
On CAESAR's ſtrength, no leſſe then heau'n on ATLAS,
Cannot admit it but with generall ruine.
(ARR. Ah! are you there, to bring him of?) SEI. Let CAESAR
No more then vrge a point ſo contrary
To CAESARS greatneſſe, the grieu'd *Senates* vowes,

Or

Or *Romes* neceſſitie. (GAL. He comes about.
ARR. More nimbly then VERTVMNVS.) TIB. For the publique,
I may be drawne, to ſhew, I can neglect
All priuate aymes; though I affect my reſt:
But, if the *Senate* ſtill command me ſerue,
I muſt be glad to practiſe my obedience.
(ARR. You muſt, and will, ſir. We doe know it.) SEN. CAESAR,
Liue long, and happy, great, and royall CAESAR, *Another forme.*
The gods preſerue thee, and thy modeſtie,
Thy wiſedome, and thy innocence. (ARR. Where is't?
The prayer's made before the ſubiect.) SEN. *Guard*
His meekeneſſe, IOVE, *his pietie, his care,*
His bountie——— ARR. And his ſubtlety, I'le put in:
Yet hee'll keepe that himſelfe, without the gods.
All prayer's are vaine for him. TIB. We will not hold
Your patience, *Fathers*, with long anſwere; but
Shall ſtill contend to be, what you deſire,
And worke to ſatisfie ſo great a hope:
Proceed to your affaires. ARR. Now, SILIVS, guard thee;
The curtin's drawing. AFER aduanceth. PRAE. Silence.
AFE. Cite CAIVS SILIVS. PRAE. CAIVS SILIVS. SIL. Here.
AFE. The triumph that thou hadſt in *Germanie*
For thy late victorie on SACROVIR,
Thou haſt enioy'd ſo freely, CAIVS SILIVS,
As no man it enuy'd thee; nor would CAESAR,
Or *Rome* admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours, thy deſerts could clayme,
In the faire ſeruice of the common-wealth:
But now, if, after all their loues, and graces,
(Thy actions, and their courſes being diſcouer'd)
It ſhall appeare to CAESAR, and this *Senate*,
Thou haſt defil'd thoſe glories, with thy crimes——— (tience,
SIL. Crimes? AFE. Patience, SILIVS. SIL. Tell thy moile of pa-
I am a *Romane*. What are my crimes? Proclaime them.
Am I too rich? too honeſt for the times?
Haue I or treaſure, iewels, land, or houſes
That ſome informer gapes for? Is my ſtrength
Too much to be admitted? Or my knowledge?
Theſe now are crimes. AFE. Nay, SILIVS, if the name
Of crime ſo touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be ſearch'd?
SIL. I tell thee, AFER, with more ſcorne, then feare:
Employ your mercenarie tongue, and arte.
Where's my accuſer? VAR. Here. ARR. VARRO? The *Conſul?*
Is he thruſt in? VAR. 'Tis I accuſe thee, SILIVS.

Againſt the maieſtie of *Rome*, and CAESAR,
I doe pronounce thee here a guiltie cauſe,
Firſt, of beginning, and occaſioning,
Next, drawing out the warre in *Gallia*,
For which thou late triumph'ſt; diſſembling long
That SACROVIR to be an enemie,
Only to make thy entertainement more,
Whil'ſt thou, and thy wife SOSIA poll'd the prouince;
Wherein, with ſordide-baſe deſire of gaine,
Thou haſt diſcredited thy actions worth
And beene a traytor to the ſtate. SIL. Thou lyeſt.
ARR. I thanke thee, SILIVS, ſpeake ſo ſtill, and often.
VAR. If I not proue it, CAESAR, but iniuſtly
Haue call'd him into tryall, here I bind
My ſelfe to ſuffer, what I claime 'gainſt him;
And yeeld, to haue what I haue ſpoke, confirm'd
By iudgement of the court, and all good men.
SIL. CAESAR, I craue to haue my cauſe defer'd,
Till this mans Conſulſhip be out. TIB. We cannot,
Nor may we graunt it. SIL. Why? ſhall he deſigne
My day of tryall? is he my accuſer?
And muſt he be my iudge? TIB. It hath beene vſuall,
And is a right, that cuſtome hath allow'd
The magiſtrate, to call forth priuate men;
And to appoint their day: Which priuiledge
We may not in the *Conſul* ſee infring'd,
By whoſe deepe watches, and induſtrious care
It is ſo labour'd, as the common-wealth
Receiue no loſſe, by any oblique courſe.
SIL. CAESAR, thy fraud is worſe then violence.
TIB. SILIVS, miſtake vs not, we dare not vſe
The credit of the *Conſul*, to thy wrong,
But only doe preſerue his place, and power,
So farre as it concernes the dignitie,
And honor of the ſtate. ARR. Beleeue him, SILIVS.
COT. Why, ſo he may, ARRVNTIVS. ARR. I ſay ſo.
And he may chooſe too. TIB. By the *capitoll*,
And all our gods, but that the deare republick,
Our ſacred lawes, and iuſt authoritie
Are intereſs'd therein, I ſhould be ſilent.
AFE. Pleaſe CAESAR to giue way vnto his tryall.
He ſhall haue iuſtice. SIL. Nay, I ſhall haue law;
Shall I not AFER? ſpeake. AFE. Would you haue m
SIL. No, my well-ſpoken man, I would no more;
Nor leſſe: might I inioy it naturall,

Not

Not taught to ſpeake vnto your preſent ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your vnkind handling,
Furious enforcing, moſt vniuſt preſuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foule wreſting, and impoſſible conſtruction.
AFE. He raues, he raues. SIL. Thou durſt not tell me ſo,
Had'ſt thou not CAESARS warrant. I can ſee
Whoſe power condemnes me. VAR. This betrayes his ſpirit.
This doth inough declare him what he is.
SIL. What am I? ſpeake. VAR. An enemie to the ſtate.
SIL. Becauſe I am an enemie to thee,
And ſuch corrupted miniſters o' the ſtate,
That here art made a preſent inſtrument
To gratifie it with thine owne diſgrace.
SEI. This, to the *Conſul*, is moſt inſolent!
And impious! SIB. I, take part. Reueale your ſelues.
Alas, I ſent not your confed'racies?
Your plots, and combinations? I not know
Minion SEIANVS hates me; and that all
This boaſt of law, and law, is but a forme,
A net of VULCANES filing, a meere ingine,
To take that life by a pretext of iuſtice,
Which you purſue in malice? I want braine,
Or noſtrill to perſwade me, that your ends,
And purpoſes are made to what they are,
Before my anſwere? O, you equall gods,
Whoſe iuſtice not a world of wolfe-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuſe (how ere prouoke)
Haue I for this ſo oft engag'd my ſelfe?
Stood in the heate, and feruor of a fight,
When PHOEBVS ſooner hath forſooke the day
Then I the field? Againſt the blue-ey'd *Gaules*?
And criſped *Germanes*? when our *Romane* Eagles
Haue fann'd the fire, with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I haue charg'd, alone, into the troopes
Of curl'd *Sicambrians*, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward enſignes of a ſlaue,
But forward markes, wounds on my breſt, and face,
Were meant to thee, ô CAESAR, and thy *Rome*?
And haue I this returne? did I, for this,
Performe ſo noble, and ſo braue defeate,
On SACROVIR? (ô IOVE, let it become me
To boaſt my deedes, when he, whom they concerne,
Shall thus forget them.) AFE. SILIVS, SILIVS,

These are the common customes of thy bloud,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees, with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st at AGRIPPINA's table,
That when all other of the troopes were prone
To fall into rebellion, only yours
Remain'd in their obedience. You were he,
That sau'd the empire; which had then beene lost,
Had but your legions, there, rebell'd, or mutin'd.
Your vertue met, and fronted euery perill.
You gaue to CAESAR, and to *Rome* their surety.
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donatiue from you.

ARR. Well worded, and most like an Orator.

TIB. Is this true, SILIVS? SIL. Saue thy question, CAESAR.
Thy spie, of famous credit, hath affirm'd it.

ARR. Excellent *Romane!* SAB. He doth answere stoutly.

SEI. If this be so, there needes no farder cause
Of crime against him. VAR. What can more impeach
The royall dignitie, and state of CAESAR,
Then to be vrged with a benefit
He cannot pay? COT. In this, all CAESARS fortune
Is made vnequall to the courtesie.

LAT. His meanes are cleane destroy'd, that should requite.

GAL. Nothing is great inough for SILIVS merit.

ARR. GALLVS on that side to? SIL. Come, doe not hunt,
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guiltie, whom you haue fore-doom'd:
Take shorter wayes, I'le meet your purposes.
The wordes were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I haue done thee that great seruice, CAESAR,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soone, all best turnes,
With doubtfull Princes, turne deepe iniuries
In estimation, when they greater rise,
Then can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure, then you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.
It is your nature, to haue all men slaues
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The meanes that makes your greatnesse, must not come
In mention of it; if it doe, it takes
So much away, you thinke: and that, which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,

Where

Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.
COT. Suffer him speake no more. VAR. Note but his spirit.
AFE. This shewes him in the rest. LAT. Let him be censur'd.
SEI. He' hath spoke inough to proue him CAESARS foe. (Stay,
COT. His thoughts looke through his words. SEI. A censure. SIL.
Stay, most officious *Senate*, I shall straight
Delude thy furie. SILIVS hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortunes spight,
So weakely, but he can escape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: Shee her selfe
When vertue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanitie,
The frowne of CAESAR, proud SEIANVS hatred,
Base VARRO's spleene, and AFERS bloudying tongue,
The *Senates* seruile flatterie, and these
Mustred to kill, I am fortified against;
And can looke downe vpon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd:
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discernes them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost vs deares.
Romanes, if any here be in this *Senate*,
Would know to mock TIBERIVS tyrannie,
Looke vpon SILIVS, and so learne to die.
VAR. O, desperate act! ARR. An honorable hand!
TIB. Looke, is he dead? SAB. 'Twas nobly strooke, and home.
ARR. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, SILIVS.
Be famous euer for thy great example.
TIB. We are not pleas'd, in this sad accident,
That thus hath stalled, and abus'd our mercy,
Intended to preserue thee, noble *Romane*:
And to preuent thy hopes. ARR. Excellent wolfe!
Now he is full, he howles. SEI. CAESAR doth wrong
His dignitie, and safetie, thus to mourne
The deseru'd end of so profest a traytor,
And doth, by this his lenitie, instruct
Others as factious, to the like offence.
TIB. The confiscation meerely of his state
Had beene inough. ARR. O, that was gap'd for then?
VAR. Remoue the body. SEI. Let citation
Goe out for SOSIA. GAL. Let her be proscrib'd.
And for the goods, I thinke it fit that halfe
Goe to the treasure, halfe vnto the children.
LEP. With leaue of CAESAR, I would thinke, that fourth

Part,

These are the common customes of thy bloud,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees, with that intemperate vaunt,
Thou lately mad'st at AGRIPPINA's table,
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Are of no longer pleasure, then you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thanke, but kill.
It is your nature, to haue all men slaues
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The meanes that makes your greatnesse, must not come
In mention of it; if it doe, it takes
So much away, you thinke: and that, which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,

Where

Where it may front, or but vpbraid the high.
COT. Suffer him ſpeake no more. VAR. Note but his ſpirit.
AFE. This ſhewes him in the reſt. LAT. Let him be cenſur'd.
SEI. He'hath ſpoke inough to proue him CAESARS foe. (Stay,
COT. His thoughts looke through his words. SEI. A cenſure. SIL.
Stay, moſt officious *Senate*, I ſhall ſtraight
Delude thy furie. SILIVS hath not plac'd
His guards within him, againſt fortunes ſpight,
So weakely, but he can eſcape your gripe
That are but hands of fortune: Shee her ſelfe
When vertue doth oppoſe, muſt loſe her threats.
All that can happen in humanitie,
The frowne of CAESAR, proud SEIANVS hatred,
Baſe VARRO's ſpleene, and AFERS bloudying tongue,
The *Senates* ſeruile flatterie, and theſe
Muſtred to kill, I am fortified againſt;
And can looke downe vpon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I ſtand enamour'd:
Nor ſhall my end make me accuſe my fate.
The coward, and the valiant man muſt fall,
Only the cauſe, and manner how, diſcernes them:
Which then are gladdeſt, when they coſt vs deareſt.
Romanes, if any here be in this *Senate*,
Would know to mock TIBERIVS tyrannie,
Looke vpon SILIVS, and ſo learne to die.
VAR. O, deſperate act! ARR. An honorable hand!
TIB. Looke, is he dead? SAB. 'Twas nobly ſtrooke, and home.
ARR. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, SILIVS.
Be famous euer for thy great example.
TIB. We are not pleas'd, in this ſad accident,
That thus hath ſtalled, and abus'd our mercy,
Intended to preſerue thee, noble *Romane*:
And to preuent thy hopes. ARR. Excellent wolfe!
Now he is full, he howles. SEI. CAESAR doth wrong
His dignitie, and ſafetie, thus to mourne
The deſeru'd end of ſo profeſt a traytor,
And doth, by this his lenitie, inſtruct
Others as factious, to the like offence.
TIB. The confiſcation meerely of his ſtate
Had beene inough. ARR. O, that was gap'd for then?
VAR. Remoue the body. SEI. Let citation
Goe out for SOSIA. GAL. Let her be proſcrib'd.
And for the goods, I thinke it fit that halfe
Goe to the treaſure, halfe vnto the children.
LEP. With leaue of CAESAR, I would thinke, that fourth

Part,

Part, which the law doth caſt on the informers,
Should be inough; the reſt goe to the children:
Wherein the Prince ſhall ſhew humanitie,
And bountie, not to force them by their want
(Which in their parents treſpaſſe they deſeru'd)
To take ill courſes. TIB. It ſhall pleaſe vs. ARR. I,
Out of neceſſitie. This LEPIDVS
Is graue and honeſt, and I haue obſeru'd
A moderation ſtill in all his cenſures.
SAB. And bending to the better——Stay, who's this?
CREMVTIVS CORDVS? what? is he brought in?
ARR. More bloud vnto the banquet? Noble CORDVS,
I wiſh thee good: Be as thy writings, free,
And honeſt. TIB. What is he? SEI. For th'Annal's, CAESAR.

PRÆCO, CORDVS, SATRIVS, NATTA.

CREMVTIVS CORD°. COR. Here. PRAE. SATRIVS SECVND°, PINNARIVS NATTA, you are his accuſers.
ARR. Two of SEIANVS bloud-hounds, whom he breeds
With humane fleſh, to bay at citizens.
AFE. Stand forth before the *Senate*, and confront him.
SAT. I doe accuſe thee here, CREMVTIVS CORDVS,
To be a man factious, and dangerous,
A ſower of ſedition in the ſtate,
A turbulent, and diſcontented ſpirit,
Which I will proue from thine owne writings, here,
The Annal's thou haſt publiſh'd; where thou bit'ſt
The preſent age, and with a vipers tooth,
Being a member of it, dar'ſt that ill
Which neuer yet degenerous baſtard did
Vpon his parent. NAT. To this, I ſubſcribe;
And, forth a world of more particulars,
Inſtance in only one: Comparing men,
And times, thou prayſeſt BRVTVS, and affirm'ſt
That CASSIVS was the laſt of all the *Romanes*.
COT. How! what are we then? VAR. What is CAESAR? nothing?
AFE. My lords, this ſtrikes at euery *Romanes* priuate,
In whom raignes gentrie, and eſtate of ſpirit,
To haue a BRVTVS brought in paralell,
A parricide, an enemie of his countrie,
Rank'd, and preferr'd to any reall worth
That *Rome* now holds. This is moſt ſtrangely inuectiue.
Moſt full of ſpight, and inſolent vpbraiding.
Nor is't the time alone is here diſpris'd,

But

But the whole man of time, yea CAESAR's selfe
Brought in disualew; and he aym'd at most
By oblique glance of his licentious pen.
CAESAR, if CASSIVS were the last of *Romanes*,
Thou hast no name. TIB. Let's heare him answere. Silence.
COR. So innocent I am of fact, my lords,
As but my words are argu'd; yet those words
Not reaching eyther prince, or princes parent:
The which your law of treason comprehends.
BRVTVS, and CASSIVS, I am charg'd, t'haue prays'd;
Whose deedes, when many more, besides my selfe,
Haue writ, not one hath mention'd without honour.
Great TITVS LIVIVS, great for eloquence,
And faith, amongst vs, in his historie,
With so great prayses POMPEY did extoll,
As oft AVGVSTVS call'd him a POMPEIAN:
Yet this not hurt their friendship. In his booke
He often names SCIPIO, AFRANIVS,
Yea, the same CASSIVS, and this BRVTVS too,
As worthi'st men; not theeues, and patricides,
Which notes, vpon their fames, are now impos'd.
ASINIVS POLLIO's writings quite throughout
Giue them a noble memorie; So MESSALLA
Renown'd his generall CASSIVS: yet both these
Liu'd with AVGVSTVS, full of wealth, and honours.
To CICERO's booke, where CATO was heau'd vp
Equall with heau'n, what else did CAESAR answere,
Being then *Dictator*, but with a penn'd oration,
As if before the iudges? Doe but see
ANTONIVS letters; read but BRVTVS pleadings:
What vile reproch they hold against AVGVSTVS,
False I confesse, but with much bitternesse.
The *Epigram's* of BIBACVLVS, and CATVLLVS,
Are read, full stuft with spight of both the CAESARS;
Yet deified IVLIVS, and no lesse AVGVSTVS!
Both bore them, and contemn'd them: (I not know
Promptly to speake it, whether done with more
Temper, or wisdome) for such obloquies
If they despised bee, they dye suppresst,
But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they are confest.
The *Greekes* I slip, whose licence not alone,
But also lust did scape vnpunished:
Or where some one (by chance) exception tooke,
He words with words reueng'd. But, in my worke,
What could be aim'd more free, or farder of

From

From the times ſcandale, then to write of thoſe,
Whom death from grace, or hatred had exempted?
Did I, with BRVTVS, and with CASSIVS,
Arm'd, and poſſeſſ'd of the PHILIPPI fields,
Incenſe the people in the ciuill cauſe,
With dangerous ſpeeches? or doe they, being ſlaine
Seuentie yeeres ſince, as by their images
(Which not the conquerour hath defac'd) appeares,
Retaine that guiltie memorie with writers?
Poſteritie payes euerie man his honour.
Nor ſhall there want, though I condemned am,
That will not only CASSIVS well approue,
And of great BRVTVS honour mindfull be,
But that 'will, alſo, mention make of me.

ARR. Freely, and nobly ſpoken. SAB. With good temper,
I like him, that he is not moou'd with paſſion.

ARR. He puts 'hem to their whiſper. TIB. Take him hence,
We ſhall determine of him at next ſitting.

COT. Meane time, giue order, that his bookes be burn't,
To the' *Ædiles*. SEI. You haue well aduis'd.

APE. It fits not ſuch licentious things ſhould liue
T'vpbraid the age. ARR. If th' age were good, they might.

LAT. Let 'hem be burnt. GAL. All ſought, and burnt, to day.

PRAE. The court is vp, *Lictors*, reſume the *faſces*.

ARRVNTIVS, SABINVS, LEPIDVS.

LEt 'hem be burnt! Ô, how ridiculous
Appeares the *Senate's* brainleſſe diligence,
Who thinke they can, with preſent power, extinguiſh
The memorie of all ſucceeding times!

SAB. 'Tis true when (contrarie) the puniſhment
Of wit, doth make th' authoritie increaſe.
Nor doe they ought, that vſe this crueltie
Of interdiction, and this rage of burning;
But purchaſe to themſelues rebuke, and ſhame,
And to the writers an eternall name.

LEP. It is an argument the times are ſore,
When vertue cannot ſafely be aduanc'd;
Nor vice reproou'd. ARR. I, noble LEPIDVS,
AVGVSTVS well foreſaw, what we ſhould ſuffer,
Vnder TIBERIVS, when he did pronouuce
The *Roman* race moſt wretched, that ſhould liue
Betweene ſo ſlow iawes, and ſo long a bruiſing.

TIBERIVS, SEIANVS.

THis buſineſſe hath ſucceeded well, SEIANVS:
And quite remoou'd all iealouſie of practice
'Gainſt AGRIPPINA, and our nephewes. Now,
We muſt bethinke vs how to plant our ingines
For th' other paire, SABINVS, and ARRVNTIVS,
And GALLVS too (how ere he flatter vs,)
His heart we know. SEI. Giue it ſome reſpite, CAESAR.
Time ſhall mature, and bring to perfect crowne,
What we, with ſo good vultures, haue begunne:
SABINVS ſhall be next. TIB. Rather ARRVNTIVS.
SEI. By any meanes, preſerue him. His franke tongue
Being lent the reines, will take away all thought
Of malice, in your courſe againſt the reſt.
We muſt keep him to ſtalke with. TIB. Deareſt head,
To thy moſt forunate deſigne I yeeld it.
SEI. Sir—— I' haue beene ſo long train'd vp in grace,
Firſt, with your father, great AVGVSTVS, ſince,
With your moſt happie bounties ſo familiar,
As I not ſooner would commit my hopes
Or wiſhes to the gods, then to your eares.
Nor haue I euer, yet, beene couetous
Of ouer-bright, and dazling honours: rather
To watch, and trauaile in great CAESAR's ſafetie,
With the moſt common ſouldier. TIB. 'Tis confeſt.
SEI. The only gaine, and which I count moſt faire
Of all my fortunes, is that mightie CAESAR
Hath thought me worthie his alliance. Hence
Beginne my hopes. TIB. H'mh? SEI. I haue heard, AVGVSTVS
In the beſtowing of his daughter, thought
But euen of gentlemen of *Rome*: If ſo,
(I know not how to hope ſo great a fauour)
But if a huſband ſhould be ſought for LIVIA,
And I be had in minde, as CAESARS freind,
I would but vſe the glorie of the kindred.
It ſhould not make me ſlothfull, or leſſe caring
For CAESARS ſtate; it were inough to me
It did confirme, and ſtrengthen my weake houſe,
Againſt the-now-vnequall oppoſition
Of AGRIPPINA; 'and for deare reguard
Vnto my children, this I wiſh: my ſelfe
Haue no ambition farder, then to end
My dayes in ſeruice of ſo deare a maſter.
TIB. We cannot but commend thy pietie

His daughter was betroth'd to Claudius, his ſonne.

Moſt-lou'd SEIANVS, in acknowledging
Thoſe bounties; which we faintly, ſuch, remember.
But to thy ſuit. The reſt of mortall men,
In all their drifts, and counſels, purſue profit:
Princes, alone, are of a different ſort,
Directing their maine actions ſtill to fame.
VVe therefore will take time to thinke, and anſwere.
For LIVIA, ſhe can beſt, her ſelfe, reſolue
If ſhe will marrie after DRVSVS, or
Continue in the family; beſides
She hath a mother, and a grandame yet,
VVhoſe neerer counſels ſhe may guide her by:
But I will ſimply deale. That enmitie,
Thou fear'ſt in AGRIPPINA, would burne more,
If LIVIAS marriage ſhould (as 'twere in parts)
Deuide th' imperiall houſe; an emulation
Betweene the wõmen might breake forth; and diſcord
Ruine the ſonnes, and nephues, on both hands.
VVhat if it cauſe ſome preſent difference?
Thou art not ſafe, SEIANVS, if thou prooue it.
Canſt thou beleeue, that LIVIA who was wife
To CAIVS CAESAR, then to DRVSVS, now
VVill be contented to grow old with thee,
Borne but a priuate gentleman of *Rome?*
And rayſe thee with her loſſe, if not her ſhame?
Or ſay, that I ſhould wiſh it, canſt thou thinke
The *Senate*, or the people (who haue ſeene
Her brother, father, and our anceſtors,
In higheſt place of empire) will indure it?
The ſtate thou hold'ſt alreadie, is in talke;
Men murmure at thy greatneſſe; and the nobles
Sticke not, in publike, to vpbraid thy climbing
Aboue our fathers fauours, or thy ſcale:
And dare accuſe me, from their hate to thee.
Be wiſe, deare friend. VVe would not hide theſe things
For friendſhips deare reſpect. Nor will we ſtand
Aduerſe to thine, or LIVIA's deſignements.
VVhat we had purpos'd to thee, in our thought,
And with what neere degrees of loue to bind thee,
And make thee equall to vs, for the preſent,
VVe will forbeare to ſpeake. Only thus much
Beleeue our lou'd SEIANVS, we not know
That height in bloud, or honour, which thy vertue,
And minde to vs, may not aſpire with merit;
And this wee'll publiſh, on all watch'd occaſion

The

The *Senate*, or the people ſhall preſent.

SEI. I am reſtor'd, and to my ſenſe againe,
Which I had loſt in this ſo blinding ſuit.
CAESAR hath taught me better to refuſe,
Then I knew how to aske. How pleaſeth CAESAR
T'imbrace my late aduice, for leauing *Rome?*

TIB. We are reſolu'd. SEI. Here are ſome motiues more
Which I haue thought on ſince, may more confirme.

TIB. Carefull SEIANVS! we will ſtraight peruſe them:
Goe forward in our maine deſigne, and proſper.

SEIANVS.

IF thoſe but take, I ſhall. Dull, heauie CAESAR!
Would'ſt thou tell me, thy fauours were made crimes?
And that my fortunes were eſteem'd thy faults?
That thou, for me, wert hated? and not thinke
I would with winged haſte preuent that change,
When thou might'ſt winne all to thy ſelfe againe,
By forfeiture of me? Did thoſe fond words
Fly ſwifter from thy lips, then this my braine,
This ſparkling forge, created me an armor
T'encounter chance, and thee? Well, read my charmes,
And may they lay that hold vpon thy ſenſes,
As thou had'ſt ſnuft vp hemlocke, or tane downe
The iuice of poppie, and of mandrakes. Sleepe,
Voluptuous CAESAR, and ſecuritie
Seize on thy ſtupide powers, and leaue them dead
To publique cares, awake but to thy luſts.
The ſtrength of which makes thy libidinous ſoule
Itch to leaue *Rome*; and I haue thruſt it on:
With blaming of the citie buſineſſe,
The multitude of ſuites, the confluence
Of ſuitors, then their importunacies,
The manifold diſtractions he muſt ſuffer,
Beſides ill rumours, enuies, and reproches,
All which, a quiet and retired life,
(Larded with eaſe, and pleaſure) did auoid;
And yet, for any weightie, and great affaire,
The fitteſt place to giue the ſoundeſt counſels.
By this, ſhall I remooue him both from thought,
And knowledge of his owne moſt deare affaires;
Draw all diſpatches through my priuate hands;
Know his deſignements, and purſue mine owne;
Make mine owne ſtrengths, by giuing ſuites, and places;

Conferring dignities, and offices:
And theſe, that hate me now, wanting acceſſe
To him, will make their enuie none, or leſſe.
For when they ſee me arbiter of all,
They muſt obſerue: or elſe, with CAESAR fall.

TIBERIVS, SERVUS.

TO marry LIVIA? will no leſſe, SEIANVS,
Content thy aimes? no lower obiect? well!
Thou know'ſt how thou art wrought into our truſt;
Wouen in our deſigne; and think'ſt, we muſt
Now vſe thee, whatſoere thy proiects are:
'Tis true. But yet with caution, and fit care.
And, now we better thinke—who's there, within?
SER. CAESAR? TIB. To leaue our iourney off, were ſin
'Gainſt our decree'd delights; and would appeare
Doubt: or (what leſſe becomes a prince) low feare.
Yet, doubt hath law, and feares haue their excuſe,
Where princes ſtates plead neceſſarie vſe;
As ours doth now: more in SEIANVS pride,
Then all fell AGRIPPINA's hates beſide.
Thoſe are the dreadfull enemies, we raiſe
VVith fauours, and make dangerous, with prayſe;
The iniur'd by vs may haue will alike,
But 'tis the fauourite hath the power, to ſtrike:
And furie euer boyles more high, and ſtrong,
Heat with ambition, then reuenge of wrong.
'Tis then a part of ſupreme skill, to grace
No man too much; but hold a certaine ſpace
Betweene th' aſcenders riſe, and thine owne flat,
Leſt, when all rounds be reach'd, his aime be that.
'Tis thought— Is MACRO in the palace? See:
If not, goe, ſeeke him, to come to vs— Hee
Muſt be the organ, we muſt worke by now;
Though none leſſe apt for truſt: Need doth allow
VVhat choiſe would not. I' haue heard, that *aconite*
Being timely taken, hath a healing might
Againſt the ſcorpions ſtroke; the proofe wee'll giue:
That, while two poyſons wraſtle, we may liue.
Hee hath a ſpirit too working, to be vs'd
But to th' encounter of his like; excus'd
Are wiſer ſou'raignes then, that raiſe one ill
Againſt another, and both ſafely kill:
The prince, that feeds great natures, they will ſway him;
VVho nouriſheth a lyon, muſt obey him.

TIBE-

TIBERIVS, MACRO.

MACRO, we sent for you. MAC. I heard so, CAESAR.
TIB. (Leaue vs awhile.) When you shal know, good MACRO,
The causes of our sending, and the ends;
You then will harken neerer: and be pleas'd
You stand so high, both in our choise, and trust.
MAC. The humblest place in CAESARS choise, or trust,
May make glad MACRO proud; without ambition:
Saue to doe CAESAR seruice. TIB. Leaue our courtings.
We are in purpose, MACRO, to depart
The citie for a time, and see *Campania*;
Not for our pleasures, but to dedicate
A paire of temples, one, to IVPITER
At *Capua*, th'other at *Nola*, to AVGVSTVS:
In which great worke, perhaps, our stay will be
Beyond our will produc't. Now, since we are
Not ignorant what danger may be borne
Out of our shortest absence, in a state
So subiect vnto enuie, and embroild
With hate, and faction; we haue thought on thee,
(Amongst a field of *Romanes*,) worthiest MACRO,
To be our eye, and eare, to keepe strict watch
On AGRIPPINA, NERO, DRVSVS, I,
And on SEIANVS: Not, that we distrust
His loyaltie, or doe repent one grace,
Of all that heape, we haue conferd on him.
(For that were to disparage our election,
And call that iudgement now in doubt, which then
Seem'd as vnquestion'd as an oracle,)
But, greatnesse hath his cankers. Wormes, and moaths
Breed out of too fit matter, in the things
Which after they consume, transferring quite
The substance of their makers, int' themselues.
MACRO is sharpe, and apprehends. Besides,
I know him subtle, close, wise, and wel-read
In man, and his large nature. He hath studied
Affections, passions, knowes their springs, their ends,
Which way, and whether they will worke: 'tis proofe
Inough, of his great merit, that we trust him.
Then, to a point; (because our conference,
Cannot be long without suspition)
Here, MACRO, we assigne thee, both to spie,
Informe, and chastise; thinke, and vse thy meanes,
Thy ministers, what, where, on whom thou wilt;

Explore, plot, practiſe: All thou dooſt in this,
Shall be, as if the *Senate*, or the Lawes
Had giu'n it priuiledge, and thou thence ſtil'd
The ſauier both of CAESAR, and of *Rome*.
We will not take thy anſwere, but in act:
Whereto, as thou proceed'ſt, we hope to heare
By truſted meſſengers. If't be enquir'd,
Wherefore we call'd you, ſay, you haue in charge
To ſee our chariots readie, and our horſe:
Be ſtill our lou'd, and (ſhortly) honor'd MACRO.

MACRO.

I Will not aske, why CAESAR bids doe this:
But ioy, that he bids me. It is the bliſſe
Of courts, to be imploy'd; no matter, how:
A princes power makes all his actions vertue.
We, whom he workes by, are dumbe inſtruments,
To doe, but not enquire: His great intents
Are to be ſeru'd, not ſearch'd. Yet, as that bow
Is moſt in hand, whoſe owner beſt doth know
T'affect his aymes, ſo let that ſtates-man hope
Moſt vſe, moſt price, can hit his princes ſcope.
Nor muſt he looke at what, or whom to ſtrike,
But loſe at all; each marke muſt be alike.
Were it to plot againſt the fame, the life
Of one, with whom I twin'd; remoue a wife
From my warme ſide, as lou'd, as is the ayre;
Practiſe away each parent; draw mine heyre
In compaſſe, though but one; worke all my kin
To ſwift perdition; leaue no vntrain'd engin,
For friendſhip, or for innocence; nay, make
The gods all guiltie: I would vndertake
This, being impos'd me, both with gaine, and eaſe.
The way to riſe, is to obey, and pleaſe.
He that will thriue in ſtate, he muſt neglect
The trodden paths, that truth and right reſpect;
And proue new, wilder wayes: for vertue, there,
Is not that narrow thing, ſhee is elſe-where.
Mens fortune there is vertue; reaſon, their will:
Their licence, law; and their obſeruance, skill.
Occaſion, is their foile; conſcience, their ſtaine;
Profit, their luſtre: and what elſe is, vaine.
If then it be the luſt of CAESARS power,
Thaue rais'd SEIANVS vp, and in an hower

O're

O're-turne him, tumbling, downe, from height of all;
We are his ready engine: and his fall
May be our riſe. It is no vncouth thing
To ſee freſh buildings from old ruines ſpring.

CHORVS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act IIII.

GALLVS, AGRIPPINA, NERO, DRVSVS, CALIGVLA.

YOu muſt haue patience, royall AGRIPPINA.
AGR. I muſt haue vengeance, firſt: and that were *nectar*
Vnto my famiſh'd ſpirits. O, my fortune,
Let it be ſodaine thou prepar'ſt againſt me;
Strike all my powers of vnderſtanding blind,
And ignorant of deſtinie to come:
Let me not feare, that cannot hope. GAL. Deare Princeſſe,
Theſe tyrannies, on your ſelfe, are worſe then CAESAR's.
AGR. Is this the happineſſe of being borne great?
Still to be aim'd at? ſtill to be ſuſpected?
To liue the ſubiect of all iealouſies?
At leaſt the colour made, if not the ground
To euery painted danger? who would not
Chooſe once to fall, then thus to hang for euer?
GAL. You might be ſafe, if you would— AGR. What, my GALLVS?
Be lewd SEIANVS ſtrumpet? Or the baud
To CAESARS luſts, he now is gone to practiſe?
Not theſe are ſafe, where nothing is. Your ſelfe,
While thus you ſtand but by me, are not ſafe.
Was SILIVS ſafe? or the good SOSIA ſafe?
Or was my niece, deare CLAVDIA PVLCHRA ſafe?
Or innocent FVRNIVS? They, that lateſt haue
(By being made guiltie) added reputation
To AFERS eloquence? O, fooliſh friends,
Could not ſo freſh example warne your loues,
But you muſt buy my fauours, with that loſſe
Vnto your ſelues: and, when you might perceiue
That CAESARS cauſe of raging muſt forſake him,
Before his will? Away, good GALLVS, leaue me.
Here to be ſeene, is danger; to ſpeake, treaſon:
To doe me leaſt obſeruance, is call'd faction.
You are vnhappy in me, and I in all.
Where are my ſonnes? NERO? and DRVSVS? We

Are

Are they, be ſhot at; Let vs fall apart:
Not, in our ruines, ſepulchre our friends.
Or ſhall we doe ſome action, like offence,
To mocke their ſtudies, that would make vs faultie?
And fruſtrate practice, by preuenting it?
The danger's like: for, what they can contriue,
They will make good. No innocence is ſafe,
When power conteſts. Nor can they treſpaſſe more,
Whoſe only being was all crime, before.
NER. You heare, SEIANVS is come backe from CAESAR?
GAL. No. How? Diſgrac'd? DRV. More graced now, then euer.
GAL. By what miſchance? CAL. A fortune, like inough
Once to be bad. DRV. But turn'd too good, to both.
GAL. What was't? NER. TIBERIVS ſitting at his meat,
In a farme houſe, they call *Spelunca*, ſited
By the ſea-ſide, among the *Fundane* hills,
Within a naturall caue, part of the grot
(About the entrie) fell, and ouer-whelm'd
Some of the wayters; others ran away:
Only SEIANVS, with his knees, hands, face,
Ore-hanging CAESAR, did oppoſe himſelfe
To the remayning ruines, and was found
In that ſo labouring poſture, by the ſouldiers
That came to ſuccour him. With which aduenture,
He hath ſo fixt himſelfe in CAESAR's truſt,
As thunder cannot moone him, and is come
With all the height of CAESARS praiſe, to *Rome*.
AGR. And power, to turne thoſe ruines all on vs;
And bury whole poſterities beneath them.
NERO, and DRVSVS, and CALIGVLA,
Your places are the next, and therefore moſt
In their offence. Thinke on your birth, and bloud,
Awake your ſpirits, meete their violence,
'Tis princely, when a tyran doth oppoſe;
And is a fortune ſent to exerciſe
Your vertue, as the wind doth trie ſtrong trees:
Who by vexation grow more ſound, and firme.
After your fathers fall, and vncles fate,
What can you hope, but all the change of ſtroke
That force, or ſlight can giue? then ſtand vpright;
And though you doe not act, yet ſuffer nobly:
Be worthy of my wombe, and take ſtrong cheare;
What we doe know will come, we ſhould not feare.

MACRO.

MACRO.

REturn'd so soone? renew'd in trust, and grace?
Is CAESAR then so weake? or hath the place
But wrought this alteration, with the aire;
And he, on next remoue, will all repaire?
MACRO, thou art ingag'd: and what before
Was publique; now, must be thy priuate, more.
The weale of CAESAR, fitnesse did imply;
But thine owne fate confers necessity
On thy employment: and the thoughts borne neareſt
Vnto our selues, moue swifteſt still, and deareſt.
If he recouer, thou art lost: yea, all
The weight of preparation to his fall.
Will turne on thee, and crush thee. Therefore, strike
Before he settle, to preuent the like
Vpon thy selfe. He doth his vantage know,
That makes it home, and giues the foremost blow.

LATIARIS, RVFVS, OPSIVS.

IT is a seruice, great SEIANVS will
See well requited, and accept of nobly.
Here place your selues, betweene the roofe, and seeling,
And when I bring him to his wordes of danger,
Reueale your selues, and take him. RVF. Is he come?
LAT. I'le now goe fetch him. OPS. With good speed. I long
To merit from the state, in such an action.
RVF. I hope, it will obtayne the *Consul*-ship
For one of vs. OPS. We cannot thinke of lesse,
To bring in one, so dangerous as SABINVS.
RVF. He was a follower of GERMANICVS,
And still is an obseruer of his wife,
And children, though they be declin'd in grace;
A daily visitant, keepes them companie
In priuate, and in publique; and is noted
To be the only client, of the house:
Pray IOVE, he will be free to LATIARIS.
OPS. H'is alli'd to him, and doth trust him well.
RVF. And he'll requite his trust? OPS. To doe an office
So gratefull to the state, I know no man
But would straine neerer bands, then kindred— RVF. Liſt,
I heare them come. OPS. Shift to our holes, with silence.

LATIARIS,

LATIARIS, SABINVS.

IT is a noble constancie you shew
To this afflicted house: that not like others,
(The friends of season) you doe follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place, whose glories warm'd you. You are iust,
And worthy such a princely patrones loue,
As was the worlds-renown'd GERMANICVS:
Whose ample merit when I call to thought,
And see his wife and issue, obiects made
To so much enuie, iealousie, and hate,
It makes me ready to accuse the gods
Of negligence, as men of tyrannie.

SAB. They must be patient, so must we. LAT. O Iove!
What will become of vs, or of the times,
When, to be high, or noble, are made crimes?
When land, and treasure are most dangerous faults?

SAB. Nay, when our table, yea our bed assaults
Our peace, and safetie? when our writings are,
By any enuious instruments (that dare
Apply them to the guiltie) made to speake
What they will haue, to fit their tyrannous wreake?
When ignorance is scarcely innocence:
And knowledge made a capitall offence?
When not so much, but the bare emptie shade
Of libertie, is reft vs? and we made,
The prey to greedie *Vultures*, and vile spies,
That first transfixe vs with their murdering eyes?

LAT. Methinkes, the *Genius* of the *Romane* race
Should not be so extinct, but that bright flame
Of libertie might be reuiu'd againe,
(Which no good man but with his life, should lose)
And we not sit like spent, and patient fooles
Still puffing in the darke, at one poore coale,
Held on by hope, till the last sparke is out.
The cause is publique, and the honour, name,
The immortalitie of euery soule
That is not bastard, or a slaue in *Rome*,
Therein concern'd: Whereto, if men would change
The weari'd arme, and for the waightie shield
So long sustain'd, employ the facile sword,
We might haue some assurance of our vowes.
This asses fortitude doth tyre vs all.
It must be actiue valour must redeeme

Our

Our losse, or none. The rocke, and our hard steele
Should meete, t'enforce those glorious fires againe,
Whose splendor cheer'd the world, and heat gaue life
No lesse then doth the sunne's. SAB. 'Twere better stay,
In lasting darkenesse, and despaire of day.
No ill should force the subiect vndertake
Against the soueraigne; more then hell should make
The gods doe wrong. A good man should, and must
Sit rather downe with losse, then rise vniust.
Though, when the *Romanes* first did yeeld themselues
To one mans power, they did not meane their liues,
Their fortunes, and their liberties, should be
His absolute spoile, as purchas'd by the sword.
LAT. Why we are worse, if to be slaues, and bond
To CAESARS slaue, be such, the proud SEIANVS?
He that is all, do's all, giues CAESAR leaue
To hide his vlcerous, and anointed face,
With his bald crowne at *Rhodes*, while he here stalkes
Vpon the heads of *Romanes*, and their Princes,
Familiarly to Empire. SAB. Now you touch
A point indeed, wherein he shewes his arte,
As well as power. LAT. And villany in both.
Doe you obserue where LIVIA lodges? How
DRVSVS came dead? What men haue beene cut off?
SAB. Yes, those are things remou'd: I neerer look't,
Into his later practice, where he stands
Declar'd a master in his mysterie.
First, ere TIBERIVS went, he wrought his feare,
To thinke that AGRIPPINA sought his death.
Then put those doubts in her; sent her oft word,
Vnder the show of friendship, to beware
Of CAESAR, for he laid to poyson her:
Draue them to frownes, to mutuall iealousies,
Which, now, in visible hatred are burst out.
Since, he hath had his hyred instruments
To worke on NERO, and to heaue him vp;
To tell him CAESAR's old; That all the people,
Yea, all the armie haue their eyes on him;
That both doe long to haue him vndertake
Something of worth, to giue the world a hope;
Bids him to court their grace; the easie youth,
Perhaps, giues eare, which straight he writes to CAESAR;
And with this comment: See yon'd dangerous boy,
Note but the practice of the mother, there,
Shee's tying him, for purposes at hand,

With

With men of ſword. Here's CAESAR put in fright
'Gainſt ſonne, and mother. Yet, he leaues not thus:
The ſecond brother DRVSVS (a fierce nature,
And fitter for his ſnares, becauſe ambitious,
And full of enuie) him he claſp's, and hugs,
Poyſons with praiſe, tells him what hearts he weares,
How bright he ſtands in popular expectance;
That *Rome* doth ſuffer with him, in the wrong
His mother does him, by preferring NERO:
Thus ſets he them aſunder, each 'gainſt other,
Proiects the courſe, that ſerues him to condemne,
Keepes in opinion of a friend to all,
And all driues on to ruine. LAT. CAESAR ſleepes,
And nods at this? SAB. Would he might euer ſleepe,
Bogg'd in his filthy luſts. OPS. Treaſon to CAESAR.
RVF. Lay hands vpon the traytor, LATIARIS,
Or take the name thy ſelfe. LAT. I am for CAESAR.
SAB. Am I then catch'd? RVF. How thinke you, ſir? you are.
SAB. Spies of this head! ſo white! ſo full of yeeres!
Well, my moſt reuerend monſters, you may liue
To ſee your ſelues thus ſnar'd. OPS. Away with him.
LAT. Hale him away. RVF. To be a ſpie for traytors,
Is honorable vigilance. SAB. You doe well,
My moſt officious inſtruments of ſtate;
Men of all vſes: Drag me hence, away.
The yeere is well begun, and I fall fit,
To be an offring to SEIANVS. Goe.
OPS. Couer him with his garments, hide his face.
SAB. It ſhall not need. Forbeare your rude aſſault,
The fault's not ſhamefull villanie makes a fault.

MACRO, CALIGVLA.

SIr, but obſerue how thicke your dangers meete
In his cleare drifts! Your mother, and your brothers,
Now cited to the *Senate*! Their friend, GALLVS,
Feaſted to day by CAESAR, ſince committed!
SABINVS, here we met, hurryed to fetters!
The *Senators* all ſtrooke with feare, and ſilence,
Saue thoſe, whoſe hopes depend not on good meanes,
But force their priuate prey, from publique ſpoile!
And you muſt know, if here you ſtay, your ſtate
Is ſure to be the ſubiect of his hate,
As now the obiect. CAL. What would you aduiſe me?
MAC. To goe for *Capreæ* preſently: and there

Giue vp your ſelfe, entirely, to your vncle.
Tell CAESAR (ſince your mother is accus'd
To flie for ſuccours to AVGVSTVS ſtatue,
And to the armie, with your brethren) you
Haue rather choſe, to place your aides in him,
Then liue ſuſpected; or in hourely feare
To be thruſt out, by bold SEIANV's plots:
Which, you ſhall confidently vrge, to be
Moſt full of perill to the ſtate, and CAESAR,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run, with common ſafety.
All which (vpon the ſecond) I'le make plaine,
So both ſhall loue, and truſt with CAESAR gaine.
CAL. Away then, let's prepare vs for our iourney.

ARRVNTIVS.

STill, do'ſt thou ſuffer heau'n? will no flame,
No heate of ſinne make thy iuſt wrath to boile
In thy diſtemp'red boſome, and ore-flow
The pitchy blazes of impietie,
Kindled beneath thy throne? Still canſt thou ſleepe,
Patient, while vice doth make an antique face
At thy drad power, and blow duſt, and ſmoke
Into thy noſtrils? IOVE, will nothing wake thee?
Muſt vile SEIANVS pull thee by the beard,
Ere thou wilt open thy black-lidded eye,
And looke him dead? Well! Snore on, dreaming gods:
And let this laſt of that proud Giant-race,
Heaue mountayne vpon mountayne, 'gainſt your ſtate—
Be good vnto me, fortune, and you powers,
Whom I, expoſtulating, haue profan'd;
I ſee (what's equall with a prodigie)
A great, a noble *Romane*, and an honeſt,
Liue an old man! O, MARCVS LEPIDVS,
When is our turne to bleed? Thy ſelfe, and I
(Without our boaſt) are a'moſt all the few
Left, to be honeſt, in theſe impious times.

LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

WHat we are left to be, we will be, LVCIVS,
Though tyrannie did ſtare, as wide as death,
To fright vs from it. ARR. 'T hath ſo, on SABINVS.
LEP. I ſaw him now drawne from the *Gemonies*,

And (what increas'd the direneſſe of the fact)
His faithfull dogge (vpbraiding all vs *Romanes*)
Neuer forſooke the corp's, but, ſeeing it throwne
Into the ſtreame, leap'd in, and drown'd with it.
ARR. O act! to be enui'd him, of vs men!
We are the next, the hooke layes hold on, MARCVS:
What are thy artes (good patriot, teach them me)
That haue preſeru'd thy haires, to this white die,
And kept ſo reuerend, and ſo deare a head,
Safe, on his comely ſhoulders? LEP. Arts, ARRVNTIVS?
None, but the plaine, and paſſiue fortitude,
To ſuffer, and be ſilent; neuer ſtretch
Theſe armes, againſt the torrent; liue at home,
With my owne thoughts, and innocence about me,
Not tempting the wolues iawes: theſe are my artes.
ARR. I would begin to ſtudie 'hem, if I thought
They would ſecure me. May I pray to IOVE,
In ſecret, and be ſafe? I, or aloud?
With open wiſhes? ſo I doe not mention
TIBERIVS, or SEIANVS? yes, I muſt,
If I ſpeake out. 'Tis hard, that. May I thinke,
And not be rackt? What danger is't to dreame?
Talke in ones ſleepe? or cough? who knowes the law?
May I ſhake my head, without a comment? ſay
It raines, or it holds vp, and not be throwne
Vpon the *Gemonies*? Theſe now are things,
Whereon mens fortune, yea their fate depends.
Nothing hath priuiledge 'gainſt the violent eare.
No place, no day, no houre (we ſee) is free
(Not our religious, and moſt ſacred times)
From ſome one kind of crueltie: all matter,
Nay all occaſion pleaſeth. Mad-mens rage,
The idleneſſe of drunkards, womens nothing,
Ieſters ſimplicity, all, all is good
That can be catch'd at. Nor is now th'euent
Of any perſon, or for any crime,
To be expected; for, 'tis alwayes one:
Death, with ſome little difference of place,
Or time— what's this? Prince NERO? guarded?

LACO, NERO, LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

ON, *Lictors*, keepe your way: My lords, forbeare.
On paine of CAESARS wrath, no man attempt
Speech with the priſoner. NER. Noble friends, be ſafe:

To

To looſe your ſelues for wordes, were as vaine hazard,
As vnto me ſmall comfort: Fare you well.
Would all *Rome's* ſuffrings in my fate did dwell.
LAC. *Lictors*, away. LEP. Where goes he, LACO? LAC. Sir,
His baniſh'd into *Pontia*, by the *Senate*.
ARR. Do'I ſee? and heare? and feele? May I truſt ſenſe?
Or doth my phant'ſie forme it? LEP. Where's his brother?
LAC. DRVSVS is priſoner in the palace. ARR. Ha?
I ſmell it now: 'tis ranke. Where's AGRIPPINA?
LAC. The princeſſe is confin'd, to *Pandataria*.
ARR. Bolts, VULCAN; bolts, for IOVE! PHŒBVS, thy bow;
Sterne MARS, thy ſword; and *blue-ey'd Maid*, thy ſpeare;
Thy club, ALCIDES: all the armorie
Of heauen is too little!—Ha? to guard
The gods, I meant. Fine, rare diſpatch! This ſame
Was ſwiftly borne! confin'd? impriſon'd? baniſh'd?
Moſt tripartite! The cauſe, ſir? LAC. Treaſon. ARR. O?
The complement of all accuſings? that
Will hit, when all elſe failes. LEP. This turne is ſtrange!
But yeſterday, the people would not heare
Farre leſſe obiected, but cry'd, CAESARS letters
Were falſe, and forg'd; that all theſe plots were malice:
And that the ruine of the Princes houſe
Was practis'd 'gainſt his knowledge. Where are now
Their voyces? now, that they behold his heires
Lock'd vp, diſgrac'd, led into exile? ARR. Huſh'd.
Drown'd in their bellies. Wild SEIANVS breath
Hath, like a whirle-wind, ſcatter'd that poore duſt,
With this rude blaſt. Wee'll talke no treaſon, ſir,
If that be it you ſtand for? Fare you well.
We haue no need of horſe-leeches. Good ſpie,
Now you are ſpi'd, be gone. LEP. I feare, you wrong him.
He has the voyce to be an honeſt *Romane*.
ARR. And truſted to this office? LEPIDVS,
I'ld ſooner truſt *Greeke*-SINON, then a man
Our ſtate employes. Hee's gone: and being gone,
I dare tell you (whom I dare better truſt)
That our night-ey'd TIBERIVS doth not ſee
His minions drifts; or, if he doe, h'is not
So errant ſubtill, as we fooles doe take him:
To breed a mungrell vp, in his owne houſe,
With his owne bloud, and (if the good gods pleaſe)
At his owne throte, fleſh him, to take a leape.
I doe not beg it, heau'n: but, if the fates
Grant it theſe eyes, they muſt not winke. LEP. They muſt

He turnes to Laco, and the reſt.

Not see it, LVCIVS. ARR. Who should let 'hem? LEP. Zeale,
And dutie; with the thought, he is our Prince.
ARR. He is our monster: forfeited to vice
So far, as no rack'd vertue can redeeme him.
His lothed person fouler then all crimes:
An Emp'rour, only in his lusts. Retir'd
(From all regard of his owne fame, or *Rome's*)
Into an obscure Iland; where he liues
(Acting his *tragedies* with a *comick* face)
Amid'st his rout of *Chaldee's*: spending houres,
Dayes, weekes, and months, in the vnkind abuse
Of graue *astrologie*, to the bane of men,
Casting the scope of mens natiuities,
And hauing found ought worthy in their fortune,
Kill, or precipitate them in the sea,
And boast, he can mocke fate. Nay, muse not: these
Are farre from ends of euill, scarse degrees.
He hath his slaughter-house, at *Capreæ*;
Where he doth studie murder, as an arte:
And they are deerest in his grace, that can
Deuise the deepest tortures. Thither, too,
He hath his boyes, and beauteous girles tane vp,
Out of our noblest houses, the best form'd,
Best nurtur'd, and most modest: what's their good
Serues to prouoke his bad. Some are allur'd,
Some threatned; others (by their friends detain'd)
Are rauish'd hence, like captiues, and, in sight
Of their most grieued parents, dealt away
Vnto his *spintries*, *sellaries*, and slaues,
Masters of strange, and new-commented lusts,
For which wise nature hath not left a name.
To this (what most strikes vs, and bleeding *Rome*,)
He is, with all his craft, become the ward
To his owne vassall, a stale *catamite*:
Whom he (vpon our low, and suffering necks)
Hath rais'd, from excrement, to side the gods,
And haue his proper sacrifice in *Rome*:
Which IOVE beholds, and yet will sooner riue
A sensless oke with thunder, then his trunck.

LACO, POMPONIVS, MINVTIVS, TERENTIVS.

Tothem.

THese letters make men doubtfull what t'expect,
Whether his comming, or his death. POM. Troth, both:
And which comes soonest, thanke the gods for. (ARR. Lift,

Their

Their talke is CAESAR, I would heare all voyces.)
MIN. One day, hee's well; and will returne to *Rome*:
The next day, ſicke; and knowes not when to hope it.
LAC. True, and to day, one of SEIANVS friends
Honour'd by ſpeciall writ; and on the morrow
Another puniſh'd—— POM. By more ſpeciall writ.
MIN. This man receiues his praiſes of SEIANVS,
A ſecond, but ſlight mention; a third, none:
A fourth, rebukes. And thus he leaues the *Senate*
Diuided, and ſuſpended, all vncertayne.
LAC. Theſe forked tricks, I vnderſtand 'hem not,
Would he would tell vs whom he loues, or hates,
That we might follow, without feare, or doubt.
(ARR. Good HELIOTROPE! Is this your honeſt man?
Let him be yours ſo ſtill. He is my knaue.)
POM. I cannot tell, SEIANVS ſtill goes on,
And mounts, we ſee: New ſtatues are aduanc'd,
Freſh leaues of titles, large inſcriptions read,
His fortune ſworne by, himſelfe new gone out
CAESARS colleague, in the fifth *Conſulſhip*,
More altars ſmoke to him, then all the gods:
What would wee more? (ARR. That the deare ſmoke would choke him,
That would I more. LEP. Peace, good ARRVNTIVS.)
LAC. But there are letters come (they ſay) eu'n now,
Which doe forbid that laſt. MIN. Doe you heare ſo? LAC. Yes.
POM. By POLLVX, that's the worſt. (ARR. By HERCVLES, beſt.)
MIN. I did not like the ſigne, when REGVLVS,
(Whom all we know no friend vnto SEIANVS)
Did, by TIBERIVS ſo preciſe command,
Succeed a fellow in the *Conſulſhip*:
It boded ſomewhat. POM. Not a mote. His partner,
FVLCINIVS TRIO, is his owne, and ſure.
Here comes TERENTIVS. He can giue vs more. *They whiſper with Terentius.*
LEP. I'le ne're beleeue, but CAESAR hath ſome ſent
Of bold SEIANVS footing. Theſe croſſe points
Of varying letters, and oppoſing *Conſuls*,
Mingling his honours, and his puniſhments,
Fayning now ill, now well, rayſing SEIANVS,
And then depreſſing him, (as now of late
In all reports we haue it) cannot be
Emptie of practice: 'Tis TIBERIVS arte.
For (hauing found his fauorite growne too great,
And, with his greatneſſe, ſtrong; that all the ſouldiers
Are, with their leaders, made at his deuotion;
That almoſt all the *Senate* are his creatures,
Or hold on him their maine dependances,

Either for benefit, or hope, or feare;
And that himſelfe hath loſt much of his owne,
By parting vnto him; and by th'increaſe
Of his ranke luſts, and rages, quite diſarm'd
Himſelfe of loue, or other publique meanes,
To dare an open conteſtation)
His ſubtilty hath choſe this doubling line,
To hold him euen in: not ſo to feare him,
As wholly put him out, and yet giue checke
Vnto his farder boldneſſe. In meane time,
By his employments, makes him odious
Vnto the ſtaggering rout, whoſe aide (in fine)
He hopes to vſe, as ſure, who (when they ſway)
Beare downe, ore-turne all obiects in their way.

ARR. You may be a LINCEVS, LEPIDVS: yet, I
See no ſuch cauſe, but that a politique tyranne
(Who can ſo well diſguiſe it) ſhould haue tane
A neerer way: fain'd honeſt, and come home
To cut his throte, by law. LEP. I, but his feare
Would ne're be maſqu'd, all-be his vices were.

POM. His lordſhip then is ſtill in grace? TER. Aſſure you,
Neuer in more, either of grace, or power.

POM. The gods are wiſe, and iuſt. (ARR. The fiends they are.
To ſuffer thee belie 'hem?) TER. I haue here
His laſt, and preſent letters, where he writes him
The *Partner of his cares*, and *his* SEIANVS——

LAC. But is that true, it 'tis prohibited,
To ſacrifice vnto him? TER. Some ſuch thing
CAESAR makes ſcruple of, but forbids it not;
No more then to himſelfe: ſayes, he could wiſh
It were forborne to all. LAC. Is it no other?

TER. No other, on my truſt. For your more ſurety,
Here is that letter too. (ARR. How eaſily,
Doe wretched men beleeue, what they would haue!
Lookes this like plot? LEP. Noble ARRVNTIVS, ſtay.)

LAC. He names him here without his titles. (LEP. Note.
ARR. Yes, and come of your notable foole. I will.)

LAC. No other, then SEIANVS. POM. That's but haſte
In him that writes. Here he giues large amends.

MAR. And with his owne hand written? POM. Yes. LAC. Indeed?

TER. Beleeue it, gentlemen, SEIANVS breſt
Neuer receiu'd more full contentments in,
Then at this preſent. POM. Takes he well th'eſcape
Of young CALIGVLA, with MACRO? TER. Faith,
At the firſt aire, it ſomewhat troubled him.

(LEP.

(Lep. Obſerue you? Arr. Nothing. Riddles. Till I ſee
Seianvs ſtrooke, no ſound thereof ſtrikes me.)
Pom. I like it not. I muſe h' would not attempt
Somewhat againſt him in the *Conſul*-ſhip,
Seeing the people 'ginne to fauour him.
Ter. He doth repent it, now; but h' has employ'd
Pagonianvs after him: and he holds
That correſpondence, there, with all that are
Neere about Caesar, as no thought can paſſe
Without his knowledge, thence, in act to front him.
Pom. I gratulate the newes. Mac. But, how comes Macro
So in truſt, and fauour, with Caligvla?
Pom. O ſir, he ha's a wife; and the young Prince
An appetite: he can looke vp, and ſpie
Flies in the roofe, when there are fleas i' bed;
And hath a learned noſe to'aſſure his ſleepes.
Who, to be fauour'd of the riſing ſunne,
Would not lend little of his waning moone?
Tis the ſaf'ſt ambition. Noble Terentivs.
Ter. The night growes faſt vpon vs. At your ſeruice.

CHORVS——*Of Muſicians.*

Act V.

Seianvs.

SWell, ſwell, my ioyes: and faint not to declare
Your ſelues, as ample, as your cauſes are.
I did not liue, till now; this my firſt hower:
Wherein I ſee my thoughts reach'd by my power.
But this, and gripe my wiſhes. Great, and high,
The world knowes only two, that's *Rome*, and I.
My roofe receiues me not; 'tis aire I tread:
And, at each ſtep, I feele my' aduanced head
Knocke out a ſtarre in heau'n! Rear'd to this height,
All my deſires ſeeme modeſt, poore, and ſleight,
That did before ſound impudent: 'Tis place,
Not bloud, diſcernes the noble, and the baſe.
Is there not ſomething more, then to be Caesar?
Muſt we reſt there? It yrkes, t' haue come ſo far,
To be ſo neere a ſtay. Caligvla,
Would thou ſtood'ſt ſtiffe, and many, in our way.
Windes loſe their ſtrength, when they doe emptie flie,
Vn-met of woods or buildings; great fires die

That

That want their matter to with-ſtand them: ſo,
It is our griefe, and will be' our loſſe, to know
Our power ſhall want oppoſites; vnleſſe
The gods, by mixing in the cauſe, would bleſſe
Our fortune, with their conqueſt. That were worth
SEIANVS ſtrife: durſt fates but bring it forth.

TERENTIVS, SEIANVS.

SAfety, to great SEIANVS. SEI. Now, TERENTIVS?
TER. Heares not my lord the wonder? SEI. Speake it, no.
TER. I meete it violent in the peoples mouthes,
Who runne, in routs, to POMPEY's theatre,
To view your ſtatue: which, they ſay, ſends forth
A ſmoke, as from a fornace, black, and dreadfull.
SEI. Some traytor hath put fire in: (you, goe ſee.)
And let the head be taken off, to looke
What 'tis— Some ſlaue hath practis'd an impoſture,
To ſtirre the people. How now? why returne you?

To them.

SATRIVS, NATTA.

THe head, my lord, already is tane off,
I ſaw it: and, at op'ning, there leap't out
A great, and monſtrous ſerpent! SEI. Monſtrous! why?
Had it a beard? and hornes? no heart? a tongue
Forked as flatterie? look'd it of the hue,
To ſuch as liue in great mens boſomes? was
The ſpirit of it MACRO's? NAT. May it pleaſe
The moſt diuine SEIANVS, in my dayes,
(And by his ſacred fortune, I affirme it)
I haue not ſeene a more extended, growne,
Foule, ſpotted, venomous, vgly——— SEI. O, the fates!
What a wild muſter's here of attributes,
T'expreſſe a worme, a ſnake? TER. But how that ſhould
Come there, my lord! SEI. What! and you too, TERENTIVS?
I thinke you meane to make 't a prodigie
In your reporting? TER. Can the wiſe SEIANVS
Thinke heau'n hath meant it leſſe? SEI. O, ſuperſtition!
Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
Of our expecting clients, to ſalute vs;
Or running of the cat, betwixt our legs,
As we ſet forth vnto the *capitoll*,
Were prodigies. TER. I thinke them ominous!

And,

And, would they had not hap'ned. As, to day,
The fate of ſome your ſeruants! who, declining
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slip't downe the *Gemonies*, and brake their necks!
Beſides, in taking your laſt augurie,
No proſperous bird appear'd, but croking rauens
Flag'd vp and downe: and from the ſacrifice
Flew to the priſon, where they ſate, all night,
Beating the aire with their obſtreperous beakes!
I dare not counſell, but I could entreat
That great SEIANVS would attempt the gods,
Once more, with ſacrifice. SEI. What excellent fooles
Religion makes of men? Beleeues TERENTIVS,
(If theſe were dangers, as I ſhame to thinke them)
The gods could change the certayne courſe of fate?
Or, if they could, they would (now, in a moment)
For a beeues fat, or leſſe, be brib'd t'inuert
Thoſe long decrees? Then thinke the gods, like flies,
Are to be taken with the ſteame of fleſh,
Or bloud, diffus'd about their altars: thinke
Their power as cheape, as I eſteeme it ſmall.
Of all the throng, that fill th'*Olympian* hall,
And (without pitty) lade poore ATLAS back,
I know not that one deity, but *Fortune*;
To whom, I would throw vp, in begging ſmoke,
One grane of incenſe: or whoſe eare I'ld buy
With thus much oyle. Her, I, indeed, adore;
And keepe her gratefull image in my houſe,
Some-times belonging to a *Romane* king,
But, now call'd mine, as by the better ſtile:
To her, I care not, if (for ſatisfying
Your ſcrupulous phant'ſies) I goe offer. Bid
Our prieſt prepare vs honny, milke, and poppy,
His maſculine odours, and night-veſtments: ſay,
Our rites are inſtant, which perform'd, you'll ſee
How vaine, and worthy laughter, your feares be.

COTTA, POMPONIVS.

POMPONIVS! whither in ſuch ſpeed? POM. I goe
To giue my lord SEIANVS notice—— COT. What?
POM. Of MACRO. COT. Is he come? POM. Entr'd but now
The houſe of REGVLVS. COT. The oppoſite *Conſul?*
POM. Some halfe houre ſince. COT. And, by night too! ſtay, ſir;
Ile beare you companie. POM. Along, then——

MACRO,

MACRO, REGVLVS, LACO.

THIS CAESARS will, to haue a frequent *Senate*.
And therefore must your edict lay deepe mulct
On such, as shall be absent. REG. So it doth.
Beare it my fellow *Consul* to adscribe.
MAC. And tell him it must early be proclaim'd;
The place, APOLLO's temple. REG. That's remembred.
MAC. And at what houre? REG. Yes. MAC. You doe forget
To send one for the *Prouost* of the watch?
REG. I haue not: here he comes. MAC. GRACINVS LACO,
You are a friend most welcome: by, and by,
I'le speake with you. (You must procure this list
Of the *Prætorian* cohorts, with the names
Of the *Centurions*, and their *Tribunes*. REG. I.)
MAC. I bring you letters, and a health from CAESAR——
LAC. Sir, both come well. MAC. (And heare you, with your note,
Which are the eminent men, and most of action.
The Consul goes out. REG. That shall be done you too.) MAC. Most worthy LACO,
CAESAR salutes you. (*Consul!* death, and furies!
Gone now?) the argument will please you, sir.
(Hough! REGVLVS? The anger of the gods
Follow his diligent legs, and ouer'take 'hem,
Returnes: In likenesse of the gout.) O, good my lord,
We lackt you present; I would pray you send
Another to FVLCINIVS TRIO, straight,
To tell him, you will come, and speake with him:
(The matter wee'le deuise) to stay him, there,
While I, with LACO, doe suruay the watch.
Goes out againe. What are your strengths, GRACINVS? LAC. Seuen cohorts.
MAC. You see, what CAESAR writes: and (——gone againe?
H'has sure a veine of *mercury* in his feet)
Knew you, what store of the *prætorian* souldiers
SEIANVS holds, about him, for his guard?
LAC. I cannot the iust number: but, I thinke,
Three *centuries*. MAC. Three? good. LAC. At most, not foure.
MAC. And who be those *Centurions*? LAC. That the *Consul*
Can best deliuer you. MAC. (When h'is away:
Spight, on his nimble industrie.) GRACINVS,
You find what place you hold, there, in the trust
Of royall CAESAR? LAC. I, and I am—— MAC. Sir,
The honours, there propos'd, are but beginnings
Of his great fauours. LAC. They are more—— MAC. I heard him
When he did studie, what to adde—— LAC. My life,
And all I hold—— MAC. You were his owne first choise;

Which

Which doth confirme as much, as you can ſpeake:
And will (if we ſucceed) make more——— Your guardes
Are ſeuen cohorts, you ſay? LAC. Yes. MAC. Thoſe we muſt
Hold ſtill in readineſſe, and vndiſcharg'd.
LAC. I vnderſtand ſo much. But how it can———
MAC. Be done without ſuſpition, you'll obiect?
REG. What's that? LAC. The keeping of the watch in armes, *Returnes.*
When morning comes. MAC. The *Senate* ſhall be met, and ſet
So early, in the temple, as all marke
Of that will be auoided. REG. If we need,
We haue commiſſion, to poſſeſſe the palace,
Enlarge prince DRVSVS, and make him our chiefe.
MAC. (That ſecret would haue burn't his reuerend mouth,
Had he not ſpit it out, now:) by the gods,
You carry things too——— let me borrow a man,
Or two, to beare theſe——— That of freeing DRVSVS,
CAESAR proiected as the laſt, and vtmoſt;
Not elſe to be remembred. REG. Here are ſeruants.
MAC. Theſe to ARRVNTIVS, theſe to LEPIDVS,
This beare to COTTA, this to LATIARIS.
If they demand you of me: ſay, I haue tane
Freſh horſe, and am departed. You (my lord)
To your colleague, and be you ſure, to hold him
With long narration, of the new freſh fauours,
Meant to SEIANVS, his great patron; I,
With truſted LACO, here, are for the guards:
Then, to diuide. For, night hath many eies,
Whereof, though moſt doe ſleepe, yet ſome are ſpies.

PRÆCONES,
FLAMEN, MINISTRI,
SEIANVS, TERENTIVS, SATRIVS, &c.

HE

BE all profane farre hence; Flie, flie farre off:
Be abſent farre. Farre hence, be all profane.
FLA. We haue beene faultie, but repent vs now, *Tub. Tib.* Sound, while the *Flamen* waſheth.
And bring *pure hands*, *pure veſtments*, and *pure minds.*
MIN. *Pure veſſells.* MIN. And *pure offrings.* MIN. *Garlands pure.*
FLA. Beſtow your *garlands:* and (with reuerence) place
The *veruin* on the altar. PRAE. *Fauour your tongues.*
FLA. *Great mother* FORTVNE, *Queene of humane ſtate,*
Rectreſſe of action, Arbitreſſe of fate,
To whom all ſway, all power, all empire bowes,
Be preſent, and propitious to our vowes.
PRAE. *Fauour it with your tongues.*

MIN.

MIN. *Be present, and propitious to our vowes.*
Accept our offring, and be pleas'd, great goddesse.
TER. See, see, the image stirres! SAT. And turnes away!
NAT. *Fortune* auerts her face! FLA. Auert, you gods,
The prodigie. Still! still! Some pious rite
We haue neglected. Yet! heau'n, be appeas'd.
And be all tokens false, or void, that speake
Thy present wrath. SEI. Be thou dumbe, scrupulous priest:
And gather vp thy selfe, with these thy wares,
Which I, in spight of thy blind mistris, or
Thy iuggling mysterie, religion, throw
Thus, scorned on the earth. Nay, hold thy looke
Auerted, till I woo thee, turne againe;
And thou shalt stand, to all posteritie,
Th'eternall game, and laughter, with thy neck
Writh'd to thy taile, like a ridiculous cat.
Auoid these fumes, these superstitious lights,
And all these coos'ning ceremonies: you,
Your pure, and spiced conscience. I, the slaue,
And mock of fooles, (scorne on my worthy head)
That haue beene titled, and ador'd a god,
Yea, sacrific'd vnto, my selfe, in *Rome*,
No lesse then IOVE: and I be brought, to doe
A peeuish gigglot rites? Perhaps, the thought,
And shame of that made *Fortune* turne her face,
Knowing her selfe the lesser deitie,
And but my seruant. Bashfull queene, if so,
SEIANVS thankes thy modestie. Who's that?

While they sound againe, the *Flamen* takes of the hony, with his finger, & tasts, then ministers to all the rest: so of the milk, in an earthen vessel, he deals about; which done, he sprinkleth, vpon the altar, milke; then imposeth the hony, and kindleth his gummes, and after censing about the altar placeth his censer thereon, into which they put seuerall branches of poppy, and the musique ceasing, proceed.

POMPONIVS, SEIANVS, MINVTIVS, &c.

HIs fortune suffers, till he heares my newes:
I haue waited here too long. MACRO, my lord——
SEI. Speake lower, & with-draw. TER. Are these things true?
MIN. Thousands are gazing at it, in the streets.
SEI. What's that? TER. MINVTIVS tells vs here, my lord,
That, a new head being set vpon your statue,
A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and,
But now, a fierie meteor, in the forme
Of a great ball, was seene to rowle along
The troubled ayre, where yet it hangs, vnperfect,
The amazing wonder of the multitude!
SEI. No more. That MACRO's come, is more then all!
TER. Is MACRO come? POM. I saw him. TER. Where? with whom?
POM. With REGVLVS. SEI. TERENTIVS—— TER. My lord?

SEI.

SEI. Send for the *Tribunes*, we will ſtraight haue vp
More of the ſouldiers, for our guard. MINVTIVS,
We pray you, goe for COTTA, LATIARIS,
TRIO the *Conſul*, or what *Senators*
You know are ſure, and ours. You, my good NATTA,
For LACO, *Pronoſt* of the watch. Now, SATRIVS,
The time of proofe comes on. Arme all our ſeruants,
And without tumult. You, POMPONIVS,
Hold ſome good correſpondence, with the *Conſul*,
Attempt him, noble friend. Theſe things begin
To looke like dangers, now, worthy my fates.
Fortune, I ſee thy worſt: Let doubtfull ſtates,
And things vncertaine hang vpon thy will:
Me ſureſt death ſhall render certaine ſtill.
Yet, why is, now, my thought turn'd toward death,
Whom fates haue let goe on, ſo farre, in breath,
Vncheck'd, or vnreprou'd? I, that did helpe
To fell the loftie Cedar of the world,
GERMANICVS; that, at one ſtroke, cut downe
DRVSVS, that vpright Elme; wither'd his vine;
Laid SILIVS, and SABINVS, two ſtrong Okes,
Flat on the earth; beſides, thoſe other ſhrubs,
CORDVS, and SOSIA, CLAVDIA PVLCHRA,
FVRNIVS, and GALLVS, which I haue grub'd vp;
And ſince, haue ſet my axe ſo ſtrong, and deepe
Into the roote of ſpreading AGRIPPINE;
Lopt off, and ſcatter'd her proud branches, NERO,
DRVSVS, and CAIVS too, although re-planted;
If you will, deſtinies, that, after all,
I faint, now, ere I touch my period;
You are but cruell: and I alreadie haue done
Things great inough. All *Rome* hath beene my ſlaue;
The *Senate* ſate an idle looker on,
And witneſſe of my power; when I haue bluſh'd,
More, to command, then it to ſuffer; all
The *Fathers* haue ſate readie, and prepar'd,
To giue me empire, temples, or their throtes,
When I would aske 'hem; and (what crownes the top)
Rome, *Senate*, people, all the world haue ſeene
IOVE, but my equall: CAESAR, but my ſecond.
Tis then your malice, fates, who (but your owne)
Enuy, and feare, t'haue any power long knowne.

TERENTIVS, TRIBVNES.

STay here: Ile giue his lordſhip, you are come.

MINVTIVS, COTTA, LATIARIS.

They confer their letters.

MARCVS TERENTIVS, pray you tell my lord,
Here's COTTA, and LATIARIS. TER. Sir, I ſhall.
COT. My letter is the very ſame with yours;
Onely requires mee to bee preſent there,
And giue my voyce, to ſtrengthen his deſigne.
LAT. Names he not what it is? COT. No, nor to you.
LAT. 'Tis ſtrange, and ſingular doubtfull! COT. So it is?
It may bee all is left to lord SEIANVS.

To them.

NATTA, LACO.

GEntlemen, where's my lord? TRI. Wee wait him here.
COT. The *Prouoſt* LACO? what's the newes? LAT. My lord—

To them.

SEIANVS.

NOw, my right deare, noble, and truſted friends;
How much I am a captiue to your kindneſſe!
Moſt worthy COTTA, LATIARIS; LACO,
Your valiant hand; and gentlemen, your loues.
I wiſh I could diuide my ſelfe vnto you;
Or that it lay, within our narrow powers,
To ſatisfie for ſo enlarged bountie.
GRACINVS, we muſt pray you, hold your guardes
Vnquit, when morning comes. Saw you the *Conſul?*
MIN. TRIO will preſently be here, my lord.
COT. They are but giuing order for the edict,
To warne the *Senate.* SEI. How! the *Senate?* LAT. Yes.
This morning, in APOLLO's temple. COT. We
Are charg'd, by letter, to be there, my lord.
SEI. By letter? pray you let's ſee! LAT. Knowes not his lordſhip!
COT. It ſeemes ſo! SEI. A *Senate* warn'd? without my knowledge?
And on this ſodaine? *Senators* by letters
Required to be there! who brought theſe? COT. MACRO.
SEI. Mine enemie! And when? COT. This mid-night. SEI. Time,
With eu'ry other circumſtance, doth giue
It hath ſome ſtreine of engin in't! How now?

SATRIVS,

SATRIVS, SEIANVS, &c.

MY lord, SERTORIVS MACRO is without,
Alone, and prayes t'haue priuate conference
In businesse, of high nature, with your lordship,
(He say's to me) and which reguards you much.
SEI. Let him come here. SAT. Better, my lord, with-draw,
You will betray what store, and strength of friends
Are now about you; which he comes to spie.
SEI. Is he not arm'd? SAT. Wee'll search him. SEI. No, but take,
And lead him to some roome, where you, conceal'd,
May keepe a guard vpon vs. Noble LACO,
You are our trust: and, till our owne cohorts
Can be brought vp, your strengths must be our guard.
Now, good MINVTIVS, honour'd LATIARIS,
Most worthy, and my most vnwearied friends:
I returne instantly. LAT. Most worthy lord!
COT. His lordship is turn'd instant kind, me thinkes,
I haue not obseru'd it in him, heretofore.
TRI. 1. 'Tis true, and it becomes him nobly. MIN. I
Am rap't withall. TRI. 2. By MARS, he has my liues,
(Were they a million) for this onely grace.
LAC. I, and to name a man! LAT. As he did me!
MIN. And me! LAT. Who would not spend his life and fortunes,
To purchase but the looke of such a lord?
LAC. He, that would nor be lords foole, nor the worlds.

He salutes them humbly.

SEIANVS, MACRO.

MACRO! most welcome, as most coueted friend!
Let me enioy my longings. When arriu'd you?
MAC. About the noone of night. SEI. SATRIVS, giue leaue.
MAC. I haue beene, since I came, with both the *Consuls*,
On a particular designe from CAESAR.
SEI. How fares it with our great, and royall master?
MAC. Right plentifully well; as, with a prince,
That still holds out the great proportion
Of his large fauours, where his iudgement hath
Made once diuine election: like the god,
That wants not, nor is wearied to bestow
Where merit meets his bountie, as it doth
In you, alreadie the most happy, and ere
The sunne shall climbe the south, most high SEIANVS.
Let not my lord be'amus'd. For, to this end
Was I by CAESAR sent for, to the isle,

With ſpeciall caution to conceale my iourney;
And, thence, had my diſpatch as priuately
Againe to *Rome*; charg'd to come here by night;
And, onely to the *Conſuls*, make narration
Of his great purpoſe: that the benefit
Might come more full, and ſtriking, by how much
It was leſſe look'd for, or aſpir'd by you,
Or leaſt informed to the common thought.
SEI. What may this be? part of my ſelfe, deare MACRO!
If good, ſpeake out: and ſhare with your SEIANVS.
MAC. If bad, I ſhould for euer lothe my ſelfe,
To be the meſſenger to ſo good a lord.
I doe exceed m' inſtructions, to acquaint
Your lordſhip with thus much; but 'tis my venture
On your retentiue wiſedome: and, becauſe
I would no iealous ſcruple ſhould moleſt
Or racke your peace of thought. For, I aſſure
My noble lord, no *Senator* yet knowes
The buſineſſe meant: though all, by ſeuerall letters,
Are warned to be there, and giue their voyces,
Onely to adde vnto the ſtate, and grace
Of what is purpos'd. SEI. You take pleaſure, MACRO,
Like a coy wench, in torturing your louer.
What can be worth this ſuffering? MAC. That which followes,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power:
Both which SEIANVS is to haue this day
Confer'd vpon him, and by publique *Senate*.
SEI. Fortune, be mine againe; thou haſt ſatisfied
For thy ſuſpected loyaltie. MAC. My lord,
I haue no longer time, the day approcheth,
And I muſt backe to CAESAR. SEI. Where's CALIGVLA?
MAC. That I forgot to tell your lordſhip. Why,
He lingers yonder, about *Capreæ*,
Diſgrac'd; TIBERIVS hath not ſeene him yet:
He needs would thruſt himſelfe to goe with me,
Againſt my wiſh, or will, but I haue quitted
His forward trouble, with as tardie note
As my neglect, or ſilence could afford him.
Your lordſhip cannot now command me ought,
Becauſe, I take no knowledge that I ſaw you,
But I ſhall boaſt to liue to ſerue your lordſhip:
And ſo take leaue. SEI. Honeſt, and worthy MACRO,
Your loue, and friendſhip. Who's there? SATRIVS,
Attend my honourable friend forth. O!
How vaine, and vile a paſſion is this feare?

What

What baſe, vncomely things it makes men doe?
Suſpect their nobleſt friends, (as I did this)
Flatter poore enemies, intreat their ſeruance,
Stoupe, court, and catch at the beneuolence
Of creatures, vnto whom (within this houre)
I would not haue vouchſaf'd a quarter-looke,
Or piece of face? By you, that fooles call gods,
Hang all the skie with your prodigious ſignes,
Fill earth with monſters, drop the *ſcorpion* downe,
Out of the *zodiack*, or the fiercer *lyon*,
Shake off the loos'ned globe from her long henge,
Rowle all the world in darkeneſſe, and let looſe
Th'inraged windes to turne vp groues and townes;
When I doe feare againe, let me beſtrooke
With forked fire, and vnpittyed die:
Who feares, is worthy of calamitie.

POMPONIVS, REGVLVS, TRIO. *To the reſt.*

IS not my lord here? TER. Sir, he will be ſtraight.
COT. What newes, FVLCINIVS TRIO? TRI. Good, good tidings.
(But, keepe it to your ſelfe) My lord SEIANVS
Is to receiue this day, in open *Senate*,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie. COT. Is't true?
TRI. No wordes; not to your thought: but, ſir, beleeue it.
LAT. What ſayes the *Conſul*? COT. (Speake it not againe,)
He tells me, that to day my lord SEIANVS——
(TRI. I muſt entreat you COTTA, on your honour
Not to reueale it. COT. On my life, ſir.) LAT. Say.
COT. Is to receiue the *tribuniciall* power.
But, as you are an honourable man,
Let me coniure you, not to vtter it:
For it is truſted to me, with that bond.
LAT. I am HARPOCRATES. TER. Can you aſſure it?
POM. The *Conſul* told it me, but keepe it cloſe.
MIN. Lord LATIARIS, what's the newes? LAT. I'le tell you,
But you muſt ſweare to keepe it ſecret——

SEIANVS. *To them.*

I Knew the fates had on their diſtaffe left
More of our thread, then ſo. REG. Haile, great SEIANVS.
TRI. Haile, the moſt honor'd. COT. Happy. LAT. High SEIAN'.
SEI. Doe you bring prodigies too? TRI. May all preſage
Turne to thoſe faire effects, whereof we bring

Your lordſhip newes. Reg. May't pleaſe my lord with-draw.
Sei. Yes (I will ſpeake with you, anon.) Ter. My lord,
To ſome that ſtand by.
What is your pleaſure for the *Tribunes?* Sei. Why,
Let 'hem be thank't, and ſent away. Min. My lord———
Lac. Wilt pleaſe your lordſhip to command me——— Sei. No.
You are troubleſome. Min. The mood is chang'd. Tri. Not ſpeake?
Tri. Nor looke? Lac. I. He is wiſe, will make him friends
Of ſuch, who neuer loue, but for their ends.

Diuers other Senators paſſing by them.

Arruntivs, Lepidvs.

I, Goe, make haſte; take heed you be not laſt
To tender your *All haile*, in the wide hall
Of huge Seianvs: runne, a *Lictors* pace;
Stay not to put your robes on; but, away,
With the pale troubled enſignes of great friendſhip
Stamp't i' your face! Now, Marcvs Lepidvs,
You ſtill beleeue your former augurie?
Seianvs muſt goe downe-ward? you perceiue
His wane approching faſt? Lep. Beleeue me, Lvcivs,
I wonder at this riſing! Arr. I, and that we
Muſt giue our ſuffrage to it? you will ſay,
It is to make his fall more ſteepe, and grieuous?
It may be ſo. But thinke it, they that can
With idle wiſhes 'ſtay to bring backe time:
In caſes deſperate, all hope is crime.
See, ſee! what troups of his officious friends
Flock to ſalute my lord! and ſtart before
My great, proud lord! to get a lord-like nod!
Attend my lord, vnto the *Senate*-houſe!
Bring back my lord! like ſeruile huiſhers, make
Way for my lord! proclaime his idoll lord-ſhip,
More then ten cryers, or ſixe noiſe of trumpets!
Make legs, kiſſe hands, and take a ſcatter'd haire
From my lords eminent ſhoulder! See, Sanqvinivs!
With his ſlow belly, and his dropſie! looke,
What toyling haſte he makes! yet, here's another,
Retarded with the gout, will be afore him!
Get thee *liburnian* porters, thou groſſe foole,
To beare thy obſequious fatneſſe, like thy peeres.
They are met! The gout returnes, and his great carriage.

Lictors,

LICTORS, CONSVLS, SEIANVS, &c.

Passe ouer the stage.

GIue way, make place; roome for the *Consul*. SAN. Haile,
Haile, great SEIANVS. HAT. Haile, my honor'd lord.
ARR. We shall be markt anon, for our not-haile.
LEP. That is already done. ARR. It is a note
Of vpstart greatnesse, to obserue, and watch
For these poore trifles, which the noble mind
Neglects, and scornes. LEP. I, and they thinke themselues
Deepely dishonor'd, where they are omitted,
As if they were necessities, that helpt
To the perfection of their dignities:
And hate the men, that but refraine 'hem. ARR. O!
There is a farder cause of hate. Their brests
Are guiltie, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings: thence the anger growes. On. Follow.

MACRO, LACO.

WHen all are entred, shut the temple doores;
And bring your guardes vp to the gate. LAC. I will.
MAC. If you shall heare commotion in the *Senate*,
Present your selfe: and charge on any man
Shall offer to come forth. LAC. I am instructed.

THE SENATE.

HATERIVS, TRIO, SANQVINIVS,
COTTA, REGVLVS, SEIANVS,
POMPONIVS, LATIARIS,
LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS,
PRÆCONES, LICTORES.

HOw well his lordship lookes to day! TRI. As if
He had beene borne, or made for this houres state.
COT. Your fellow *Consul's* come about, me thinkes?
TRI. I, he is wise. SAN. SEIANVS trusts him well.
TRI. SEIANVS is a noble, bounteous lord.
HAT. He is so, and most valiant. LAT. And most wise.
SEN. Hee's euery thing. LAT. Worthy of all, and more
Then bountie can bestow. TRI. This dignitie
Will make him worthy. POM. Aboue CAESAR. SAN. Tut,
CAESAR is but the rector of an Isle,
He of the empire. TRI. Now he will haue power

More

More to reward, then euer. Cot. Let vs looke
We be not ſlack in giuing him our voyces.
Lat. Not I. San. Nor I. Cot. The readier we ſeeme
To propagate his honours, will more bind
His thought, to ours. Hat. I thinke right, with your lordſhip.
It is the way to haue vs hold our places.
San. I, and get more. Lat. More office, and more titles.
Pom. I will not loſe the part, I hope to ſhare
In theſe his fortunes, for my patrimonie.
Lat. See, how Arruntius ſits, and Lepidus.
Tri. Let 'hem alone, they will be markt anon.
Sen. I'le doe with others. Sen. So will I. Sen. And I.
Men grow not in the ſtate, but as they are planted
Warme in his fauours. Cot. Noble Seianus!
Hat. Honor'd Seianus! Lat. Worthy, and great Seianus!
Arr. Gods! how the ſpunges open, and take in!
And ſhut againe! looke, looke! is not he bleſt
That gets a ſeate in eye-reach of him? more,
That comes in eare, or tongue-reach? ô, but moſt,
Can claw his ſubtle elbow, or with a buzze
Fly-blow his eares. Praet. Proclaime the *Senates* peace;
And giue laſt ſummons by the edict. Prae. Silence:
In name of Caesar, and the Senate. Silence.

Memmius Regulus, *and* Fulcinius Trio, *Conſuls, theſe preſent kalends of Iune, with the firſt light, ſhall hold a ſenate, in the temple of* Apollo Palatine, *all that are Fathers, and are regiſtred Fathers, that haue right of entring the Senate, we warne, or command, you be frequently preſent, take knowledge the buſineſſe is the common-wealths, whoſoeuer is abſent, his fine, or mulct, will be taken, his excuſe will not be taken.*

Tri. Note, who are abſent, and record their names.
Reg. *Fathers Conſcript, May, what I am to vtter,*
Turne good, and happy, for the common-wealth.
And thou Apollo, in whoſe holy houſe
We here are met, inſpire vs all, with truth,
And libertie of cenſure, to our thought.
The maieſtie of great Tiberius Caesar
Propounds to this graue *Senate*, the beſtowing
Vpon the man he loues, honour'd Seianus,
The *tribuniciall* dignitie, and power;
Here are his letters, ſigned with his ſignet:
What pleaſeth now the Fathers to be done?
Sen. Reade, reade 'hem, open, publiquely, reade 'hem.
Cot. Caesar hath honour'd his owne greatneſſe much,
In thinking of this act. Tri. It was a thought
Happy, and worthy Caesar. Lat. And the lord,

As

As worthy it, on whom it is directed!

HAT. Most worthy! SAN. *Rome* did neuer boast the vertue
That could giue enuie bounds, but his: SEIANVS ——

SEN. Honour'd, and noble! SEN. Good, and great SEIANVS!

ARR. O, most tame slauerie, and fierce flatterie! PRAE. Silence.

TIBERIVS CÆSAR TO THE SENATE, GREETING.

The Epistle is read.

IF you, Conscript Fathers, with your children, bee in health, it is abundantly well: wee with our friends here, are so. The care of the commonwealth, howsoeuer we are remoou'd in person, cannot be absent to our thought; although, oftentimes, euen to princes most present, the truth of their owne affaires is hid: then which, nothing fals out more miserable to a state, or makes the art of gouerning more difficult. But since it hath beene our ease-full happinesse to enioy both the aides, and industrie of so vigilant a Senate, wee professe to haue beene the more indulgent to our pleasures, not as being careless of our office, but rather secure of the necessitie. Neyther doe these common rumors of many, and infamous libels, published against our retirement, at all afflict vs; being born more out of mens ignorance, then their malice: and will, neglected, finde their owne graue quickly; whereas too sensibly acknowledg'd, it would make their obloquie ours. Nor doe we desire their authors (though found) bee censur'd, since in a free state (as ours) all men ought to enioy both their mindes, and tongues free.

(ARR. The lapwing, the lapwing.)

Yet, in things, which shall worthily, and more neere concerne the maiestie of a prince, we shall feare to be so vnnaturally cruell to our owne fame, as to neglect them. True it is, Conscript Fathers, that wee haue raysed SEIANVS, *from obscure, and almost vnknowne gentrie,* (SEN. How! how!) *to the highest, and most conspicuous point of greatnesse, and (wee hope) deseruingly; yet, not without danger: it being a most bold hazard in that sou'raigne, who, by his particular loue to one, dares aduenture the hatred of all his other subiects.*

(ARR. This touches, the bloud turnes.)

But wee affie in your loues, and vnderstandings, and doe no way suspect the merit of our SEIANVS *to make our fauours offensiue to any.*

(SEN. O! good, good.)

Though we could haue wished his zeale had runne a calmer course against AGRIPPINA, *and our Nephewes, howsoeuer the openesse of their actions, declared them delinquents; and, that he would haue remembred, no innocence is so safe, but it reioyceth to stand in the sight of mercie: The vse of which in vs, hee hath so quite taken away, toward them, by his loyall furie, as now our clemencie would be thought but wearied crueltie, if we should offer to exercise it.*

(ARR. I thanke him, there I look'd for't. A good fox!)

Some there bee, that would interpret this his publique seueritie to bee particu-

lar

lar ambition; and that, vnder a pretext of ſeruice to vs, hee doth but remooue his owne lets: alleadging the ſtrengths he hath made to himſelfe, by the Pratorian ſouldiers, by his faction in Court, and Senate, by the offices hee holdes himſelfe, and conferres on others, his popularitie, and dependents, his vrging (and almoſt driuing) vs to this our vnwilling retirement, and laſtly his aſpiring to be our ſonne in-law.

(SEN. This 's ſtrange!

ARR. I ſhall anon beleeue your vultures, MARCVS.)

Your wiſedomes, Conſcript Fathers, are able to examine, and cenſure theſe ſuggeſtions. But, were they left to our abſoluing voyce, we durſt pronounce them, as we thinke them, moſt malicious.

(SEN. O, he has reſtor'd all, liſt.)

Yet, are they offer'd to bee auerr'd, and on the liues of the informers. What wee ſhould ſay, or rather what we ſhould not ſay, Lords of the Senate, if this bee true, our gods, and goddeſſes confound vs if we know! Only, we muſt thinke, we haue plac'd our benefits ill: and conclude, that, in our choiſe, either we were wanting to the gods, or the gods to vs.

The Senators ſhift their places.

(ARR. The place growes hot, they ſhift.)

We haue not beene couetous, Honourable Fathers, to change; neither is it now, any new luſt that alters our affection, or old lothing: but thoſe needfull iealouſies of ſtate, that warne wiſer princes, hourely, to prouide their ſafetie; and doe teach them how learned a thing it is to beware of the humbleſt enemy; much more of thoſe great ones, whom their owne employ'd fauours haue made fit for their feares.

(SEN. Away. SEN. Sit farder. COT. Let's remooue——

ARR. Gods! how the leaues drop off, this little winde!)

We therefore deſire, that the offices he holds, bee firſt ſeized by the Senate; and himſelfe ſuſpended from all exerciſe of place, or power—— (TERIVS!

(SEN. How! SAN. By your leaue. ARR. Come, *Porcpiſce*, (wher's HA-

His gout keepes him moſt miſerably conſtant.)

Your dancing ſhewes a tempeſt. SEI. Reade no more.

REG. Lords of the *Senate*, hold your ſeates: reade on.

Late enters with the guard.

SEI. Theſe letters, they are forg'd. REG. A guard, ſit ſtill.

ARR. There's change. REG. Bid ſilence, and reade forward.

PRAE. Silence—— *and himſelfe ſuſpended from all exerciſe of place, or power, but till due and mature tryall be made of his innocency, which yet we can faintly apprehend the neceſſitie, to doubt. If, Conſcript Fathers, to your more ſearching wiſedomes, there ſhall appeare farther cauſe (or of farder proceeding, either to ſeizure of lands, goods, or more——) it is not our power that ſhall limit your authoritie, or our fauour, that muſt corrupt your iuſtice: either were diſhonourable in you, and both vncharitable to our ſelfe. We would willingly be preſent with your counſailes in this buſineſſe, but the danger of ſo potent a faction (if it ſhould proue ſo) forbids our attempting it: except one of the Conſuls would be intreated for our ſafetie, to vndertake the guard of vs home, then wee ſhould moſt readily aduenture. In the meane time, it ſhall not bee fit for vs to*

importune

importune so iudicious a Senate, who know how much they hurt the innocent, that spare the guiltie: and how gratefull a sacrifice, to the gods, is the life of an ingratefull person. We reflect not, in this, on SEIANVS *(notwithstanding, if you keepe an eye vpon him — and there is* LATIARIS *a Senator, and* PINNARIVS NATTA, *two of his most trusted ministers, and so profest, whom we desire not to haue apprended) but as the necessitie of the cause exacts it.*

REG. A guard on LATIARIS. ARR. O, the spie!
The reuerend spie is caught, who pitties him?
Reward, sir, for your seruice: now, you ha' done
Your propertie, you see what vse is made?
Hang vp the instrument. SEI. Giue leaue. LAC. Stand, stand,
He comes vpon his death, that doth aduance
An inch toward my point. SEI. Haue we no friends here?
ARR. Hush't. Where now are all the hailes, and acclamations?

MACRO, SENATE.

HAile, to the *Consuls*, and this noble *Senate*.
SEI. Is MACRO here? O, thou art lost, SEIANVS.
MAC. Sit still, and vn-affrighted, *reuerend Fathers*.
MACRO, by CAESARS grace, the new-made *Pronost*,
And now possest of the *pretorian* bands,
An honour late belong'd to that proud man,
Bids you, be safe: and to your constant doome
Of his deseruings, offers you the surety
Of all the souldiers, *tribunes*, and *centurions*,
Receiu'd in our command. REG. SEIANVS, SEIANVS,
Stand forth, SEIANVS. SEI. Am I call'd? MAC. I, thou,
Thou insolent monster, art bid stand. SEI. Why, MACRO,
It hath beene otherwise, betweene you, and I?
This court, that knowes vs both, hath seene a difference,
And can (if it be pleas'd to speake) confirme,
Whose insolence is most. MAC. Come downe *Typhœus*,
If mine be most, loe, thus I make it more;
Kicke vp thy heeles in ayre, teare off thy robe,
Play with thy beard, and nostrills. Thus 'tis fit,
(And no man take compassion of thy state)
To vse th'ingratefull viper, tread his braines
Into the earth. REG. Forbeare. MAC. If I could lose
All my humanitie now, 'twere well to torture
So meriting a traytor. VVherefore, *Fathers*,
Sit you amaz'd, and silent? and not censure
This wretch, who in the houre he first rebell'd
'Gainst CAESARS bountie, did condemne himselfe?

Phlegra,

Phlegra, the field, where all the ſonnes of earth
Muſter'd againſt the gods, did ne're acknowledge
So proud, and huge a monſter. REG. Take him hence.
And all the gods guard CAESAR. TRI. Take him hence.
HAT. Hence. COT. To the dungeon with him. SAN. He deſerues it.
SEN. Crowne all our doores with bayes. SAN. And let an oxe
With gilded hornes, and garlands, ſtraight be led
Vnto the *capitoll*. HAT. And ſacrific'd
To IOVE, for CAESARS ſafety. TRI. All our gods
Be preſent ſtill to CAESAR. COT. PHŒBVS. SAN, MARS.
HAT. DIANA. SAN. PALLAS. SEN. IVNO, MERCVRIE,
All guard him. MAC. Forth, thou prodigie of men.
COT. Let all the traytors titles be defac'd.
TRI. His images, and ſtatues be pull'd downe.
HAT. His chariot-wheeles be broken. ARR. And the legs
Of the poore horſes, that deſerued naught,
Let them be broken too. LEP. O, violent change,
And whirle of mens affections! ARR. Like, as both
Their bulkes and ſoules were bound on fortunes wheele,
And muſt act onely with her motion!

LEPIDVS, ARRVNTIVS.

WHo would depend vpon the popular ayre,
Or voyce of men, that haue to day beheld
(That which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not haue beene beleeu'd) SEIANVS fall?
He, that this morne roſe proudly, as the ſunne?
And, breaking through a miſt of clients breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he
When ſuperſtitious *Moores* ſalute his light!
That had our ſeruile nobles waiting him
As common groomes; and hanging on his looke,
No leſſe then humane life on deſtinie!
That had mens knees as frequent, as the gods;
And ſacrifices, more, then *Rome* had altars:
And this man fall! fall? I, without a looke,
That durſt appeare his friend; or lend ſo much
Of vaine reliefe, to his chang'd ſtate, as pitty!
ARR. They, that before like gnats plaid in his beames,
And throng'd to circumſcribe him, now not ſeene!
Nor deigne to hold a common ſeate with him!
Others, that wayted him vnto the *Senate*,
Now, inhumanely rauiſh him to priſon!

Whom

Whom (but this morne) they follow'd as their lord,
Guard through the ſtreets, bound like a fugitiue!
Inſtead of wreaths, giue fetters; ſtrokes, for ſtoops:
Blind ſhame, for honours; and black taunts, for titles!
Who would truſt ſlippery-chance? LEP. They, that would make
Themſelues her ſpoile: and fooliſhly forget,
When ſhee doth flatter, that ſhee comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadſt no deitie, if men
Had wiſedome: we haue placed thee ſo high,
By fond beliefe in thy felicitie.
SEN. The gods guard CAESAR. All the gods guard CAESAR. *Shout within.*

MACRO, REGVLVS, SENATORS.

NOw great SEIANVS, you that aw'd the ſtate,
And ſought to bring the nobles to your whip,
That would be CAESARS tutor, and diſpoſe
Of dignities, and offices! that had
The publique head ſtill bare to your deſignes,
And made the generall voyce to eccho yours!
That look'd for ſalutations, twelue ſcore off,
And would haue pyramid's, yea, temples rear'd
To your huge greatneſſe! now, you lie as flat,
As was your pride aduanc'd. REG. Thanks, to the gods.
SEN. And praiſe to MACRO, that hath ſaued *Rome*.
Liberty, liberty, liberty. Lead on,
And praiſe to MACRO, that hath ſaued *Rome*.

ARRVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENTIVS.

I Propheſie, out of this *Senates* flatterie,
That this new fellow, MACRO, will become
A greater prodigie in *Rome*, then he
That now is falne. TER. O you, whoſe minds are good,
And haue not forc'd all mankind, from your breſts;
That yet haue ſo much ſtock of vertue left,
To pitty guiltie ſtates, when they are wretched:
Lend your ſoft eares to heare, and eyes to weepe
Deeds done by men, beyond the acts of *furies*.
The eager multitude, (who neuer yet
Knew why to loue, or hate, but onely pleas'd
T'expreſſe their rage of power) no ſooner heard
The murmure of SEIANVS in decline,
But with that ſpeed, and heate of appetite,

With which they greedily deuoure the way
To ſome great ſports, or a new theatre;
They fill'd the *capitoll*, and POMPEI'S circke,
Where, like ſo many maſtiues, biting ſtones,
As if his ſtatues now were ſenſitiue
Of their wild furie; firſt, they teare them downe:
Then faſtning ropes, drag them along the ſtreets,
Crying in ſcorne, this, this was that rich head
Was crown'd with garlands, and with odours, this
That was in *Rome* ſo reuerenced. Now
The fornace, and the bellowes ſhall too worke
The great SEIANVS crack, and piece, by piece,
Drop i' the founders pit. LEP. O, popular rage!
TER. The whilſt, the *Senate*, at the temple of *Concord*,
Make haſte to meet againe, and thronging cry,
Let vs condemne him, tread him downe in water,
While he doth lie vpon the banke; away:
Where ſome, more tardie, cry vnto their bearers,
He will be cenſur'd ere we come, runne knaues,
And vſe that furious diligence, for feare
Their bond-men ſhould informe againſt their ſlackneſſe,
And bring their quaking fleſh vnto the hooke:
The rout, they follow with confuſed voyce,
Crying, they'are glad, ſay they could ne're abide him;
Enquire, what man he was? what kind of face?
What beard he had? what noſe? what lips? proteſt,
They euer did preſage h' would come to this:
They neuer thought him wiſe, nor valiant: Aske
After his garments, when he dies? what death?
And not a beaſt of all the herd demands,
What was his crime? or, who were his accuſers?
Vnder what rooſe, or teſtimonie, he fell?
There came (ſayes one) a huge, long, worded letter
From *Capreæ* againſt him. Did there ſo?
O, they are ſatisfied, no more. LEP. Alas!
They follow fortune, and hate men condemn'd,
Guiltie, or not. ARR. But, had SEIANVS thriu'd
In his deſigne, and proſperouſly oppreſt
The old TIBERIVS, then, in that ſame minute
Theſe very raskals, that now rage like *furies*,
Would haue proclaim'd SEIANVS emperour.
LEP. But what hath follow'd? TER. Sentence, by the *Senate*;
To loſe his head: which was no ſooner off,
But that, and th'vnfortunate trunke were ſeiz'd

By the rude multitude; who not content
With what the forward iuſtice of the ſtate,
Officiouſly had done, with violent rage
Haue rent it limbe, from limbe. A thouſand heads,
A thouſand hands, ten thouſand tongues, and voyces,
Employ'd at once in ſeuerall acts of malice!
Old men not ſtaid with age, virgins with ſhame,
Late wiues with loſſe of huſbands, mothers of children,
Loſing all griefe in ioy of his ſad fall,
Runne quite tranſported with their crueltie!
Theſe mounting at his head, theſe at his face,
Theſe digging out his eyes, thoſe with his braine,
Sprinkling themſelues, their houſes, and their friends;
Others are met, haue rauiſh'd thence an arme,
And deale ſmall pieces of the fleſh for fauours;
Theſe with a thigh; this hath cut off his hands;
And this his feet; theſe fingers, and theſe toes;
That hath his liuer; he his heart: there wants
Nothing but roome for wrath, and place for hatred!
What cannot oft be done, is now ore-done.
The whole, and all of what was great SEIANVS,
And next to CAESAR did poſſeſſe the world,
Now torne, and ſcatter'd, as he needs no graue,
Each little duſt couers a little part:
So lyes he no where, and yet often buryed!

ARRVNTIVS, NVNTIVS, LEPIDVS, TERENTIVS.

MOre of SEIANVS? NVN. Yes. LEP. What can be added?
We know him dead. NVN. Then, there begin your pitty.
There is inough behind, to melt eu'n *Rome*,
And CAESAR into teares: (ſince neuer ſlaue
Could yet ſo highly offend, but tyrannie,
In torturing him, would make him worth lamenting.)
A ſonne, and daughter, to the dead SEIANVS,
(Of whom there is not now ſo much remayning
As would giue faſtning to the hang-mans hooke)
Haue they drawne forth for farder ſacrifice;
Whoſe tenderneſſe of knowledge, vnripe yeares,
And childiſh ſilly innocence was ſuch,
As ſcarſe would lend them feeling of their danger:
The girle ſo ſimple, as ſhee often askt,
Where they would lead her? for what cauſe they drag'd her?
Cry'd, *ſhee would doe no more. That ſhee could take*

Warning with beating. And becauſe our lawes
Admit no virgin immature to die,
The wittily, and ſtrangely-cruell MACRO,
Deliuer'd her to be deflowr'd, and ſpoil'd,
By the rude luſt of the licentious hang-man,
Then, to be ſtrangled with her harmeleſſe brother.
LEP. O, act, moſt worthy hell, and laſting night,
To hide it from the world! NVN. Their bodies throwne
Into the *Gemonies*, (I know not how,
Or by what accident return'd) the mother,
Th'expulſed APICATA, finds them there;
Whom when ſhee ſaw lie ſpred on the degrees,
After a world of furie on her ſelfe,
Tearing her haire, defacing of her face,
Beating her breſts, and wombe, kneeling amaz'd,
Crying to heauen, then to them; at laſt,
Her drowned voyce gate vp aboue her woes:
And with ſuch black, and bitter execrations,
(As might affright the gods, and force the ſunne
Runne back-ward to the eaſt, nay, make the old
Deformed CHAOS riſe againe, t'ore-whelme
Them, vs, and all the world) ſhee fills the aire;
Vpbraids the heauens with their partiall doomes,
Defies their tyrannous powers, and demands,
What ſhee, and thoſe poore innocents haue tranſgreſs'd,
That they muſt ſuffer ſuch a ſhare in vengeance,
Whilſt LIVIA, LYGDVS, and EVDEMVS liue,
Who, (as ſhee ſay's, and firmely vowes, to proue it
To CAESAR, and the *Senate*) poyſon'd DRVSVS?
LEP. Confederates with her huſband? NVN. I. LEP. Strange act!
ARR. And ſtrangely open'd: what ſay's now my monſter,
The multitude? they reele now? doe they not?
NVN. Their gall is gone, and now they 'gin to weepe
The miſchiefe they haue done. ARR. I thanke 'hem, rogues!
NVN. Part are ſo ſtupide, or ſo flexible,
As they beleeue him innocent; all grieue:
And ſome, whoſe hands yet reeke with his warme bloud,
And gripe the part which they did teare of him,
Wiſh him collected, and created new.
LEP. How fortune plies her ſports, when ſhee begins
To practiſe 'hem! purſues, continues, addes!
Confounds, with varying her empaſſion'd moodes!
ARR. Do'ſt thou hope fortune to redeeme thy crimes?
To make amends, for thy ill placed fauours,

With

With theſe ſtrange puniſhments? Forbeare, you things,
That ſtand vpon the pinnacles of ſtate,
To boaſt your ſlippery height; when you doe fall,
You paſh your ſelues in pieces, nere to riſe:
And he that lends you pitty, is not wiſe.

TER. Let this example mooue th'inſolent man,
Not to grow proud, and careleſſe of the gods:
It is an odious wiſedome, to blaſpheme,
Much more to ſlighten, or denie their powers.
For, whom the morning ſaw ſo great, and high,
Thus low, and little, 'fore the euen doth lie.

THE END.

This Tragœdie vvas first acted, in the yeere 1603.

By the Kings Maiesties SERVANTS.

The principall Tragœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE. } WILL. SHAKE-SPEARE.
AVG. PHILIPS. } IOH. HEMINGS.
WILL. SEY. } HEN. CONDEL.
IOH. LOWIN. } ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

VOLPONE,
OR
THE FOXE.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1605. By
the K. MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.
Simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

VOLPONE,

OR

THE FOXE.

A Comedie.

Acted in the yeere 1606. By

the K. MAIESTIES

SERVANTS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

Sinul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,

M. DC. XVI.

TO

THE MOST NOBLE AND MOST EQVALL SISTERS

THE TWO FAMOVS

VNIVERSITIES

FOR THEIR LOVE

AND

ACCEPTANCE

SHEW'N TO HIS POEME IN THE

PRESENTATION

BEN. IONSON

THE GRATEFVLL ACKNOWLEDGER

DEDICATES

BOTH IT AND HIMSELFE.

Newer

NEuer (*most equall* SISTERS) *had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise it selfe; but there must come both matter, occasion, commenders, and fauourers to it: If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily proue it, it behoues the carefull to prouide, well, toward these accidents; and, hauing acquir'd them, to preserue that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render my selfe gratefull, and am studious to iustifie the bounty of your act: to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet, it being an age, wherein* Poetrie, *and the Professors of it heare so ill, on all sides, there will a reason bee look'd for in the subiect. It is certayne, nor can it with any fore-head be oppos'd, that the too-much licence of* Poetasters, *in this time, hath much deform'd their Mistris; that, euery day, their manifold, and manifest ignorance, doth sticke vnnaturall reproches vpon her: But for their petulancy, it were an act of the greatest iniustice, either to let the learned suffer; or so diuine a skill (which indeed should not bee attempted with vncleane hands) to fall, vnder the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not a-squint, looke toward the offices, and function of a Poet, they will easily conclude to themselues, the impossibility of any mans being the good Poet, without first being a good man. He that*

is

is said to be able to informe yong-men to all good disciplines, inflame growne-men to all great vertues, keepe old-men in their best and supreme state, or as they decline to child-hood, recouer them to their first strength; that comes forth the interpreter, and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things diuine, no lesse then humane, a master in manners; and can alone (or with a few) effect the businesse of man-kind: this, I take him, is no subiect for pride, and ignorance to exercise their rayling rhetorique vpon. But, it will here be hastily answer'd, that the writers of these dayes are other things; that, not only their manners, but their natures are inuerted; and nothing remayning with them of the dignitie of Poet, but the abused name, which euery Scribe vsurps: that now, especially in dramatick, *or (as they terme it) stage-*poetrie, *nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all licence of offence to god, and man, is practis'd. I dare not denie a great part of this (and am sorry, I dare not) because in some mens abortiue features (and would they had neuer boasted the light) it is ouer-true: But, that all are embarqu'd in this bold aduenture for hell, is a most vncharitable thought, and, vtter'd, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can (and from a most cleare conscience) affirme, that I haue euer trembled to thinke toward the least prophanenesse; haue lothed the vse of such foule, and vn-wash'd baudry, as is now made the foode of the* scene: *And, howsoeuer I cannot escape, from some, the imputation of sharpnesse, but that they will say, I haue taken a pride,*

or

or lust, to be bitter, and not my yongest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would aske of these supercilious politiques, what nation, societie, or generall order, or state I haue prouok'd? what publique person? whether I haue not (in all these) preseru'd their dignitie, as mine owne person, safe? My workes are read, †allow'd, (I speake of those that are intirely mine) looke into them: What broad reproofes haue I vs'd? Where haue I beene particular? Where personall? except to a mimick, cheater, bawd, or buffon, creatures (for their insolencies) worthy to be tax'd? Yet, to which of these so pointingly, as he might not, either ingenuously haue confest, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guiltie, much lesse entitle me, to other mens crimes. I know, that nothing can bee so innocently writ, or carryed, but may be made obnoxious to construction; mary, whil'st I beare mine innocence about mee, I feare it not. Application, is now, growne a trade with many; and there are, that professe to haue a key for the decyphering of euery thing: but let wise and noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or giue leaue to these inuading interpreters, to bee ouer-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, vtter their owne virulent malice, vnder other mens simplest meanings. As for those, that will (by faults which charitie hath rak'd vp, or common honestie conceal'd) make themselues a name with the multitude, or (to draw their rude, and beastly claps) care not whose liuing faces they intrench, with their petulant stiles;

† i.e. approved. ✍ alluding probably may to the play of Eastward Hoe, in which he joined with Marston and Chapman and which certainly was not allowed; for the three authors were thrown into prison. Eastward Hoe was acted probably in 1604; printed in 1605; This play of Volpone was acted in 1605 & printed in 1607. Ed

may they doe it, without a riuall, for me: I choose rather to liue grau'd in obscuritie, then share with them, in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those seuere, and wiser patriots, who prouiding the hurts these licentious spirits may doe in a state, desire rather to see fooles, and deuils, and those antique reliques of barbarisme retriu'd, with all other ridiculous, and exploded follies: then behold the wounds of priuate men, of princes, and nations. For, as HORACE makes TREBATIVS speake, among these

——Sibi quisq; timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.

And men may iustly impute such rages, if continu'd, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their misc'line enter-ludes, what learned or liberall soule doth not already abhorr: where nothing but the filth of the time is vtter'd, and that with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of soloecismes, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepse's, so rackt metaphor's, with brothelry, able to violate the eare of a pagan, and blasphemy, to turne the bloud of a christian to water. I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame, and the reputations of diuers honest, and learned are the question; when a Name, so ful of authority, antiquity, and all great marke, is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorne of the age: and those men subiect to the petulancy of euery vernaculous Orator, that were wont to bee the care of Kings, and happiest Monarchs. This it is, that hath not only rap't me to present

And get in the 10 years preceding the production of Volpone, twenty of Shakespeares plays had been brought upon the stage.

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ſent indignation, but made me ſtudious, heretofore; and, by all my actions, to ſtand off, from them: which may moſt appeare in this my lateſt worke (which you, moſt learned ARBITRESSES, haue ſeene, iudg'd, and to my crowne, approu'd) wherein I haue labour'd, for their inſtruction, and amendment, to reduce, not onely the ancient formes, but manners of the ſcene, the eaſineſſe, the propriety, the innocence, and laſt the doctrine, which is the principall end of poeſie, to informe men, in the beſt reaſon of liuing. And though my cataſtrophe may, in the ſtrict rigour of comick law, meet with cenſure, as turning back to my promiſe; I deſire the learned, and charitable critick to haue ſo much faith in me, to thinke it was done off induſtrie: For, with what eaſe I could haue varied it, neerer his ſcale (but that I feare to boaſt my owne faculty) I could here inſert. But my ſpeciall ayme being to put the ſnaffle in their mouths, that crie out, we neuer puniſh vice in our enterludes, &c. I tooke the more liberty; though not without ſome lines of example, drawne euen in the ancients themſelues, the goings out of whoſe comœdies are not alwaies ioyfull, but oft-times, the bawdes, the ſeruants, the riuals yea, and the maſters are mulcted: and fitly, it being the office of a comick-Poet, to imitate iuſtice, and inſtruct to life, as well as puritie of language, or ſtirre vp gentle affections. To which, I ſhall take the occaſion elſe-where to ſpeake. For the preſent (moſt reuerenced SISTERS) as I haue car'd to be thankefull for your affections paſt, and here made the vnderſtanding acquainted with ſome

ground

ground of your fauours; let me not despaire their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my MVSES *be true to me, I shall raise the despis'd head of* poetrie *againe, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags, wherwith the Times haue adulterated her form, restore her to her primitiue habit, feature, and maiesty, and render her worthy to be imbraced, and kist, of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile, and slothfull, who neuer affected an act, worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their owne vicious natures, as they worthily feare her; and thinke it a high point of policie, to keepe her in contempt with their declamatorie, and windy inuectiues: shee shall out of iust rage incite her seruants (who are* genus iritabile) *to spout inke in their faces, that shall eate, farder then their marrow, into their fames; and not* CINNAMVS *the barber, with his arte, shall be able to take out the brands, but they shall liue, and bee read, till the wretches dye, as things worst deseruing of themselues in chiefe, and then of all mankind.*

The Persons of the Play.

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico.*

MOSCA, *his Parasite.*

VOLTORE, *an Advocate.*

CORBACCIO, *an old Gentleman.*

CORVINO, *a Merchant.*

AVOCATORI, *four Magistrates*

NOTARIO, *the Register.*

NANO, *a Dwarfe.*

CASTRONE, *an Eunuch.*

GREGE.

POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE, *a Knight.*

PEREGRINE, *a Gent.-trauailer.*

BONARIO, *a yong Gentleman.*

FINE MADAME WOVLD-BEE, *the Knights wife.*

CELIA, *the Merchants wife.*

COMMANDADORI, *Officers.*

MERCATORI, *three Merchants.*

ANDROGYNO, *a Hermaphrodite.*

SERVITORE, *a Seruant.*

WOMEN.

THE SCENE

VENICE.

VOLPONE,
OR
THE FOXE.

THE ARGVMENT.

VOLPONE, childlesse, rich, faines sicke, dospaires,
Offers his state to hopes of seuerall heires,
Lies languishing; His Parasite receaues
Presents of all, assures, deludes: Then weaues
Other crosse-plots, which ope themselues, are told.
New tricks for safety, are sought; they thriue: When, bold,
Each tempts th' other againe, and will are sold.

PROLOGVE.

NOw, luck yet send vs, and a little wit
Will serue, to make our play hit;
(According to the palates of the season)
Here is ri'me, not emptie of reason:
This we were bid to credit, from our *Poet*,
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his *poemes*, stil, hath been this measure,
To mixe profit, with your pleasure;
And not as some (whose throats their enuy
fayling)
Cry hoarsely, all he writes, is rayling:
And, when his playes come forth, thinke they can flout them,
With saying, he was a yeere about them.
To these there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was, two months since, no feature;
And, though he dares giue them fiue liues to mend it,
'Tis knowne, fiue weekes fully pen'd it:

From his owne hand, without a co-adiutor,
Nouice, iourney-man, or tutor.
Yet, thus much I can giue you, as a token
Of his playes worth, no egges are broken;
Nor quaking cuſtards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are ſo delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To ſtop gaps in his looſe writing;
With ſuch a deale of monſtrous, and forc'd action:
As might make *Bet'lem* a faction:
Nor made he' his play, for ieſts, ſtolne from each table,
But makes ieſts, to fit his fable.
And, ſo preſents quick *comœdie*, refined,
As beſt Criticks haue deſigned,
The lawes of time, place, perſons he obſerueth,
From no needfull rule he ſwerueth.
All gall, and coppreſſe, from his inke, he drayneth,
Onely, a little ſalt remayneth;
Wherewith, he'll rub your cheeks, til (red with laughter)
They ſhall looke freſh, a weeke after.

Act I. *Scene* I.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

GOod morning to the day; and, next, my gold:
Open the ſhrine, that I may ſee my *ſaint*.
Haile the worlds ſoule, and mine. More glad then is
The teeming earth, to ſee the long'd-for ſunne
Peepe through the hornes of the celeſtiall *ram*,
Am I, to view thy ſplendor, darkening his:
That, lying here, amongſt my other hoords,
Shew'ſt like a flame, by night; or like the day
Strooke out of *chaos*, when all darkeneſſe fled
Vnto the center. O, thou ſonne of SOL,
(But brighter then thy father) let me kiſſe,
With adoration, thee, and euery relique
Of ſacred treaſure, in this bleſſed roome.
Well did wiſe Poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age, which they would haue the beſt;
Thou being the beſt of things: and far tranſcending
All ſtile of ioy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dreame on earth.
Thy lookes, when they to VENVS did aſcribe,
They ſhould haue giu'n her twentie thouſand CVPIDS;

Such

Such are thy beauties, and our loues! Deare *saint*,
Riches, the dumbe god, that giu'ſt all men tongues:
That canſt doe nought, and yet mak'ſt men doe all things;
The price of ſoules; euen hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth heauen! Thou art vertue, fame,
Honour, and all things elſe! Who can get thee,
He ſhall be noble, valiant, honeſt, wiſe——

MOS. And what he will, ſir. Riches are in fortune
A greater good, then wiſedome is in nature.

VOL. True, my beloued MOSCA. Yet, I glory
More in the cunning purchaſe of my wealth,
Then in the glad poſſeſſion; ſince I gaine
No common way: I vſe no trade, no venter;
I wound no earth with plow-ſhares; fat no beaſts
To feede the ſhambles; haue no mills for yron,
Oyle, corne, or men, to grinde 'hem into poulder;
I blow no ſubtill glaſſe; expoſe no ſhips
To threatnings of the furrow-faced ſea;
I turne no moneys, in the publike banke;
Nor vſure priuate—— MOS. No, ſir, nor deuoure
Soft prodigalls. You ſhall ha' ſome will ſwallow
A melting heire, as glibly, as your *Dutch*
Will pills of butter, and ne're purge for't;
Teare forth the fathers of poore families
Out of their beds, and coffin them, aliue,
In ſome kind, claſping priſon, where their bones
May be forth-comming, when the fleſh is rotten:
But, your ſweet nature doth abhorre theſe courſes;
You lothe, the widdowes, or the orphans teares
Should waſh your pauements; or their pittious cryes
Ring in your roofes; and beate the aire, for vengeance.——

VOL. Right, MOSCA, I doe lothe it. MOS. And beſides, ſir,
You are not like the threſher, that doth ſtand
With a huge flaile, watching a heape of corne,
And, hungrie, dares not taſte the ſmalleſt graine,
But feeds on mallowes, and ſuch bitter herbs;
Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his vaults
With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* wines,
Yet drinkes the lees of *Lombards* vineger:
You will not lie in ſtraw, whilſt moths, and wormes
Feed on your ſumptuous hangings, and ſoft beds.
You know the vſe of riches, and dare giue, now,
From that bright heape, to me, your poore obſeruer,
Or to your dwarfe, or your *hermaphrodite*,
Your eunuch, or what other houſhold-trifle

Your

From his owne hand, without a co-adiutor,
Nouice, iourney-man, or tutor.
Yet, thus much I can giue you, as a token
Of his playes worth, no egges are broken;
Nor quaking cuſtards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are ſo delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To ſtop gaps in his looſe writing;
With ſuch a deale of monſtrous, and forc'd action:
As might make *Bet'lem* a faction:
Nor made he' his play, for ieſts, ſtolne from each table,
But makes ieſts, to fit his fable.
And, ſo preſents quick *comœdie*, refined,
As beſt Criticks haue deſigned,
The lawes of time, place, perſons he obſerueth,
From no needfull rule he ſwerueth.
All gall, and coppreſſe, from his inke, he drayneth,
Onely, a little ſalt remayneth;
Wherewith, he'll rub your cheeks, til (red with laughter)
They ſhall looke freſh, a weeke after.

Act I. *Scene* I.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

GOod morning to the day; and, next, my gold:
Open the ſhrine, that I may ſee my *ſaint*.
Haile the worlds ſoule, and mine. More glad then is
The teeming earth, to ſee the long'd-for ſunne
Peepe through the hornes of the celeſtiall *ram*,
Am I, to view thy ſplendor, darkening his:
That, lying here, amongſt my other hoords,
Shew'ſt like a flame, by night; or like the day
Strooke out of *chaos*, when all darkeneſſe fled
Vnto the center. O, thou ſonne of SOL,
(But brighter then thy father) let me kiſſe,
With adoration, thee, and euery relique
Of ſacred treaſure, in this bleſſed roome.
Well did wiſe Poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age, which they would haue the beſt;
Thou being the beſt of things: and far tranſcending
All ſtile of ioy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dreame on earth.
Thy lookes, when they to VENVS did aſcribe,
They ſhould haue giu'n her twentie thouſand CVPIDS;

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Or to your dwarfe, or your *hermaphrodite*,
Your eunuch, or what other houſhold-trifle

Your

Your pleaſure allowes maint'nance. —— VOL. Hold thee, MOSCA,
Take, of my hand; thou ſtrik'ſt on truth, in all:
And they are enuious, terme thee paraſite.
Call forth my dwarfe, my eunuch, and my foole,
And let 'hem make me ſport. What ſhould I doe,
But cocker vp my *genius*, and liue free
To all delights, my fortune calls me to?
I haue no wife, no parent, child, allie,
To giue my ſubſtance to; but whom I make,
Muſt be my heire: and this makes men obſerue me.
This drawes new clients, daily, to my houſe,
Women, and men, of euery ſexe, and age,
That bring me preſents, ſend me plate, coyne, iewels,
With hope, that when I die, (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it ſhall then returne,
Ten-fold, vpon them; whil'ſt ſome, couetous
Aboue the reſt, ſeeke to engroſſe me, whole,
And counter worke, the one, vnto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would ſeeme, in loue:
All which I ſuffer, playing with their hopes, ——
And am content to coyne 'hem into profit,
And looke vpon their kindneſſe, and take more,
And looke on that; ſtill bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock againſt their lips,
And, draw it, by their mouths, and back againe. How now!

Act I. *Scene* II.

NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, VOLPONE, MOSCA.

NOw, roome, for freſh gamſters, who doe will you to know;
They doe bring you neither play, nor Vniuerſitie *ſhow;*
And therefore doe intreat you, that whatſoeuer they reherſe,
May not fare a whit the worſe, for the falſe paſe of the verſe.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more, ere we paſſe,
For know, here is imboſ'd the Soule of PYTHAGORAS,
That iuggler diuine, as hereafter ſhall follow;
Which Soule (faſt, and looſe, ſir) came firſt from APOLLO,
And was breath'd into ÆTHALIDES, MERCVRIVS *his ſonne,*
Where it had the gift to remember all that euer was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick tranſmigration
To goldy-lockt EVPHORBVS, *who was kill'd, in good faſhion,*
At the ſiege of old Troy, *by the Cuckold of* Sparta.
HERMOTIMVS *was next (I find it, in my* charta)

To

To whom it did passe, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one PYRRHVS, *of* Delos, *it learn'd to goe a fishing:*
And thence, did it enter the Sophist of Greece.
From PYTHAGORE, *shee went into a beautifull peece,*
Hight ASPASIA, *the* meretrix; *and the next tosse of her*
Was, againe, of a whore, shee became a Philosopher,
CRATES *the* Cynick: *(as it selfe doth relate it)*
Since, Kings, Knights, and Beggers, Knaues, Lords and Fooles gat it,
Besides, oxe, and asse, cammell, mule, goat, and brock,
In all which it hath spoke, as in the Coblers cock.
But I come not here, to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, *or* three, *or his great oath,* by quater,
His musicks, *his* trigon, *his golden thigh,*
Or his telling how elements shift: but I
Would aske, how of late, thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat, in these dayes of reformation?
AND. *Like one of the reformed, a Foole, as you see,*
Counting all old doctrine heresie.
NAN. *But not on thine owne forbid meates hast thou venter'd?*
AND. *On fish, when first, a* carthusian *I enter'd.*
NAN. *Why, then thy dogmaticall silence hath left thee?*
AND. *Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft mee.*
NAN. *O wonderfull change! when Sir Lawyer forsooke thee,*
For PYTHAGORE'S *sake, what body then tooke thee?*
AND. *A good dull moyle.* NAN. *And how! by that meanes,*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beanes?
AND. *Yes.* NAN. *But, from the moyle, into whom did'st thou passe?*
AND. *Into a very strange beast, by some writers cal'd an asse,*
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate brother,
Of those deuoure flesh, and sometimes one another:
And will drop you forth a libell, or a sanctified lie,
Betwixt euery spoonefull of a natiuitie-pie.
NAN. *Now quit thee, for heauen, of that profane nation;*
And gently, report thy next transmigration.
AND. *To the same that I am.* NAN. *A creature of delight?*
And (what is more then a Foole) an hermaphrodite?
Now pray thee, sweet Soule, in all thy variation,
Which body would'st thou choose, to take up thy station?
AND. *Troth, this I am in, euen here would I tarry.*
NAN. *'Cause here, the delight of eath sexe thou tast vary?*
AND. *Alas, those pleasures be stale, and forsaken;*
No, 'tis your Foole, wherewith I am so taken,
The onely one creature, that I can call blessed:
For all other formes I haue prou'd most distressed.

NAN.

NAN. *Spoke true, as thou wert in* PYTHAGORAS *ſtill.*
This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch (as behooues vs) with all our wit, and art,
To dignifie that, whereof our ſelues are ſo great, and ſpeciall a part.
VOL. Now very, very pretty: MOSCA, this
Was thy inuention? MOS. If it pleaſe my patron,
Not elſe. VOL. It doth, good MOSCA. MOS. Then it was, ſir.

SONG.

FOoles, they are the onely nation
Worth mens enuy, or admiration;
Free from care, or ſorrow-taking,
Selues, and others merry-making:
All they ſpeake, or doe, is ſterling.
Your Foole, he is your great mans dearling,
And your ladies ſport, and pleaſure;
Tongue, and bable are his treaſure.
Eene his face begetteth laughter,
And he ſpeakes truth, free from ſlaughter;
Hee's the grace of euery feaſt,
And, ſometimes, the chiefeſt gueſt:
Hath his trencher, and his ſtoole,
When wit waites vpon the foole.
O, who would not bee
Hee, hee, hee?

One knocks without.

VOL. Who's that? away, looke MOSCA. MOS. Foole, be gone,
'Tis ſignior VOLTORE, the Aduocate,
I know him, by his knock. VOL. Fetch me my gowne,
My furres, and night-caps; ſay, my couch is changing:
And let him entertayne himſelfe, awhile,
Without i' th' gallerie. Now, now, my clients
Beginne their viſitation! vulture, kite,
Rauen, and gor-crow, all my birds of prey,
That thinke me turning carcaſſe, now they come:
I am not for 'hem yet. How now? the newes?
MOS. A piece of plate, ſir. VOL. Of what bigneſſe? MOS. Huge,
Maſſie, and antique, with your name inſcrib'd,
And armes ingrauen. VOL. Good! and not a foxe
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine deluſiue ſleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, MOSCA? MOS. Sharpe, ſir.
VOL. Giue me my furres. Why doſt thou laugh ſo, man?
MOS. I cannot chooſe, ſir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has (without) now, as he wakes:
That this might be the laſt gift, he ſhould giue;

That

That this would fetch you; if you dyed to day,
And gaue him all, what he ſhould be to morrow;
What large returne would come of all his venters;
How he ſhould worſhip'd be, and reuerenc'd;
Ride, with his furres, and foot-clothes; waited on
By herds of fooles, and clients; haue cleere way
Made for his moyle, as letter'd as himſelfe;
Be cald the great, and learned Aduocate:
And then concludes, there's nought impoſſible.

VOL. Yes, to be learned, MOSCA. MOS. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an aſſe, with reuerend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious eares,
And, he ſhall paſſe for a cathedrall Doctor.

VOL. My caps, my caps, good MOSCA, fetch him in.

MOS. Stay, ſir, your ointment for your eyes. VOL. That's true;
Diſpatch, diſpatch: I long to haue poſſeſſion
Of my new preſent. MOS. That, and thouſands more,
I hope, to ſee you lord of. VOL. Thankes, kind MOSCA.

MOS. And that, when I am loſt in blended duſt,
And hundred ſuch, as I am, in ſucceſſion———

VOL. Nay, that were too much, MOSCA. MOS. You ſhall liue,
Still, to delude theſe *harpyies*. VOL. Louing MOSCA,
'Tis well, my pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my fain'd cough, my phthiſick, and my gout,
My apoplexie, palſie, and catarrhes,
Helpe, with your forced functions, this my poſture,
Wherein, this three yeere, I haue milk'd their hopes.
He comes, I heare him (vh, vh, vh, vh) ô.

Act I. *Scene* III.

MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

YOu ſtill are, what you were, ſir. Onely you
(Of all the reſt) are he, commands his loue:
And you doe wiſely, to preſerue it, thus,
With early viſitation, and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come moſt gratefull. Patron, ſir.
Here's ſignior VOLTORE is come——— VOLP. What ſay you?

MOS. Sir, ſignior VOLTORE is come, this morning,
To viſit you. VOLP. I thanke him. MOS. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of S. MARKE,
With which he here preſents you. VOLP. He is welcome.
Pray him, to come more often. MOS. Yes. VOLT. What ſayes he?

MOS.

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see him often. (is he?
Volp. Mosca. Mos. My patron? Volp. Bring him neere, where
I long to feele his hand. Mos. The plate is here, sir.
Volt. How fare you, sir? Volp. I thanke you, signior Voltore.
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad. Volt. I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weake. Mos. That he is not weaker.
Volp. You are too munificent. Volt. No, sir, would to heauen,
I could as well giue health to you, as that plate.
Volp. You giue, sir, what you can. I thanke you. Your loue
Hath taste in this, and shall not be vn-answer'd.
I pray you see me often. Volt. Yes, I shall, sir.
Volp. Be not far from me. Mos. Doe you obserue that, sir?
Volp. Harken vnto me, still: It will concerne you.
Mos. You are a happy man, sir, know your good.
Volp. I cannot now last long—— (Mos. You are his heire, sir.
Volt. Am I?) Volp. I feele me going, (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
I am sayling to my port, (vh, vh, vh, vh?)
And I am glad, I am so neere my hauen.
Mos. Alas, kind gentleman, well, we must all goe—— (heare me.
Volt. But, Mosca—Mos. Age wil conquer. Volt. 'Pray thee
Am I inscrib'd his heire, for certayne? Mos. Are you?
I doe beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me, i' your family. All my hopes,
Depend vpon your worship. I am lost,
Except the rising sunne doe shine on me.
Volt. It shall both shine, and warme thee, Mosca. Mos. Sir.
I am a man, that haue not done your loue
All the worst offices: here I weare your keyes,
See all your coffers, and your caskets lockt,
Keepe the poore inuentorie of your iewels,
Your plate, and moneyes, am your steward, sir,
Husband your goods here. Volt. But am I sole heire?
Mos. Without a partner, sir, confirm'd this morning;
The waxe is warme yet, and the inke scarse drie
Vpon the parchment. Volt. Happy, happy, me!
By what good chance, sweet Mosca? Mos. Your desert, sir;
I know no second cause. Volt. Thy modestie
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Mos. He euer lik'd your course, sir, that first tooke him.
I, oft, haue heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large profession, that could speake
To euery cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they were hoarse, againe, yet all be law;
That, with most quick agilitie, could turne,
And re-turne; make knots, and vndoe them;

Giue

Giue forked counſell; take prouoking gold
On either hand, and put it vp: theſe men,
He knew, would thriue, with their humilitie:
And (for his part) he thought, he ſhould be bleſt
To haue his heire of ſuch a ſuffering ſpirit,
So wiſe, ſo graue, of ſo perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withall, that would not wag, nor ſcarce
Lie ſtill, without a fee; when euery word
Your worſhip but lets fall, is a *cecchine*!
Who's that? one knocks, I would not haue you ſeene, ſir. *Another knocks.*
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haſte;
I'le faſhion an excuſe. And, gentle ſir,
When you doe come to ſwim, in golden lard,
Vp to the armes, in honny, that your chin
Is borne vp ſtiffe, with fatneſſe of the floud,
Thinke on your vaſſall; but remember me:
I ha' not beene your worſt of clients. VOLT. MOSCA—
MOS. When will you haue your inuentorie brought, ſir?
Or ſee a coppy of the will? (anon)
I'le bring 'hem to you, ſir. Away, be gone,
Put buſineſſe i' your face. VOLP. Excellent, MOSCA!
Come hither, let me kiſſe thee. MOS. Keepe you ſtill, ſir.
Here is CORBACCIO. VOLP. Set the plate away,
The vulture's gone, and the old rauen's come.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

MOSCA, CORBACCIO, VOLPONE.

BEtake you, to your ſilence, and your ſleepe:
Stand there, and multiply. Now, ſhall wee ſee
A wretch, who is (indeed) more impotent,
Then this can faine to be; yet hopes to hop
Ouer his graue. Signior CORBACCIO!
Yo'are very welcome, ſir. CORB. How do's your patron?
MOS. Troth, as he did, ſir, no amends. CORB. What? mends he?
MOS. No, ſir: he is rather worſe. CORB. That's well. Where is he?
MOS. Vpon his couch, ſir, newly fall'n aſleepe.
CORB. Do's he ſleepe well? MOS. No winke, ſir, all this night,
Nor yeſterday, but ſlumbers. CORB. Good! He ſhould take
Some counſell of phyſicians: I haue brought him
An *opiate* here, from mine owne Doctor———
MOS. He will not heare of drugs. CORB. Why? I my ſelfe
Stood by, while 't was made; ſaw all th'ingredients:
And know, it cannot but moſt gently worke.

My life for his, 'tis but to make him ſleepe.
VOLP. I, his laſt ſleepe, if he would take it. MOS. Sir,
He ha's no faith in phyſick. CORB. 'Say you?' ſay you?
MOS. He ha's no faith in phyſick: he do's thinke,
Moſt of your Doctors are the greater danger,
And worſe diſeaſe, t'eſcape. I often haue
Heard him proteſt, that your phyſitian
Should neuer be his heire. CORB. Not I his heire?
MOS. Not your phyſitian, ſir. CORB. O, no, no, no,
I doe not meane it. MOS. No, ſir, nor their fees
He cannot brooke: he ſayes, they flay a man,
Before they kill him. CORB. Right, I doe conceiue you.
MOS. And then, they doe it by experiment;
For which the law not onely doth abſolue 'hem,
But giues them great reward: and, he is loth
To hire his death, ſo. CORB. It is true, they kill,
With as much licence, as a iudge. MOS. Nay, more;
For he but kills, ſir, where the law condemnes,
And theſe can kill him, too. CORB. I, or me:
Or any man. How do's his apoplexe?
Is that ſtrong on him, ſtill? MOS. Moſt violent.
His ſpeech is broken, and his eyes are ſet,
His face drawne longer, then 't was wont—— CORB. How? how?
Stronger, then he was wont? MOS. No, ſir: his face
Drawne longer, then 't was wont. CORB. O, good. MOS. His mouth
Is euer gaping, and his eye-lids hang. CORB. Good.
MOS. A freezing numneſſe ſtiffens all his ioynts,
And makes the colour of his fleſh like lead. CORB. 'Tis good.
MOS. His pulſe beats ſlow, and dull. CORB. Good ſymptomes, ſtill.
MOS. And, from his brain— CORB. Ha? how? not from his brain?
MOS. Yes, ſir, and from his brain—(CORB. I conceiue you, good.)
MOS. Flowes a cold ſweat, with a continuall rhewme,
Forth the reſolued corners of his eyes.
CORB. Is't poſſible? yet I am better, ha!
How do's he, with the ſwimming of his head?
MOS. O, ſir, 'tis paſt, the *ſcotomy*; he, now,
Hath loſt his feeling, and hath left to ſnort:
You hardly can perceiue him, that he breathes.
CORB. Excellent, excellent, ſure I ſhall out-laſt him:
This makes me yong againe, a ſcore of yeeres.
MOS. I was a comming for you, ſir. CORB. Has he made his will?
What has he giu'n me? MOS. No, ſir. CORB. Nothing? ha?
MOS. He has not made his will, ſir. CORB. Oh, oh, oh.
What then did VOLTORE, the Lawyer, here?
MOS. He ſmelt a carcaſſe, ſir, when he but heard

My

My master was about his testament;
(As I did vrge him to it, for your good——)
Corb. He came vnto him, did he? I thought so.
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
Corb. To be his heire? Mos. I doe not know, sir. Corb. True,
I know it too. Mos. By your owne scale, sir. Corb. Well,
I shall preuent him, yet. See, Mosca, looke,
Here, I haue brought a bag of bright *cecchines*,
Will quite weigh downe his plate. Mos. Yea, mary, sir!
This is true physick, this your sacred medicine,
No talke of *opiates*, to this great *elixir*.
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
Mos. It shall be minister'd to him, in his bowle?
Corb. I, doe, doe, doe. Mos. Most blessed cordiall!
This will recouer him. Corb. Yes, doe, doe, doe. (couer him.
Mos. I thinke, it were not best, sir. Corb. What? Mos. To re-
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no meanes. Mos. Why, sir, this
Will worke some strange effect, if he but feele it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbeare, I'le take my venter:
Giue me't againe. Mos. At no hand, pardon me;
You shall not doe your selfe that wrong, sir. I
Will so aduise you, you shall haue it all.
Corb. How? Mos. All, sir, 'tis your right, your owne; no man
Can claime a part: 'tis yours, without a riuall,
Decree'd by destinie. Corb. How? how, good Mosca?
Mos. I'le tell you, sir. This fit he shall recouer——
Corb. I doe conceiue you. Mos. And, on first aduantage
Of his gayn'd sense, will I re-importune him
Vnto the making of his testament:
And shew him this. Corb. Good, good. Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will heare, sir. Corb. Yes, with all my heart.
Mos. Now, would I counsell you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will: whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heire. Corb. And disinherit
My sonne? Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour
Shall make it much more taking. Corb. O, but colour?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it vnto me.
Now, when I come to inforce (as I will doe)
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more then many gifts, your this dayes present,
And, last, produce your will; where (without thought,
Or least regard, vnto your proper issue,
A sonne so braue, and highly meriting)
The streame of your diuerted loue hath throwne you
Vpon my master, and made him your heire:

He cannot be ſo ſtupide, or ſtone dead,
But, out of conſcience, and mere gratitude——— (plot
Corb. He muſt pronounce me, his? Mos. Tis true. Corb. This
Did I thinke on before. Mos. I doe beleeue it. (proiect.
Corb. Doe you not beleeue it? Mos. Yes, ſir. Corb. Mine owne
Mos. Which when he hath done, ſir--Corb. Publiſh'd me his heire?
Mos. And you ſo certayne, to ſuruiue him—Corb. I.
Mos. Being ſo luſty a man—Corb. 'Tis true. Mos. Yes, ſir—
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he ſhould be
The very organ, to expreſſe my thoughts!
Mos. You haue not onely done your ſelfe a good———
Corb. But multiplyed it on my ſonne? Mos. 'Tis right, ſir.
Corb. Still, my inuention. Mos. 'Laſſe ſir, heauen knowes,
It hath beene all my ſtudie, all my care,
(I'eene grow grey withall) how to worke things———
Corb. I doe conceiue, ſweet Mosca. Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here. Corb. I, doe, doe, doe:
I'le ſtraight about it. Mos. Rooke goe with you, rauen.
Corb. I know thee honeſt. Mos. You doe lie, ſir—Corb. And—
Mos. Your knowledge is no better then your eares, ſir.
Corb. I doe not doubt, to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I, to gull my brother of his bleſſing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth reſtor'd to me, why not?
Mos. Your worſhip is a precious aſſe—Corb. What ſay'ſt thou?
Mos. I doe deſire your worſhip, to make haſte, ſir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I goe. Volp. O, I ſhall burſt;
Let out my ſides, let out my ſides——— Mos. Contayne
Your fluxe of laughter, ſir: you know, this hope
Is ſuch a bait, it couers any hooke.
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!
I cannot hold; good raſcall, let me kiſſe thee:
I neuer knew thee, in ſo rare a humour.
Mos. Alas, ſir, I but doe, as I am taught;
Follow your graue inſtructions; giue 'hem wordes;
Powre oyle into their eares: and ſend them hence.
Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare puniſhment
Is auarice, to it ſelfe? Mos. I, with our helpe, ſir.
Volp. So many cares, ſo many maladies,
So many feares attending on old age,
Yea, death ſo often call'd on, as no wiſh
Can be more frequent with 'hem, their limbs faint,
Their ſenſes dull, their ſeeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
Their inſtruments of eating, fayling them:
Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,

Is

Is now gone home, that wiſhes to liue longer!
Feeles not his gout, nor palſie, faines himſelfe
Yonger, by ſcores of yeeres, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charmes, like Æson, haue his youth reſtor'd:
And with theſe thoughts ſo battens, as if fate
Would be as eaſily cheated on, as he,
And all turnes aire! Who's that, there, now? a third? *Another knocke.*
Mos. Cloſe, to your couch againe: I heare his voyce.
It is Corvino, our ſpruce Merchant. Volp. Dead.
Mos. Another bout, ſir, with your eyes. Who's there?

Act 1. Scene v.

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone.

SIgnior Corvino! come moſt wiſht for! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it, now! (ſir.
Corv. Why? what? wherein? Mos. The tardie houre is come,
Corv. He is not dead? Mos. Not dead, ſir, but as good;
He knowes no man. Corv. How ſhall I doe, then? Mos. Why, ſir?
Corv. I haue brought him, here, a pearle. Mos. Perhaps, he has
So much remembrance left, as to know you, ſir;
He ſtill calls on you, nothing but your name
Is in his mouth: Is your pearle orient, ſir?
Corv. *Venice* was neuer owner of the like. (vino.
Volp. Signior Corvino. Mos. Harke. Volp. Signior Cor-
Mos. 'He calls you, ſtep and giue it him. H'is here, ſir,
And he has brought you a rich pearle. Corv. How doe you, ſir?
Tell him, it doubles the twelfe *caract*. Mos. Sir,
He cannot vnderſtand, his hearing's gone;
And yet it comforts him, to ſee you——— Corv. Say,
I haue a diamant for him, too. Mos. Beſt ſhew't, ſir,
Put it into his hand; 'tis onely there
He apprehends: he has his feeling, yet.
See, how he graſps it! Corv. 'Laſſe, good gentleman!
How pittifull the ſight is! Mos. Tut, forget, ſir.
The weeping of an heire ſhould ſtill be laughter,
Vnder a viſor. Corv. Why? am I his heire?
Mos. Sir, I am ſworne, I may not ſhew the will,
Till he be dead: But, here has beene Corbaccio,
Here has beene Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'hem, they were ſo many,
All gaping here for legacies; but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,

(Signior CORVINO, Signior CORVINO) tooke
Paper, and pen, and inke, and there I ask'd him,
Whom he would haue his heire? CORVINO. Who
Should be executor? CORVINO. And,
To any queſtion, he was ſilent too,
I ſtill interpreted the nods, he made
(Through weakeneſſe) for conſent: and ſent home th'others,
Nothing bequeath'd them, but to crie, and curſe.
They embrace. CORV. O, my deare MOSCA. Do's he not perceiue vs?
MOS. No more then a blind harper. He knowes no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any ſeruant,
Who't was that fed him laſt, or gaue him drinke:
Not thoſe, he hath begotten, or brought vp
Can he remember. CORV. Has he children? MOS. Baſtards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggers,
Gipſeys, and *Iewes*, and black-*moores*, when he was drunke.
Knew you not that, ſir? 'Tis the common fable.
The Dwarfe, the Foole, the Eunuch are all his;
H'is the true father of his family,
In all, ſaue me: but he has giu'n 'hem nothing.
CORV. That's well, that's well. Art ſure he does not heare vs?
MOS. Sure, ſir? why, looke you, credit your owne ſenſe.
The poxe approch, and adde to your diſeaſes,
If it would ſend you hence the ſooner, ſir.
For, your incontinence, it hath deſeru'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come neere, ſir) would you would once cloſe
Thoſe filthy eyes of yours, that flow with ſlime,
Like two frog-pits; and thoſe ſame hanging cheeks,
Couer'd with hide, in ſtead of skin: (nay, helpe, ſir)
That looke like frozen diſh-clouts, ſet on end.
CORV. Or, like an old ſmok'd wall, on which the raine
Ran downe in ſtreakes. MOS. Excellent, ſir, ſpeake out;
You may be lowder yet: a culuering,
Diſcharged in his eare, would hardly bore it.
CORV. His noſe is like a common ſewre, ſtill running.
MOS. 'Tis good! and, what his mouth? CORV. A very draught.
MOS. O, ſtop it vp— CORV. By no meanes. MOS. 'Pray you let me.
Faith, I could ſtifle him, rarely, with a pillow,
As well, as any woman, that ſhould keepe him.
CORV. Doe as you will, but I'le be gone. MOS. Be ſo;
It is your preſence makes him laſt ſo long.
CORV. I pray you, vſe no violence. MOS. No, ſir? why?
Why ſhould you be thus ſcrupulous? 'pray you, ſir.
CORV. Nay, at your diſcretion. MOS. Well, good ſir, be gone.

CORV.

CORV. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearle?
MOS. Puh, nor your diamant. What a needleſſe care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all, here, yours?
Am not I here? whom you haue made? your creature?
That owe my being to you? CORV. Gratefull MOSCA!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and ſhalt ſhare in all my fortunes. (wife, ſir.
MOS. Excepting one. CORV. What's that? MOS. Your gallant
Now, is he gone: we had no other meanes,
To ſhoot him hence, but this. VOLP. My diuine MOSCA!
Thou haſt to day out-gone thy ſelfe. Who's there? *Another knocks.*
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me muſicke, dances, banquets, all delights;
The *Turke* is not more ſenſuall, in his pleaſures,
Then will VOLPONE. Let mee ſee, a pearle?
A diamant? plate? *cecchines?* good mornings purchaſe;
Why, this is better then rob churches, yet:
Or fat, by eating (once a mon'th) a man.
Who is't? MOS. The beauteous lady WOVLD-BEE, ſir.
Wife, to the *Engliſh* Knight, Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE,
(This is the ſtile, ſir, is directed mee)
Hath ſent to know, how you haue ſlept to night,
And if you would be viſited. VOLP. Not, now.
Some three houres, hence—— MOS. I told the Squire, ſo much.
VOLP. When I am high with mirth, and wine: then, then.
'Fore heauen, I wonder at the deſperate valure
Of the bold *Engliſh*, that they dare let looſe
Their wiues, to all encounters! MOS. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is politique,
And knowes, how ere his wife affect ſtrange aires,
Shee hath not yet the face, to be diſhoneſt.
But, had ſhee ſignior CORVINO's wiues face——
VOLP. Has ſhee ſo rare a face? MOS. O, ſir, the wonder,
The blazing ſtarre of *Italie*! a wench
O' the firſt yeere! a beautie, ripe, as harueſt!
Whoſe ſkin is whiter then a ſwan, all ouer!
Then ſiluer, ſnow, or lillies! a ſoft lip,
Would tempt you to eternitie of kiſſing!
And fleſh, that melteth, in the touch, to bloud!
Bright as your gold! and louely, as your gold!
VOLP. Why had not I knowne this, before? MOS. Alas, ſir.
My ſelfe, but yeſterday, diſcouer'd it.
VOLP. How might I ſee her? MOS. O, not poſſible;
Shee's kept as warily, as is your gold:
Neuer do's come abroad, neuer takes ayre,

But

But at a windore. All her lookes are ſweet,
As the firſt grapes, or cherries: and are watch'd
As neere, as they are. VOLP. I muſt ſee her——— MOS. Sir.
There is a guard, of ten ſpies thick, vpon her;
All his whole houſhold: each of which is ſet
Vpon his fellow, and haue all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
VOLP. I will goe ſee her, though but at her windore.
MOS. In ſome diſguiſe, then. VOLP. That is true. I muſt
Maintayne mine owne ſhape, ſtill, the ſame: wee'll thinke.

Act II. *Scene* I.

POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE, PEREGRINE.

SIr, to a wiſe man, all the world's his ſoile.
It is not *Italie*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That muſt bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet, I proteſt, it is no ſalt deſire
Of ſeeing countries, ſhifting a religion,
Nor any diſ-affection to the ſtate
Where I was bred (and, vnto which I owe
My deareſt plots) hath brought me out; much leſſe,
That idle, antique, ſtale, grey-headed proiect
Of knowing mens minds, and manners, with VLYSSES:
But, a peculiar humour of my wiues,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to obſerue,
To quote, to learne the language, and ſo forth———
I hope you trauell, ſir, with licence? PER. Yes.
POL. I dare the ſafelier conuerſe——— How long, ſir,
Since you left *England*? PER. Seuen weekes. POL. So lately!
You ha' not beene with my lord Ambaſſador?
PER. Not yet, ſir. POL. Pray you, what newes, ſir, vents our climate?
I heard, laſt night, a moſt ſtrange thing reported
By ſome of my lords followers, and I long
To heare, how't will be ſeconded! PER. What was't, ſir?
POL. Mary, ſir, of a rauen, that ſhould build
In a ſhip royall of the Kings. PER. This fellow
Do's he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? your name, ſir? (him.
POL. My name is POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE. PER. O, that ſpeaks
A Knight, ſir? POL. A poore knight, ſir. PER. Your lady
Lies here, in *Venice*, for intelligence
Of tyres and faſhions, and behauiour,
Among the curtizans? the fine lady WOVLD-BEE?
POL. Yes, ſir, the ſpider, and the bee, oft-times,

Suck

Suck from one flowre. PER. Good ſir POLITIQVE!
I cry you mercie; I haue heard much of you:
'Tis true, ſir of your rauen. POL. On your knowledge?
PER. Yes, and your lyons whelping, in the *Tower*.
POL. Another whelpe! PER. Another, ſir. POL. Now, heauen!
What prodigies be theſe? The fires at *Berwike!*
And the new ſtarre! theſe things concurring, ſtrange!
And full of omen! Saw you thoſe meteors?
PER. I did, ſir. POL. Fearefull! Pray you ſir, confirme me,
Were there three porcpiſces ſeene, aboue the bridge,
As they giue out? PER. Sixe, and and a ſturgeon, ſir.
POL. I am aſtoniſh'd! PER. Nay, ſir, be not ſo;
Ile tell you a greater prodigie, then theſe———
POL. What ſhould theſe things portend! PER. The verie day
(Let me be ſure) that I put forth from *London*,
There was a whale diſcouer'd, in the riuer,
As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how manie mon'ths) for the ſubuerſion
Of the *Stode*-Fleet. POL. Is't poſſible? Beleeue it,
'Twas either ſent from *Spaine*, or the *Arch-dukes!*
SPINOLA's whale, vpon my life, my credit!
Will they not leaue theſe proiects? Worthie ſir,
Some other newes. PER. Faith, STONE, the foole, is dead;
And they doe lacke a tauerne-foole, extremely.
POL. Is MASS' STONE dead! PER. H'is dead, ſir, why? I hope
You thought him not immortall? O, this Knight
(Were he well knowne) would be a precious thing
To fit our *Engliſh* ſtage: He that ſhould write
But ſuch a fellow, ſhould be thought to faine
Extremely, if not maliciouſly. POL. STONE dead!
PER. Dead. Lord! how deeply, ſir, you apprehend it?
He was no kinſman to you? POL. That I know of.
Well! that ſame fellow was an vnknowne foole.
PER. And yet you knew him, it ſeemes? POL. I did ſo. Sir,
I knew him one of the moſt dangerous heads
Liuing within the ſtate, and ſo I held him.
PER. Indeed, ſir? POL. While he liu'd, in action.
He has receiu'd weekely intelligence,
Vpon my knowledge, out of the *low Countries*,
(For all parts of the world) in cabages;
And thoſe diſpens'd, againe, to 'Ambaſſadors,
In oranges, muſk-melons, apricotes,
Limons, pome-citrons, and ſuch like: ſometimes,
In *Colcheſter*-oyſters, and your *Selſey*-cockles.
PET. You make me wonder! POL. Sir, vpon my knowledge.

Nay,

Nay, I haue obſeru'd him, at your publique ordinarie,
Take his aduertiſement, from a traueller
(A conceal'd ſtates-man) in a trencher of meat:
And, inſtantly, before the meale was done,
Conuey an anſwere in a tooth-pick. PER. Strange!
How could this be, ſir? POL. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and ſo laid, as he
Muſt eaſily reade the cypher. PER. I haue heard,
He could not reade, ſir. POL. So, 'twas giuen out,
(In politie) by thoſe, that did imploy him:
But he could read, and had your languages,
And to't, as ſound a noddle—— PER. I haue heard, ſir,
That your *Bab'ouns* were ſpies; and that they were
A kind of ſubtle nation, neere to *China*.
POL. I, I, your *Mamuluchi*. Faith, they had
Their hand in a *French* plot, or two; but they
Were ſo extremely giuen to women, as
They made diſcouery of all: yet I
Had my aduiſes here (on wenſday laſt)
From one of their owne coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations (as the faſhion is)
And now ſtand faire, for freſh imployment. PER. 'Hart!
This, ſir POLL. will be ignorant of nothing.
It ſeemes, ſir, you know all? POL. Not all, ſir. But,
I haue ſome generall notions; I doe loue
To note, and to obſerue: though I liue out,
Free from the actiue torrent, yet I'ld marke
The currents, and the paſſages of things,
For mine owne priuate vſe; and know the ebbes,
And flowes of ſtate. PER. Beleeue it, ſir, I hold
My ſelfe, in no ſmall tie, vnto my fortunes,
For caſting me thus luckily, vpon you;
Whoſe knowledge (if your bountie equall it)
May doe me great aſſiſtance, in inſtruction
For my behauiour, and my bearing, which
Is yet ſo rude, and raw—— POL. Why? came you forth
Emptie of rules, for trauaile? PER. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar *grammar*,
Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.
POL. Why, this it is, that ſpoiles all our braue blouds;
Truſting our hopefull gentrie vnto pedants:
Fellowes of out-ſide, and mere barke. You ſeeme
To be a gentleman, of ingenuous race——
I not profeſſe it, but my fate hath beene
To be, where I haue beene conſulted with,

In

In this high kind, touching ſome great mens ſonnes,
Perſons of bloud, and honour——— Per. Who be theſe, ſir?

Act II. Scene II.

Mosca, Politiqve, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege.

VNder that windore, there't muſt be. The ſame.
Pol. Fellowes, to mount a banke! Did your inſtructer
In the deare tongues, neuer diſcourſe to you
Of the *Italian* mountebankes? Per. Yes, ſir. Pol. Why,
Here ſhall you ſee one. Per. They are quack-ſaluers,
Fellowes, that liue by venting oyles, and drugs?
Pol. Was that the character he gaue you of them?
Per. As I remember. Pol. Pitie his ignorance.
They are the onely-knowing men of *Europe*!
Great generall ſchollers, excellent phiſicians,
Moſt admir'd ſtates-men, profeſt fauourites,
And cabinet-counſellors, to the greateſt princes!
The onely languag'd-men, of all the world!
Per. And, I haue heard, they are moſt lewd impoſtors;
Made all of termes, and ſhreds; no leſſe belyers
Of great-mens fauours, then their owne vile med'cines;
Which they will vtter, vpon monſtrous othes:
Selling that drug, for two pence, ere they part,
Which they haue valu'd at twelue crownes, before.
Pol. Sir, calumnies are anſwer'd beſt with ſilence:
Your ſelfe ſhall iudge. Who is it mounts, my friends?
Mos. Scoto of *Mantua*, ſir. Pol. Is't he? nay, then
I'le proudly promiſe, ſir, you ſhall behold
Another man, then has beene phant'ſied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he ſhould mount his banke
Here, in this nooke, that has beene wont t'appeare
In face of the *piazza*! Here, he comes.
Volp. Mount, *Zany*. Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.
Pol. See how the people follow him! h'is a man
May write 10000 crownes, in banke, here. Note,
Marke but his geſture: I doe vſe to obſerue
The ſtate he keeps, in getting vp! Per. 'Tis worth it, ſir.
Volp. *Moſt noble gent: and my worthy patrons, it may ſeeme ſtrange, that I, your* Scoto Mantvano, *who was euer wont to fixe my banke in face of the publike* piazza, *neere the ſhelter of the* portico, *to the* procuratia, *ſhould, now (after eight months abſence, from this illuſtrous city of* Venice) *humbly retire my ſelfe, into an obſcure nooke of the* piazza.

Pol.

POL. Did not I, now, obiect the same? PER. Peace, sir.
VOLP. *Let me tell you: I am not (as your* Lombard *prouerb saith) cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate, then I accustomed: looke not for it. Nor, that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession,* (ALESSANDRO BVTTONE, *I meane) who gaue out, in publike, I was condemn'd a' Sforzato to the galleys, for poysoning the Cardinall* BEMBO's *—Cooke, hath at all attached, much lesse deiected me. No, no, worthy gent. (to tell you true) I cannot indure, to see the rabble of these ground* Ciarlitani, *that spread their clokes on the pauement, as if they meant to do feates of actiuitie, and then come in, lamely, with their mouldy tales out of* BOCCACIO, *like stale* TABARINE, *the Fabulist: some of them discoursing their trauells, and of their tedious captiuity in the* Turkes *galleyes, when indeed (were the truth knowne) they were the Christians galleyes, where very temperately, they eate bread, and drunke water, as a wholesome penance (enioyn'd them by their Confessors) for base pilferies.*
POL. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.
VOLP. *These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-farticall rogues, with one poore groats-worth of vn-prepar'd* antimony, *finely wrapt vp in seuerall* scartoccios, *are able, very well, to kill their twentie a weeke, and play; yet, these meagre staru'd spirits, who haue halfe stopt the organs of their mindes with earthy oppilations, want not their fauourers among your shriuel'd, sallad-eating* artizans: *who are ouer-ioy'd, that they may haue their halfe-pe'rth of physick, though it purge 'hem into another world, 't makes no matter.*
POL. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir?
VOLP. *Well, let 'hem goe. And gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our banke, being thus remou'd from the clamours of the* canaglia, *shall be the* scene *of pleasure and delight: For, I haue nothing to sell, little, or nothing to sell.*
POL. I told you, sir, his end. PER. You did so, sir.
VOLP. *I protest, I, and my sixe seruants, are not able to make of this precious liquor, so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my lodging, by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the* terra-ferma; *worshipfull merchants; I, and senators too: who, euer since my arriuall, haue detayned me to their vses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily. For, what auailes your rich man to haue his* magazines *stuft with* moscadelli, *or of the purest grape, when his physitians prescribe him (on paine of death) to drinke nothing but water, cocted with* anise-seeds? *O, health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poore! who can buy thee at too deare a rate, since there is no enioying this world, without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the naturall course of life——*
PER. You see his end? POL. I, is't not good?
VOLP. *For, when a humide fluxe, or catarrhe, by the mutability of aire, falls from your head, into an arme, or shoulder, or any other part; take you a duckat, or your* cecchine *of gold, and apply to the place affected: see, what good effect it can worke. No, no, 'tis this blessed* vnguento, *this rare extraction, that hath only*

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power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed, either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes———

PER. I would he had put in drie to. POL. 'Pray you, obserue.

VOLP. *To fortifie the most indigest, and crude stomack, I, were it of one, that (through extreme weakenesse) vomited bloud, applying only a warme napkin to the place, after the vnction, and fricace; for the* vertigine, *in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrills, likewise, behind the eares; a most soueraigne, and approued remedie: the* mal-caduco, *crampes, connulsions, paralysies, epilepsies,* tremor-cordia, *retyred-nerues, ill vapours of the spleene, stoppings of the liuer, the stone, the strangury,* hernia ventosa, iliaca passio; *stops a* diſenteria, *immediately; easeth the torsion of the small guts; and cures* melancolia hypocondriaca, *being taken and applyed, according to my printed receipt. For, this is the physitian, this the medicine; this counsells, this cures; this giues the direction, this workes the effect: and (in summe) both together may bee term'd an abstract of the theorick, and practick in the* Æsculapian *arte. 'Twill cost you eight crownes. And,* ZAN FRITADA, *'pray thee sing a verse, extempore, in honour of it.* Pointing to his bill and his glasse.

POL. How doe you like him, sir? PER. Most strangely, I!

POL. Is not his language rare? PER. But *Alchimy*
I neuer heard the like: or BROVGHTONS bookes.

SONG.

HAd old HIPPOCRATES, *or* GALEN,
(That to their bookes put med'cines all in)
But knowne this secret, they had neuer
(Of which they will be guiltie euer)
Beene murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtlesse taper:
No Indian *drug had ere beene famed,*
Tabacco, sassafras *not named;*
Ne yet, of guacum *one small stick, sir,*
Nor RAYMVND LVLLIES *great* elixir.
Ne, had beene knowne the Danish GONSWART.
Or PARACELSVS, *with his long-sword.*

PER. All this, yet, will not doe, eight crownes is high.

VOLP. *No more. Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oile, surnamed* oglio del SCOTO; *with the count-lesse catalogue of those I haue cured of th'aforesaid, and many more diseases; the pattents and priuiledges of all the Princes, and common-wealths of Christendome; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the* signiory *of the* Sanità, *and most learned colledge of physitians; where I was authorized, vpon notice taken of the admirable vertues of my medicaments, and mine owne excellency, in matter of rare, and vnknowne secrets, not onely to disperse them publiquely in this famous citie, but in all the territories, that happily ioy vnder the*

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gouernement of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. *But may some other gallant fellow say, O, there be diuers, that make profession to haue as good, and as experimented receipts, as yours: Indeed, very many haue assay'd, like apes in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in mee, to make of this oyle; bestow'd great cost in furnaces, stilles, alembeks, continuall fires, and preparation of the ingredients, (as indeede there goes to it sixe hundred seuerall simples, besides, some quantity of humane fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomistes) but, when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in* fumo: *ha, ha, ha. Poore wretches! I rather pittie their folly, and indiscretion, then their losse of time, and money; for those may be recouered by industrie: but to bee a foole borne, is a disease incurable. For my selfe, I alwaies from my youth haue indeuour'd to get the rarest secrets, and booke them; either in exchange, or for money: I spared nor cost, nor labour, where any thing was worthy to bee learned. And gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will vndertake (by vertue of chymicall art) out of the honourable hat, that couers your head, to extract the foure elements; that is to say, the fire, ayre, water, and earth, and returne you your felt without burne, or staine. For, whil'st others haue beene at the* balloo, *I haue beene at my booke: and am now past the craggie pathes of studie, and come to the flowrie plaines of honour, and reputation.*

POL. I doe assure you, sir, that is his ayme.

VOLP. *But, to our price.* PER. And that withall, sir POL.

VOLP. *You all know (honourable gentlemen) I neuer valu'd this* ampulla, *or viall, at lesse then eight crownes, but for this time, I am content, to be depriu'd of it for sixe; sixe crowne? is the price; and lesse in courtesie, I know you cannot offer me: take it, or leaue it, howsoeuer, both it, and I, am at your seruice. I aske you not, as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crownes, so the Cardinals* MONTALTO, FERNESE, *the great duke of* Tuscany, *my gossip, with diuers other princes haue giuen me, but I despise money: onely to shew my affection to you, honourable gentlemen, and your illustrous state here, I haue neglected the messages of these princes, mine owne offices, fram'd my iourney hither, onely to present you with the fruits of my trauels. Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and giue the honourable assembly some delightfull recreation.*

PER. What monstrous, and most painefull circumstance
Is here, to get some three, or foure *gazets*!
Some three-pence, i'th whole, for that 'twill come to.

SONG.

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coyle, but buy of this oyle.
Would you be euer faire? and yong?
Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
Tart of palat? quick of eare?
Sharpe of sight? of nostrill cleare?

Moist

Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come neerer to't)
Would you liue free from all diseases?
Doe the act, your mistris pleases;
Yet fright all aches from your bones?
Here's a med'cine, for the nones.

VOLP. *Well, I am in a humour (at this time) to make a present of the small quantitie my coffer containes: to the rich, in courtesie, and to the poore, for Gods sake. Wherefore, now marke; I ask'd you sixe crownes; and sixe crownes, at other times, you haue paid me; you shall not giue me sixe crownes, nor fiue, nor foure, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor halfe a duckat; no, nor a* muccinigo: *sixe—pence it will cost you, or sixe hundred pound—expect no lower price, for by the banner of my front, I will not bate a* bagatine, *that I will haue, only, a pledge of your loues, to carry something from amongst you, to shew, I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, tosse your handkerchiefes, chearefully, chearefully; and be aduertised, that the first heroique spirit, that deignes to grace me, with a handkerchiefe, I will giue it a little remembrance of something, beside, shall please it better, then if I had presented it with a double pistolet.*

PER. Will you be that heroique sparke, sir POL?
O, see! the windore has preuented you.

CELIA at the windo' throwes downe her handkerchiefe.

VOLP. *Lady, I kisse your bountie: and, for this timely grace, you haue done your poore* SCOTO *of* Mantua, *I will returne you, ouer and aboue my oile, a secret, of that high, and inestimable nature, shall make you for euer enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first descended on so meane, (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an obiect: Here is a poulder, conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speake to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word: so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? why, the whole world were but as an empire, that empire as a prouince, that prouince as a banke, that banke as a priuate purse, to the purchase of it. I will, onely, tell you; It is the poulder, that made* VENVS *a goddesse (giuen her by* APOLLO) *that kept her perpetually yong, clear'd her wrincles, firm'd her gummes, fill'd her skin, colour'd her haire; from her, deriu'd to* HELEN, *and at the sack of* Troy *(vnfortunately) lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recouer'd, by a studious Antiquarie, out of some ruines of* Asia, *who sent a moyetie of it, to the court of* France *(but much sophisticated) wherewith the ladies there, now, colour their haire. The rest (at this present) remaines with me; extracted, to a quintessence: so that, where euer it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserues, in age restores the complexion; seat's your teeth, did they dance like virginall iacks, firme as a wall; makes them white, as iuory, that were black, as——*

Act II. Scene III.

CORVINO, POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

He beates away the mountebanke &c.

SPight o' the deuill, and my shame! come downe, here;
Come downe: no house but mine to make your *scene*?
Signior FLAMINIO, will you downe, sir? downe?
What is my wife your FRANCISCINA? sir?
No windores on the whole *piazza*, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine?
Hart! ere to morrow, I shall be new christen'd,
And cald the PANTALONE *di besognioſi*,
About the towne. PER. What should this meane, sir POL?
POL. Some trick of state, beleeue it. I will home.
PER. It may be some designe, on you. POL. I know not.
I'le stand vpon my guard. PER. It is your best, sir.
POL. This three weekes, all my aduises, all my letters,
They haue beene intercepted. PER. Indeed, sir?
Best haue a care. POL. Nay, so I will. PER. This knight,
I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

Act II. Scene IIII.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

O, I am wounded. MOS. Where, sir? VOLP. Not without;
Those blowes were nothing: I could beare them euer.
But angry CVPID, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himselfe into me, like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a fornace, an ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me.
I cannot liue, except thou helpe me, MOSCA;
My liuer melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft aire, from her refreshing breath,
Am but a heape of cinders. MOS. 'Lasse, good sir!
Would you had neuer seene her. VOLP. Nay, would thou
Had'st neuer told me of her. MOS. Sir, 'tis true;
I doe confesse, I was vnfortunate,
And you vnhappy: but I' am bound in conscience,
No lesse then duty, to effect my best
To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
VOLP. Deare MOSCA, shall I hope? MOS. Sir, more then deare,
I will not bid you to despaire of ought,

Within

Within a humane compaſſe. VOLP. O, there ſpoke
My better Angell. MOSCA, take my keyes,
Gold, plate, and iewells, all's at thy deuotion;
Employ them, how thou wilt; nay, coyne me, too:
So thou, in this, but crowne my longings. MOSCA?
MOS. Vſe but your patience. VOLP. So I haue. MOS. I doubt not
To bring ſucceſſe to your deſires. VOLP. Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late diſguiſe.
MOS. If you can horne him, ſir, you need not. VOLP. True:
Beſides, I neuer meant him for my heire.
Is not the colour o' my beard, and eye-browes,
To make me knowne? MOS. No iot. VOLP. I did it well.
MOS. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With halfe the happineſſe; and, yet, I would
Eſcape your *epilogue*. VOLP. But, were they gull'd
With a beliefe, that I was SCOTO? MOS. Sir,
SCOTO himſelfe could hardly haue diſtinguiſh'd!
I haue not time to flatter you, now, wee'll part:
And, as I proſper, ſo applaud my art.

Act II. *Scene* V.

CORVINO, CELIA, SERVITORE.

DEath of mine honour, with the cities foole?
A iuggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebanke?
And, at a publike windore? where whil'ſt he,
With his ſtrain'd action, and his dole of faces,
To his drug-lecture drawes your itching eares,
A crue of old, vn-marri'd, noted lechers,
Stood leering vp, like *Satyres*: and you ſmile,
Moſt graciouſly! and fan your fauours forth,
To giue your hot ſpectators ſatisfaction!
What, was your mountebanke their call? their whiſtle?
Or were you' enamour'd on his copper rings?
His ſaffron iewell, with the toade-ſtone in't?
Or his imbroidred ſute, with the cope-ſtitch,
Made of a herſe-cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his ſtarch'd beard? well! you ſhall haue him, yes.
He ſhall come home, and miniſter vnto you
The fricace, for the moother. Or, let me ſee,
I thinke, you' had rather mount? would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truely, you may:
And ſo, you may be ſeene, downe to' th' foot.
Get you a citterne, lady *vanitie*,

And be a dealer, with the vertuous man;
Make one: I'le but proteſt my ſelfe a cuckold,
And ſaue your dowrie. I am a *Dutchman*, I!
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be damn'd, ere you did this, you whore:
Thou'ldſt tremble, to imagine, that the murder
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the ſubiect of my iuſtice!
CEL. Good ſir, haue patience! CORV. What coul'dſt thou propoſe
Leſſe to thy ſelfe, then, in this heat of wrath,
And ſtung with my diſhonour, I ſhould ſtrike
This ſteele vnto thee, with as many ſtabs,
As thou wert gaz'd vpon with goatiſh eyes?
CEL. Alaſſe ſir, be appeas'd! I could not thinke
My being at the windore ſhould more, now,
Moue your impatience, then at other times.
CORV. No? not to ſeeke, and entertaine a parlee,
With a knowne knaue? before a multitude?
You were an actor, with your handkerchiefe!
Which he, moſt ſweetly, kiſt in the receipt,
And might (no doubt) returne it, with a letter,
And point the place, where you might meet: your ſiſters,
Your mothers, or your aunts might ſerue the turne.
CEL. Why, deare ſir, when doe I make theſe excuſes?
Or euer ſtirre, abroad, but to the church?
And that, ſo ſeldome——CORV. Well, it ſhall be leſſe;
And thy reſtraint, before, was libertie,
To what I now decree: and therefore, marke me.
Firſt, I will haue this bawdy light dam'd vp;
And, til't be done, ſome two, or three yards off,
I'le chalke a line: o're which, if thou but chance
To ſet thy deſp'rate foot; more hell, more horror,
More wilde, remorceleſſe rage ſhall ſeize on thee,
Then on a coniurer, that, had heedleſſe left
His circles ſafetie, ere his deuill was laid.
Then, here's a locke, which I will hang vpon thee;
And, now I thinke on't, I will keepe thee backe-wards;
Thy lodging ſhall be backe-wards; thy walkes back-wards;
Thy proſpect-all be backe-wards; and no pleaſure,
That thou ſhalt know but backe-wards: Nay, ſince you force
My honeſt nature, know, it is your owne
Being too open, makes me vſe you thus.
Since you will not containe your ſubtle noſtrils
In a ſweet roome, but they muſt ſnuffe the ayre

Of

Of ranke, and ſweatie paſſengers——— One knockes. *Knocke within.*
Away, and be not ſeene, paine of thy life;
Not looke toward the windore: if thou doſt———
(Nay ſtay, heare this) let me not proſper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomie,
Diſſect thee mine owne ſelfe, and read a lecture
Vpon thee, to the citie, and in publique.
Away. Who's there? SER. 'Tis ſignior MOSCA, ſir.

Act. II. *Scene.* VI.

CORVINO, MOSCA.

LEt him come in, his maſter's dead: There's yet
Some good, to helpe the bad. My MOSCA, welcome,
I gheſſe your newes. MOS. I feare you cannot, ſir.
CORV. Is't not his death? MOS. Rather the contrarie.
CORV. Not his recouerie? MOS. Yes, ſir, CORV. I am curſt,
I am bewitch'd, my croſſes meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how? MOS. Why, ſir, with SCOTO's oyle!
CORBACCIO, and VOLTORE brought of it,
Whil'ſt I was buſie in an inner roome———
CORV. Death! that damn'd mountebanke! but, for the law,
Now, I could kill the raskall: 't cannot be,
His oyle ſhould haue that vertue. Ha' not I
Knowne him a common rogue, come fidling in
To th' *oſteria*, with a tumbling whore,
And, when he ha's done all his forc'd trickes, beene glad
Of a poore ſpoonefull of dead wine, with flyes in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a ſheepes gall, a roſted bitches marrow,
Some few ſod earewigs, pounded caterpillers,
A little capons greaſe, and faſting ſpittle:
I know 'hem, to a dram. MOS. I know not, ſir,
But ſome on't, there they powr'd into his eares,
Some in his noſtrils, and recouer'd him;
Applying but the fricace. CORV. Pox o' that fricace.
MOS. And ſince, to ſeeme the more officious,
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they haue had———
(At extreme fees) the colledge of phyſicians
Conſulting on him, how they might reſtore him;
Where, one would haue a cataplaſme of ſpices,
Another, a flayd ape clapt to his breſt,
A third would ha' it a dogge, a fourth an oyle

With

With wild cats skinnes: at laſt, they all reſolu'd
That, to preſerue him, was no other meanes,
But ſome yong woman muſt be ſtreight ſought out,
Luſtie, and full of iuice, to ſleepe by him;
And, to this ſeruice (moſt vnhappily,
And moſt vnwillingly) am I now imploy'd,
Which, here, I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your aduice, ſince it concernes you moſt,
Becauſe, I would not doe that thing might croſſe
Your ends, on whom I haue my whole dependance, ſir:
Yet, if I doe it not, they may delate
My ſlackneſſe to my patron, worke me out
Of his opinion; and there, all your hopes,
Venters, or whatſoeuer, are all fruſtrate.
I doe but tell you, ſir. Beſides, they are all
Now ſtriuing, who ſhall firſt preſent him. Therefore——
I could intreat you, briefly, conclude ſome-what:
Preuent 'hem if you can. Corv. Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous fortune! Beſt to hire
Some common curtezan? Mos. I, I thought on that, ſir.
But they are all ſo ſubtle, full of art,
And age againe doting, and flexible,
So as——I cannot tell——we may perchance
Light on a queane, may cheat vs all. Corv. 'Tis true.
Mos. No, no: it muſt be one, that ha's no trickes, ſir,
Some ſimple thing, a creature, made vnto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinſwoman?
Gods ſo——Thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, thinke, ſir.
One o'the Doctors offer'd, there, his daughter.
Corv. How! Mos. Yes, ſignior Lvpo, the phyſician,
Corv. His daughter? Mos. And a virgin, ſir. Why? Alaſſe
He knowes the ſtate of 's bodie, what it is;
That nought can warme his bloud, ſir, but a feuer;
Nor any incantation rayſe his ſpirit:
A long forgetfulneſſe hath ſeiz'd that part.
Beſides, ſir, who ſhall know it? ſome one, or two——
Corv. I pray thee giue me leaue. If any man
But I had had this lucke——The thing in't ſelfe,
I know, is nothing——Wherefore ſhould not I
As well command my bloud, and my affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of honour,
The caſes are all one, of wife, and daughter.
Mos. I heare him comming. Corv. Shee ſhall doo't: 'Tis done.
Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,

Vnleſſe't

Vnleſſe 't be for his counſell (which is nothing)
Offer his daughter, what ſhould I, that am
So deeply in? I will preuent him: wretch!
Couetous wretch! Mosca, I haue determin'd.
Mos. How, ſir? Corv. We'll make all ſure. The party, you wot of,
Shall be mine owne wife, Mosca. Mos. Sir. The thing,
(But that I would not ſeeme to counſell you)
I ſhould haue motion'd to you, at the firſt:
And, make your count, you haue cut all their throtes.
Why! 'tis directly taking a poſſeſſion!
And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.
'Tis but to pull the pillow, from his head,
And he is thratled: 't had beene done, before,
But for your ſcrupulous doubts. Corv. I, a plague on't,
My conſcience fooles my wit. Well, I'le be briefe,
And ſo be thou, leſt they ſhould be before vs;
Goe home, prepare him, tell him, with what zeale,
And willingneſſe, I doe it: ſweare it was,
On the firſt hearing (as thou maiſt doe, truely)
Mine owne free motion. Mos. Sir, I warrant you,
I'le ſo poſſeſſe him with it, that the reſt
Of his ſtaru'd clients ſhall be baniſht, all;
And onely you receiu'd. But come not, ſir,
Vntill I ſend, for I haue ſome-thing elſe
To ripen, for your good (you muſt not know't)
Corv. But doe not you forget to ſend, now. Mos. Feare not.

Act II. Scene VII.

Corvino, Celia.

WHere are you, wife? my Celia? wife? what, blubbering?
Come, drie thoſe teares. I thinke, thou thought'ſt me in earneſt?
Ha? by this light, I talk'd ſo but to trie thee.
Me thinkes, the lightneſſe of the occaſion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not iealous.
Cel. No? Corv. Faith, I am not, I, nor neuer was:
It is a poore, vnprofitable humour.
Doe not I know, if women haue a will,
They'll doe 'gainſt all the watches, o' the world?
And that the fierceſt ſpies, are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou ſhalt ſee't:
And ſee, I'le giue thee cauſe too, to beleeue it.
Come, kiſſe me. Goe, and make thee ready ſtraight,
In all thy beſt attire, thy choiceſt iewells,

Put

Put 'hem all on, and, with 'hem, thy beſt lookes:
We are inuited to a ſolemne feaſt,
At old VOLPONE's, where it ſhall appeare
How far I am free, from iealouſie, or feare.

Act III. Scene I.

MOSCA.

I Feare, I ſhall begin to grow in loue
With my deare ſelfe, and my moſt proſp'rous parts,
They doe ſo ſpring, and burgeon; I can feele
A whimſey i' my bloud: (I know not how)
Succeſſe hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin, now, like a ſubtill ſnake,
I am ſo limber. O! Your Paraſite
Is a moſt precious thing, dropt from aboue,
Not bred 'mong'ſt clods, and clot-poules, here on earth.
I muſe, the myſterie was not made a ſcience,
It is ſo liberally profeſt! almoſt
All the wiſe world is little elſe, in nature,
But Paraſites, or Sub-paraſites. And, yet,
I meane not thoſe, that haue your bare towne-arte,
To know, who's fit to feede 'hem; haue no houſe,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for mens eares, to bait that ſenſe; or get
Kitchin-inuention, and ſome ſtale receipts
To pleaſe the belly, and the groine; nor thoſe,
With their court-dog-tricks, that can fawne, and fleere,
Make their reuennue out of legs, and faces,
Eccho my-Lord, and lick away a moath:
But your fine, elegant raſcall, that can riſe,
And ſtoope (almoſt together) like an arrow;
Shoot through the aire, as nimbly as a ſtarre;
Turne ſhort, as doth a ſwallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Preſent to any humour, all occaſion;
And change a viſor, ſwifter, then a thought!
This is the creature, had the art borne with him;
Toiles not to learne it, but doth practiſe it
Out of moſt excellent nature: and ſuch ſparkes,
Are the true Paraſites, others but their *Zani's*.

Act III. Scene II.

Mosca, Bonario.

WHo's this? Bonario? old Corbaccio's ſonne?
The perſon I was bound to ſeeke. Faire ſir,
You are happ'ly met. Bon. That cannot be, by thee.
Mos. Why, ſir? Bon. Nay 'pray thee know thy way, & leaue me:
I would be loth to inter-change diſcourſe,
With ſuch a mate, as thou art. Mos. Courteous ſir,
Scorne not my pouertie. Bon. Not I, by heauen:
But thou ſhalt giue me leaue to hate thy baſeneſſe.
Mos. Baſeneſſe? Bon. I, anſwere me, is not thy ſloth
Sufficient argument? thy flatterie?
Thy meanes of feeding? Mos. Heauen, be good to me.
Theſe imputations are too common, ſir,
And eas'ly ſtuck on vertue, when ſhee's poore;
You are vnequall to me, and how ere
Your ſentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That ere you know me, thus, proceed in cenſure:
St. Marke beare witneſſe 'gainſt you, 'tis inhumane.
Bon. What? do's he weepe? the ſigne is ſoft, and good!
I doe repent me, that I was ſo harſh.
Mos. 'Tis true, that, ſway'd by ſtrong neceſſitie,
I am enforc'd to eate my carefull bread
With too much obſequie; 'tis true, beſide,
That I am faine to ſpin mine owne poore rayment,
Out of my mere obſeruance, being not borne
To a free fortune: but that I haue done
Baſe offices, in rending friends aſunder,
Diuiding families, betraying counſells,
Whiſpering falſe lyes, or mining men with praiſes,
Train'd their credulitie with periuries,
Corrupted chaſtitie, or am in loue
With mine owne tender eaſe, but would not rather
Proue the moſt rugged, and laborious courſe,
That might redeeme my preſent eſtimation;
Let me here periſh, in all hope of goodneſſe.
Bon. This cannot be a perſonated paſſion!
I was to blame, ſo to miſtake thy nature;
'Pray thee forgiue me: and ſpeake out thy buſ'neſſe.
Mos. Sir, it concernes you; and though I may ſeeme,
At firſt, to make a maine offence, in manners,
And in my gratitude, vnto my maſter,
Yet, for the pure loue, which I beare all right,

And

And hatred of the wrong, I must reueale it.
This verie houre, your father is in purpose
To disinherit you——Bon. How! Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his bloud; 'tis true, sir:
The worke no way ingageth me, but, as
I claime an interest in the generall state
Of goodnesse, and true vertue, which I heare
T'abound in you: and, for which mere respect,
Without a second ayme, sir, I haue done it.
Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust,
Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any thought,
My father should be so vnnaturall.
Mos. It is a confidence, that well becomes
Your pietie; and form'd (no doubt) it is,
From your owne simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous, and abhor'd. But, sir,
I now, will tell you more. This verie minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to goe with me, I'le bring you,
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your eare shall be a witnesse of the deed;
Heare your selfe written bastard; and profest
The common issue of the earth. Bon. I'm maz'd!
Mos. Sir, if I doe it not, draw your iust sword,
And score your vengeance, on my front, and face;
Marke me your villaine: You haue too much wrong,
And I doe suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weepes bloud, in anguish——Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

Act III. *Scene* III.

VOLPONE, NANO, ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE.

MOsca stayes long, me thinkes. Bring forth your sports
And helpe, to make the wretched time more sweet.
Nan. *Dwarfe, Foole, and Eunuch, well met here we be.*
A question it were now, whether of vs three,
Being all the knowne delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claime the precedencie can?
Cas. *I claime for my selfe.* And. *And, so doth the foole.*
Nan. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to schoole.*
First, for your dwarfe, hee's little, and wittie,
And euery thing, as it is little, is prittie;

Else,

Else, why doe men say to a creature of my shape,
So soone as they see him, it's a pritty little ape?
And, why a pritty ape? but for pleasing imitation
Of greater mens action, in a ridiculous fashion.
Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Halfe the meat, drinke, and cloth, one of your bulkes will haue.
Admit, your fooles face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his braine, it must alwaies come after:
And, though that doe feed him, it's a pittifull case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face.

VOLP. Who's there? my couch, away, looke, NANO, see: *one knocks.*
Giue me my cappes, first——go, enquire. Now, CVPID
Send it be MOSCA, and with faire returne.
NAN. It is the beauteous madam—— VOLP. WOVLD-BE—is it?
NAN. The same. VOLP. Now, torment on me; squire her in:
For she will enter, or dwell here for euer.
Nay, quickely, that my fit were past. I feare
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expell my appetite to the other:
Would shee were taking, now, her tedious leaue.
Lord, how it threates me, what I am to suffer!

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

LADY, VOLPONE, NANO, WOMEN. 2.

I Thanke you, good sir. 'Pray you signifie
Vnto your patron, I am here. This band
Shewes not my neck inough (I trouble you, sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I, am dresst
Most fauourably, to day, it is no matter,
'Tis well inough. Looke, see, these petulant things!
How they haue done this! VOLP. I do feele the feuer
Entring, in at mine eares; ô, for a charme,
To fright it hence. LAD. Come neerer: is this curle
In his right place? or this? why is this higher
Then all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your eies, yet?——
Or do they not stand euen i' your head?
Where's your fellow? call her. NAN. Now, S^t. MARKE
Deliuer vs: anon, shee'll beate her women,
Because her nose is red. LAD. I pray you, view
This tire, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
WOM. One haire a little, here, sticks out, forsooth.

LAD. Do's't ſo forſooth? and where was your deare ſight
When it did ſo, forſooth? what now? bird-ey'd?
And you, too? 'pray you both approch, and mend it.
Now (by that light) I muſe, yo' are not aſham'd!
I, that haue preach'd theſe things, ſo oft, vnto you,
Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Diſputed euery fitneſſe, euery grace,
Call'd you to counſell of ſo frequent dreſſings——
(NAN. More carefully, then of your fame, or honour)
LAD. Made you acquainted, what an ample dowrie
The knowledge of theſe things would be vnto you,
Able, alone, to get you noble huſbands ——
At your returne: and you, thus, to neglect it?
Beſides, you ſeeing what a curious nation
Th'*Italians* are, what will they ſay of me?
The *Engliſh* lady cannot dreſſe her ſelfe;
Here's a fine imputation, to our countrie!
Well, goe your wayes, and ſtay, i' the next roome.
This *fucus* was too courſe too, it's no matter.
Good-ſir, you'll giue 'hem entertaynement?
VOLP. The ſtorme comes toward me. LAD. How do's my VOLP?
VOLP. Troubled with noiſe, I cannot ſleepe; I dreamt
That a ſtrange *furie* entred, now, my houſe,
And, with the dreadfull tempeſt of her breath,
Did cleaue my roofe aſunder. LAD. Beleeue me, and I
Had the moſt fearefull dreame, could I remember't——
VOLP. Out on my fate; I ha' giu'n her the occaſion
How to torment me: ſhee will tell me hers.
LAD. Me thought, the golden mediocritie
Polite, and delicate—— VOLP. O, if you doe loue me,
No more; I ſweat, and ſuffer, at the mention
Of any dreame: feele, how I tremble yet.
LAD. Alas, good ſoule! the paſſion of the heart.
Seed-pearle were good now, boild with ſyrrope of apples,
Tincture of gold, and corrall, citron-pills,
Your elicampane roote, mirobalanes ——.
VOLP. Ay me, I haue tane a graſſe-hopper by the wing.
LAD. Burnt ſilke, and amber, you haue muſcadell
Good i' the houſe—— VOLP. You will not drinke, and part?
LAD. No, feare not that. I doubt, we ſhall not get
Some *engliſh* ſaffron (halfe a dram would ſerue)
Your ſixteene cloues, a little muske, dri'd mints,
Bugloſſe, and barley-meale—— VOLP. Shee's in againe,
Before I fayn'd diſeaſes, now I haue one.
LAD. And theſe appli'd, with a right ſcarlet-cloth——

VOLP

VOLP. Another floud of wordes! a very torrent!
LAD. Shall I, sir, make you a poultise? VOLP. No, no, no;
I am very well: you need prescribe no more.
LAD. I haue, a little, studied physick; but, now,
I am all for musique: saue, i' the fore-noones,
An houre, or two, for painting. I would haue
A lady, indeed, t' haue all, letters, and artes,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principall (as PLATO holds) your musique
(And, so do's wise PYTHAGORAS, I take it)
Is your true rapture; when there is concent
In face, in voyce, and clothes: and is, indeed,
Our sexes chiefest ornament. VOLP. The Poet,
As old in time, as PLATO, and as knowing,
Say's that your highest female grace is silence.
LAD. Which o' your Poets? PETRARCH? or TASSO? or DANTE?
GVERRINI? ARIOSTO? ARETINE?
CIECO *di Hadria*? I haue read them all.
VOLP. Is euery thing a cause, to my destruction?
LAD. I thinke, I ha' two or three of 'hem, about me.
VOLP. The sunne, the sea will sooner, both, stand still,
Then her eternall tongue! nothing can scape it.
LAD. Here's PASTOR FIDO— VOLP. Professe obstinate silence,
That's, now, my safest. LAD. All our *English* writers,
I meane such, as are happy in th' *Italian*,
Will deigne to steale out of this author, mainely;
Almost as much, as from MONTAGNIE:
He has so moderne, and facile a veine,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-eare.
Your PETRARCH is more passionate, yet he,
In dayes of sonetting, trusted 'hem, with much:
DANTE is hard, and few can vnderstand him.
But, for a desperate wit, there's ARETINE!
Onely, his pictures are a little obscene———
You marke me not? VOLP. Alas, my mind's perturb'd.
LAD. Why, in such cases, we must cure our selues,
Make vse of our philosophie— VOLP. O'y me.
LAD. And, as we find our passions doe rebell,
Encounter 'hem with reason; or diuert 'hem,
By giuing scope vnto some other humour
Of lesser danger: as, in politique bodies,
There's nothing, more, doth ouer-whelme the iudgement,
And clouds the vnderstanding, then too much
Settling, and fixing, and (as't were) subsiding
Vpon one obiect. For the incorporating

Of theſe ſame outward things, into that part,
Which we call mentall, leaues ſome certaine *feces*,
That ſtop the organs, and, as PLATO ſayes,
Aſſaſſinates our knowledge. VOLP. Now, the ſpirit
Of patience helpe me. LAD. Come, in faith, I muſt
Viſit you more, a dayes; and make you well:
Laugh, and be luſty. VOLP. My good angell ſaue me.
LAD. There was but one ſole man, in all the world,
With whom I ere could ſympathize; and he
Would lie you often, three, foure houres together,
To heare me ſpeake: and be (ſometime) ſo rap't,
As he would anſwere me, quite from the purpoſe,
Like you, and you are like him, iuſt. I'le diſcourſe
(And 't be but only, ſir, to bring you a-ſleepe)
How we did ſpend our time, and loues, together,
For ſome ſixe yeeres. VOLP. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.
LAD. For we were *coætanei*, and brought vp———
VOLP. Some power, ſome fate, ſome fortune reſcue me.

Act III. *Scene* V.

MOSCA, LADY, VOLPONE.

GOd ſaue you, Madam. LAD. Good ſir. VOLP. MOSCA? welcom,
Welcome to my redemption. MOS. Why, ſir? VOLP. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there;
My Madam, with the euerlaſting voyce:
The bells, in time of peſtilence, ne're made
Like noiſe, or were in that perpetuall motion;
The cock-pit comes not neere it. All my houſe,
But now, ſteam'd like a bath, with her thicke breath.
A lawyer could not haue beene heard; nor ſcarſe
Another woman, ſuch a hayle of wordes
Shee has let fall. For hells ſake, rid her hence.
MOS. Has ſhee preſented? VOLP. O, I doe not care,
I'le take her abſence, vpon any price,
With any loſſe. MOS. Madam—— LAD. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine owne worke——— MOS. 'Tis well,
I had forgot to tell you, I ſaw your Knight,
Where you'ld little thinke it—— LAD. Where? MOS. Mary,
Where yet, if you make haſte, you may apprehend him,
Rowing vpon the water in a *gondole*,
With the moſt cunning curtizan, of *Venice*.
LAD. Is't true? MOS. Purſue 'hem, and beleeue your eyes:
Leaue me, to make your gift. I knew, 't would take.

For lightly, they that vſe themſelues moſt licence,
Are ſtill moſt iealous. VOLP. MOSCA, hearty thankes,
For thy quicke fiction, and deliuery of mee.
Now, to my hopes, what ſaiſt thou? LAD. But doe you heare, ſir?—
VOLP. Againe; I feare a *paroxiſme*. LAD. Which way
Row'd they together? MOS. Toward the *rialto*.
LAD. I pray you lend me your dwarfe. MOS. I pray you, take him.
Your hopes, ſir, are like happie bloſſomes, faire,
And promiſe timely fruit, if you will ſtay
But the maturing; keepe you, at your couch,
CORBACCIO will arriue ſtraight, with the will:
When he is gone, ile tell you more. VOLP. My blood,
My ſpirits are return'd; I am aliue:
And like your wanton gam'ſter, at *primero*,
Whoſe thought had whiſper'd to him, not goe leſſe,
Me thinkes I lie, and draw—for an encounter.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

MOSCA, BONARIO.

SIr, here conceald, you may heare all. But 'pray you
Haue patience, ſir; the ſame's your father, knocks: *One knockes.*
I am compeld, to leaue you. BON. Do ſo. Yet,
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.

Act. III. *Scene.* VII.

MOSCA, CORVINO, CELIA, BONARIO, VOLPONE.

DEath on me! you are come too ſoone, what meant you?
Did not I ſay, I would ſend? CORV. Yes, but I feard
You might forget it, and then they preuent vs.
MOS. Preuent? did ere man haſte ſo, for his hornes?
A courtier would not ply it ſo, for a place.
Well, now there's no helping it, ſtay here;
Ile preſently returne. CORV. Where are you, CELIA?
You know not wherefore I haue brought you hither?
CEL. Not well, except you told me. CORV. Now, I will:
Harke hither. MOS. Sir, your father hath ſent word, *To Bonario.*
It will be halfe an houre, ere he come;
And therefore, if you pleaſe to walke, the while,
Into that gallery——at the vpper end,
There are ſome bookes, to entertaine the time:

And ile take care, no man ſhall come vnto you, ſir.
Bon. Yes, I will ſtay there, I doe doubt this fellow.
Mos. There, he is farre enough; he can heare nothing:
And, for his father, I can keepe him off.
Corv. Nay, now, there is no ſtarting backe; and therefore,
Reſolue vpon it: I haue ſo decree'd.
It muſt be done. Nor, would I moue't afore,
Becauſe I would auoide all ſhifts and tricks,
That might denie me. Cel. Sir, let me beſeech you,
Affect not theſe ſtrange trials; if you doubt
My chaſtitie, why locke me vp, for euer:
Make me the heyre of darkeneſſe. Let me liue,
Where I may pleaſe your feares, if not your truſt.
Corv. Beleeue it, I haue no ſuch humor, I.
All that I ſpeake, I meane; yet I am not mad:
Not horne-mad, ſee you? Go too, ſhew your ſelfe
Obedient, and a wife. Cel. O heauen! Corv. I ſay it,
Do ſo. Cel. Was this the traine? Corv. I haue told you reaſons;
What the phyſitians haue ſet downe; how much,
It may concerne me; what my engagements are;
My meanes; and the neceſſitie of thoſe meanes,
For my recouery: wherefore, if you bee
Loyall, and mine, be wonne, reſpect my venture.
Cel. Before your honour? Corv. Honour? tut, a breath;
There's no ſuch thing, in nature: a meere terme
Inuented to awe fooles. What is my gold
The worſe, for touching? clothes, for being look'd on?
Why, this 's no more. An old, decrepit wretch,
That ha's no ſenſe, no ſinew; takes his meate
With others fingers; onely knowes to gape,
When you doe ſcald his gummes; a voice; a ſhadow;
And, what can this man hurt you? Cel. Lord! what ſpirit
Is this hath entred him? Corv. And for your fame,
That's ſuch a Iigge; as if I would goe tell it,
Crie it, on the *piazza*! who ſhall know it?
But hee, that cannot ſpeake it; and this fellow,
Whoſe lippes are i' my pocket: ſaue your ſelfe,
If you'll proclaime't, you may. I know no other,
Should come to know it. Cel. Are heauen, and ſaints then nothing?
Will they be blinde, or ſtupide? Corv. How? Cel. Good Sir,
Be iealous ſtill, æmulate them; and thinke
What hate they burne with, toward euery ſinne.
Corv. I grant you: if I thought it were a ſinne,
I would not vrge you. Should I offer this
To ſome yong *Frenchman*, or hot *Tuſcane* bloud,

That

That had read ARETINE, conn'd all his printes,
Knew euery quirke within lusts laborinth,
And were profeſt critique, in lechery;
And I would looke vpon him, and applaud him,
This were a ſinne: but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious worke, mere charity, for phyſick,
And honeſt politie, to aſſure mine owne.
CEL. O heauen! canſt thou ſuffer ſuch a change?
VOLP. Thou art mine honor, MOSCA, and my pride,
My ioy, my tickling, my delight! goe, bring 'hem.
MOS. Pleaſe you draw neere, ſir. CORV. Come on, what——
You will not be rebellious? by that light——
MOS. Sir, ſignior CORVINO, here, is come to ſee you.
VOLP. Oh. MOS. And hearing of the conſultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, ſir, to proſtitute—— CORV. Thankes, ſweet MOSCA.
MOS. Freely, vn-ask'd, or vn-intreated—— CORV. Well.
MOS. (As the true, feruent inſtance of his loue)
His owne moſt faire and proper wife; the beauty,
Onely of price, in *Venice*—— CORV. 'Tis well vrg'd.
MOS. To be your comfortreſſe, and to preſerue you.
VOLP. Alaſſe, I am paſt already! 'pray you, thanke 'him,
For his good care, and promptneſſe, but for that,
'Tis a vaine labour, eene to fight, 'gainſt heauen;
Applying fire to a ſtone: (vh, vh, vh, vh.)
Making a dead leafe grow againe. I take
His wiſhes gently, though; and, you may tell him,
What I' haue done for him: mary, my ſtate is hopeleſſe!
Will him, to pray for me; and t'vſe his fortune,
With reuerence, when he comes to't. MOS. Do you heare, ſir?
Go to him, with your wife. CORV. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou perſiſt thus? come, I pray thee, come.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis nothing. CELIA. By this hand,
I ſhall grow violent. Come, do't, I ſay.
CEL Sir, kill me, rather: I will take downe poyſon,
Eate burning coales, doe any thing—— CORV. Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the haire;
Cry thee a ſtrumpet, through the ſtreets; rip vp
Thy mouth, vnto thine eares; and ſlit thy noſe,
Like a raw rotchet—— Do not tempt me, come.
Yeld, I am loth—— (Death) I will buy ſome ſlaue,
Whom I will kill, and binde thee to him, aliue;
And at my windore, hang you forth: deuiſing
Some monſtrous crime, which I, in capitall letters,
Will eate into thy fleſh, with *aqua-fortis*,

And

And burning cor'siues, on this stubborne breſt.
Now, by the bloud, thou haſt incenſ'd, ile do't.
CEL. Sir, what you pleaſe, you may, I am your martyr.
CORV. Be not thus obſtinate, I ha' not deſeru'd it:
Thinke, who it is, intreats you. 'Pray thee, ſweet;
(Good faith) thou ſhalt haue iewells, gownes, attires,
What thou wilt thinke, and aske. Do, but, go kiſſe him.
Or touch him, but: For my ſake. At my ſute.
This once. No? not? I ſhall remember this.
Will you diſgrace me, thus? do' you thirſt my' vndoing?
MOS. Nay, gentle lady, be aduiſ'd. CORV. No, no.
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is skiruy;
'Tis very skiruie: and you are——— MOS. Nay, good, ſir.
CORV. An errant locuſt, by heauen, a locuſt. Whore,
Crocodile, that haſt thy thy teares prepar'd,
Expecting, how thou'lt bid 'hem flow. MOS. Nay, 'Pray you, ſir,
Shee will conſider. CEL. Would my life would ſerue
To ſatisfie. CORV. (S'death) if ſhee would but ſpeake to him,
And ſaue my reputation, 'twere ſomewhat;
But, ſpightfully to affect my vtter ruine.———
MOS. I, now you' haue put your fortune, in her hands.
Why i' faith, it is her modeſty, I muſt quit her;
If you were abſent, ſhee would be more comming;
I know it: and dare vndertake for her.
What woman can, before her husband? 'pray you,
Let vs depart, and leaue her, here. CORV. Sweet CELIA,
Thou mayſt redeeme all, yet; I'le ſay no more:
If not, eſteeme your ſelfe as loſt. Nay, ſtay there.
CEL. O god, and his good angels! whether, whether.
Is ſhame fled humane breſts? that with ſuch eaſe,
Men dare put off your honours, and their owne?
Is that, which euer was a cauſe of life,
Now plac'd beneath the baſeſt circumſtance?
And modeſtie an exile made, for money?
He leapes off from his couch: VOLP. I, in CORVINO, and ſuch earth-fed mindes,
That neuer taſted the true heau'n of loue.
Aſſure thee, CELIA, he that would ſell thee,
Onely for hope of gaine, and that vncertaine,
He would haue ſold his part of paradiſe
For ready money, had he met a cope-man. ———
Why art thou maz'd, to ſee me thus reuiu'd?———
Rather applaud thy beauties miracle;
'Tis thy great worke: that hath, not now alone,
But ſundry times, 'rayſ'd me, in ſeuerall ſhapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebanke,

To

To see thee at thy windore. I, before
I would haue left my practice, for thy loue,
In varying figures, I would haue contended
With the blue PROTEVS, or the horned *Flood*.
Now, art thou welcome. CEL. Sir! VOLP. Nay, flie me not.
Nor, let thy false imagination
That I was bedrid, make thee thinke, I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as iouiall plight,
As when (in that so celebrated *scene*,
At recitation of our *comœdie*,
For entertainement of the great VALOYS)
I acted yong ANTINOVS; and attracted
The eyes, and eares of all the ladies, present,
T'admire each gracefull gesture, note, and footing.

SONG.

COme, my CELIA, *let vs proue,*
While we can, the sports of loue;
Time will not be ours, for euer,
He, at length, our good will seuer;
Spend not then his gifts, in vaine.
Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But if, once, we lose this light,
'Tis with vs perpetuall night.
Why should wee deferre our ioyes?
Fame, and rumor are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore household-spies?
Or his easier eares beguile,
Thus remooued, by our wile?
'Tis no sinne, loues fruits to steale;
But the sweet thefts to reueale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These haue crimes accounted beene.

CEL. Some *serene* blast me, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face. VOLP. Why droopes my CELIA?
Thou hast in place of a base husband, found
A worthy louer: vse thy fortune well,
With secrecie, and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queene of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possess'd, and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearle; and each, more orient
Then that the braue *Ægyptian* queene carrous'd:

Dissolue

Diſſolue, and drinke 'hem. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our S^t. MARKE;
A diamant, would haue bought LOLLIA PAVLINA,
When ſhe came in, like ſtar-light hid with iewels,
That were the ſpoiles of prouinces; take theſe,
And weare, and looſe 'hem: yet remaines an eare-ring
To purchaſe them againe, and this whole ſtate.
A gem, but worth a priuate patrimony,
Is nothing: we will eate ſuch at a meale.
The heads of parrats, tongues of nightingales,
The braines of peacocks, and of eſtriches
Shall be our food: and, could we get the phœnix,
(Though nature loſt her kind) ſhee were our diſh.
CEL. Good ſir, theſe things might moue a minde affected
With ſuch delights; but I, whoſe innocence
Is all I can thinke wealthy, or worth th'enioying,
And which once loſt, I haue nought to looſe beyond it,
Cannot be taken with theſe ſenſuall baites:
If you haue conſcience——— VOLP. 'Tis the beggers vertue,
If thou haſt wiſdome, heare me, CELIA.
Thy bathes ſhall be the iuyce of iuly-flowres,
Spirit of roſes, and of violets,
The milke of vnicornes, and panthers breath
Gather'd in bagges, and mixt with *cretan* wines.
Our drinke ſhall be prepared gold, and amber;
Which we will take, vntill my roofe whirle round
With the *vertigo*: and my dwarfe ſhall dance,
My eunuch ſing, my foole make vp the antique.
Whil'ſt, we, in changed ſhapes, act OVIDS tales,
Thou, like EVROPA now, and I like IOVE,
Then I like MARS, and thou like ERYCINE,
So, of the reſt, till we haue quite run through
And weary'd all the fables of the gods.
Then will I haue thee in more moderne formes,
Attired like ſome ſprightly dame of *France*,
Braue *Tuſcan* lady, or proud *Spaniſh* beauty;
Sometimes, vnto the *Perſian Sophies* wife;
Or the grand-*Signiors* miſtreſſe; and, for change,
To one of our moſt art-full courtizans,
Or ſome quick *Negro*, or cold *Ruſſian*;
And I will meet thee, in as many ſhapes:
Where we may, ſo, tranſ-fuſe our wandring ſoules,
Out at our lippes, and ſcore vp ſummes of pleaſures,
That the curious ſhall not know,
How to tell them, as they flow;

And

And the enuious, when they find
What their number is, be pind.

CEL. If you haue eares that will be pierc'd; or eyes,
That can be open'd; a heart, may be touch'd;
Or any part, that yet ſounds man, about you:
If you haue touch of holy ſaints, or heauen,
Do me the grace, to let me ſcape. If not,
Be bountifull, and kill me. You doe know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayd,
By one, whoſe ſhame I would forget it were,
If you will daigne me neither of theſe graces,
Yet feed your wrath, ſir, rather then your luſt;
(It is a vice, comes neerer manlineſſe)
And puniſh that vnhappy crime of nature,
Which you miſcal my beauty: flay my face,
Or poiſon it, with oyntments, for ſeducing
Your bloud to this rebellion. Rub theſe hands,
With what may cauſe an eating leproſie,
E'ene to my bones, and marrow: any thing,
That may diſfauour me, ſaue in my honour.
And I will kneele to you, pray for you, pay downe
A thouſand hourely vowes, ſir, for your health,
Report, and thinke you vertuous——— VOLP. Thinke me cold,
Froſen, and impotent, and ſo report me?
That I had NESTOR'S *hernia*, thou wouldſt thinke.
I doe degenerate, and abuſe my nation,
To play with opportunity, thus long:
I ſhould haue done the act, and then haue parlee'd.
Yeeld, or Ile force thee. CEL. O! iuſt God. VOLP. In vaine——

BON. Forbeare, foule rauiſher, libidinous ſwine,
Free the forc'd lady, or thou dy'ſt, impoſtor.
But that I am loth to ſnatch thy puniſhment
Out of the hand of iuſtice, thou ſhouldſt, yet,
Be made the timely ſacrifice of vengeance,
Before this altar, and this droſſe, thy idoll.
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany; feare nought, you haue a guard:
And he, ere long, ſhall meet his iuſt reward.

He leaues from with Mo'ca and plac'd

VOLP. Fall on me, roofe, and bury me in ruine,
Become my graue, that wert my ſhelter. O!
I am vn-maſqu'd, vn-ſpirited, vn-done,
Betray'd to beggery, to infamy——

Act III. Scene VIII.

MOSCA, VOLPONE.

WHere shall I runne, most wretched shame of men,
To beate out my vn-luckie braines? VOLP. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed? MOS. O, that his wel-driu'n sword
Had beene so courteous to haue cleft me downe,
Vnto the nauill; ere I liu'd to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my error.
VOLP. Woe, on thy fortune. MOS. And my follies, sir.
VOLP. Th' hast made me miserable. MOS. And my selfe, sir.
Who would haue thought, he would haue harken'd, so?
VOLP. What shall we do? MOS. I know not, if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, Il'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleas'd to hang me? or cut my throate?
And i'le requite you, sir. Let's die like *Romanes*,
They knock without. Since wee haue liu'd, like *Grecians*. VOLP. Harke, who's there?
I heare some footing, officers, the *Saffi*,
Come to apprehend vs! I doe feele the brand
Hissing already, at my fore-head: now,
Mine eares are boring. MOS. To your couch, sir, you
Make that place good, how euer. Guilty men
Suspect, what they deserue still. Signior CORBACCIO!

Act III. Scene IX.

CORBACCIO, MOSCA, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

WHy! how now? MOSCA! MOS. O, vndone, amaz'd, sir.
Your sonne (I know not, by what accident)
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heire;
Entred our house with violence, his sword drawne,
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, vnnaturall,
Vow'd he would kill you. CORB. Me? MOS. Yes, and my patron.
CORB. This act, shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will. MOS. 'Tis well, sir. CORB. Right and well.
Be you as carefull now, for me. MOS. My life, sir,
Is not more tender'd, I am onely yours.
CORB. How do's he? will he die shortly, think'st thou? MOS. I feare.
He'll out-last *May*. CORB. Today? MOS. No, last-out *May*, sir.

CORB.

CORB. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram? MOS. O, by no meanes, sir.
CORB. Nay, I'le not bid you. VOLT. This is a knaue, I see.
MOS. How, signior VOLTORE! did he heare me? VOLT. Parasite.
MOS. Who's that? O, sir, most timely welcome—VOLT. Scarse,
To the discouery of your tricks, I feare.
You are his, onely? and mine, also? are you not?
MOS. Who? I, sir! VOLT. You, sir. What deuice is this
About a will? MOS. A plot for you, sir. VOLT. Come,
Put not your foist's vpon me, I shall sent 'hem.
MOS. Did you not heare it? VOLT. Yes, I heare, CORBACCIO
Hath made your patron, there, his heire. MOS. 'Tis true,
By my deuice, drawne to it by my plot,
With hope——— VOLT. Your patron should reciprocate?
And, you haue promis'd? MOS. For your good, I did, sir.
Nay more, I told his sonne, brought, hid him here,
Where he might heare his father passe the deed;
Being perswaded to it, by this thought, sir,
That the vnnaturalnesse, first, of the act,
And then, his fathers oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did meane t'helpe on) would sure enrage him
To doe some violence vpon his parent.
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope:
Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My onely ayme was, to dig you a fortune
Out of these two, old rotten sepulchers———
(VOLT. I cry thee mercy, MOSCA.) MOS. Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And, see the change!
VOLT. Why? what successe? MOS. Most hapless! you must helpe, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old rauen, in comes
CORVINO's wife, sent hither, by her husband———
VOLT. What, with a present? MOS. No, sir, on visitation:
(I'le tell you how, anone) and, staying long,
The youth, he growes impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wound's me, makes her sweare
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T'affirme my patron to haue done her rape:
Which how vnlike it is, you see! and, hence,
With that pretext, hee's gone, t'accuse his father;
Defame my patron; defeate you—VOLT. Where's her husband?
Let him be sent for, streight. MOS. Sir, I'le goe fetch him.
VOLT. Bring him, to the *Scrutineo*. MOS. Sir, I will.
VOLT. This must be stopt. MOS. O, you do nobly, sir.
Alasse, 'twas labor'd all, sir, for your good;
Nor, was there want of counsel, in the plot:

But fortune can, at any time, orethrow
The proiects of a hundred learned *clearkes*, ſir.
CORB. What's that? VOLT. Wilt pleaſe you ſir, to goe along?
MOS. Patron, go in, and pray for our ſucceſſe.
VOLP. Neede makes deuotion: heauen your labor bleſſe.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

I Told you, ſir, it was a plot: you ſee
What obſeruation is. You mention'd mee,
For ſome inſtructions: I will tell you, ſir,
(Since we are met, here in this height of *Venice*)
Some few particulars, I haue ſet downe,
Onely for this *meridian*; fit to be knowne
Of your crude traueller, and they are theſe.
I will not touch, ſir, at your phraſe, or clothes,
For they are old. PER. Sir, I haue better. POL. Pardon
I meant, as they are *theames*. PER. O, ſir, proceed:
I'le ſlander you no more of wit, good ſir.
POL. Firſt, for your garbe, it muſt be graue, and ſerious;
Very reſeru'd, and lock't; not tell a ſecret,
On any termes, not to your father; ſcarſe
A fable, but with caution; make ſure choiſe
Both of your company, and diſcourſe; beware,
You neuer ſpake a truth—— PER. How! POL. Not to ſtrangers,
For thoſe be they you muſt conuerſe with, moſt;
Others I would not know, ſir, but, at diſtance,
So as I ſtill might be a ſauer, in 'hem:
You ſhall haue tricks, elſe, paſt vpon you, hourely.
And then, for your religion, profeſſe none;
But wonder, at the diuerſitie of all;
And, for your part, proteſt, were there no other
But ſimply the lawes o' th' land, you could content you:
NIC: MACHIAVEL, and monſieur BODINE, both,
Were of this minde. Then, muſt you learne the vſe,
And handling of your ſiluer forke, at meales;
The mettall of your glaſſe: (theſe are maine matters,
With your *Italian*) and to know the houre,
When you muſt eat your melons, and your figges.
PER. Is that a point of ſtate, too? POL. Here it is.
For your *Venetian*, if he ſee a man
Prepoſterous, in the leaſt, he has him ſtraight;

He

He has: he ſtrippes him. I'le acquaint you, ſir,
I now haue liu'd here ('tis ſome fourteene monthes)
Within the firſt weeke, of my landing here,
All tooke me for a citizen of *Venice*:
I knew the formes, ſo well——— PER. And nothing elſe.
POL. I had read CONTARENE, tooke me a houſe,
Dealt with my *Iewes*, to furniſh it with moueables———
Well, if I could but finde one man, one man,
To mine owne heart, whom I durſt truſt, I would——
PER. What? what, ſir? POL. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
He ſhould not thinke, againe. I would command it.
PER. As how? POL. With certaine proiects, that I haue:
Which, I may not diſcouer. PER. If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds, now,
He tels me, inſtantly. POL. One is, (and that
I care not greatly, who knowes) to ſerue the ſtate
Of *Venice*, with red herrings, for three yeeres,
And at a certaine rate, from *Roterdam*,
Where I haue correſpondence. There's a letter,
Sent me from one o'th' States, and to that purpoſe;
He cannot write his name, but that's his marke.'
PER. He is a chaundler? POL. No, a cheeſemonger.
There are ſome other too, with whom I treate,
About the ſame negotiation;
And, I will vndertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I'le do't with eaſe, I' haue caſt it all. Your hoigh
Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
And ſhe ſhall make me three returnes, a yeare:
So, if there come but one of three, I ſaue,
If two, I can defalke. But, this is now,
If my mayne proiect faile. PER. Then, you haue others?
POL. I ſhould be loath to draw the ſubtill ayre
Of ſuch a place, without my thouſand aymes.
Ile not diſſemble, ſir, where ere I come,
I loue to be conſideratiue; and, 'tis true,
I haue, at my free houres, thought vpon
Some certaine goods, vnto the ſtate of *Venice*,
Which I doe call my cautions: and, ſir, which
I meane (in hope of penſion) to propound
To the great councell, then vnto the forty,
So to the ten. My meanes are made already———
PER. By whom? POL. Sir, one, that though his place b'obſcure,
Yet, he can ſway, and they will heare him. H'is
A *commandadore*. PER. What, a common ſergeant?
POL. Sir, ſuch, as they are, put it in their mouthes,

What they ſhould ſay, ſometimes: as well as greater.
I thinke I haue my notes, to ſhew you —— Per. Good, ſir,
Pol. But, you ſhall ſweare vnto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate —— Per. I, ſir? Pol. Nor reueale
A circumſtance —— My paper is not with mee.
Per. O, but, you can remember, ſir. Pol. My firſt is,
Concerning tinder-boxes. You muſt know,
No family is, here, without it's boxe.
Now ſir, it being ſo portable a thing,
Put caſe, that you, or I were ill affected
Vnto the ſtate; ſir, with it in our pockets,
Might not I goe into the *arſenale*?
Or you? come out againe? and none the wiſer?
Per. Except your ſelfe, ſir. Pol. Goe too, then. I, therefore,
Aduertiſe to the ſtate, how fit it were,
That none, but ſuch as were knowne patriots,
Sound louers of their countrey, ſhould be ſufferd
T'enioy them in their houſes: and, euen thoſe,
Seal'd, at ſome office, and, at ſuch a bigneſſe,
As might not lurke in pockets. Per. Admirable!
Pol. My next is, how t'enquire, and be reſolu'd,
By preſent demonſtration, whether a ſhip,
Newly arriued from *Soria*, or from
Any ſuſpected part of all the *leuant*,
Be guilty of the plague: And, where they vſe,
To lie out fortie, fifty daies, ſometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their triall;
Ile ſaue that charge, and loſſe vnto the merchant,
And, in an houre, cleare the doubt. Per. Indeede, ſir?
Pol. Or —— I will looſe my labour. Per. 'My faith, that's much.
Pol. Nay, ſir, conceiue me. 'Twill coſt me, in onions,
Some thirtie *liu'res* —— Per. Which is one pound ſterling.
Pol. Beſide my water-workes: for this I doe, ſir.
Firſt, I bring in your ſhip, 'twixt two brickwalles;
(But thoſe the ſtate ſhall venter) on the one
I ſtraine me a faire tarre-paulin; and, in that,
I ſtick my onions, cut in halfes: the other
Is full of loope-holes, out at which, I thruſt
The noſes of my bellowes; and, thoſe bellowes
I keepe, with water-workes, in perpetuall motion,
(Which is the eaſi'ſt matter of a hundred)
Now, ſir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellowes, blowing
The ayre vpon him, will ſhew (inſtantly)
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion,

Or

Or elſe, remaine as faire, as at the firſt.
Now 'tis knowne, 'tis nothing. PER. You are right, ſir.
POL. I would, I had my note. PER. 'Faith, ſo would I:
But, you ha' done well, for once, ſir. POL. Were I falſe,
Or would be made ſo, I could ſhew you reaſons,
How I could ſell this ſtate, now, to the *Turke*;
Spight of their galleis, or their —— PER. Pray you, ſir POLL.
POL. I haue 'hem not, about me. PER. That I fear'd.
They' are there, ſir? POL. No, this is my *diary*,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
PER. 'Pray you, let's ſee, ſir. What is here? *notandum*,
A rat had gnawne my ſpurre-lethers; notwithſtanding,
I put on new, and did goe forth: but, firſt,
I threw three beanes ouer the threſhold. *Item*,
I went, and bought two tooth-pickes, whereof one
I burſt, immediatly, in a diſcourſe
With a *dutch* merchant, 'bout *ragion del ſtato*.
From him I went, and payd a *moccinigo*,
For peecing my ſilke ſtockings; by the way,
I cheapen'd ſprats: and at S^t. MARKES, I vrin'd.
'Faith, theſe are politique notes! POL. Sir, I do ſlippe
No action of my life, thus, but I quote it.
PER. Beleeue me it is wiſe! POL. Nay, ſir, read forth.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

LADY, NANO, WOMEN, POLITIQVE, PEREGRINE.

WHere ſhould this looſe knight be, trow? ſure, h'is houſ'd.
NAN. Why, then he's faſt. LAD. I, he plaies both, with me:
I pray you, ſtay. This heate will doe more harme
To my complexion, then his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him)
How it comes of! WOM. My maſter's yonder. LAD. Where?
WOM. With a yong gentleman. LAD. That ſame's the party!
In mans apparell. 'Pray you, ſir, iog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
How euer he demerit. POL. My lady! PER. Where?
POL. 'Tis ſhee indeed, ſir, you ſhall know her. She is,
Were ſhe not mine, a lady of that merit,
For faſhion, and behauiour; and, for beauty
I durſt compare —— PER. It ſeemes, you are not iealous,
That dare commend her. POL. Nay, and for diſcourſe ——
PER. Being your wife, ſhee cannot miſſe that. POL. Madame,

Here is a gentleman, 'pray you, vſe him, fairely,
He ſeemes a youth, but he is — LAD. None? POL. Yes, one
Has put his face, as ſoone, into the world——
LAD. You meane, as earely? but to day? POL. How's this!
LAD. Why in this habit, ſir, you apprehend me.
Well, maſter WOVLD-BEE, this doth not become you;
I had thought, the odour, ſir, of your good name,
Had beene more precious to you; that you would not
Haue done this dire maſſacre, on your honour;
One of your grauity, and ranke, beſides!
But, knights, I ſee, care little for the oath
They make to ladies: chiefely, their owne ladies.
POL. Now, by my ſpurres (the ſymbole of my knight-hood)
(PER. Lord! how his braine is humbled, for an oath)
POL. I reach you not. LAD. Right, ſir, your politie
May beare it through, thus. Sir, a word with you.
I would be loth, to conteſt publikely,
With any gentlewoman; or to ſeeme
Froward, or violent (as the courtier ſayes)
It comes too neere ruſticity, in a lady,
Which I would ſhun, by all meanes: and, how-euer
I may deſerue from maſter WOVLD-BEE, yet,
T'haue one faire gentlewoman, thus, be made
Th'vnkind inſtrument, to wrong another,
And one ſhe knowes not, I, and to perſeuer;
In my poore iudgement, is not warranted
From being a *ſolæciſme* in our ſexe,
If not in manners. PER. How is this! POL. Sweet madame,
Come neerer to your ayme. LAD. Mary, and will, ſir.
Since you prouoke me, with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-*ſiren*, here,
Your SPORVS, your *hermaphrodite*—PER. What's here?
Poetique fury, and hiſtorique ſtormes!
POL. The gentleman, beleeue it, is of worth,
And of our nation. LAD I, your *white-Friers* nation?
Come, I bluſh for you, maſter WOVLD-BEE, I;
And am aſham'd, you ſhould ha' no more forehead,
Then, thus, to be the patron, or S^t. GEORGE
To a lewd harlot, a baſe fricatrice,
A female deuill, in a male out-ſide. POL. Nay,
And you be ſuch a one! I muſt bid adieu
To your delights. The caſe appeares too liquide.
LAD. I, you may carry't cleare, with your ſtate-face!
But, for your carniuale concupiſcence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conſcience,

From

From furious perſecution of the Marſhall,
Her will I diſc'ple. PER. This is fine, i'faith!
And do you vſe this, often? is this part
Of your wits exerciſe, 'gainſt you haue occaſion?
Madam——LAD. Go to, ſir. PER. Do you heare me, lady?
Why, if your knight haue ſet you to begge ſhirts,
Or to inuite me home, you might haue done it
A neerer way, by farre. LAD. This cannot work you,
Out of my ſnare. PER. Why? am I in it, then?
Indeede, your husband told me, you were faire,
And ſo you are; onely your noſe enclines
(That ſide, that's next the ſunne) to the queene-apple.
LAD. This cannot be endur'd, by any patience.

Act IIII. Scene III.

MOSCA, LADY, PEREGRINE.

WHat's the matter, madame? LAD. If the *Senate*
Right not my queſt, in this; I will proteſt 'hem,
To all the world, no *ariſtocracie*.
MOS. What is the iniurie, lady? LAD. Why, the callet,
You told me of, here I haue tane diſguiſ'd.
MOS. Who? this? what meanes your ladiſhip? the creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the *Senate*, you ſhall ſee her——LAD. Where?
MOS. I'le bring you to her. This yong gentleman
I ſaw him land, this morning, at the port.
LAD. Is't poſſible! how has my iudgement wander'd!
Sir, I muſt, bluſhing, ſay to you, I haue err'd:
And plead your pardon. PER. What! more changes, yet?
LAD. I hope, yo' ha' not the malice to remember
A gentlewomans paſſion. If you ſtay,
In *Venice*, here, pleaſe you to vſe me, ſir——
MOS. Will you go, madame? LAD. 'Pray you, ſir, vſe mee. In faith,
The more you ſee me, the more I ſhall conceiue,
You haue forgot our quarrell. PER. This is rare!
Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BEE? no, ſir POLITIQVE bawd!
To bring me, thr acquainted with his wife!
Well, wiſe ſir POL: ſince you haue practiſ'd, thus,
Vpon my freſhman-ſhip, I'le trie your ſalt-head,
What proofe it is againſt a counter-plot.

Act IIII. Scene IIII.

VOLTORE, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA.

WEll, now you know the carriage of the buſineſſe,
Your conſtancy is all, that is requir'd
Vnto the ſafety of it. Mos. Is the lie
Safely conuai'd amongſt vs? is that ſure?
Knowes euery man his burden? CORV. Yes. Mos. Then, ſhrink not.
CORV. But, knowes the Aduocate the truth? Mos. O, ſir,
By no meanes. I deuiſ'd a formall tale,
That ſalu'd your reputation. But, be valiant, ſir.
CORV. I feare no one, but him; that, this his pleading
Should make him ſtand for a co-heire——Mos. Co-halter.
Hang him: we will but vſe his tongue, his noiſe,
As we doe croakers, here. CORV. I, what ſhall he do? (we'll thinke,
Mos. When we ha' done, you meane? CORV. Yes. Mos. Why,
Sell him for *mummia*, hee's halfe duſt already.
To Voltore. Do not you ſmile, to ſee this *buffalo*,
How he doth ſport it with his head? ——I' ſhould
To Corbaccio. If all were well, and paſt. Sir, onely you
Are he, that ſhall enioy the crop of all,
And theſe not know for whom they toile. CORB. I, peace.
To Coruino, then to Voltore againe. Mos. But you ſhall eate it. Much! Worſhipfull ſir,
MERCVRY ſit vpon your thundring tongue,
Or the *French* HERCVLES, and make your language
As conquering as his club, to beate along,
(As with a tempeſt) flat, our aduerſaries:
But, much more, yours, ſir. VOLT. Here they come, ha' done.
Mos. I haue another witneſſe, if you neede, ſir,
I can produce. VOLT. Who is it? Mos. Sir, I haue her.

Act. IIII. Scene. V.

AVOCATORI, 4. BONARIO, CELIA, VOLTORE. CORBACCIO, CORVINO, MOSCA, NOTARIO, COMMANDADORI.

THe like of this the *Senate* neuer heard of.
AVOC. 2. 'Twil come moſt ſtrange to them, when we report it.
AVOC. 4. The gentlewoman has beene euer held
Of vn-reproued name. AVOC. 3. So, the yong man.
AVOC. 4. The more vnnaturall part that of his father.
AVOC. 2. More of the husband. AVOC. 1. I not know to giue

His

His act a name, it is ſo monſtrous!
Avoc. 4. But the impoſtor, he is a thing created
T'exceed example! Avoc. And all after times!
Avoc. 2. I neuer heard a true voluptuary
Deſcrib'd, but him. Avoc. 3. Appeare yet thoſe were cited?
Nota. All, but the old magnifico, Volpone.
Avoc. 1. Why is not hee here? Mos. Pleaſe your father-hoods,
Here is his Aduocate. Himſelfe's, ſo weake,
So feeble——Avoc. 4. What are you? Bon. His paraſite,
His knaue, his pandar: I beſeech the court,
He may be forc'd to come, that your graue eyes
May beare ſtrong witneſſe of his ſtrange impoſtures.
Volt. Vpon my faith, and credit, with your vertues,
He is not able to endure the ayre. (Fetch him.
Avo. 2. Bring him, how euer. Avo. 3. We will ſee him. Avo. 4.
Volt. Your father-hoods fit pleaſures be obey'd,
But ſure, the ſight will rather mooue your pitties,
Then indignation; may it pleaſe the court,
In the meane time, he may be heard in me:
I know this place moſt voide of preiudice,
And therefore craue it, ſince we haue no reaſon
To feare our truth ſhould hurt our cauſe. Avoc. 3. Speake free.
Volt. Then know, moſt honor'd fathers, I muſt now
Diſcouer, to your ſtrangely' abuſed eares,
The moſt prodigious, and moſt frontleſſe piece
Of ſolid impudence, and trecherie,
That euer vicious nature yet brought foorth
To ſhame the ſtate of *Venice*. This lewd woman
(That wants no artificiall lookes, or teares,
To helpe the viſor, ſhe has now put on)
Hath long beene knowne a cloſe adultereſſe,
To that laſciuious youth there; not ſuſpected,
I ſay, but knowne; and taken, in the act;
With him; and by this man, the eaſie husband,
Pardon'd: whoſe timeleſſe bounty makes him, now,
Stand here, the moſt vnhappie, innocent perſon,
That euer mans owne goodneſſe made accuſ'd.
For theſe, not knowing how to owe a gift
Of that deare grace, but with their ſhame; being plac'd
So' aboue all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit: and, in place
Of thankes, deuiſe t'extirpe the memorie
Of ſuch an act. Wherein, I pray your father-hoods,
To obſerue the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Diſcouer'd in their euils; and what heart

Such

Such take, euen, from their crimes. But that, anone,
Will more appeare. This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foule fact, with many others,
VVhich dayly ſtrooke at his too-tender eares,
And, grieu'd in nothing more, then that he could not
Preſerue him ſelfe a parent (his ſonnes ills
Growing to that ſtrange floud) at laſt decreed
To diſ-inherit him. Avoc. 1. Theſe be ſtrange turnes!
Avoc. 2. The yong mans fame was euer faire, and honeſt.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile ſo, vnder ſhade of vertue.
But as I ſaid (my honour'd ſires) his father
Hauing this ſetled purpoſe, (by what meanes
To him betray'd, we know not) and this day
Appointed for the deed; that parricide,
(I cannot ſtile him better) by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Entred Volpone's houſe (who was the man
Your father-hoods muſt vnderſtand, deſign'd
For the inheritance) there, ſought his father:
But, with what purpoſe ſought he him, my lords?
(I tremble to pronounce it, that a ſonne
Vnto a father, and to ſuch a father
Should haue ſo foule, felonious intent)
It was, to murder him. When, being preuented
By his more happy abſence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds:
(Miſchiefe doth euer end, where it begins)
An act of horror, fathers! he drag'd forth
The aged gentleman, that had there lien, bed-red,
Three yeeres, and more, out off his innocent couch,
Naked, vpon the floore, there left him; wounded
His ſeruant in the face; and, with this ſtrumpet
The ſtale to his forg'd practiſe, who was glad
To be ſo actiue, (I ſhall here deſire
Your father-hoods to note but my collections,
As moſt remarkable) thought, at once, to ſtop
His fathers ends; diſcredit his free choice,
In the old gentleman; redeeme themſelues,
By laying infamy vpon this man,
To whom, with bluſhing, they ſhould owe their liues. (fathers,
Avoc. 1. What prooſes haue you of this? Bon. Moſt honour'd
I humbly craue, there be no credit giuen
To this mans mercenary tongue. Avoc. 2. Forbeare. (low,
Bon. His ſoule moues in his fee. Avoc. 3. O, ſir. Bon. This fel-

For

For ſix *ſols* more, would pleade againſt his maker.
AVOC. 1. You do forget your ſelfe. VOLT. Nay, nay, graue fathers,
Let him haue ſcope: can any man imagine
That he will ſpare his accuſer, that would not
Haue ſpar'd his parent? AVO. 1. Well, produce your proofes.
CEL. I would I could forget, I were a creature. (father.
VOLT. Signior CORBACCIO. AVO. 4. What is he? VOLT. The
AVO. 2. Has he had an oth? NOT. Yes. CORB. What muſt I do now?
NOT. Your teſtimony's crau'd. CORB. Speake to the knaue?
Ile ha' my mouth, firſt, ſtopt with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I diſclaime in him.
AVO. 1. But, for what cauſe? CORB. The meere portent of nature.
He is an vtter ſtranger, to my loines.
BON. Haue they made you to this! CORB. I will not heare thee,
Monſter of men, ſwine, goate, wolfe, parricide,
Speake not, thou viper. BON. Sir, I will ſit downe,
And rather wiſh my innocence ſhould ſuffer,
Then I reſiſt the authority of a father. (this?
VOLT. Signior CORVINO. AVO. 2. This is ſtrange! AVO. 1. Who's
NOT. The husband. AVO. 4. Is he ſworn? NOT. He is. AVO. 3. Speak
CORV. This woman (pleaſe your father-hoods) is a whore, (then.
Of moſt hot exerciſe, more then a partrich,
Vpon record—AVO. 1. No more. CORV. Neighes, like a iennet.
NOT. Preſerue the honour of the court. CORV. I ſhall,
And modeſtie of your moſt reuerend eares.
And, yet, I hope that I may ſay, theſe eyes
Haue ſeene her glew'd vnto that peece of cedar;
That fine well-timber'd gallant: and that, here,
The letters may be read, thorough the horne,
That make the ſtory perfect. MOS. Excellent! ſir.
CORV. There is no ſhame in this, now, is there? MOS. None.
CORV. Or if I ſaid, I hop'd that ſhe were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater then whore, and woman; a good catholique
May make the doubt. AVO. 3. His griefe hath made him frantique.
AVO. 1. Remoue him, hence. AVO. 2. Looke to the woman. CORV. *She ſwownes.*
Prettily fain'd! againe! AVO. 4. Stand from about her. (Rare!
AVO. 1. Giue her the ayre. AVO. 3. What can you ſay? MOS. My wound
(May't pleaſe your wiſdomes) ſpeakes for me, receiu'd
In ayde of my good patron, when he miſt
His ſought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue giuen her, to cry out a rape.
BON. O, moſt lay'd impudence! Fathers— AVO. 3. Sir, be ſilent,
You had your hearing free, ſo muſt they theirs.
AVO. 2. I do begin to doubt th' impoſture here.

AVO. 4.

Avo. 4. This woman, has too many moodes. Volt. Graue fathers,
She is a creature, of a moſt profeſt,
And proſtituted lewdneſſe. Corv. Moſt impetuous!
Vnſatisfied, graue fathers! Volt. May her fainings
Not take your wiſdomes: but, this day, ſhe baited
A ſtranger, a graue knight, with her looſe eyes,
And more laſciuious kiſſes. This man ſaw 'hem
Together, on the water, in a *gondola*.
Mos. Here is the lady her ſelfe, that ſaw 'hem too,
Without; who, then, had in the open ſtreets
Purſu'd them, but for ſauing her knights honour.
Avo. 1. Produce that lady. Avo. 2. Let her come. Avo. 4. Theſe things,
They ſtrike, with wonder! Avo. 3. I am turn'd a ſtone!

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

BEe reſolute, madame. Lad. I, this ſame is ſhee.
Out, thou *chamelcon* harlot; now, thine eies
Vie teares with the *hyæna*: dar'ſt thou looke
Vpon my wronged face? I cry your pardons.
I feare, I haue (forgettingly) tranſgreſt
Againſt the dignitie of the court—— Avo. 2. No, madame.
Lad. And beene exorbitant—— Avo. 4. You haue not, lady.
Avo. 4. Theſe proofes are ſtrong. Lad. Surely, I had no purpoſe:
To ſcandalize your honours, or my ſexes.
Avo. 3. VVe do beleeue it. Lad. Surely, you may beleeue it.
Avo. 2. Madame, we do. Lad. Indeede, you may; my breeding
Is not ſo courſe—— Avo. 4. VVe know it. Lad. To offend
VVith pertinacy—— Avo. 3. Lady. Lad. Such a preſence:
No, ſurely. Avo. 1. VVe well thinke it. Lad. You may thinke it.
Avo. 1. Let her o'recome. VVhat witneſſes haue you,
To make good your report? Bon. Our conſciences.
Cel. And heauen, that neuer failes the innocent.
Avo. 4 Theſe are no teſtimonies. Bon. Not in your courts,
VVhere multitude, and clamour ouercomes.
Avo. 1. Nay, then you do waxe inſolent. Volt. Here, here,
Volpone is brought in, as impotent. The teſtimonie comes, that will conuince,
And put to vtter dumbneſſe their bold tongues.
See here, graue fathers, here's the rauiſher,
The rider on mens wiues, the great impoſtor,
The grand voluptuary! do you not think,
Theſe limbes ſhould affect *venery*? or theſe eyes

Couet

Couet a concubine? 'pray you, marke theſe hands.
Are they not fit to ſtroake a ladies breſts?
Perhaps, he doth diſſemble? Bon. So he do's.
Volt. Would you ha'him tortur'd? Bon. I would haue him prou'd:
Volt. Beſt try him, then, with goades, or burning Irons;
Put him to the ſtrappado: I haue heard,
The racke hath cur'd the gout, faith, giue it him,
And helpe him of a maladie, be courteous.
I'le vndertake, before theſe honour'd fathers,
He ſhall haue, yet, as many left diſeaſes,
As ſhe has knowne adulterers, or thou ſtrumpets.
O, my moſt equall hearers, if theſe deedes,
Acts, of this bold, and moſt exorbitant ſtraine,
May paſſe with ſufferance, what one citizen,
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea fame,
To him that dares traduce him? which of you
Are ſafe, my honour'd fathers? I would aske
(With leaue of your graue father-hoods) if their plot
Haue any face, or colour like to truth?
Or if, vnto the dulleſt noſtrill, here,
It ſmell not rancke, and moſt abhorred ſlander?
I craue your care of this good gentleman,
Whoſe life is much indanger'd, by their fable;
And, as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious perſons when they are hot, and fleſh'd
In impious acts, their conſtancy abounds:
Damn'd deeds are done with greateſt confidence.
Avoc. 1. Take 'hem to cuſtody, and ſeuer them.
Avoc. 2. 'Tis pittie, two ſuch prodigies ſhould liue.
Avoc. 1. Let the old gentleman be return'd, with care:
I am ſorry, our credulitie wrong'd him.
Avo. 4. Theſe are two creatures! Avo. 3. I haue an earthquake in me!
Avo. 2. Their ſhame (euen in their cradles) fled their faces.
Avo. 4. You' haue done a worthy ſeruice to the ſtate, ſir,
In their diſcouerie. Avo. 1. You ſhall heare, ere night,
What puniſhment the court decrees vpon 'hem.
Volt. We thanke your fatherhoods. How like you it? Mos. Rare.
I'ld ha' your tongue, ſir, tipt with gold, for this;
I'ld ha' you be the heire to the whole citie;
The earth I'ld haue want men, ere you want liuing:
They' are bound to erect your ſtatue, in S. Markes.
Signior Corvino, I would haue you goe,
And ſhew your ſelfe, that you haue conquer'd. Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better, that you ſhould profeſſe
Your ſelfe a cuckold, thus, then that the other

Should haue beene prou'd. CORV. Nay, I conſider'd that:
Now, it is her fault. MOS. Then, it had beene yours.
CORV. True, I doe doubt this Aduocate, ſtill. MOS. I'faith,
You need not, I dare eaſe you of that care. (MOSCA.
CORV. I truſt thee, Moſca. MOS. As your owne ſoule, ſir. CORB.
MOS. Now for your buſineſſe, ſir. CORB. How? ha' you buſines?
MOS. Yes, yours, ſir. CORB. O, none elſe? MOS. None elſe, not I.
CORB. Be carefull then. MOS. Reſt you, with both your eyes, ſir.
CORB. Diſpatch it. MOS. Inſtantly. CORB. And looke, that all,
What-euer, be put in, iewels, plate, moneyes,
Houſehold-ſtuffe, bedding, cortines. MOS. Cortine-rings, ſir,
Onely, the Aduocates fee muſt be deducted.
CORB. I'le pay him, now: you'll be too prodigall.
MOS. Sir, I muſt tender it. CORB. Two *cecchines* is well?
MOS. No, ſix, ſir. CORB. 'Tis too much. MOS. He talk'd a great while,
You muſt conſider that, ſir. CORB. Well, there's three——
MOS. I'le giue it him. CORB. Doe ſo, and there's for thee.
MOS. Bountifull bones! What horride ſtrange offence
Did he commit 'gainſt nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age? you ſee, ſir, how I worke
Vnto your ends; take you no notice. VOLT. No,
I'le leaue you. MOS. All, is yours; the deuill, and all:
Good Aduocate. Madame, I'le bring you home.
LAD. No, I'le goe ſee your patron. MOS. That you ſhall not:
I'le tell you, why. My purpoſe is, to vrge
My patron to reforme his will; and, for
The zeale you' haue ſhew'n to day, whereas before
You were but third, or, fourth, you ſhall be now
Put in the firſt: which would appeare as beg'd,
If you were preſent. Therefore—— LAD. You ſhall ſway me.

Act V. *Scene* I.

VOLPONE.

WELl, I am here; and all this brunt is paſt:
I ne're was in diſlike with my diſguiſe,
Till this fled moment; here, 'twas good, in priuate,
But, in your publike, *Caue*, whil'ſt I breathe.
'Fore god, my left legge 'gan to haue the crampe;
And I apprehended, ſtraight, ſome power had ſtrooke me
With a dead palſey: well, I muſt be merry,
And ſhake it off. A many of theſe feares
Would put me into ſome villanous diſeaſe,
Should they come thick vpon me: I'le preuent 'hem.

Giue

Giue me a boule of luſtie wine, to fright
This humor from my heart; (hum, hum, hum) *He drinkes.*
'Tis almoſt gone, already: I ſhall conquer.
Any deuice, now, of rare, ingenious knauery,
That would poſſeſſe me with a violent laughter,
Would make me vp, againe! So, ſo, ſo, ſo. *Drinkes againe.*
This heate is life; 'tis bloud, by this time: Mosca!

Act V. *Scene* II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano, Castrone.

HOw now, ſir? do's the day looke cleare againe?
Are we recouer'd? and wrought out of error,
Into our way? to ſee our path, before vs?
Is our trade free, once more? Volp. Exquiſite Mosca!
Mos. Was it not carry'd learnedly? Volp. And ſtoutly.
Good wits are greateſt in extremities.
Mos. It were a folly, beyond thought, to truſt
Any grand act vnto a cowardly ſpirit:
You are not taken with it, enough, me thinkes?
Volp. O, more, then if I had enioy'd the wench:
The pleaſure of all woman-kind 's not like it.
Mos. Why, now you ſpeake, ſir. We muſt, here be fixt;
Here, we muſt reſt; this is our maſter-peece:
We cannot thinke, to goe beyond this. Volp. True,
Thou 'haſt playd thy priſe, my precious Mosca. Mos. Nay, ſir,
To gull the court——Volp. And, quite diuert the torrent,
Vpon the innocent. Mos. Yes, and to make
So rare a muſique out of diſcordes——Volp. Right.
That, yet, to me 's the ſtrangeſt! how th' haſt borne it!
That theſe (being ſo diuided 'mongſt themſelues)
Should not ſent ſome-what, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their owne ſide. Mos. True, they will not ſee't.
Too much light blinds 'hem, I thinke. Each of 'hem
Is ſo poſſeſt, and ſtuft with his owne hopes,
That any thing, vnto the contrary,
Neuer ſo true, or neuer ſo apparent,
Neuer ſo palpable, they will reſiſt it——
Volp. Like a temptation of the diuell. Mos. Right, ſir.
Merchants may talke of trade, and your great ſigniors
Of land, that yeelds well; but if *Italy*
Haue any glebe, more fruitfull, then theſe fellowes,

I am deceiu'd. Did not your Aduocate rare?
VOLP. O (my moſt honor'd fathers, my graue fathers,
Vnder correction of your father-hoods,
What face of truth is, here? If theſe ſtrange deeds
May paſſe, moſt honour'd fathers——) I had much a doe
To forbeare laughing. MOS. 'T ſeem'd to mee, you ſweat, ſir.
VOLP. In troth, I did a little. MOS. But confeſſe, ſir,
Were you not daunted? VOLP. In good faith, I was
A little in a miſt; but not deiected:
Neuer, but ſtill my ſelfe. MOS. I thinke it, ſir
Now (ſo truth helpe me) I muſt needes ſay this, ſir.
And, out of conſcience, for your aduocate:
He' has taken paines, in faith, ſir, and deſeru'd,
(In my poore iudgement, I ſpeake it, vnder fauour,
Not to contrary you, ſir) very richly——
Well——to be coſen'd. VOLP. 'Troth, and I thinke ſo too,
By that I heard him, in the latter end.
MOS. O, but before, ſir; had you heard him, firſt,
Draw it to certaine heads, then aggrauate,
Then vſe his vehement figures——I look'd ſtill,
When he would ſhift a ſhirt; and, doing this
Out of pure loue, no hope of gaine——VOLP. 'Tis right.
I cannot anſwer him, MOSCA, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy ſake, at thy intreaty,
I will beginne, eu'n now, to vexe 'hem all:
This very inſtant. MOS. Good, ſir. VOLP. Call the dwarfe,
And eunuch, forth. MOS. CASTRONE, NANO. NAN. Here.
VOLP. Shal we haue a jig, now? MOS. What you pleaſe, ſir. VOLP. Go,
Streight giue out, about the ſtreetes, you two,
That I am dead; doe it with conſtancy,
Sadly, doe you heare? impute it to the griefe
Of this late ſlander. MOS. What doe you meane, ſir? VOLP. O,
I ſhall haue, inſtantly, my vulture, crow,
Rauen, come flying hither (on the newes)
To peck for carrion, my ſhee-wolfe, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectation——
MOS. And then to haue it rauiſh'd from their mouthes?
VOLP. 'Tis true, I will ha' thee put on a gowne,
And take vpon thee, as thou wert mine heire;
Shew 'hem a will: open that cheſt, and reach
Forth one of thoſe, that has the blankes. I'le ſtraight
Put in thy name. MOS. It will be rare, ſir. VOLP. I,
When they e'ene gape, and finde themſelues deluded——
MOS. Yes. VOLP. And thou vſe them ſkiruily. Diſpatch,
Get on thy gowne. MOS. But, what, ſir, if they aske

After

After the body? VOLP. Say, it was corrupted.
MOS I'le say, it stunke, sir; and was faine t'haue it
Coffin'd vp instantly, and sent away.
VOLP. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-booke, pen and inke,
Papers afore thee; sit, as thou wert taking
An inuentory of parcels: I'le get vp,
Behind the cortine, on a stoole, and harken;
Sometime, peepe ouer; see, how they doe looke;
With what degrees, their bloud doth leaue their faces!
O, 'twill afford me a rare meale of laughter.
MOS. Your Aduocate will turne stark dull, vpon it.
VOLP. It will take off his oratories edge.
MOS. But your *Clarissimo*, old round-backe, he
Will crumpe you, like a hog-louse, with the touch.
VOLP. And what CORVINO? MOS. O, sir, looke for him,
To morrow morning, with a rope, and a dagger,
To visite all the streetes; he must runne mad.
My Lady too, that came into the court,
To beare false witnesse, for your worship—VOLP. Yes,
And kist mee 'fore the fathers; when my face
Flow'd all with oyles. MOS. And sweate, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries vp
All those offensiue sauors! It transformes
The most deformed, and restores 'hem louely,
As 't were the strange poeticall girdle. IOVE *Cestus.*
Could not inuent, t'himselfe, a shroud more subtile,
To passe ACRISIVS guardes. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty.
VOLP. I thinke, she loues me. MOS. Who? the lady, sir?
Shee's iealous of you. VOLP. Do'st thou say so? MOS. Harke,
There's some already. VOLP. Looke. MOS. It is the vulture:
He has the quickest sent. VOLP. I'le to my place,
Thou, to thy posture. MOS. I am set. VOLP. But, MOSCA,
Play the artificer now, torture 'hem, rarely.

Act. V. *Scene.* III.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, LADY, VOLPONE.

HOw now, my MOSCA? MOS. Turkie carpets, nine——
VOLT. Taking an inuentory? that is well. (will?
MOS. Two suites of bedding, tissew—VOLT. Where's the
Let me read that, the while. CORB. So, set me downe:

And get you home. VOLT. Is he come, now, to trouble vs?
MOS. Of cloth of gold, two more—— CORB. Is it done, MOSCA?
MOS. Of seuerall vellets, eight—— VOLT. I like his care.
CORB. Dost thou not heare? CORV. Ha? is the houre come, MOSCA?
Volpone peepes from behinde a trauerse. VOLP. I, now, they muster. CORV. What do's the aduocate here?
Or this CORBACCIO? CORB. What do these here? LAD. MOSCA?
Is his thred spunne? MOS. Eight chests of linnen—— VOLP. O,
My fine dame WOVLD-BEE, too! CORV. MOSCA, the will,
That I may shew it these, and rid 'hem hence.
MOS. Six chests of diaper, foure of damaske—— There. (Rare!
CORB. Is that the will? MOS. Down-beds, and boulsters—VOLP.
Be busie still. Now, they begin to flutter:
They neuer thinke of me. Looke, see, see, see!
How their swift eies runne ouer the long deed,
Vnto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeath'd them, there—MOS. Ten sutes of hangings——
VOLP. I, i'their garters, MOSCA. Now, their hopes
Are at the gaspe. VOLT. MOSCA the heire! CORB. What's that?
VOLP. My aduocate is dumbe, looke to my merchant,
Hee has heard of some strange storme, a ship is lost,
He faints: my lady will swoune. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reach'd his dispaire, yet. CORB. All these
Are out of hope, I am sure the man. CORV. But, MOSCA——
MOS. Two cabenets—— CORV. Is this in earnest? MOS. One
Of ebony.—— CORV. Or, do you but delude me?
MOS. The other, mother of pearle—I am very busie.
Good faith, it is a fortune throwne vpon me——
Item, one salt of agat—— not my seeking.
LAD. Do you heare, sir? MOS. A perfum'd boxe—'pray you forbeare,
You see I am troubled—— made of an *onyx*—— LAD. How!
MOS. To morrow, or next day, I shall be at leasure,
To talke with you all. CORV. Is this my large hopes issue?
LAD. Sir, I must haue a fayrer answer. MOS. Madame!
Mary, and shall: 'pray you, fairely quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your lookes; but, harke you:
Remember, what your ladiship offred me,
To put you in, an heire; goe to, thinke on't.
And what you said, eene your best madames did
For maintenance, and, why not you? inough.
Goe home, and vse the poore sir POL, your knight, well;
For feare I tell some riddles: go, be melancholique.
VOLP. O, my fine diuell! CORV. MOSCA, 'pray you a word.
MOS. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence, yet?
Me thinkes (of all) you should haue beene th'example.
VVhy should you stay, here? with what thought? what promise?

Heare

Heare you, doe not you know, I know you an asse?
And, that you would, most faine, haue beene a wittoll,
Iffortune would haue let you? that you are
A declar'd cuckold, on good termes? this pearle,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamant?
I'le not deny't, but thanke you. Much here, else?
It may be so. VVhy, thinke that these good works
May helpe to hide you bad: I'le not betray you,
Although you be but extraordinary,
And haue it onely in title, it sufficeth.
Go home, be melancholique too, or mad.

VOLP. Rare, MOSCA! how his villany becomes him!

VOLT. Certaine, he doth delude all these, for me.

CORB. MOSCA, the heire? VOLP. O, his foure eyes haue found it!

CORB. I'am cosen'd, cheated, by a parasite-slaue;
Harlot, t'hast gul'd me. MOS. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the onely tooth, is left.
Are not you he, that filthy couetous wretch,
With the three legges, that here, in hope of prey,
Haue, any time this three yeere, snuft about,
With your most grou'ling nose; and would haue hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my patron? sir?
Are not you he, that haue, to day, in court,
Profess'd the dis-inheriting of your sonne?
Periur'd your selfe? Go home, and die, and stinke;
If you but croake a sillable, all comes out:
Away and call your porters, go, go, stinke.

VOLP. Excellent varlet! VOLT. Now, my faithfull MOSCA,
I finde thy constancie. MOS. Sir? VOLT. Sincere. MOS. A table
Of porphiry——I mar'le, you'll be thus troublesome.

VOLT. Nay, leaue off now, they are gone. MOS. Why? who are you?
VVhat? who did send for you? O'cry you mercy,
Reuerend sir! good faith, I am greeu'd for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeate
Your (I must needs say) most deseruing trauels:
But, I protest, sir, it was cast vpon me,
And I could, almost, wish to be without it,
But, that the will o' th' dead, must be obseru'd.
Mary, my ioy is, that you need it not,
You haue a gift, sir, (thanke your education)
VVill neuer let you want, while there are men,
And malice, to breed causes. VVould I had
But halfe the like, for all my fortune, sir.
If I haue any suites (as I doe hope,
Things being so easie, and direct, I shall not)

I will

I wil make bold with your obſtreperous aide,
(Conceiue me) for your fee, ſir. In meane time,
You, that haue ſo much law, I know ha' the conſcience,
Not to be couetous of what is mine.
Good ſir, I thanke you for my plate: 'twill helpe
To ſet vp a yong man. Good faith, you looke
As you were coſtiue; beſt go home, and purge, ſir.
VOLP. Bid him, eat lettuce well: my wittie *miſchiefe*,
Let me embrace thee. O, that I could now
Transforme thee to a VENVS—— MOSCA, goe,
Streight, take my habit of *Clariſſimo*;
And walke the ſtreets; be ſeene, torment 'hem more:
We muſt purſew, as well as plot. Who would
Haue loſt this feaſt? MOS. I doubt it will looſe them.
VOLP. O, my recouery ſhall recouer all.
That I could now but thinke on ſome diſguiſe,
To meet 'hem in: and aſke 'hem queſtions.
How I would vexe 'hem ſtill, at euery turne?
MOS. Sir, I can fit you. VOLP. Canſt thou? MOS. Yes, I know
One o' the *Commandatori*, ſir, ſo like you,
Him will I ſtreight make drunke, and bring you his habit.
VOLP. A rare diſguiſe, and anſwering thy braine!
O, I will be a ſharpe diſeaſe vnto 'hem.
MOS. Sir, you muſt looke for curſes—— VOLP. Till they burſt;
The *Foxe* fares euer beſt, when he is curſt.

Act V. *Scene* IIII.

PEREGRINE, MERCATORI. 3. WOMAN, POLITIQVE.

AM I enough diſguis'd? MER. 1. I warrant you.
PER. All my ambition is to fright him, onely.
MER. 2. If you could ſhip him away, 'twere excellent.
MER. 3. To *Zant*, or to *Alepo*? PER. Yes, and ha' his
Aduentures put i' th' *booke of voyages*,
And his guld ſtory regiſtred, for truth?
Well, gentlemen, when I am in, a while,
And that you thinke vs warme in our diſcourſe,
Know your approaches. MER. 1. Truſt it to our care.
PER. Saue you, faire lady. Is ſir POLL. within?
WOM. I do not know, ſir. PER. 'Pray you, ſay vnto him,
Here is a merchant, vpon earneſt buſineſſe,
Deſires to ſpeake with him. WOM. I will ſee, ſir. PER. 'Pray you.
I ſee, the family is all female, here.

WOM.

WOM. He ſai's, ſir, he has waighty affaires of ſtate,
That now require him whole, ſome other time
You may poſſeſſe him. PER. 'Pray you ſay againe,
If thoſe require him whole, theſe will exact him,
VVhereof I bring him tidings. VVhat might be
His graue affaire of ſtate, now? how, to make
Bolognian ſauſeges, here, in *Venice*, ſparing
One o' th' ingredients. VVOM. Sir, he ſai's, he knowes
By your word, tidings, that you are no ſtateſ-man,
And therefore, wills you ſtay. PER. Sweet, 'pray you returne him,
I haue not read ſo many proclamations,
And ſtudied them, for words, as he has done,
But—— Here he deignes to come. POL. Sir, I muſt craue
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)
Vnkinde diſaſter, 'twixt my lady, and mee:
And I was penning my apologie
To giue her ſatifaction, as you came, now.
PER. Sir, I am grieu'd, I bring you worſe diſaſter;
The gentleman, you met at th' port, to day,
That told you, he was newly arriu'd—— POL. I, was
A fugitiue punke? PER. No, ſir, a ſpie, ſet on you:
And, he has made relation to the Senate,
That you profeſt to him, to haue a plot,
To ſell the ſtate of *Venice*, to the *Turke*.
POL. O me! PER. For which, warrants are ſign'd by this time,
To apprehend you, and to ſearch your ſtudy,
For papers—— POL. Alaſſe, ſir. I haue none, but notes,
Drawne out of play-bookes—— PER. All the better, ſir.
POL. And ſome eſſayes. What ſhall I doe? PER. Sir, beſt
Conuay your ſelfe into a ſugar-cheſt,
Or, if you could lie round, a fraile were rare:
And I could ſend you, aboard. POL. Sir, I but talk'd ſo,
For diſcourſe ſake, merely. PER. Harke, they are there.
They knocke without.
POL. I am a wretch, a wretch. PER. What, will you doe, ſir?
Ha you ne're a curren-but to leape into?
They'll put you to the racke, you muſt be ſudden.
POL. Sir, I haue an ingine—(MER. 3. Sir POLITIQVE WOVLD-BE?
MER. 2. Where is he?) POL. That I haue thought vpon, before time.
PER. What is it? POL. (I ſhall ne're indure the torture.)
Mary, it is, ſir, of a tortoyſe-ſhell,
Fitted, for theſe extremities: 'pray you ſir, helpe me.
Here, I' haue a place, ſir, to put backe my leggs,
(Pleaſe you to lay it on, ſir) with this cap,
And my blacke gloues, I'le lye, ſir, like a tortoyſe,
Till they are gone. PER. And, call you this an ingine?

POL.

POL. Mine owne deuice——— good ſir, bid my wiues women
They ruſh in. To burne my papers. MER. 1. Where's he hid? MER. 3. We muſt,
And will, ſure, find him. MER. 2. Which is his ſtudy? MER. 1. What
Are you, ſir? PER. I am a merchant, that came heere
To looke vpon this tortoyſe. MER. 3. How? MER. 1. S^t. MARKE!
What beaſt is this? PER. It is a fiſh. MER. 2. Come out, here.
PER. Nay, you may ſtrike him, ſir, and tread vpon him:
Hee'll beare a cart. MER. 1. What, to runne ouer him? PER. Yes. (ſir.
MER. 3. Let's iump, vpon him. MER. 2. Can he not go? PER. He creeps,
MER. 1. Let's ſee him creepe. PER. No, good ſir, you will hurt him.
MER. 2. (Heart) I'le ſee him creepe; or pricke his guts.
MER. 3. Come out, here. PER. 'Pray you ſir, (creepe a little)
MER. 1. Foorth.
MER. 2. Yet furder. PER. Good ſir, (creep) MER. 2. We'll ſee his legs.
They pul of the ſhel and diſcouer him. MER. 3. Gods'ſo, he has garters! MER. 1. I, and gloues! MER. 2. Is this
Your fearefull tortoyſe? PER. Now, ſir POLL. we are euen;
For your next proiect, I ſhall be prepar'd:
I am ſorry, for the funerall of your notes, ſir.
MER. 1. 'Twere a rare motion, to be ſeene in *Fleet-ſtreet*!
MER. 2. I, i'the terme. MER. 1. Or *Smithfield*, in the faire.
MER. 3. Me thinkes, tis but a melancholique ſight!
PER. Farewell, moſt politique tortoyſe. POL. Where's my lady?
Knowes ſhee of this? WOM. I know not, ſir. POL. Enquire.
O, I ſhall be the fable of all feaſts;
The freight of the *gazetti*; ſhip-boyes tale;
And, which is worſt, euen talke for ordinaries.
WOM. My lady's come moſt melancholique, home,
And ſay's, ſir, ſhe will ſtraight to ſea, for phyſick.
POL. And I, to ſhunne, this place, and clime for euer;
Creeping, with houſe, on backe: and thinke it well,
To ſhrinke my poore head, in my politique ſhell.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

The firſt, in the habit of a Commandadore: the other, of a Clariſsimo.

VOLPONE, MOSCA.

AM I then like him? MOS. O, ſir, you are he:
No man can ſeuer you. VOLP. Good. MOS. But, what am I?
VOLP. 'Fore heau'n, a braue *Clariſsimo*, thou becom'ſt it!
Pitty, thou wert not borne one. MOS. If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. VOLP. I'le goe, and ſee
What newes, firſt, at the court. MOS. Doe ſo. My FOXE
Is out on his hole, and, ere he ſhall re-enter,
I'le make him languiſh, in his borrow'd caſe,
Except he come to compoſition, with me:

ANDRO-

ANDROGINO, CASTRONE, NANO, ALL. Here.
MOS. Goe, recreate your ſelues, abroad; goe, ſport:
So, now I haue the keies, and am poſſeſt.
Since he will, needes, be dead, afore his time,
I'le burie him, or gaine by him. I am his heire:
And ſo will keepe me, till he ſhare at leaſt.
To coſen him of all, were but a cheat
Well plac'd; no man would conſtrue it a ſinne:
Let his ſport pay for't, this is call'd the FOXE-trap.

Act V. *Scene* VI.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLPONE.

THey ſay, the court is ſet. CORV. We muſt maintaine
Our firſt tale good, for both our reputations. (kild me.
CORB. Why? mine's no tale: my ſonne would, there, haue
CORV. That's true, I had forgot: mine is, I am ſure.
But, for your will, ſir. CORB. I, I'le come vpon him,
For that, hereafter, now his Patron's dead.
VOLP. Signior CORVINO! and CORBACCIO! ſir,
Much ioy vnto you. CORV. Of what? VOLP. The ſodaine good,
Dropt downe vpon you—CORB. Where? VOLP. (And, none knowes
From old VOLPONE, ſir. CORB. Out, errant knaue. (how)
VOLP. Let not your too much wealth, ſir, make you furious. (me?
CORB. Away, thou varlet. VOLP. Why ſir? CORB. Do'ſt thou mocke
VOLP. You mocke the world, ſir, did you not change wills?
CORB. Out, harlot. VOLP. O! belike you are the man,
Signior CORVINO? 'faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withall: I loue your ſpirit.
You are not ouer-leauen'd, with your fortune.
You ſhould ha' ſome would ſwell, now like a wine-fat,
With ſuch an *Autumne*—— Did he gi' you all, ſir?
CORV. Auoid, you raſcall. VOLP. Troth, your wife has ſhew'ne
Her ſelfe a very woman: but, you are well,
You needе not care, you haue a good eſtate,
To beare it out, ſir, better by this chance.
Except CORBACCIO haue a ſhare? CORB. Hence, varlet.
VOLP. You will not be a' knowne, ſir: why 'tis wiſe.
Thus doe all gam'ſters, at all games, diſſemble.
No man will ſeeme to winne. Here, comes my vulture,
Heauing his beake vp i' the ayre, and ſnuffing.

Act v. Scene vii.

VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

OVt-ſtript thus, by a paraſite? a ſlaue?
Would run on errands? and make legs, for crummes?
Well, what I'le do—VOLP. The court ſtaies for you worſhip.
I eêne reioyce, ſir, at your worſhips happineſſe,
And that it fell into ſo learned hands,
That vnderſtand the fingering.—VOLT. What doe you meane?
VOLP. I meane to be a ſutor to your worſhip,
For the ſmall tenement, out of reparations;
That, at the end of your long row of houſes,
By the *piſcaria*: it was, in VOLPONE's time,
Your predeceſſor, ere he grew diſeas'd,
A handſome, pretty, cuſtom'd, bawdy-houſe,
As any was in *Venice* (none diſprais'd)
But fell with him; his body, and that houſe
Decay'd, together. VOLT. Come, ſir, leaue your prating.
VOLP. Why, if your worſhip giue me but your hand,
That I may ha' the refuſall; I haue done.
'Tis a meere toy, to you, ſir; candle-rents:
As your learn'd worſhip knowes—VOLT. What doe I know?
VOLP. Mary no end of your wealth, ſir, god decreaſe it.
VOLT. Miſtaking knaue! what, mock'ſt thou my miſ-fortune?
VOLP. His bleſſing on your heart, ſir, would 'twere more.
(Now, to my firſt, againe; at the next corner.)

Act v. Scene viii.

CORBACCIO, CORVINO, (MOSCA, *paſſant*) VOLPONE.

SEe, in our habite! ſee the impudent varlet!
CORV. That I could ſhoote mine eies at him, like gun-ſtones.
VOLP. But, is this true, ſir, of the paraſite?
CORB. Againe, t' afflict vs? monſter! VOLP. In good faith, ſir,
I am hartily greeu'd, a beard of your graue length
Should be ſo ouer-reach'd. I neuer brook'd
That paraſites haire, me thought his noſe ſhould coſen:
There ſtill was ſomewhat, in his looke, did promiſe
The bane of a *Clariſſimo*. CORB. Knaue—VOLP. Me thinkes,
Yet you, that are ſo traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, CORVINO,
That haue ſuch morall *emblemes* on your name,

Should

Should not haue ſung you ſhame; and dropt your cheeſe:
To let the Foxe laugh at your emptineſſe.
CORV. Sirrah, you thinke, the priuiledge of the place,
And your red ſaucy cap, that ſeemes (to me)
Nayl'd to your iolt-head, with thoſe two *cecchines*,
Can warrant your abuſes; come you, hither:
You ſhall perceiue, ſir, I dare beate you. Approch.
VOLP. No haſte, ſir, I doe know your valure, well:
Since you durſt publiſh what you are, ſir. CORV. Tarry,
I'ld ſpeake, with you. VOLP. Sir, ſir, another time——
CORV. Nay, now. VOLP. O god, ſir! I were a wiſe man,
Would ſtand the fury of a diſtracted cuckold.
CORB. What! come againe? VOLP. Vpon 'hem, MOSCA; ſaue me, *Mosca walkes by 'hem.*
CORB. The ayre's infected, where he breathes. CORV. Lets flye him.
VOLP. Excellent *Baſiliske*! turne vpon the *vulture*.

Act V. *Scene* IX.

VOLTORE, MOSCA, VOLPONE.

WEll, fleſh-flie, it is ſommer with you, now;
Your winter will come on. MOS. Good Aduocate,
'Pray thee, not raile, nor threaten out of place, thus;
Thou'lt make a *ſolœciſme* (as madame ſayes.)
Get you a biggen, more: your braine breakes looſe.
VOLT. Well, ſir. VOLP. Would you ha' me beate the inſolent ſlaue?
Throw dirt, vpon his firſt good cloathes? VOLT, This ſame
Is, doubtleſſe, ſome familiar! VOLP. Sir, the court
In troth, ſtayes for you. I am mad, a mule,
That neuer read IVSTINIAN, ſhould get vp,
And ride an Aduocate. Had you no quirke,
To auoide gullage, ſir, by ſuch a creature?
I hope you doe but ieſt; he has not done 't:
This's but confederacy, to blind the reſt.
You are the heire? VOLT. A ſtrange, officious,
Trouble-ſome knaue! thou doſt torment me. VOLP. I know——
It cannot be, ſir, that you ſhould be coſen'd;
'Tis not within the wit of man, to doe it:
You are ſo wiſe, ſo prudent, and, 'tis fit,
That wealth, and wiſdome ſtill, ſhould goe together.

Act V. *Scene* 10.

AVOCATORI, 4. NOTARIO, COMMANDADORE, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, VOLTORE, VOLPONE.

ARe all the parties, here? NOT. All, but the Aduocate. (ſentence.
AVO. 2. And, here he comes. AVO. Then bring 'hem foorth to
VOLT. O, my moſt honour'd fathers, let your mercy
Once winne vpon your iuſtice, to forgiue——
I am diſtracted——(VOLP. What will he doe, now?) VOLP. O,
I know not which t'addreſſe my ſelfe to, firſt,
Whether your father-hoods, or theſe innocents——
(CORV. Will he betray himſelfe?) VOLT. Whom, equally,
I haue abus'd, out of moſt couetous endes——
(CORV. The man is mad! CORB. What's that? CORV. He is poſſeſt.)
VOLT. For which; now ſtrooke in conſcience, here I proſtrate
My ſelfe, at your offended feet, for pardon.
AVO. 1. 2. Ariſe. CEL. O heau'n, how iuſt thou art! VOLP. I am caught
I'mine owne nooſe—CORV. Be conſtant, ſir, nought now
Can helpe, but impudence. AVO. 1. Speake forward. COM. Silence.
VOLT. It is not paſſion in me, reuerend fathers,
But onely conſcience, conſcience my good ſires,
That makes me, now, tell truth. That paraſite,
That knaue hath been the inſtrument of all. (fathers,
AVO. Where is that knaue? fetch him. VOLP. I goe. CORV. Graue
This man's diſtracted; he confeſt it, now:
For, hoping to be old VOLPONE's heire,
Who now is dead — AVOC. 3. How? AVO. 2. Is VOLPONE dead?
CORV. Dead ſince, graue fathers—BON. O, ſure vengeance! AVO. 1.
Then, he was no deceiuer? VOLT. O, no, none: (Stay,
The paraſite, graue fathers. CORV. He do's ſpeake,
Out of meere enuie, 'cauſe the ſeruant's made
The thing, he gap't for; pleaſe your father-hoods,
This is the truth: though, I'le not iuſtifie
The other, but he may be ſome-deale faulty.
VOLT. I, to your hopes, as well as mine, CORVINO:
But I'le vſe modeſty. Pleaſeth your wiſdomes
To viewe theſe certaine notes, and but conferre them;
As I hope fauour, they ſhall ſpeake cleare truth.
CORV. The deuill ha's entred him! BON. Or bides in you.
AVO. 4. We haue done ill, by a publike officer,
To ſend for him, if he be heire. AVO. 2. For whom?
AVO. 4. Him, that they call the paraſite. AVO. 3. 'Tis true;
He is a man, of great eſtate, now left.

AVO. 4.

Avo. 4. Goe you, and learne his name; and say, the court
Intreates his presence, here; but, to the clearing
Of some few doubts. Avo. 2. This same's a labyrinth!
Avo. 1. Stand you vnto your first report? Corv. My state,
My life, my fame—Bon. (Where is't?) Corv. Are at the stake.
Avo. 1. Is yours so too? Corb. The Aduocate's a knaue:
And has a forked tongue——— Avo. 2. (Speake to the point.)
Corb. So is the parasite, too. Avo. 1. This is confusion.
Volt. I doe beseech your father-hoods, read but those;
Corv. And credit nothing, the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be, but he is possest, graue fathers.

Act v. Scene xi.

Volpone, Nano, Androgino, Castrone.

TO make a snare, for mine owne necke! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scap't, was free, and cleare!
Out of mere wantonnesse! ô, the dull deuill
Was in this braine of mine, when I deuis'd it;
And Mosca gaue it second: he must now
Helpe to reare vp this veyne, or we bleed dead.
How now! who let you loose? whither goe you, now?
What? to buy ginger-bread? or to drowne kitlings?
Nan. Sir, master Mosca call'd vs out of doores,
And bid vs all goe play, and tooke the keies. And. Yes.
Volp. Did master Mosca take the keyes? why, so!
I am farder, in. These are my fine conceipts!
I must be merry, with a mischiefe to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not beare
My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crotchets!
And my *conundrums*! well, goe you, and seeke him:
His meaning may be truer, then my feare.
Bid him, he streight come to me, to the court;
Thither will I, and, if 't be possible,
Vn-screw my aduocate, vpon new hopes:
When I prouok'd him, then I lost my selfe.

Act v. *Scene* xii.

Avocatori, &c.

These things can nere be reconcil'd. He, here,
Professeth, that the gentleman was wrong'd;
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her husband: and there left. Volt. Most true.
Cel. How ready is heau'n to those, that pray! Av o.1. But, that
Volpone would haue rauish'd her, he holds
Vtterly false; knowing his impotence.
Corv. Graue fathers, he is possest; againe, I say,
Possest: nay, if there be possession,
And obsession, he has both. Av o.3. Here comes our officer.
Volp. The parasite will streight be, here, graue fathers.
Av o.4. You might inuent some other name, sir varlet.
Av o.3. Did not the notarie meet him? Volp. Not that I know.
Av o.4. His comming will cleare all. Av o.2. Yet it is mistie.
Volpone whispers the Aduocate. Volt. May't please your father hoods—Volp. Sir, the parasite
Will'd me to tell you, that his master liues;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same;
And this was, onely a iest—Volt. How? Volp. Sir, to trie
If you were, firme, and how you stood affected.
Volt. Art' sure he liues? Volp. Doe I liue, sir? Volt. O me!
I was to violent. Volp. Sir, you may redeeme it,
They said, you were possest; fall downe, and seeme so:
Volture falls. I'le helpe to make it good. God blesse the man!
(Stop your wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pinnes! his eyes are set,
Like a dead hares, hung in a poulters shop!
His mouth's running away! doe you see, signior?
Now, 'tis in his belly. (Corv. I, the deuill!)
Volp. Now, in his throate. (Corv. I, I perceiue it plaine.)
Volp. 'Twill out, t'will out; stand cleere. See, where it flies!
In shape of a blew toad, with a battes wings!
Doe not you see it, sir? Corb. What? I thinke I doe.
Corv. 'Tis too manifest. Volp. Looke! he comes t'himselfe!
Volt. Where am I? Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You are dis-possest. Ato.1 What accident is this?
Avo. Sodaine, and full of wonder! Ato.3. If he were.
Possest, as it appeares, all this is nothing.
Corv. He has beene, often, subbiect to these fits,
Av o.1. Shew him that writing, do you know it, sir?
Volp. Deny it, sir, forsweare it, know it not.
Volt. Yes, I doe know it well, it is my hand:

But

But all, that it containes, is falſe. Bon. 3. O practiſe!
Avo. 2. What maze is this! Avo. 1. Is he not guilty, then,
Whom you, there, name the paraſite? Volt. Graue fathers,
No more then, his good patron, old Volpone.
Avo. 4. Why, he is dead? Volt. O no, my honor'd fathers.
He liues—Avo. 1. How! liues? Volt. Liues. Avo. 2. This is ſubtler, yet!
Avo. 3 You ſaid, he was dead? Volt. Neuer. Avo. 3. You ſaid ſo?
Corv. I heard ſo.
Avo. 4. Here comes the gentleman make him way. Avo. 3. A ſtoole.
Avoc. 4. A proper man! and were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter. Avoc. 3. Giue him way.
Volp. Mosca, I was a'moſt loſt, the Aduocate
Had betray'd all; but, now, it is recouer'd:
All's o' the hinge againe——ſay, I am liuing.
Mos. What buſie knaue is this! moſt reuerend fathers,
I ſooner, had attended your graue pleaſures,
But that my order, for the funerall
Of my deare patron did require me——Volp. (Mosca!)
Mos. Whom I intend to bury, like a gentleman.
Volp. I, quicke, and coſen me of all. Avo. 2. Still ſtranger!
More intricate! Avo. 1. And come about againe!
Avo. 4. It is a match, my daughter is beſtow'd.
Mos. (Wil you gi'me halfe? Volp. Firſt, I'le be hang'd. Mos. I know,
Your voice is good, cry not ſo lowd') Avo. 1. Demand
The Aduocate. Sir, did not you affirme,
Volpone was aliue? Volp. Yes, and he is;
This gent'man told me ſo, (thou ſhalt haue halfe.)
Mos. Whoſe drunkard is this ſame? ſpeake ſome, that know him:
I neuer ſaw his face. (I cannot now
Affoord it you ſo cheape. Volp. No?) Avo. 1. What ſay you?
Volt. The officer told mee. Volp. I did, graue fathers,
And will maintaine, he liues, with mine owne life.
And, that this creature told me. (I was borne,
With all good ſtarres my enemies.) Mos. Moſt graue fathers,
If ſuch an inſolence, as this, muſt paſſe
Vpon me, I am ſilent: 'twas not this,
For which you ſent, I hope. Avo. 2. Take him away. (me?
(Volp. Mosca.) Avo. 3. Let him be whipt. (Volp. Wilt thou betray
Coſen me?) Aoc. 3. And taught to beare himſelfe
Toward a perſon of his ranke. Avo. 4. Away.
Mos. I humbly thank your father-hoods. Volp. Soft, ſoft: whipt?
And looſe all that I haue? if I confeſſe,
It cannot be much more. Avo. 4. Sir, are you married?
Volp. They'll be ally'd, anon; I muſt be reſolute:
The Foxe ſhall, here, vncaſe. (Mos. Patron.) Volp. Nay, now, *He puts off his diſguiſe.*

My ruines ſhall not come alone; your match
Ile hinder ſure: my ſubſtance ſhall not glew you,
Nor ſcrew you, into a family. (Mos. Why, patron!)
VOLP. I am VOLPONE, and this is my knaue;
This, his owne knaue; this, auarices foole;
This, a *Chimera* of wittall, foole, and knaue;
And, reuerend fathers, ſince we all can hope
Nought, but a ſentence, let's not now deſpaire it. (ſilence.
You heare me briefe. CORV. May it pleaſe your father-hoods — COM.
AVOC. 1. The knot is now vndone, by miracle!
AVOC. 2. Nothing can be more cleare. AVO. 3. Or can more proue
Theſe innocent. AVOC. 1. Giue 'hem their liberty.
BON. Heauen could not, long, let ſuch groſſe crimes be hid.
AVOC. 2. If this be held the high way to get riches,
May I be poore. AVOC. 3. This 's not the gaine, but torment.
AVOC. 1. Theſe poſſeſſe wealth, as ſicke men poſſeſſe feuers,
Which, trulyer may be ſaid to poſſeſſe them.
AVOC. 2. Diſroabe that paraſite. CORV. MOS. Moſt honor'd fathers.
AVOC. 1. Can you plead ought to ſtay the courſe of iuſtice?
If you can, ſpeake. CORV. VOLT. We beg fauor, CEL. And mercy.
AVOC. 1. You hurt your innocence, ſuing for the guilty.
Stand forth; and, firſt, the paraſite. You appeare
T' haue beene the chiefeſt miniſter, if not plotter,
In all theſe lewd impoſtures; and now, laſtly,
Haue, with your impudence, abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a fellow of no birth, or bloud:
For which, our ſentence is, firſt thou be whipt;
Then liue perpetuall priſoner in our gallies.
VOLT. I thanke you, for him. MOS. Bane to thy wooluiſh nature.
AVOC. 1. Deliuer him to the *Saffi*. Thou, VOLPONE,
By bloud, and ranke a gentleman, canſt not fall
Vnder like cenſure; but our iudgement on thee
Is, that thy ſubſtance all be ſtraight confiſcate
To the hoſpitall, of the *Incurabili*:
And, ſince the moſt was gotten by impoſture,
By faining lame, gout, palſey, and ſuch diſeaſes,
Thou art to lie in priſon, crampt with irons,
Till thou bee'ſt ſicke, and lame indeed. Remoue him.
VOLP. This is call'd mortifying of a FOXE.
AVOC. 1. Thou VOLTORE, to take away the ſcandale
Thou haſt giu'n all worthy men, of thy profeſſion,
Art baniſh'd from their fellowſhip, and our ſtate.
CORBACCIO, bring him neere. We here poſſeſſe
Thy ſonne, of all thy ſtate; and confine thee

To the monaſterie of *San' Spirito*:
Where, ſince thou knew'ſt not how to liue well here,
Thou ſhalt be learn'd to die well. CORB. Ha! what ſaid he?
COM. You ſhall know anone, ſir. AVOC. Thou CORVINO, ſhalt
Be ſtraight imbarqu'd from thine owne houſe, and row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *grand canale*,
Wearing a cap, with faire, long aſſes eares,
In ſtead of hornes: and, ſo to mount (a paper
Pin'd on thy breſt) to the *berlino* —— CORV. Yes,
And, haue mine eies beat out with ſtinking fiſh,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten egges —— 'Tis well. I'am glad,
I ſhall not ſee my ſhame, yet. AVOC. I. And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to ſend her
Home, to her father, with her dowrie trebled:
And theſe are all your iudgements. (ALL. Honour'd fathers.)
AVOC. I. Which may not be reuok'd. Now, you begin,
When crimes are done, and paſt, and to be puniſh'd,
To thinke what your crimes are: away with them.
Let all, that ſee theſe vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and loue to ſtudy 'hem. Miſchiefes feed
Like beaſts, till they be fat, and then they bleed.

VOLPONE.

THe ſeaſoning of a play is the applauſe.
Now, though the FOXE be puniſh'd by the lawes,
He, yet, doth hope there is no ſuffring due,
For any fact, which he hath done 'gainſt you;
If there be, cenſure him: here he, doubtfull, ſtands,
If not, fare iouially, and clap your hands.

THE END.

This Comoedie vvas first acted, in the yeere 1605.

By the Kings Maieslies SERVANTS.

The principall Comœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE. } IOH. HEMINGS.
HEN. CONDEL. } IOH. LOWIN.
WILL. SLY. } ALEX. COOKE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

EPICOENE,

OR

The ſilent VVoman.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1609. By
the Children of her Maieſties
REVELLS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

Vt ſis tu ſimilis Calî, Byrrhiq; latronum,
Non ego ſim Capri, neq; Sulcî. Cur metuas me?

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

EPICOENE.

OR

The Silent Woman.

A Comedie

Acted in the Yeare 1609. By

the Children of her Majesties

REVELS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus?

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

TO THE TRVLY NOBLE, BY ALL TITLES.

Sir Francis Stuart:

SIR,

MY hope is not so nouriſh'd by example, as it will conclude, this dumbe peece ſhould pleaſe you, by cauſe it hath pleas'd others before: but by truſt, that when you haue read it, you will find it worthy to haue diſ-pleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not onely in the Names of fauour, but the Names of iuſtice, to what I write; and doe, preſently, call you to the exerciſe of that nobleſt, and manlyeſt vertue: as coueting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a Iudge, then the credit of an Vndertaker. Read therefore, I pray you, and cenſure. There is not a line, or ſyllable in it changed from the ſimplicity of the firſt Copy. And, when you ſhall conſider, through the certaine hatred of ſome, how much a mans innocency may bee indanger'd by an vn-certaine accuſation; you will, I doubt not, ſo beginne to hate the iniquitie of ſuch natures, as I ſhall loue the contumely done me, whoſe end was ſo honorable, as to be wip'd off by your ſentence.

Your vnprofitable, but true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

MOROSE. *A Gent. that loues no noise.*

DAVP. EVGENIE. *A Knight his nephew.*

CLERIMONT. *A Gent. his friend.*

TRVE-WIT. *Another friend.*

EPICOENE. *A yong Gent. suppos'd the silent Woman.*

IOH. DAW. *A Knight, her seruant.*

AMOROVS LA FOOLE. *A Knight also.*

THOM: OTTER. *A land, and sea-Captaine.*

CVTBERD. *A Barber.*

MVTE. *One of* MOROSE *his seruants.*

MAD. HAVGHTY. }
MAD. CENTAVRE. } *Ladies Collegiates.*
Mrs. MAVIS. }

Mrs. TRVSTY. | *The La.* HAVGHTIES *woman.*
Mrs. OTTER. | *The Captaines wife.* } *Pretenders.*

PARSON.

PAGES.

SERVANTS.

THE SCENE

LONDON.

EPICOENE,

OR

The ſilent Woman.

PROLOGVE.



Truth ſayes, of old, the art of making plaies
Was to content the people; & their praiſe
Was to the *Poet* money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a ſect of writers are,
That, onely, for particular likings care,
And will taſte nothing that is populare.
With ſuch we mingle neither braines, nor breſts; feaſts)
Our wiſhes, like to thoſe (make publique
Are not to pleaſe the cookes taſtes, but the gueſts.
Yet, if thoſe cunning palates hether come,
They ſhall find gueſts entreaty, and good roome;
And though all reliſh not, ſure, there will be ſome,
That, when they leaue their ſeates, ſhall make 'hem ſay,
Who wrot that piece, could ſo haue wrote a play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to preſent all cuſtard, or all tart,
And haue no other meats, to beare a part,
Or to want bread, and ſalt, were but courſe art.
The *Poet* prayes you then, with better thought
To ſit; and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far fet, there will deare-bought
Be fit for ladies: ſome for lords, knights, ſquires,
Some for your waiting wench, and citie-wires,
Some for your men, and daughters of *white-Friars*.

Nor is it, onely, while you keepe your ſeate
Here, that his feaſt will laſt; but you ſhall eate
A weeke at ord'naries, on his broken meat:
If his *Muſe* be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another.

Occaſion'd by ſome perſons impertinent exception.

THe ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
Are, or ſhould be, to profit, and delight.
And ſtill 't hath beene the praiſe of all beſt times,
So perſons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.
Then, in this play, which we preſent to night,
And make the obiect of your eare, and ſight,
On forfeit of your ſelues, thinke nothing true:
Leſt ſo you make the maker to iudge you.
For he knowes, *Poet* neuer credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular ſlight
Of application) wreſt what he doth write;
And that he meant or him, or her, will ſay:
They make a libell, which he made a play.

Act I. *Scene* I.

He comes out making himſelfe ready.

CLERIMONT, BOY, TRVE-WIT.

HA' you got the ſong yet perfect I ga' you, boy?

BOY. Yes, ſir.

CLE. Let me heare it.

BOY. You ſhall, ſir, but i' faith let no body elſe.

CLE. Why, I pray?

BOY. It will get you the dangerous name of a *Poet* in towne, ſir, beſides me a perfect deale of ill will at the manſion you wot of, whoſe ladie is the argument of it: where now I am the welcom'ſt thing vnder a man that comes there.

CLE. I thinke, and aboue a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

BOY. No faith, I'll confeſſe before, ſir. The gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed; and carry me in to my lady; and ſhee kiſſes me with her oil'd face; and puts a perruke o' my head; and askes me an' I will weare her gowne; and I ſay, no: and then ſhe hits me a blow o' the eare, and calls me innocent, and lets me goe.

CLE. No maruell, if the dore bee kept ſhut againſt your maſter, when the entrance is ſo eaſie to you——well ſir, you ſhall goe there no more, leſt I bee

I bee faine to seeke your voyce in my ladies rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir. *Boy sings.*

Trv. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and neuer feeles it! what, betweene his mistris abroad, and his engle at home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and his fiddle; hee thinkes the houres ha' no wings, or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant, were you strooke with the plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capitall punishment to morrow, you would beginne then to thinke, and value euery article o' your time, esteeme it at the true rate, and giue all for't.

Cle. Why, what should a man doe?

Trv. Why, nothing: or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken after the next horse-race, or hunting-match; lay wagers, praise *Puppy*, or *Pepper-corne*, *White-foote*, *Franklin*; sweare vpon *White-maynes* partie; spend aloud, that my lords may heare you; visite my ladies at night, and bee able to giue 'hem the character of euery bowler, or better o' the greene. These be the things, wherein your fashionable men exercise themselues, and I for companie. *Horses o' the time.*

Cle. Nay, if I haue thy authoritie, I'le not leaue yet. Come, the other are considerations, when wee come to haue gray heads, and weake hammes, moist eyes, and shrunke members. Wee'll thinke on 'hem then; then wee'll pray, and fast.

Trv. I, and destine onely that time of age to goodnesse, which our want of abilitie will not let vs employ in euill?

Cle. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Trv. Yes: as if a man should sleepe all the terme, and thinke to effect his businesse the last day. O, Clerimont, this time, because it is an incorporeall thing, and not subiect to sense, we mocke our selues the finelieſt out of it, with vanitie, and miserie indeede: not seeking an end of wretchednesse, but onely changing the matter still.

Cle. Nay, thou'lt not leaue now——

Trv. See but our common disease! with what iustice can wee complaine, that great men will not looke vpon vs, nor be at leisure to giue our affaires such dispatch, as wee expect, when wee will neuer doe it to our selues: nor heare, nor regard our selues.

Cle. Foh, thou hast read Plvtarchs moralls, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it showes so vilely with thee: 'Fore god, 'twill spoile thy wit vtterly. Talke me of pinnes, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leaue this *Stoicitie* alone, till thou mak'st sermons.

Trv. Well, sir. If it will not take, I haue learn'd to loose as little of my kindnesse, as I can. I'le doe good to no man against his will, certainely. When were you at the colledge?

Cle. What colledge?

Trv. As if you knew not!

Cle. No faith, I came but from court, yesterday.

Trv. Why, is it not arriu'd there yet, the newes? A new foundation,

sir, here i' the towne, of ladies, that call themselues the Collegiates, an order betweene courtiers, and country-madames, that liue from their husbands; and giue entertainement to all the *Wits*, and *Braueries* o' the time, as they call 'hem: crie downe, or vp, what they like, or dislike in a braine, or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather *hermaphroditicall* authoritie: and, euery day, gaine to their colledge some new probationer.

CLE. Who is the President?

TRV. The graue, and youthfull matron, the lady HAVGHTY.

CLE. A poxe of her autumnall face, her peec'd beautie: there's no man can bee admitted till shee be ready, now adaies, till shee has painted, and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy here; and him shee wipes her oil'd lips vpon, like a sponge. I haue made a song, I pray thee heare it, o' the subiect.

SONG.

STill to be neat, still to be dreſt,
As, you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be pow'dred, ſtill perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though arts bid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Giue me a looke, giue me a face,
That makes ſimplicitie a grace;
Robes looſely flowing, haire as free:
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Then all th' adulteries of art.
Thy ſtrike mine eyes, but not my heart.

TRV. And I am, clearely, o' the other side: I loue a good dreſſing, before any beautie o' the world. O, a woman is, then, like a delicate garden; nor, is there one kind of it: ſhe may varie, euery houre; take often counſell of her glaſſe, and chooſe the beſt. If ſhee haue good eares, ſhew 'hem; good haire, lay it out; good legs, weare ſhort cloathes; a good hand, diſcouer it often; practiſe any art, to mend breath, clenſe teeth, repaire eyebrowes, paint, and profeſſe it.

CLE. How? publiquely?

TRV. The doing of it, not the manner: that muſt bee priuate. Many things, that ſeeme foule, i' the doing, doe pleaſe, done. A lady ſhould, indeed, ſtudie her face, when wee thinke ſhee ſleepes: nor, when the dores are ſhut, ſhould men bee inquiring, all is ſacred within, then. Is it for vs to ſee their perrukes put on, their falſe teeth, their complexion, their eye-browes, their nailes? you ſee guilders will not worke, but inclos'd. They muſt not diſcouer, how little ſerues, with the helpe of art, to adorne a great deale. How long did the cannas hang afore

Ald-

Ald-gate? were the people suffer'd to see the cities *Loue*, and *Charitie*, while they were rude stone, before they were painted, and burnish'd? No. No more should seruants approch their mistresses, but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

CLE. Well said, my TRVE-WIT.

TRV. And a wise ladie will keepe a guard alwaies vpon the place, that shee may doe things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poore madame, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her perruke, to couer her baldnesse: and put it on, the wrong way.

CLE. O prodigie!

TRV. And the vn-conscionable knaue held her in complement an houre, with that reuerst face, when I still look'd when shee should talke from the t'other side.

CLE. Why, thou should'st ha' releeu'd her.

TRV. No faith, I let her alone, as wee'l let this argument, if you please, and passe to another. When saw you DAVPHINE EVGENIE?

CLE. Not these three daies. Shall we goe to him this morning? he is very melancholique, I heare.

TRV. Sicke o' the vncle? is hee? I met that stiffe peece of formalitie, his vncle, yesterday, with a huge turbant of night-caps on his head, buckled ouer his eares.

CLE. O, that's his custome when he walkes abroad. Hee can endure no noise, man.

TRV. So I haue heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him, as it is made? they say, hee has beene vpon diuers treaties with the Fish-wiues, and Orenge-women; and articles propounded betweene them: mary, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawne in.

CLE. No, nor the Broome-men: they stand out stiffely. He cannot endure a Costard-monger, he swounes if he heare one.

TRV. Me thinkes, a Smith should be ominous.

CLE. Or any Hāmer-man. A Brasier is not suffer'd to dwel in the parish, nor an Armorer. He would haue hang'd a Pewterers 'prentice once vpon a shroue-tuesdaies riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit.

TRV. A Trumpet should fright him terribly, or the Hau'-boyes?

CLE. Out of his senses. The Waights of the citie haue a pension of him, not to come neere that ward. This youth practis'd on him, one night, like the Bell-man; and neuer left till hee had brought him downe to the doore, with a long-sword: and there left him flourishing with the aire.

BOY. Why, sir! hee hath chosen a street to lie in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receiue no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore, we that loue him, deuise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breath him. Hee would grow resty else in his ease. His vertue would rust without action. I entreated a Beare-ward, one day, to come downe with the dogs of some foure parishes that way, and I thanke him, he did; & cryed his games vnder master

Morose's windore: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way, at my request.

Trv. A good wag. How do's he for the bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queenes time, he was wont to goe out of towne euery satterday at ten a clock, or on holy-day-eues. But now, by reason of the sickneſſe, the perpetuitie of ringing has made him deuiſe a roome, with double walls, and treble ſeelings; the windores cloſe ſhut, and calk'd: and there he liues by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, laſt weeke, for hauing a paire of new ſhooes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him, now, in tennis-court ſocks, or ſlippers ſol'd with wooll: and they talke each to other, in a trunke. See, who comes here.

Act I. *Scene* II.

Dauphine, Trve-wit, Clerimont.

HOw now! what aile you ſirs? dumbe?

Trv. Strooke into ſtone, almoſt, I am here, with tales o' thine vncle! There was neuer ſuch a prodigie heard of.

Dauph. I would you would once looſe this ſubiect, my maſters, for my ſake. They are ſuch as you are, that haue brought mee into that predicament, I am, with him.

Trv. How is that?

Dauph. Mary, that he will diſ-inherit me, no more. Hee thinks, I, and my companie are authors of all the ridiculous acts, and moniments are told of him.

Trv. S'lid, I would be the author of more, to vexe him, that purpoſe deſerues it: it giues thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would doe. I would make a falſe almanack; get it printed: and then ha' him drawne out on a coronation day to the *tower*-wharfe, and kill him with the noiſe of the ordinance. Diſ-inherit thee! hee cannot, man. Art not thou next of bloud, and his ſiſters ſonne?

Dauph. I, but he will thruſt me out of it, he vowes, and marry.

Trv. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noiſe, and will venter on a wife?

Cle. Yes: why, thou art a ſtranger, it ſeemes, to his beſt trick, yet. He has imploid a fellow this halfe yeere, all ouer *England*, to harken him out a dumbe woman; bee ſhee of any forme, or any qualitie, ſo ſhee bee able to beare children: her ſilence is dowrie enough, he ſaies.

Trv. But, I truſt to god, he has found none.

Cle. No, but hee has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next ſtreet to him, who is exceedingly ſoft-ſpoken; thriſty of her ſpeech; that ſpends but ſixe words a day. And her hee's about now, and ſhall haue her.

Trv.

TRV. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the businesse?

CLE. Mary, a Barber, one CVT-BERD: an honest fellow, one that tells DAVPHINE all here.

TRV. Why, you oppresse mee with wonder! A woman, and a barber, and loue no noise!

CLE. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knacke with his sheeres, or his fingers: and that continence in a barber hee thinkes so eminent a vertue, as it has made him chiefe of his counsell.

TRV. Is the barber to be seene? or the wench?

CLE. Yes, that they are.

TRV. I pray thee, DAVPHINE, let's goe thether.

DAVP. I haue some businesse now: I cannot i' faith.

TRV. You shall haue no businesse shall make you neglect this, sir, wee'll make her talke, beleeue it; or if shee will not, wee can giue out, at least so much as shall interrupt the treatie: wee will breake it. Thou art bound in conscience, when hee suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

DAVP. Not I, by any meanes. I'll giue no suffrage to't. He shall neuer ha' that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lie vpon my starres to be guiltie, I'll be innocent.

TRV. Yes, and be poore, and beg; doe, innocent: when some groome of his has got him an heire, or this barber, if hee himselfe cannot. Innocent! I pray thee, NED, where lyes shee? let him be innocent, still.

CLE. Why, right ouer against the barbers; in the house, where sir IOHN DAW lyes.

TRV. You doe not meane to confound me!

CLE. Why?

TRV. Do's he, that would marry her, know so much?

CLE. I cannot tell.

TRV. 'Twere inough of imputation to her, with him.

CLE. Why?

TRV. The onely talking sir i' th' towne! IACK DAW! And he teach her not to speake—— God b' w' you. I haue some businesse too.

CLE. Will you not goe thether then?

TRV. Not with the danger to meet DAW, for mine eares.

CLE. Why? I thought you two had beene vpon very good termes.

TRV. Yes, of keeping distance.

CLE. They say he is a very good scholler.

TRV. I, and hee sayes it first. A poxe on him, a fellow that pretends onely to learning, buyes titles, and nothing else of bookes in him.

CLE. The world reports him to be very learned.

TRV. I am sorry, the world should so conspire to belie him.

CLE. Good faith, I haue heard very good things come from him.

TRV. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to denie that: would

would they were his owne. God b'w' you, gentlemen.

CLE. This is very abrupt!

Act I. *Scene* III.

DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, BOY.

COme, you are a strange open man, to tell euery thing, thus.

CLE. Why, beleeue it DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT's a very honest fellow.

DAVP. I thinke no other: but this franke nature of his is not for secrets.

CLE. Nay, then, you are mistaken DAVPHINE: I know where he has beene well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truely, and heartily.

DAVP. I contend not, NED, but, with the fewer a businesse is carried, it is euer the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll goe thether, I am for you.

CLE. When were you there?

DAVP. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out! BOCCACE neuer thought of the like. DAW do's nothing but court her; and the wrong way. Hee would lie with her, and praises her modestie, desires that shee would talke, and bee free, and commends her silence in verses: which hee reades, and sweares, are the best that euer man made. Then railes at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affaires of state.

CLE. I pray thee let's goe. I would faine partake this. Some water, Boy.

DAVP. Wee are inuited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thether to him, sir LA-FOOLE.

CLE. O, that's a precious mannikin!

DAVP. Doe you know him?

CLE. I, and he will know you too, if ere he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of praiers. Hee is one of the *Braueries*, though he be none o' the *wits*. He will salute a Iudge vpon the bench, and a Bishop in the pulpit, a Lawyer when hee is pleading at the barre, and a Lady when shee is dauncing in a masque, and put her out. He do's giue playes, and suppers, and inuites his guests to 'hem, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the *Strand* for the purpose. Or to watch when ladies are gone to the *China* houses, or the *Exchange*, that hee may meet 'hem by chance, and giue 'hem presents, some two or three hundred pounds-worth of toyes, to be laught at. He is neuer without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their women to alight at, and come vp to, for a bait.

DAVP. Excellent! He was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer! what is his christen-name? I ha' forgot.

CLE. Sir AMOROVS LA-FOOLE.

BOY.

BOY. The gentleman is here below, that ownes that name.

CLE. Hart, hee's come, to inuite me to dinner, I hold my life.

DAVP. Like enough: pray thee, let's ha' him vp.

CLE. Boy, marshall him.

BOY. With a truncheon, sir?

CLE. Away, I beseech you. I'le make him tell vs his pedegree, now; and what meat he has to dinner; and, who are his guests; and, the whole course of his fortunes: with a breath.

Act I. *Scene* IIII.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

S'Aue, deare sir DAVPHINE, honor'd master CLERIMONT.

CLE. Sir AMOROVS! you haue very much honested my lodging, with your presence.

LA-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging! almost, as delicate a lodging, as mine.

CLE. Not so, sir.

LA-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were i' the *Strand*, I assure you. I am come, master CLERIMONT, to entreat you wait vpon two or three ladies, to dinner, to day.

CLE. How, sir! wait vpon 'hem? did you euer see me carry dishes?

LA-F. No, sir, dispence with me; I meant, to beare 'hem companie.

CLE. O, that I will, sir. The doubtfulnesse o' your phrase, beleeue it, sir, would breed you a quarrell, once an houre, with the terrible boyes, if you should but keepe 'hem fellowship a day.

LA-F. It should be extremely against my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

CLE. I beleeue it, sir; where hold you your feast?

LA-F. At TOM OTTERS, sir.

DAVP. TOM OTTER? what's he?

LA-F. Captaine OTTER, sir; he is a kind of gamster: but he has had command, both by sea, and by land.

DAVP. O, then he is *animal amphibium?*

LA-F. I, sir: his wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the courtiers visited so often, that gaue the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

CLE. Then, shee is Captaine OTTER?

LA-F. You say very well, sir: she is my kins-woman, a LA-FOOLE by the mother side, and will inuite, any great ladies, for my sake.

DAVP. Not of the LA-FOOLES of *Essex?*

LA-F. No, sir, the LA-FOOLES of *London.*

CLE. Now, h'is in.

LA-F. They all come out of our house, the LA-FOOLES o' the north, the LA-FOOLES of the west, the LA-FOOLES of the east, and south—we

are

are as ancient a family, as any is in *Europe*——but I my selfe am descended lineally of the *french* La-Fooles——and', wee doe beare for our coate *Yellow*, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or foure colours more, which is a very noted coate, and has, some-times, beene solemnely worne by diuers nobilitie of our house——but let that goe, antiquitie is not respected now——I had a brace of fat Does sent me, gentlemen, & halfe a dosen of phesants, a dosen or two of godwits, and some other fowle, which I would haue eaten, while they are good, and in good company—— there will bee a great lady, or two, my lady Havghty, my lady Centavre, mistris Dol Mavis——and they come a'purpose, to see the silent gentlewoman, mistris Epicoene, that honest sir Iohn Daw has promis'd to bring thether——and then, mistris Trvsty, my ladies woman, will be there too, and this honorable Knight, sir Davphine, with your selfe, master Clerimont——and wee'll bee very merry, and haue fidlers, and daunce——I haue beene a mad wag, in my time, and haue spent some crownes since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my ladies gentleman-vsher, who got mee knighted in *Ireland*, since it pleas'd my elder brother to die——I had as faire a gold ierkin on that day, as any was worne in the *Iland*-voyage, or at *Calez*, none disprais'd, and I came ouer in it hither, show'd my selfe to my friends, in court, and after went downe to my tenants, in the countrey, and suruai'd my lands, let new leases, tooke their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, vpon ladies——and now I can take vp at my pleasure.

Davp. Can you take vp ladies, sir?

Cle. O, let him breath, he has not recouer'd.

Davp. Would I were your halfe, in that commoditie——

La-f. No, sir, excuse mee: I meant money, which can take vp any thing. I haue another gueſt, or two, to inuite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leaue abruptly, in hope you will not faile——Your seruant.'

Davp. Wee will not faile you, sir precious La-Foole; but shee shall, that your ladies come to see: if I haue credit, afore sir Daw.

Cle. Did you euer heare such a wind-fucker, as this?

Davp. Or, such a rooke, as the other! that will betray his mistris, to be seene. Come, 'tis time, we preuented it.

Cle. Goe.

Act II. Scene I.

Morose, Mvte.

CAnnot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, then by this trunke, to saue my seruants the labour of speech, and mine eares, the disco rd of sounds? Let mee see: all discourses, but mine owne, afflict mee, they seeme harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible

poſſible, that thou ſhould'ſt anſwere me, by ſignes, and, I apprehend thee, fellow? ſpeake not, though I queſtion you. You haue taken the ring, off from the ſtreet dore, as I bad you? anſwere me not, by ſpeech, but by ſilence; vnleſſe, it be otherwiſe (——) very good. And, you haue faſtened on a thicke quilt, or flock-bed, on the out-ſide of the dore; that if they knocke with their daggers, or with bricke-bats, they can make no noiſe? but with your leg, your anſwere, vnleſſe it be otherwiſe (——) very good. This is not, onely, fit modeſtie in a ſeruant, but good ſtate, and diſcretion in a maſter. And you haue beene with CVTBERD, the barber, to haue him come to me? (——) good. And, he will come preſently? anſwere me not but with your leg, vnleſſe it be otherwiſe: if it be otherwiſe, ſhake your head, or ſhrug (——) ſo. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugall, and comely grauitie. How long will it bee, ere CVTBERD come? ſtay, if an houre, hold vp your whole hand; if halfe an houre, two fingers; if a quarter, one; (——) good: halfe a quarter? 'tis well. And haue you giuen him a key, to come in without knocking? (——) good. And, is the lock oild, and the hinges, to day? (——) good. And the quilting of the ſtaires no where worne out, and bare? (——) very good. I ſee, by much doctrine, and impulſion, it may be effected: ſtand by. The *Turke*, in this diuine diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth; ſtill waited on by mutes; and all his commands ſo executed; yea, euen in the warre (as I haue heard) and in his marches, moſt of his charges, and directions, giuen by ſignes, and with ſilence: an exquiſite art! and I am heartily aſham'd, and angrie often-times, that the Princes of *Chriſtendome*, ſhould ſuffer a *Barbarian*, to tranſcend 'hem in ſo high a point of felicitie. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what villaine? what prodigie of mankind is that? looke. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what murderer, hell-hound, deuill can this be?

At the breaches, ſtill the fellow makes legs: or ſignes.

One windes a horne without. Againe.

MVT. It is a poſt from the court——

MOR. Out rogue, and muſt thou blow thy horne, too?

MVT. Alas, it is a poſt from the court, ſir, that ſayes, hee muſt ſpeake with you, paine of death——

MOR. Paine of thy life, be ſilent.

Act II. *Scene* II.

TRVE-WIT, MOROSE, CVTBERD.

BY your leaue, ſir (I am a ſtranger here) is your name, maſter MOROSE? is your name, maſter MOROSE? fiſhes! *Pythagoreans* all! this is ſtrange! What ſay you, ſir, nothing? Has HARPOCRATES beene here, with his club, among you? well ſir, I will beleeue you to bee the man, at this time: I will venter vpon you, ſir. Your friends at court commend 'hem to you, ſir——

(MOR.

(Mor. O men! ô manners! was there euer such an impudence?)

Trv. And are extremely sollicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knaue are you!

Trv. Mine owne knaue, and your compere, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword———

Trv. You shall taste the one halfe of my dagger, if you do (groome) and you, the other, if you stirre, sir: be patient, I charge you, in the kings name, and heare mee without insurrection. They say, you are to marry? to marry! doe you marke, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

Trv. Mary, your friends doe wonder, sir, the *Thames* being so neere, wherein you may drowne so handsomely; or *London*-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leape, to hurry you downe the streame; or, such a delicate steeple, i' the towne, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a brauer height, as *Pauls*, or, if you affected to doe it neerer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret windore, into the street; or, a beame, in the said garret, with this halter; which they haue sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your graue head to this knot, then to the wed-lock nooze; or, take a little sublimate, and goe out of the world, like a rat; or a flie (as one said) with a straw i' your arse: any way, rather, then to follow this goblin *matrimony*. Alas, sir, doe you euer thinke to find a chaste wife, in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plaies, puritane preachings, mad-folkes, and other strange sights to be seene daily, priuate and publique? if you had liu'd in king Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessors, you might, perhaps, haue found in some cold countrey-hamlet, then, a dull frostie wench, would haue beene contented with one man: now, they will as soone be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall runne with a wife.

He shewes him a halter.

Mor. Good sir! haue I euer cosen'd any friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their morgage? begg'd a reuersion from 'hem? bastarded their issue? what haue I done, that may deserue this?

Trv. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an assassinate vpon your father; vitiated your mother; rauished your sisters———

Trv. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you doe more in this, sir: It were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts, that could be nam'd, to doe that you doe——

Trv. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must heare. It seemes, your friends are carefull after your soules health, sir, and would haue you know the danger (but you may doe your pleasure, for all them, I perswade not, sir) If, after you are married, your wife doe run away with a vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walkes vpon ropes, or him that daunces the iig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon, why it is not their fault; they haue discharged their consciences: when you know

what

what may happen. Nay, ſuffer valiantly, ſir, for I muſt tell you, all the perills that you are obnoxious too. If ſhee be faire, yong, and vegetous, no ſweet meats euer drew more flies; all the yellow doublets, and great roſes i' the towne will bee there. If foule, and crooked, ſhee'll bee with them, and buy thoſe doublets and roſes, ſir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her; ſhee'll raigne in your houſe, as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrannes. If fruitfull, as proud as *May*, and humorous as *April*; ſhe muſt haue her doctors, her midwiues, her nurſes, her longings euery houre: though it be for the deareſt morſell of man. If learned, there was neuer ſuch a parrat; all your patrimony will be too little for the gueſts, that muſt be inuited, to heare her ſpeake *Latine* and *Greeke*: and you muſt lie with her in thoſe languages too, if you will pleaſe her. If preciſe, you muſt feaſt all the ſilenc'd brethren, once in three daies; ſalute the ſiſters; entertaine the whole family, or wood of 'hem; and heare long-winded exerciſes, ſingings, and catechiſings, which you are not giuen to, and yet muſt giue for: to pleaſe the zealous matron your wife, who, for the holy cauſe, will coſen you, ouer and aboue. You beginne to ſweat, ſir? but this is not halfe, i' faith: you may do your pleaſure notwithſtanding, as I ſaid before, I come not to perſwade you. Vpon my faith, maſter ſeruingman, if you doe ſtirre, I will beat you.

The Mute is ſtealing away.

Mor. O, what is my ſinne! what is my ſinne?

Trv. Then, if you loue your wife, or rather, dote on her, ſir: ô, how ſhee'll torture you! and take pleaſure i' your torments! you ſhall lye with her but when ſhe liſts; ſhe will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it muſt be for that iewell, or that pearle, when ſhe do's; euery halfe houres pleaſure muſt be bought anew: and with the ſame paine, and charge, you woo'd her at firſt. Then, you muſt keepe what ſeruants ſhee pleaſe; what company ſhee will; that friend muſt not viſit you without her licence; and him ſhee loues moſt ſhee will ſeeme to hate eagerlieſt, to decline your ielouſie; or, faigne to bee ielous of you firſt; and for that cauſe goe liue with her ſhe-friend, or coſen at the colledge, that can inſtruct her in all the myſteries, of writing letters, corrupting ſeruants, taming ſpies; where ſhee muſt haue that rich goune for ſuch a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; bee ſeru'd in ſiluer; haue the chamber fill'd with a ſucceſſion of groomes, foot-men, vſhers, and other meſſengers; beſides embroyderers, iewellers, tyre-women, ſempſters, fether-men, perfumers; while ſhee feeles not how the land drops away; nor the acres melt; nor forſees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her veluets; neuer weighes what her pride coſts, ſir: ſo ſhee may kiſſe a page, or a ſmoth chinne, that has the deſpaire of a beard; bee a ſtateſ-woman, know all the newes, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at court, what in progreſſe; or, ſo ſhee may cenſure *poets*, and authors, and ſtiles, and compare 'hem, Daniel with Spenser, Ionson with the tother youth, and ſo foorth; or, be thought cunning in controuerſies, or the very knots of diuinitie; and haue, often in her mouth, the ſtate of

the question: and then skip to the *Mathematiques*, and demonstration and answere, in religion to one; in state, to another, in baud'ry to a third.

MOR. O, ô!

TRV. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that coniurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soone you shall die? next, if her present seruant loue her? next that, if she shall haue a new seruant? and how many? which of her family would make the best baud, male, or female? what precedence shee shall haue by her next match? and sets downe the answers, and beleeues 'hem aboue the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

MOR. Gentle sir, ha' you done? ha' you had your pleasure o' me? I'll thinke of these things.

TRV. Yes sir: and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in, a moneth, of a new face, all oyle, and birdlime; and rises in asses milke, and is clens'd with a new *fucus*: god b' w' you, sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may haue made a conuayance of her virginity 'afore hand, as your wise widdowes doe of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir: who can tell? or if she haue not done it yet, she may doe, vpon the wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you cuckold. The like has beene heard of, in nature. 'Tis no deuis'd impossible thing, sir. God b' w' you: I'll be bold to leaue this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance. Farewell MVTE.

The horne again.

MOR. Come, ha' me to my chamber: but first shut the dore. O, shut the dore, shut the dore: Is he come againe?

CVT. 'Tis I, sir, your barber.

MOR. O CVTBERD, CVTBERD, CVTBERD! here has bin a cut-throate with me: helpe me in to my bed, and giue me physicke with thy counsell.

Act II. *Scene* III.

DAW, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE, EPICOENE.

NAy, and she will, let her refuse, at her owne charges: 'tis nothing to me, gentlemen. But she will not bee inuited to the like feasts, or guests, euery day.

They dissuade her, priuately.

CLE. O, by no meanes, shee may not refuse—to stay at home, if you loue your reputation: 'Slight, you are inuited thither o' purpose to bee scene, and laught at by the lady of the colledge, and her shadowes. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you.

DAVP. You shall not goe; let him be laught at in your steade, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporall faculty of fooling, and talking loud to satisfie the company.

CLE. He will suspect vs, talke aloud. 'Pray' mistris EPICOENE, let's see your

your verses; we haue sir IOHN DAW's leaue: doe not conceale your seruants merit, and your owne glories.

EPI. They'll proue my seruants glories, if you haue his leaue so soone.

DAVP. His vaine glories, lady!

DAW. Shew 'hem, shew 'hem, mistris, I dare owne 'hem.

EPI. Iudge you, what glories?

DAW. Nay, I'll read 'hem my selfe, too: an author must recite his own workes. It is a madrigall of modestie.

Modest, and faire, for faire and good are neere
Neighbours, how ere.——

DAVP. Very good.

CLE. I, Is't not?

DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,*
But two in one.

DAVP. Excellent!

CLE. That againe, I pray sir IOHN.

DAVP. It has some thing in't like rare wit, and sense.

CLE. Peace.

DAW. *No noble vertue euer was alone,*
But two in one.
Then, when I praise sweet modestie, I praise
Bright beauties raies:
And hauing prais'd both beauty and modestee,
I haue prais'd thee.

DAVP. Admirable!

CLE. How it chimes, and cries tinke i' the close, diuinely!

DAVP. I, 'tis SENECA.

CLE. No, I thinke 'tis PLVTARCH.

DAW. The *dor* on PLVTARCH, and SENECA, I hate it: they are mine owne imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellowes haue such credit with gentlemen.

CLE. They are very graue authors.

DAW. Graue asses! meere *Essaists*! a few loose sentences, and that's all. A man would talke so, his whole age, I doe vtter as good things euery houre, if they were collected, and obseru'd, as either of 'hem.

DAVP. Indeede! sir IOHN?

CLE. Hee must needs, liuing among the *Wits*, and *Braueries* too.

DAVP. I, and being president of 'hem, as he is.

DAW. There is ARISTOTLE, a mere common place-fellow; PLATO, a discourser; THVCIDIDES, and LIVIE, tedious and drie; TACITVS, an entire knot: sometimes worth the vntying, very seldome.

CLE. What doe you think of the *Poets*, sir IOHN?

DAW. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. HOMER, an old tedious prolixe asse, talkes of curriers, and chines of beefe. VIRGIL, of dunging of land, and bees. HORACE, of I know not what.

CLE. I thinke so.

DAW. And so PINDARVS, LYCOPHRON, ANACREON, CATVLLVS, SENECA the tragœdian, LVCAN, PROPERTIVS, TIBVLLVS, MARTIAL, IVVENAL, AVSONIVS, STATIVS, POLITIAN, VALERIVS FLACCVS, and the rest——

CLE. What a sacke full of their names he has got!

DAVP. And how he poures 'hem out! POLITIAN, with VALERIVS

CLE. Was not the character right, of him? (FLACCVS!

DAVP. As could be made, i' faith.

DAW. And PERSIVS, a crabbed cockescombe, not to be endur'd.

DAVP. Why? whom do you account for authors, sir IOHN DAW?

DAW. *Syntagma Iuris ciuilis, Corpus Iuris ciuilis, Corpus Iuris canonici*, the King of *Spaines* bible.

DAVP. Is the King of *Spaines* bible an author?

CLE. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

DAVP. What was that *Syntagma*, sir?

DAW. A ciuill lawer, a *Spaniard*.

DAVP. Sure, *Corpus* was a *Dutch*-man. (thors.

CLE. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'hem: they were very corpulent au-

DAW. And, then there's VATABLVS, POMPONATIVS, SYMANCHA, the other are not to be receiu'd, within the thought of a scholler.

DAVP. Fore god, you haue a simple learn'd seruant, lady, in titles.

CLE. I wonder that hee is not called to the helme, and made a councellor!

DAVP. He is one extraordinary.

CLE. Nay, but in ordinarie! to say truth, the state wants such.

DAVP. Why, that will follow.

CLE. I muse, a mistris can be so silent to the dotes of such a seruant.

DAW. 'Tis her vertue, sir. I haue written somewhat of her silence too.

DAVP. In verse, sir IOHN?

CLE. What else?

DAVP. Why? how can you iustifie your owne being of a *Poet*, that so slight all the old *Poets?*

DAW. Why? euery man, that writes in verse, is not a *Poet*; you haue of the *Wits*, that write verses, and yet are no *Poets*: they are *Poets* that liue by it, the poore fellowes that liue by it.

DAVP. Why? would not you liue by your verses, sir IOHN.

CLE. No, 'twere pittie he should. A knight liue by his verses? he did not make 'hem to that ende, I hope.

DAVP. And yet the noble SIDNEY liues by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

CLE. I, he profest himselfe; but sir IOHN DAW has more caution: hee'll not hinder his owne rising i' the state so much! doe you thinke hee will? Your verses, good sir IOHN, and no *poems*.

DAW. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man,*
Deny't who can.

DAVP.

DAV. Not I, beleeue it: your reason, sir.

DAV. *Nor, i'st a tale,*
That female vice should be a vertue male,
Or masculine vice, a female vertue be:
You shall it see
Prou'd with increase,
I know to speake, and shee to hold her peace.

Do you conceiue me, gentlemen?

DAV. No faith, how meane you with increase, sir IOHN?

DAW. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the comon cause of mankind; and she sayes nothiug, but *consentire videtur*: and in time is *grauida*.

DAVP. Then, this is a ballad of procreation?

CLE. A *madrigall* of proceation, you mistake.

EPI. 'Pray giue me my verses againe, seruant.

DAW. If you you'll aske 'hem aloud, you shal.

CLE. See, here's TRVE-WIT againe!

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

CLERIMONT, TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CVTBERD, DAW, EPICOENE.

WHere hast thou beene, in the name of madnesse! thus accoutred with thy horne?

TRV. Where the sound of it might haue pierc'd your senses, with gladnes, had you beene in eare-reach of it. DAVPHINE, fall downe and worship me: I haue forbid the banes, lad. I haue been with thy vertuous vncle, and haue broke the match.

DAVP. You ha'not, I hope.

TRV. Yes faith; and thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horne got me entrance, kisse it. I had no other way to get in, but by faining to be a post; but when I got in once, I prou'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thundring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If euer GORGON were seene in the shape of a woman, hee hath seene her in my description. I hane put him off o' that sent, for euer. Why doe you not applaud, and adore me, sirs? why stand you mute? Are you stupid? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

DAVP. Did not I tell you? mischiefe!———

CLE. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

TRV. Why so?

CLE. Slight, you haue done the most inconsiderate, rash, weake thing, that euer man did to his friend.

DAVP. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I haue, had studied to

inflict an iniury vpon me, it could not bee a greater.

TRV. Wherein? for gods-ſake! Gent: come to your ſelues againe.

DAVP. But I preſag'd thus much afore, to you.

CLE. Would my lips had beene ſoldred, when I ſpak on't. Slight, what mou'd you to be thus impertinent?

TRV. My maſters, doe not put on this ſtrange face to pay my courteſie: off with this viſor. Haue good turnes done you, and thanke 'hem this way?

DAVP. Fore heau'n, you haue vndone me. That, which I haue plotted for, and beene maturing now theſe foure moneths, you haue blaſted in a minute: now I am loſt, I may ſpeake. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpoſe, and, to be put vpon my vncle, hath profeſt this obſtinate ſilence for my ſake, being my entire friend; and one, that for the requitall of ſuch a fortune, as to marry him, would haue made mee very ample conditions: where now, all my hopes are vtterly miſcaried by this vnlucky accident.

CLE. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious; doe ſeruices, and not know his why: I wonder what curteous itch poſſeſs'd you! you neuer did abſurder part i' your life, nor a greater treſpaſſe to friendſhip, to humanity.

DAVP Faith, you may forgiue it, beſt: 'twas your cauſe principally.

DLE. I know it, would it had not.

CAVP. How now CVTBERD? what newes?

CVT. The beſt, the happieſt that euer was, ſir. There has beene a mad gentleman with your vncle, this morning (I thinke this be the gentleman) that has almoſt talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from marriage——

DAVP. On, I pray thee.

CVT. And your vnkle, ſir, hee thinkes 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will ſee the party, you wot of, preſently: and if he like her, he ſayes, and that ſhe be ſo inclining to dombe, as I haue told him, he ſweares hee will marry her, to day, inſtantly, and not deferre it a minute longer.

DAVP. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

TRV. Beyond your expectation? by this light, I knewe it would bee thus.

DAVP. Nay, ſweet TRVE-WIT, forgiue me.

TRV. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the abſurd, weake part.

CLE. Wilt thou aſcribe that to merit, now, was meere fortune?

TRV. Fortune? mere prouidence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I ſaw it muſt neceſſarily in nature fall out ſo: my *genius* is neuer falſe to me in theſe things. Shew me, how it could be otherwiſe.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, contend not, tis well now.

TRV. Alaſſe, I let him goe on with inconſiderate, and raſh, and what he pleas'd.

CLE.

CLE. Away thou ſtrange iuſtifier of thy ſelfe, to bee wiſer then thou wert, by the euent.

TRV. Euent! By this light, thou ſhalt neuer perſwade me, but I foreſaw it, aſwell as the ſtarres themſelues.

DAVP. Nay, gentlemen, 'tis well now: doe you two entertaine ſir IOHN DAW, with diſcourſe, while I ſend her away with inſtructions.

TRV. I'll be acquainted with her, firſt, by your fauour.

CLE. Maſter TRVE-WIT, lady, a friend of ours.

TRV. I am ſorry, I haue not knowne you ſooner, lady, to celebrate this rare vertue of your ſilence.

CLE. Faith, an' you had come ſooner, you ſhould ha' ſeene, and heard her well celebrated in ſir IOHN DAW's *madrigalls*.

TRV. IACK DAW, god ſaue you, when ſaw you LA-FOOLE?

DAW. Not ſince laſt night, maſter TRVE-WIT.

TRV. That's miracle! I thought you two had beene inſeparable.

DAW. Hee's gone to inuite his gueſts.

TRV. Gods ſo! tis true! what a falſe memory haue I towards that man! I am one: I met him e'ne now, vpon that he calls his delicate fine blacke horſe, rid into a foame, with poaſting from place to place, and perſon to perſon, to giue 'hem the *cue*——

CLE. Leſt they ſhould forget?

TRV. Yes: there was neuer poore captaine tooke more paines at a muſter to ſhow men, then he, at this meale, to ſhew friends.

DAW. It is his quarter-feaſt, ſir.

CLE. What! doe you ſay ſo, ſir IOHN?

TRV. Nay, IACK DAW will not be out, at the beſt friends hee has, to the talent of his wit: where's his miſtris, to heare and applaud him? is ſhe gone!

DAW Is miſtris EPICOENE gone?

CLE. Gone afore, with ſir DAVPHINE, I warrant, to the place.

TRV. Gone afore! that were a manifeſt iniurie; a diſgrace and a halfe: to refuſe him at ſuch a feſtiuall time, as this, being a *Brauery*, and a *Wit* too.

CLE. Tut, hee'll ſwallow it like creame: hee's better read in *iure ciuili*, then to eſteeme any thing a diſgrace is offer'd him from a miſtris.

DAW. Nay, let her eene goe; ſhe ſhall ſit alone, and bee dumbe in her chamber, a weeke together, for IOHN DAW, I warrant her: do's ſhe refuſe me?

CLE. No, ſir, doe not take it ſo to heart: ſhee do's not refuſe you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, TRVE-WIT, you were too blame to put it into his head, that ſhee do's refuſe him.

TRV. Shee do's refuſe him, ſir, palpably: how euer you mince it. An' I were as hee, I would ſweare to ſpeake ne're a word to her, to day, for 't.

DAW. By this light, no more I will not.

TRV.

TRV. Nor to any body elſe, ſir.

DAW. Nay, I will not ſay ſo, gentlemen.

CLE. It had beene an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could haue drawne him to it.

DAW. I'll be very melancholique, i'faith.

CLE. As a dog, if I were as you, ſir IOHN.

TRV. Or a ſnaile, or a hog-louſe: I would roule my ſelfe vp for this day, introth, they ſhould not vnwinde me.

DAW. By this pick-tooth, ſo I will.

CLE. 'Tis well done: he beginnes already to be angry with his teeth.

DAW. Will you goe, gentlemen?

CLE. Nay, you muſt walke alone, if you bee right melancholique, ſir IOHN.

TRV. Yes ſir, wee'll dog you, wee'll follow you a farre off.

CLE. Was there euer ſuch a two yards of knighthood, meaſur'd out by *Time*, to be ſold to laughter?

TRV. A meere talking mole! hang him: no muſhrome was euer ſo freſh. A fellow ſo vtterly nothing, as he knowes not what he would be.

CLE. Let's follow him: but firſt, let's goe to DAVPHINE, hee's houering about the houſe, to heare what newes.

TRV. Content.

Act II. *Scene* V.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, CVTBERD, MVTE.

WElcome CVTBERD; draw neere with you faire chardge: and, in her eare, ſoftly intreat her to vnmaſque (—) So. Is the dore ſhut? (—) inough. Now, CVTBERD, with the ſame diſcipline I vſe to my family, I will queſtion you. As I conceiue, CVTBERD, this gentlewoman is ſhee, you haue prouided, and brought, in hope ſhee will fit me in the place and perſon of a wife? Anſwer me not, but with your leg, vnleſſe it be otherwiſe: (—) very well done CVTBERD. I conceiue, beſides, CVTBERD, you haue beene pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and quallities, or elſe you would not preferre her to my aceeptance, in the waighty conſequence of marriage. (—) this I conceiue, CVTBERD. Anſwer me not but with your leg, vnleſſe it bee otherwiſe. (—) Very well done CVTBERD. Giue aſide now a little, and leaue me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. Shee is exceeding faire, and of a ſpeciall good fauour; a ſweet compoſition, or harmony of limmes: her temper of beauty has the true height of my blood. The knaue hath exceedingly wel fitted me without: I will now trie her within. Come neere, faire gentlewoman: let not my behauiour ſeeme rude, though vnto you, being rare, it may happely appeare ſtrange. (—(Nay, lady,

He goes about her, and viewes her.

She curtſies.

lady, you may ſpeake, though CVTBERD, and my man, might not: for, of all ſounds, onely, the ſweet voice of a faire lady has the iuſt length of mine eares. I beſeech you, ſay lady, out of the firſt fire of meeting eyes, (they ſay) loue is ſtricken: doe you feele any ſuch motion, ſodenly ſhot into you, from any part you ſee in me? ha, lady? (—) Alaſſe, lady, theſe anſwers by ſilent curt'ſies, from you, are too courtleſſe, and ſimple. I haue euer had my breeding in court: and ſhee that ſhall bee my wife, muſt bee accompliſhed with courtly, and audacious ornaments. Can you ſpeake lady? *Curt'ſie.*

EPI. Iudge you, forſooth. *She ſpeakes ſoftly.*

MOR. What ſay you, lady? ſpeake out, I beſeech you.

EPI. Iudge you, forſooth.

MOR. O' my iudgement, a diuine ſoftnes! but can you naturally, lady, as I enioyne theſe by doctrine & induſtry, referre your ſelf to the ſcarch of my iudgement, and (not taking pleaſure in your tougue, which is a womans chiefeſt pleaſure) thinke it plauſible, to anſwer me by ſilent geſtures, ſo long as my ſpeeches iumpe right, with what you conceiue? (—) Excellent! diuine! if it were poſſible ſhe ſhould hold out thus! Peace CVTBERD, thou art made for euer, as thou haſt made mee, if this felicitie haue laſting: but I will trie her further. Deare lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I muſt haue mine eares banqueted with pleaſant, and wittie conferences, pretty girds, ſcoffes, and daliance in her, that I meane to chooſe for my bedpheere. The ladies in court, thinke it a moſt deſperate impaire to their quickeneſſe of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot giue occaſion for a man to court 'hem; and, when an amorous diſcourſe is ſet on foot, miniſter as good matter to continue it, as himſelfe: and doe you alone ſo much differ from all them, that, what they (with ſo much circumſtance) affect, and toile for, to ſeeme learn'd, to ſeeme iudicious, to ſeeme ſharpe, and conceited, you can bury in your ſelfe, with ſilence? and rather truſt your graces to the faire conſcience of vertue, then to the worlds, or your owne proclamation? *Curt'ſie.*

EPI. I ſhould be ſorry elſe.

MOR. What ſay you, ladie? good ladie, ſpeake out.

EPI. I ſhould be ſorrie, elſe

MOR. That ſorrow doth fill me with gladneſſe! O MOROSE! thou art happie aboue mankinde! pray that thou maieſt containe thy ſelfe. I will onely put her to it once more, and it ſhall be with the vtmoſt touch, and teſt of their ſexe. But heare me, faire lady, I doe alſo loue to ſee her, whom I ſhall chooſe for my heicfar, to be the firſt and principall in all faſhions; præcede all the dames at court, by a fortnight; haue her counſell of taylors, linneners, lace-women, embroyderers, and ſit with 'hem ſometimes twiſe a day, vpon *French* intelligences; and then come foorth, varied like Nature, or oftner then ſhe, and better, by the helpe of Art, her æmulous ſeruant. This doe I affect. And how will you be able, lady, with this frugalitie of ſpeech, to giue the manifold (but neceſſarie) inſtructions,

for

for that bodies, theſe ſleeues, thoſe skirts, this cut, that ſtitch, this embroyderie, that lace, this wire, thoſe knots, that ruffe, thoſe roſes, this girdle, that fanne, the tother skarfe, theſe gloues? ha! what ſay you, ladie.

Epi. I'll leaue it to you, ſir.

Mor. How lady? pray you, riſe a note.

Epi. I leaue it to wiſdome, and you ſir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not ſinne againſt ſo ſweet a ſimplicity. Let me now be bold to print on thoſe diuine lips, the ſeale of being mine. Cvtberd, I giue thee the leaſe of thy houſe free: thanke me not, but with thy leg (—) I know what thou woulſt ſay, ſhee's poore, and her friends deceaſed; ſhee has brought a wealthy dowr e in her ſilence, Cvtberd: and in reſpect of her pouerty, Cvtberd, I ſhall haue her more louing, and obedient, Cvtberd. Goe thy waies, and get me a miniſter preſently, with a ſoft-low voice to marry vs, and pray him he will not be impertinent, but briefe as he can; away: ſoftly, Cvtberd. Sirrah, conduct your miſtris into the dining roome, your now—miſtris. O my felicity! how I ſhall bee reueng'd on mine inſolent kinſman, and his plots, to fright me from marrying! This night I wil get an heire, and thruſt him out of my bloud like a ſtranger; he would be knighted, forſooth, and thought by that meanes to raigne ouer me, his title muſt doe it: no kinſman, I will now make you bring mee the tenth lords, and the ſixteenth ladies letter, kinſman; and it ſhall doe you no good kinſman. Your knighthood it ſelfe ſhall come on it's knees, and it ſhall be reiected; it ſhall bee ſued for it's fees to execution, and not bee redeem'd; it ſhall cheat at the tweluepeny ordinary, it knighthood, for it's diet all the terme time, and tell tales for it in the vacation, to the hoſteſſe: or it knighthood ſhall doe worſe; take ſanctuary in *Coleharbor*, and faſt. It ſhall fright all it friends, with borrowing letters; and when one of the foure-ſcore hath brought it knighthood ten ſhillings, it knighthood ſhall go to the Cranes, or the Beare at the *Bridge*-foot, and be drunk in feare: it ſhal not haue money to diſcharge one tauerne reckoning, to inuite the old creditors, to forbeare it knighthood; or the new, that ſhould be, to truſt it knighthood. It ſhall be the tenth name in the bond, to take vp the commoditie of pipkins, and ſtone jugs; and the part thereof ſhall not furniſh it knighthood forth, for the attempting of a bakers widdow, a browne bakers widdow. It ſhall giue it knighthoods name, for a *ſtallion*, to all gameſome citizens wiues, and bee refus'd; when the maſter of a dancing ſchoole, or (*How* do you call him) the worſt reueller in the towne is taken: it ſhall want clothes, and by reaſon of that, wit, to foole to lawyers. It ſhall not haue hope to repaire it ſelfe by *Conſtantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the beſt, and laſt fortune to it knighthood ſhall be, to make Dol Teare-sheet, or Kate Common, a lady: and ſo, it knighthood may eate.

Act II. Scene VI.

TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, CVTBERD.

ARe you sure he is not gone by?

DAVP. No, I staid in the shop euer since.

CLE. But, he may take the other end of the lane.

DAVP. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hether.

TRV. What a barbarian it is to stay then!

DAVP. Yonder he comes.

CLE. And his charge left behinde him, which is a very good signe, DAVPHINE.

DAVP. How now CVTBERD, succeedes it, or no?

CVT. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not haue pray'd, to haue had it so wel: *Saltat senex*, as it is i'the prouerbe, he do's triumph in his felicity; admires the party! he has giuen me the lease of my house too! and, I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'hem, and away.

TRV. Slight, get one o' the silenc'd ministers, a zealous brother would torment him purely.

CVT. *Cum priuilegio*, sir.

DAVP. O, by no meanes, let's doe nothing to hinder it now when 'tis done and finished, I am for you: for any deuise of vexation.

CVT. And that shall be, within this halfe houre, vpon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contriue what you can, in the meane time, *bonis auibus*.

CLE. How the slaue doth *latine* it!

TRV. It would be made a iest to posterity, sirs, this daies mirth, if yee will.

CLE. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

DAVP. And, for my part. What is't?

TRV. To translate all LA-FOOLES company, and his feast hether, to day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

DAVP. I mary, but how will't be done?

TRV. I'll vndertake the directing of all the ladie-guests thether, and then the meat must follow.

CLE. For gods sake, let's effect it: it will be an excellent *comædy* of affliction, so many seuerall noyses.

DAVP. But are they not at the other place already, thinke you?

TRV. I'll warrant you for the colledge-honors: one o' their faces has not the priming color laid on yet, nor the other her smocke sleek'd.

CLE. O, but they'll rise earlier then ordinary, to a feast.

TRV. Best goe see, and assure our selues.

CLE. Who knowes the house?

TRV. I'll lead you, were you neuer there yet?

DAVP. Not I.

CLE. Nor I.

TRV. Where ha' you liu'd then? not know TOM OTTER!

CLE. No: for gods sake, what is he?

TRV. An excellent animal, equall with your DAW, or LA-FOOLE, if not transcendent; and do's *latine* it as much as your barber: hee is his wifes Subiect, he calls her Princesse, and at such times as these, follows her vp and downe the house like a page, with his hat off, partly for heate, partly for reuerence. At this instant, hee is marshalling of his bull, beare, and horse.

DAVP. What be those, in the name of *Sphinx*?

TRV. Why sir? hee has beene a great man at the beare-garden in his time: and from that subtle sport, has tane the witty denomination of his chiefe carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his beare, another his horse. And then hee has his lesser glasses, that hee calls his deere, and his ape; and seuerall degrees of 'hem too: and neuer is well, nor thinkes any intertainement perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupbord.

CLE. For gods loue! we should misse this, if we should not goe.

TRV. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speake him all day. He will raile on his wife, with certaine common places, behinde her backe; and to her face——

DAVP. No more of him. Let's goe see him, I petition you.

Act III. *Scene* I.

OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, TRVE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

NAy, good Princesse, heare me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. OT. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd vp, with your bul-dogs, and beare-dogges, if you be not ciuill the sooner. I'll send you to kennell, i'faith. You were best baite me with your bull, beare, and horse! Neuer a time, that the courtiers, or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a *shrouetuesday*! I would haue you get your *whitsontide*-velvet-cap, and your staffe i' your hand, to intertaine 'hem: yes introth, doe.

OTT. Not so, Princesse, neither, but vnder correction, sweete Princesse, gi' me leaue—these things I am knowne to the courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humor, and they receiue it so, and doe expect it. TOM OTTERS bull, beare, and horse is knowne all ouer *England*, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. OT. Fore me, I wil *na-ture* 'hem ouer to *Paris*-garden, and *na-ture* you thether too, if you pronounce 'hem againe. Is a beare a fit beast, or a bull, to mixe in society with great ladies? thinke i' your discretion, in any good politie.

OTT.

OTT. The horſe then, good Princeſſe.

Mrs. OT. Well, I am contented for the horſe: they loue to bee well hors'd, I know. I loue it my ſelfe.

OTT. And it is a delicate fine horſe this. *Poetarum Pegaſus.* Vnder correction, Princeſſe, IVPITER did turne himſelfe into a—*Taurus*, or Bull, vnder correction, good Princeſſe.

Mrs. OT. By my integritie, I'll ſend you ouer to the banke-ſide, I'll commit you to the Maſter of the garden, if I heare but a ſyllable more. Muſt my houſe, or my roofe, be polluted with the ſent of beares, and buls, when it is perfum'd for great ladies? Is this according to the inſtrument, when I married you? That I would bee Princeſſe, and raigne in mine owne houſe: and you would be my ſubiect, and obay me? What did you bring me, ſhould make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your halfe-crowne a day, to ſpend, where you will, among your gamſters, to vexe and torment me, at ſuch times as theſe? Who giues you your maintenance, I pray you? who allowes you your horſe-meat, and mans-meat? your three ſutes of apparell a yeere? your foure paire of ſtockings, one ſilke, three worſted? your cleane linnen, your bands, and cuffes when I can get you to weare 'hem? 'Tis mar'l you ha 'hem on now. Who graces you with courtiers, or great perſonages, to ſpeake to you out of their coaches, and come home to your houſe? Were you euer ſo much as look'd vpon by a lord, or a lady, before I married you: but on the Eaſter, or Whitſon-holy-daies? and then out at the banquetting-houſe window, when NED WHITING, or GEORGE STONE, were at the ſtake?

(TRV. For gods ſake, let's goe ſtaue her off him.)

Mrs. OT. Anſwere me to that. And did not I take you vp from thence, in an old greaſie buffe-doublet, with points; and greene vellet ſleeues, out at the elbowes? you forget this.

(TRV. Shee'll worry him, if we helpe not in time.)

Mrs. OT. O, here are ſome o' the gallants! Goe to, behaue your ſelfe diſtinctly, and with good moralitie; Or, I proteſt, I'll take away your exhibition.

Act. III. *Scene* II.

TRVE-WIT, Mrs. OTTER, CAP. OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE, CVTBERD.

BY your leaue, faire miſtris OTTER, I'll be bold to enter theſe gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. OT. It ſhall not be obnoxious, or difficill, ſir.

TRV. How do's my noble Captaine? Is the bull, beare, and horſe, in *rerum natura* ſtill?

OTT. Sir, *Sic viſum ſuperis.*

Mrs. OT. I would you would but intimate 'hem, doe. Goe your waies in, and get toſts, and butter, made for the wood-cocks. That's a fit prouince for you.

CLE. Alas, what a tyrannie, is this poore fellow married too.

TRV. O, but the ſport will be anon, when we get him looſe.

DAV. Dares he euer ſpeake?

TRV. No Anabaptiſt euer rail'd with the like licence: but marke her language in the meane time, I beſeech you.

Mrs. OT. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My coſin, ſir AMOROVS, will be here briefly.

TRV. In good time lady. Was not ſir IOHN DAW here, to aske for him, and the companie?

Mrs. OT. I cannot aſſure you, Mr. TRVE-WIT. Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruffe, that demanded my ſubiect for ſome body, a gentleman, I thinke.

CLE. I, that was he, lady.

Mrs. OT. But he departed ſtraight, I can reſolue you.

DAV. What an excellent choice phraſe, this lady expreſſes in!

TRV. O, ſir! ſhee is the onely authenticall courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the citie.

Mrs. OT. You haue taken that report vpon truſt, gentlemen.

TRV. No, I aſſure you, the court gouernes it ſo, lady, in your behalfe.

Mrs. OT. I am the ſeruant of the court, and courtiers, ſir.

TRV. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. OT. Not ſo, ſir.

DAV. How now, CVTBERD? Any croſſe?

CVT. O, no, ſir: *Omnia bene.* 'Twas neuer better o' the hinges, all's ſure. I haue ſo pleas'd him with a curate, that hee's gone too't almoſt with the delight he hopes for ſoone.

DAV. What is he, for a vicar?

CVT. One that has catch'd a cold, ſir, and can ſcarſe bee heard ſixe inches off; as if he ſpoke out of a bull-ruſh, that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers. I came to tell you, ſir, that you might *omnem mouere lapidem* (as they ſay) be readie with your vexation.

DAV. Gramercy, honeſt CVTBERD, be there abouts with thy key to (let vs in.

CVT. I will not faile you, ſir: *Ad manum.*

TRV. Well, I'll goe watch my coaches.

CLE. Doe; and wee'll ſend DAW to you, if you meet him not.

Mrs. OT. Is maſter TRVE-WIT gone?

DAV. Yes, lady, there is ſome vnfortunate buſineſſe fallen out.

Mrs. OT. So I iudg'd by the phiſiognomy of the fellow, that came in; and I had a dreame laſt night too of the new pageant, and my lady Maioreſſe, which is alwaies very ominous to me. I told it my lady HAVGHTY t'other day; when her honour came hether to ſee ſome *China* ſtuffes: and ſhee expounded it, out of ARTEMIDORVS, and I haue found it ſince very true. It has done me many affronts.

CLE. Your dreame, lady?

Mrs. OT. Yes, ſir, any thing I doe but dreame o' the city. It ſtaynd me a damaſque table-cloth, coſt me eighteen pound at one time; and burnt me a black

a blacke satten gowne, as I stood by the fire, at my ladie CENTAVRES chamber in the colledge, another time. A third time, at the Lords masque, it dropt all my wire, and my ruffe with waxe-candle, that I could not goe vp to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to goe to *Ware*, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suite all ouer (a crimson sattin doublet, and blacke veluet skirts) with a brewers horse, that I was faine to goe in and shift mee, and kept my chamber a leash of daies for the anguish of it.

DAVP. These were dire mischances, lady.

CLE. I would not dwell in the citie, and 'twere so fatall to mee.

Mr. OT. Yes sir, but I doe take aduise of my doctor, to dreame of it as little, as I can.

DAVP. You doe well, mistris OTTER.

Mr. OT. Will it please you to enter the house farther, gentlemen?

DAVP. And your fauour, lady: but we stay to speake with a knight, sir IOHN DAW, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mr. OT. At your owne time, sir. It is my cosen sir AMOROVS his feast.——

DAVP. I know it lady.

Mr. OT. And mine together. But it is for his honour; and therefore I take no name of it, more then of the place.

DAVP. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mr. OT. Your seruant, sir.

Act III. *Scene* III.

CLERIMONT, DAW, LA-FOOLE, DAVPHINE, OTTER.

WHy doe not you know it, sir IOHN DAW?

DAW. No, I am a rooke if I doe.

CLE. I'll tell you then, shee's married by this time! And whereas you were put i'the head, that shee was gone with sir DAVPHINE, I assure you, sir DAVPHINE has beene the noblest, honestest friend to you, that euer gentleman of your quality could boast off. He has discouer'd the whole plot, and made your mistris so acknowledging, and indeed, so ashamed of her iniurie to you, that she desires you to forgiue her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to day— She is to be married to a very good fortune, she saies, his vnkle, old MOROSE: and she will'd me in priuate to tell you, that she shall be able to doe you more fauours, and with more securitie now, then before.

DAW. Did she say so, i'faith? (PHINE.

CLE. Why, what doe you thinke of mee, sir IOHN! aske sir DAV-

DAVP. Nay, I beleeue you. Good sir DAVPHINE, did shee desire mee to forgiue her?

CLE. I assure you, sir IHON, she did.

DAW. Nay then, I doe with all my heart, and I'll be *iouiall*.

CLE. Yes, for looke you sir, this was the iniury to you. LA-FOOLE intended this feast to honour her bridale day, and made you the propertie to inuite the colledge ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time, shee should haue appear'd (as his friend) to haue giuen you the *dor*. Whereas now, sir DAVPHINE has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kinde of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the ladies to the place where shee is, and be verie *iouiall*; and there, shee will haue a dinner, which shall be in your name: and so dis-appoint LA-FOOLE, to make you good againe, and (as it were) a sauer i' the man.

DAW. As I am a knight, I honour her, and forgiue her hartily.

CLE. About it then presently, TRVE-WIT is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if hee meet you. Ioyne with him, and 'tis well. See, here comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be verie *iouiall*.

LA-F. Are the ladies come, sir IOHN DAW, and your mistris? sir DAVPHINE! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master CLERIMONT. Where's my cossen? did you see no collegiats, gentlemen?

DAVP. Collegiats! Doe you not heare, sir AMOROVS, how you are abus'd?

LA-F. How sir!

CLE. Will you speake so kindly to sir IOHN DAW, that has done you such an affront?

LA-F. Wherein, gentlemen? let me be a sutor to you to know, I beseech you!

CLE. Why sir, his mistris is married to day, to sir DAVPHINES vncle, your cosens neighbour, and hee has diuerted all the ladies, and all your company thether, to frustrate your prouision, and sticke a disgrace vpon you. He was here, now, to haue intic'd vs away from you too: but we told him his owne, I thinke.

LA-F. Has sir IOHN DAW wrong'd me so in-humanely?

DAV. He has done it, sir AMOROVS, most maliciously, and trecherously: but if you'll be rul'd by vs, you shall quit him i' faith.

LA-F. Good gentlemen! I'll make one, beleeue it. How I pray?

DAV. Mary sir, get me your phesants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in siluer dishes of your cosens presently, and say nothing, but clap mee a cleane towell about you, like a sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it with a good confidence ('tis but ouer the way, hard by) and we'll second you, where you shal set it o' the boord, and bid 'hem welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace his preparation vtterly: and, for your cosen, whereas shee should bee troubled here at home with care of making and giuing welcome, shee shall transferre all that labour thether, and bee a principall gueſt her selfe, sit rank'd with the colledge-Honors, and bee honor'd, and haue her health drunke as often, as bare, and as lowd as the best of 'hem.

LA-F.

La-f. I'll goe tell her preſently. It ſhall be done, that's reſolu'd.

Cle. I thought he would not heare it out, but 'twould take him.

Davp. Well, there be gueſts, & meat now; how ſhal we do for muſique?

Cle. The ſmell of the veniſon, going through the ſtreet, will inuite one noyſe of fidlers, or other.

Davp: I would it would call the trumpeters thether.

Cle. Faith, there is hope, they haue intelligence of all feaſts. There's good correſpondence betwixt them, and the *London*-cookes. 'Tis twenty to one but we haue 'hem.

Davp. 'Twill be a moſt ſolemne day for my vncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for vs.

Cle. I, if we can hold vp the æmulation betwixt Foole, and Daw, and neuer bring them to expoſtulate.

Davp. Tut, flatter 'hem both (as Trve-wit ſayes) and you may take their vnderſtandings in a purſe-net. They'll beleeue themſelues to be iuſt ſuch men as we make 'hem, neither more nor leſſe. They haue nothing, not the vſe of their ſenſes, but by tradition.

Cle See! Sir Amorovs has his towell on already. Haue you perſwaded your coſſen? *He enters like a ſewer.*

La-f. Yes, 'tis verie fæſible: ſhee'll do any thing ſhe ſayes, rather then the La-Fooles ſhall be diſgrac'd.

Davp. She is a noble kinſwoman. It will be ſuch a peſt'ling deuice, ſir Amorovs! It will pound all your enemies practiſes to poulder, and blow him vp with his owne mine, his owne traine.

La-f Nay, wee'll giue fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you muſt carry it priuatly, without any noyſe, and take no notice by any meanes——

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princeſſe ſayes, you ſhall haue all her ſiluer diſhes, *feſtinate*: and ſhe's gone to alter her tyre a little, and go with you——

Cle. And your ſelfe too, captaine Otter.

Davp. By any meanes, ſir.

Ott. Yes ſir, I doe meane it: but I would entreate my coſen ſir Amorovs, and you gentlemen, to be ſutors to my Princeſſe, that I may carry my bull, and my beare, as well as my horſe.

Cle. That you ſhall doe, captaine Otter.

La-f. My coſen will neuer conſent, gentlemen.

Davp. She muſt conſent, ſir Amorovs, to reaſon.

La-f. Why, ſhe ſayes they are no *decorum* among ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, ſir.

Cle. I, ſhee muſt heare argument. Did not Pasiphae, who was a queene, loue a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a beare, and made a ſtarre, miſtris Vrsvla, i' the heauens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' ſaid as much! I will haue theſe ſtories painted i' the beare-garden, *ex Ouidij metamorphoſi.*

Davp. Where is your Princeſſe, Captaine? pray' be our leader.

OTT. That I shall, sir.
CLE. Make haste, good sir AMOROVS.

Act III. Scene IIII.

MOROSE, EPICOENE, PARSON, CVTBERD.

SIr, there's an angel for your selfe, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this mannage of my bounty. It is fit wee should thanke fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she conferres vpon vs; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

The parson speakes, as hauing a cold.

PAR. I thanke your worship, so is it mine, now.
MOR. What sayes he, CVTBERD?
CVT. He saies, *Præsto*, sir, whensoeuer your worship needes him, hee can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting vp late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.
MOR. No more. I thanke him.

He coughes.

PAR. God keepe your worship, and giue you much ioy with your faire spouse. (Vmh, vmh.)
MOR. O, ô, stay CVTBERD! let him giue me fiue shillings of my money backe. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so is it equity to mulct iniuries. I will haue it. What sayes he?
CVT. He cannot change it, sir.
MOR. It must be chang'd.
CVT. Cough againe.
MOR. What sayes he?
CVT. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Againe.

PAR. (Vmh, vmh, vmh.)
MOR. Away, away with him, stop his mouth, away, I forgiue it.
EPI. Fye, master MOROSE, that you will vse this violence to a man of the church.
MOR. How!
EPI. It do's not become your grauity, or breeding, (as you pretend in court) to haue offer'd this outrage on a water-man, or any more boystrous creature, much lesse on a man of his ciuill coat.
MOR. You can speake then!
EPI. Yes, sir.
MOR. Speake out I meane.
EPI. I sir. Why, did you thinke you had married a statue? or a motion, onely? one of the *French* puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospitall, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and looke vpon you.
MOR. O immodestie! a manifest woman! what CVTBERD?
EPI. Nay, neuer quarrell with CVTBERD, sir, it is too late now. I confesse

confesse, it doth bate somewhat of the modestie I had, when I writ simply maide: but I hope, I shall make it a stocke still competent, to the estate, and dignity of your wife.

Mor. Shee can talke!

Epi. Yes indeed, sir.

Mor. What, sirrah. None of my knaues, there? where is this impostor, Cvtberd?

Epi. Speake to him, fellow, speake to him. I'll haue none of this coacted, vnnaturall dumbnesse in my house, in a family where I gouerne.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I haue married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis, sold my liberty to a distaffe!

Act III. Scene V.

Trve-wit, Morose, Epicoene

WHere's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come againe! lord haue mercy vpon me.

Trv. I wish you all ioy, mistris Epicoene, with your graue and honourable match.

Epi. I returne you the thankes, master Trve-wit, so friendly a wish deserues.

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

Trv God saue you, sir, and giue you all contentment in your faire choise, here. Before I was the bird of night to you, the owle but now I am the messenger of peace, a doue, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends, to the celebration of this good houre.

Mor. What houre, sir?

Trv. Your marriage houre sir. I commend your resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow) would yet goe on, and bee your selfe. It shewes you are a man constant to your own ends, and vpright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How should you arriue at the knowledge of so much!

Trv. Why, did you euer hope, sir, committing the secrecie of it to a barber, that lesse then the whole towne should know it? you might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more securitie. Could your grauitie forget so olde and noted a remnant, as, *lippis & tonsoribus notum*. Well sir, forgiue it your selfe now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will bee three or foure fashionable ladies, from the colledge to visit you presently, and their traine of minions, and followers.

Mor. Barre my dores! barre my dores! where are all my eaters? my mouthes now? barre vp my dores, you varlets.

Epi. He is a varlet, that stirres to such an office. Let 'hem stand open. I would

I would see him that dares mooue his eyes toward it. Shal I haue a *barricado* made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with honorable visitation.

MOR. O *Amazonian* impudence!

TRV. Nay faith, in this, sir, she speakes but reason: and me thinkes is more continent then you. Would you goe to bed so presently, sir, afore noone? a man of your head, and haire, should owe more to that reuerend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed, like a towne-bul, or a mountaine-goate; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion, and feare. Those delights are to be steep'd in the humor, and silence of the night; and giue the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feast, of musique, of reuells, of discourse: wee'll haue all, sir, that may make your *Hymen* high, and happy.

MOR. O, my torment, my torment!

TRV. Nay, if you indure the first halfe houre, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomnesse; what comfort, or hope, can this faire gentlewoman make to her selfe hereafter, in the consideration of so many yeeres as are to come——

MOR. Of my affliction. Good sir, depart, and let her doe it alone.

TRV. I haue done, sir.

MOR. That curs'ed barber!

TRV. (Yes faith, a curs'ed wretch indeed, sir.)

MOR. I haue married his citterne, that's common to all men. Some plague, aboue the plague——

TRV. (All *Egypts* ten plagues)

MOR. Reuenge me on him.

TRV. 'Tis very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two, more, I'll assure you hee'll beare 'hem. As, that he may get the poxe with seeking to cure it, sir? Or, that while he is curling another mans haire, his owne may drop off? Or, for burning some male-baudes lock, he may haue his braine beat out with the curling-iron?

MOR. No, let the wretch liue wretched. May he get the itch, and his shop so lousie, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

TRV. (I, and if he would swallow all his balles for pills, let not them purge him)

MOR. Let his warming pan be euer cold.

TRV. (A perpetuall frost vnderneath it, sir)

MOR. Let him neuer hope to see fire againe.

TRV. (But in hell, sir)

MOR. His chaires be alwaies empty, his scissors rust, and his combes mould in their cases.

TRV. Very dreadfull that! (And may hee loose the inuention, sir, of caruing lanternes in paper)

MOR. Let there be no baud carted that yeare, to employ a bason of his: but let him be glad to eate his sponge, for bread.

TRV.

TRV. And drinke *lotium* to it, and much good doe him.

MOR. Or, for want of bread——

TRV. Eat eare-waxe, sir. I'll helpe you. Or, draw his owne teeth, and adde them to the lute-string.

MOR. No, beate the old ones to poulder, and make bread of them.

TRV. (Yes, make meale o' the millstones.)

MOR. May all the botches, and burnes, that he has cur'd on others, breake out vpon him.

TRV. And he now forget the cure of 'hem in himselfe, sir: or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his linnen into lint for't, and haue not a rag left him, to set vp with.

MOR. Let him neuer set vp againe, but haue the gout in his hands for euer. Now, no more, sir.

TRV. O that last was too high set! you might goe lesse with him i'faith, and bee reueng'd enough: as, that he be neuer able to new-paint his pole——

MOR. Good sir, no more. I forgot my selfe.

TRV. Or, want credit to take vp with a combe-maker——

MOR. No more, sir.

TRV. Or, hauing broken his glasse in a former despaire, fall now into a much greater, of euer getting another——

MOR I beseech you, no more.

TRV. Or, that he neuer be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers——

MOR. Sir——

TRV. Or, may he cut a colliers throat with his rasor, by *chance-medlee*, and yet hang for't.

MOR. I will forgiue him, rather then heare any more. I beseech you, sir.

Act III. *Scene* VI.

DAW, MOROSE, TRVE-WIT, HAVGHTY, CENTAVRE, MAVIS, TRVSTY.

THis way, madame.

MOR. O, the sea breakes in vpon me! another floud! an inundation! I shall be orewhelm'd with noise. It beates already at my shores. I feele an earthquake in my selfe, for't.

DAW. 'Giue you ioy, mistresse.

MOR. Has shee seruants too!

DAW. I haue brought some ladies here to see, and know you. My ladie HAVGHTY, this my lady CENTAVRE, mistresse DOL MAVIS, mistresse TRVSTIE my ladie HAVGHTIES woman. Where's your husband? let's see him: can he endure no noise? let me come to him.

She kisses them seuerally as he presents them.

MOR.

MOR. What *nomenclator* is this!

TRV. Sir IOHN DAW, sir, your wifes seruant, this.

MOR. A DAW, and her seruant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of mee, and shee haue such seruants.

TRV. Nay sir, you must kisse the ladies, you must not goe away, now; they come toward you, to seeke you out.

HAV. I'faith, master MOROSE, would you steale a marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint vs? Well, I'll kisse you, notwithstanding the iustice of my quarrell: you shall giue me leaue, mistresse, to vse a becomming familiarity with your husband.

EPI. Your ladiship do's me an honour in it, to let me know hee is so worthy your fauour: as, you haue done both him and me grace, to visit so vnprepar'd a paire to entertaine you.

MOR. Complement! complement!.

EPI. But I must lay the burden of that, vpon my seruant, here.

HAV. It shall not need, mistresse MOROSE, wee will all beare, rather then one shall be oppreft.

MOR. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if shee bee to learne it.

HAV. Is this the silent woman?

CEN. Nay, shee has found her tongue since shee was married, master TRVE-WIT sayes.

HAV. O, master TRVE-WIT! 'saue you. What kinde of creature is your bride here? she speakes, me thinkes!

TRV. Yes madame, beleeue it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behauiour, and of a good race.

HAV. And IACK DAW told vs, she could not speake.

TRV. So it was carried in plot, madam, to put her vpon this old fellow, by sir DAVPHINE, his nephew, and one or two more of vs: but shee is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinarie happie wit, and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with DAW, ere night.

HAV. And he brought vs to laugh at her!

TRV. That falls out often, madame, that he that thinkes himselfe the master-wit, is the master-foole. I assure your lady-ship, yee cannot laugh at her.

HAV. No, weell haue her to the colledge: and shee haue wit, she shall bee one of vs! shall shee not CENTAVRE? wee'll make her a collegiate.

CEN. Yes faith, madame, and MAVIS, and shee will set vp a side.

TRV. Beleeue it madame, and mistris MAVIS, shee will sustaine her part.

MAV. I'll tell you that, when I haue talk'd with her, and try'd her.

HAV. Vse her very ciuilly, MAVIS.

MAV. So I will, madame.

MOR. Blessed minute, that they would whisper thus euer.

TRV. In the meane time, madame, would but your lady-ship helpe to

vexe

vexe him a little: you know his diſeaſe, talke to him about the wedding ceremonies, or call for your gloues, or———

HAV. Let me alone. CENTAVRE, helpe me. Mr. bride-groome, where are you?

MOR. O, it was too miraculouſly good to laſt!

HAV. Wee ſee no enſignes of a wedding, here; no character of a brideale: where be our skarfes, and our gloues? I pray you, giue 'hem vs. Let's know your brides colours, and yours, at leaſt.

CEN. Alas, madame, he has prouided none.

MOR. Had I knowne your ladiſhips painter, I would.

HAV. He has giuen it you, CENTAVRE, yfaith. But, doe you heare, M. MOROSE, a ieſt will not abſolue you in this manner. You that haue ſuck'd the milke of the court, and from thence haue beene brought vp to the very ſtrong meates, and wine, of it; beene a courtier from the biggen, to the night-cap: (as we may ſay) and you, to offend in ſuch a high point of ceremonie, as this! and let your nuptialls want all markes of ſolemnitie! How much plate haue you loſt to day (if you had but regarded your profit) what guifts, what friends, through your meere ruſticitie?

MOR. Madame———

HAV. Pardon mee, ſir, I muſt inſinuate your errours to you. No gloues? no garters? no skarfes? no *epithalamium?* no maſque?

DAW. Yes, madame, I'll make an *epithalamium*, I promis'd my miſtris, I haue begunne it already: will your ladiſhip heare it?

HAV. I, good IACK DAW.

MOR. Will it pleaſe your ladiſhip command a chamber, and be priuate with your friend? you ſhall haue your choice of roomes, to retire to after: my whole houſe is yours. I know, it hath beene your ladiſhips errand, into the city, at other times, how euer now you haue beene vnhappily diuerted vpon mee: but I ſhall be loth to breake any honorable cuſtome of your ladiſhips. And therefore, good madame———

EPI. Come, you are a rude bride-groome, to entertayne ladies of honour in this faſhion.

CEN. He is a rude groome, indeed.

TRV. By that light, you deſerue to be grafted, and haue your hornes reach from one ſide of the Iland, to the other. Doe not miſtake me, ſir, I but ſpeake this, to giue the ladies ſome heart againe, not for any malice to you.

MOR. Is this your *Brauo*, ladies?

TRV. As god helpe me, if you vtter ſuch another word, I'll take miſtris bride in, and beginne to you, in a very ſad cup, doe you ſee? Goe too, know your friends, and ſuch, as loue you.

Act III. *Scene* VII.

CLERIMONT, MOROSE, TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, Mrs. OTTER, &c.

Musique of all sorts.

BY your leaue, ladies. Doe you want anymusique? I haue brought you varietie of noyses. Play, sirs, all of you.

MOR. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot vpon me! This day, I shall be their anvile to worke on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse then the noyse of a saw.

CLE. No, they are haire, rosin, and guts. I can giue you the receipt.

TRV. Peace, boyes.

CLE. Play, I say.

TRV. Peace, rascalls. You see who's your friend now, sir? Take courage, put on a martyrs resolution. Mocke downe all their attemptings, with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an asse exceed me in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmitie with your hanging dull eares, and make them insult: beare vp brauely, and constantly. Looke you here, sir, what honour is done you vnexpected, by your nephew; a wedding dinner come, and a Knight sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mrs. OTTER, your neighbour, in the rump, or tayle of it.

La-Foole passes ouer sewing the meate.

MOR. Is that *Gorgon*, that *Meduſa* come? Hide me, hide me.

TRV. I warrant you, sir, shee will not transforme you. Looke vpon her with a good courage. Pray you entertayne her, and conduct your guests in. No? Mistris bride, will you entreat in the ladies? your bridegroome is so shame-fac'd, here———

EPI. Will it please your ladiship, madame?

HAV. With the benefit of your companie, mistris.

EPI. Seruant, pray you performe your duties.

DAW. And glad to be commanded, mistris.

CEN. How like you her wit, MAVIS.

MAV. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. OT. 'Tis my place.

MAV. You shall pardon me, mistris OTTER.

Mrs. OT. Why I am a collegiate.

MAV. But not in ordinary.

Mrs OT. But I am.

MAV. Wee'll dispute that within.

CLE. Would this had lasted a little longer.

TRV. And that they had sent for the Heralds. Captayne OTTER, what newes?

OTT. I haue brought my bull, beare, and horse, in priuate, and yonder are the trumpetters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

MOR.

Mor. O, ô, ô. *The Drum, and Trumpets sound.*

Ott. And we will haue a rouse in each of 'hem, anon, for bold *Britons*, yfaith.

Mor. O, ô, ô.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

Trve-wit, Clerimont, Davphine.

WAs there euer poore bride-groome so tormented? or man indeed?

Cle. I haue not read of the like, in the *chronicles* of the land.

Trv. Sure, hee cannot but goe to a place of rest, after all this purgatorie.

Cle. He may presume it, I thinke.

Trv. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neesing, the farting, dauncing, noise of the musique, and her masculine, and lowd commanding, and vrging the whole family, makes him thinke he has married a *furie*.

Cle. And shee carries it vp brauely.

Trv. I, shee takes any occasion to speake: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how soberly Davphine labours to satisfie him, that it was none of his plot!

Trv. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, Davphine?

Dav. O, hold me vp a little, I shall goe away i' the iest else. Hee has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himselfe vp, i' the top o' the house, as high, as euer he can climbe from the noise. I peep'd in at a crany, and saw him sitting ouer a crosse-beame o' the roofe, like him o' the sadlers horse in *Fleetstreet*, vp-right: and he will sleepe there.

Cle. But where are your collegiates?

Dav. With-drawne with the bride in priuate.

Trv. O, they are instructing her i' the colledge-Grammar. If shee haue grace with them, shee knowes all their secrets instantly.

Cle. Me thinks, the lady Havghty lookes well to day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I thinke, I shall come about to thee againe, Trve-wit.

Trv. Beleeue it, I told you right. Women ought to repaire the losses, time and yeeres haue made i' their features, with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if shee know by her selfe the least defect, will bee most curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If shee be short, let her sit much, lest when shee stands, shee be thought to sit. If shee haue an ill foot, let her weare her gowne the longer, and her shoo the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nailes, let her carue the lesse, and act in gloues. If a sowre breath, let

her neuer discourse fasting: and alwaies talke at her distance. If shee haue black and rugged teeth, let her offer the lesse at laughter, especially if shee laugh wide, and open.

CLE. O, you shall haue some women, when they laugh, you would thinke they bray'd, it is so rude, and ——

TRV. I, and others, that will stalke i' their gait like an *Estrich*, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I loue measure i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they are gentlenesses, that oft-times draw no lesse then the face.

DAV. How cam'st thou to studie these creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a proficient.

TRV. Yes, but you must leaue to liue i' your chamber then a month together vpon AMADIS *de Gaule*, or *Don* QVIXOTE, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to court, to tiltings, publique shows, and feasts, to playes, and church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new tyres too, to see, and to be seene. In these places a man shall find whom to loue, whom to play with, whom to touch once, whom to hold euer. The varietie arrests his iudgement. A wench to please a man comes not downe dropping from the seeling, as he lyes on his backe droning a tobacco pipe. He must goe where shee is.

DAV. Yes, and be neuer the neere.

TRV. Out heretique. That diffidence makes thee worthy it should bee so.

CLE. He sayes true to you, DAVPHINE.

DAV. Why?

TRV. A man should not doubt to ouer-come any woman. Thinke he can vanquish 'hem, and he shall: for though they denie, their desire is to be tempted. PENELOPE her selfe cannot hold out long. *Ostend*, you saw, was taken at last. You must perseuer, and hold to your purpose. They would sollicite vs, but that they are afraid. Howsoeuer, they wish in their hearts we should sollicite them. Praise 'hem, flatter 'hem, you shal neuer want eloquence, or trust: euen the chastest delight to feele themselues that way rub'd. With praises you must mixe kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Though they striue, they would bee ouer-come.

CLE. O, but a man must beware of force.

TRV. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesie. Shee that might haue beene forc'd, and you let her goe free without touching, though shee then seeme to thanke you, will euer hate you after: and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

CLE. But all women are not to be taken alwaies.

TRV. 'Tis true. No more then all birds, or all fishes. If you appeare learned to an ignorant wench, or iocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why shee presently begins to mistrust her selfe. You must approch them i' their owne height, their owne line: for the contrary makes many that feare to

commit

commit themſelues to noble and worthy fellowes, run into the imbraces of a raſcall. If ſhee loue wit, giue verſes, though you borrow 'hem of a friend, or buy 'hem, to haue good. If valour, talke of your ſword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be ſtaunch in fighting. If actiuitie, be ſeene o' your *barbary* often, or leaping ouer ſtooles, for the credit of your back. If ſhee loue good clothes or dreſſing, haue your learned counſell about you euery morning, your *french* taylor, barber, linnener, &c. Let your poulder, your glaſſe, and your combe, be your deareſt acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, then the ſafetie: and wiſh the common-wealth rather troubled, then a haire about you. That will take her. Then if ſhee be couetous and crauing, doe you promiſe any thing, and performe ſparingly: ſo ſhall you keepe her in appetite ſtill. Seeme as you would giue, but be like a barren field that yeelds little, or vnlucky dice, to fooliſh, and hoping gameſters. Let your gifts be ſlight, and daintie, rather then pretious. Let cunning be aboue coſt. Giue cherries at time of yeere, or apricots; and ſay they were ſent you out o' the countrey, though you bought 'hem in *Cheap-ſide*. Admire her tyres; like her in all faſhions; compare her in euery habit to ſome deitie; inuent excellent dreames to flatter her, and riddles; or, if ſhee bee a great one, performe alwaies the ſecond parts to her: like what ſhee likes, praiſe whom ſhe praiſes, and faile not to make the houſhold and ſeruants yours, yea the whole family, and ſalute 'hem by their names: ('tis but light coſt if you can purchaſe 'hem ſo) and make her phyſitian your penſioner, and her chiefe woman. Nor will it bee out of your gaine to make loue to her too, ſo ſhee follow, not vſher, her ladies pleaſure. All blabbing is taken away, when ſhee comes to be a part of the crime.

DAV. On what courtly lap haſt thou late ſlept, to come forth ſo ſudden and abſolute a courtling?

TRV. Good faith, I ſhould rather queſtion you, that are ſo harkning after theſe myſteries. I begin to ſuſpect your diligence, DAVPHINE. Speake, art thou in loue in earneſt?

DAV. Yes by my troth am I: 'twere ill diſſembling before thee.

TRV. With which of 'hem, I pray thee?

DAV. With all the collegiates.

CLE. Out on thee. Wee'll keepe you at home, beleeue it, i' the ſtable, and you be ſuch a ſtallion.

TRV. No. I like him well. Men ſhould loue wiſely, and all women: ſome one for the face, and let her pleaſe the eye; another for the skin, and let her pleaſe the touch; a third for the voice, and let her pleaſe the eare; and where the obiects mixe, let the ſenſes ſo too. Thou wouldſt thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould make 'hem all in loue with thee afore night!

DAV. I would ſay thou had'ſt the beſt *philtre* i' the world, and couldſt doe more then madame MEDEA, or Doctor FOREMAN.

TRV. If I doe not, let me play the mounte-banke for my meate while I liue, and the bawd for my drinke.

DAV. So be it, I ſay.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

OTTER, CLERIMONT, DAW, DAVPHINE, MOROSE, TRVE-WIT, LA-FOOLE, Mrs. OTTER.

O Lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I haue miſt you here!

CLE. Why, Captaine, what ſeruice? what ſeruice?

OTT. To ſee me bring vp my bull, beare, and horſe to fight.

DAW. Yes faith, the Captaine ſaies we ſhall be his dogs to baite 'hem.

DAV. A good imployment.

TRV. Come on, let's ſee a courſe then.

LA-F. I am afraid my couſin will be offended if ſhee come.

OTT. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I haue plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to giue 'hem the ſigne when you are ready. Here's my bull for my ſelfe, and my beare for ſir IOHN DAW, and my horſe for ſir AMOROVS. Now ſet your foot to mine, and yours to his, and——

LA-F. Pray god my couſin come not.

OTT. Saint GEORGE, and ſaint ANDREW, feare no couſins. Come, ſound, ſound. *Et rauco ſtrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

TRV. Well ſaid, Captaine, yfaith: well fought at the bull.

CLE. Well held at the beare.

TRV. Low, low, Captayne.

DAV. O, the horſe has kickt off his dog alreadie.

LA-F. I cannot drinke it, as I am a Knight.

TRV. Gods ſo, off with his ſpurres, ſome-body.

LA-F. It goes againe my conſcience. My couſin will bee angrie with it.

DAW. I ha' done mine.

TRV. You fought high and faire, ſir IOHN.

CLE. At the head.

DAV. Like an excellent beare-dog.

CLE. You take no notice of the buſineſſe, I hope.

DAW. Not a word, ſir, you ſee we are *iouiall.*

OTT. Sir AMOROVS, you muſt not æquiuocate. It muſt bee pull'd downe, for all my couſin.

CLE. Sfoot, if you take not your drinke, they'll thinke you are diſcontented with ſome thing: you'll betray all, if you take the leaſt notice.

LA-F. Not I, I'll both drinke, and talke then.

OTT. You muſt pull the horſe on his knees, ſir AMOROVS: feare no couſins. *Iacta eſt alea.*

TRV. O, now hee's in his vaine, and bold. The leaſt hint giuen him of his wife now, will make him raile deſperately.

CLE. Speake to him of her.

TRV.

TRV. Doe you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

DAV. Captaine hee-OTTER, your shee-OTTER is comming, your wife.

OTT. Wife! Buz. *Titiuilitium.* There's no such thing in nature. I confesse, gentlemen, I haue a cook, a laundresse, a house-drudge, that serues my necessary turnes, and goes vnder that title: But hee's an asse that will be so *vxorious*, to tie his affections to one circle. Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, repleniſh againe: another bout. Wiues are nasty sluttish *animalls.*

DAV. O, Captaine.

OTT. As euer the earth bare, *tribus verbis.* Where's master TRVE-WIT?

DAW. Hee's slipt aside, sir.

CLE. But you must drinke, and be *iouiall.*

DAW. Yes, giue it me.

LA-F. And me, too.

DAW. Let's be *iouiall.*

LA-F. As *iouiall* as you will.

OTT. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the beare, cousin, and sir IOHN DAW the horse, and I'll ha' the bull still. Sound *Tritons* o' the *Thames. Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero*———

MOR. Villaines, murderers, sonnes of the earth, and traitors, what doe you there? *Morose speakes from aboue: the trumpets sounding.*

CLE. O, now the trumpets haue wak'd him, we shall haue his companie.

OTT. A wife is a sciruy *clogdogdo*; an vnlucky thing, a very foresaid beare-whelpe, without any good fashion or breeding: *mala bestia.*

DAV. Why did you marry one then, Captaine? *His wife is brought out to beare him.*

OTT. A poxe—I married with sixe thousand pound, I. I was in loue with that. I ha' not kist my *furie*, these fortie weekes.

CLE. The more to blame you, Captaine.

TRV. Nay, mistris OTTER, heare him a little first.

OTT. Shee has a breath worse then my grand-mothers, *profecto.*

Mrs. OT. O treacherous lyar. Kisse mee, sweet master TRVE-WIT, and proue him a slaundering knaue.

TRV. I'll rather beleeue you, lady.

OTT. And shee has a perruke, that's like a pound of hempe, made vp in shoo-thrids.

Mrs. OT. O viper, mandrake!

OTT. A most vile face! and yet shee spends me fortie pound a yeere in *mercury*, and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made i' the Blacke-*Friers*: both her eye-browes i' the *Strand*, and her haire in *Siluer-street.* Euery part o' the towne owns a peece of her.

Mrs. OT. I cannot hold.

OTT. She takes her selfe asunder still when she goes to bed, into some

twentie boxes; and about next day noone is put together againe, like a great *Germane* clocke: and ſo comes forth and rings a tedious larum to the whole houſe, and then is quiet againe for an houre, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, gentlemen?

Shee falls vpon him and beates him.

Mrs. Ot. No, ſir, I'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

Ott. O, hold, good Princeſſe.

Trv. Sound, ſound.

Cle. A battell, a battell.

Mrs. Ot. You notorious ſtinkardly beareward, do's my breath ſmell?

Ott. Vnder correction, deare Princeſſe: looke to my beare, and my horſe, gentlemen.

Mrs. Ot. Doe I want teeth, and eye-browes, thou bull-dog?

Trv. Sound, ſound ſtill.

Ott. No, I proteſt, vnder correction———

Mrs. Ot. I, now you are vnder correction, you proteſt: but you did not proteſt before correction, ſir. Thou Ivdas, to offer to betray thy Princeſſe! I'll make thee an example———

Moroſe deſcends with a long ſword.

Mor. I will haue no ſuch examples in my houſe, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Ah———

Mor. Mrs. Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my dores, you ſonnes of noiſe and tumult, begot on an ill *May*-day, or when the Gally-foiſt is a-floate to *Weſtminſter*! A trumpetter could not be conceiu'd, but then!

Dav. What ailes you, ſir?

Mor. They haue rent my roofe, walls, and all my windores aſunder, with their brazen throates.

Trv. Beſt follow him, Davphine.

Dav. So I will.

Cle. Where's Daw, and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, ſir. Good gentlemen, helpe to pacifie my Princeſſe, and ſpeake to the great ladies for me. Now muſt I goe lie with the beares this fortnight, and keepe out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this ſcandale ſhee has taken. Did you not ſee my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captayne?

Trv. No: but he may make a new one, by that, is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. And you come ouer, gentlemen, and aske for Tom Otter, wee'll goe downe to *Ratcliffe*, and haue a courſe yfaith: for all theſe diſaſters. There's *bona ſpes* left.

Trv. Away, Captaine, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Trv. You had neuer beene, vnleſſe wee had put his wife vpon him. His humour is as tedious at laſt, as it was ridiculous at firſt.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

HAVGHTY, Mrs. OTTER, MAVIS, DAW, LA-FOOLE, CENTAVRE, EPICOENE, TRVE-WIT, CLERIMONT.

WE wondred why you shreek'd so, Mrs. OTTER.

Mrs. OT. O god, madame, he came downe with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure, hee's beside himselfe.

MAV. Why what made you there, mistris OTTER?

Mrs. OT. Alas, mistris MAVIS, I was chastising my subiect, and thought nothing of him.

DAW. Faith, mistris, you must doe so too. Learne to chastise. Mistris OTTER corrects her husband so, hee dares not speake, but vnder correction.

LA-F. And with his hat off to her: 'twould doe you good to see.

HAV. In sadnesse 'tis good, and mature counsell; practise it, MOROSE. I'll call you MOROSE still now, as I call CENTAVRE, and MAVIS: we foure will be all one.

CEN. And you'll come to the colledge, and liue with vs?

HAV. Make him giue milke, and hony.

MAV. Looke how you manage him at first, you shall haue him euer after.

CEN. Let him allow you your coach, and foure horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-vsher, your *french* cooke, and foure groomes.

HAV. And goe with vs, to *Bed'lem*, to the *China* houses, and to the *Exchange*.

CEN. It will open the gate to your fame.

HAV. Here's CENTAVRE has immortaliz'd her selfe, with taming of her wilde male.

MAV. I, shee has done the miracle of the kingdome.

EPI. But ladies, doe you count it lawfull to haue such pluralitie of seruants, and doe 'hem all graces?

HAV. Why not? why should women denie their fauours to men? Are they the poorer, or the worse?

DAW. Is the *Thames* the lesse for the *dyers* water, mistris?

LA-F. Or a torch, for lighting many torches?

TRV. Well said, LA-FOOLE; what a new one he has got!

CEN. They are emptie losses, women feare, in this kind.

HAV. Besides, ladies should be mindfull of the approach of age, and let no time want his due vse. The best of our daies passe first.

MAV. We are riuers, that cannot be call'd backe, madame: shee that

now

now excludes her louers, may liue to lie a forsaken beldame, in a frozen bed.

CEN. 'Tis true, MAVIS: and who will wait on vs to coach then? or write, or tell vs the newes then? Make *anagrammes* of our names, and inuite vs to the cock-pit, and kisse our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honors?

HAV. Not one.

DAW. Nay, my mistris is not altogether vn-intelligent of these things; here be in presence haue tasted of her fauours.

CLE. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

EPI. But not with intent to boast 'hem againe, seruant. And haue you those excellent receits, madame, to keepe your selues from bearing of children?

HAV. O yes, MOROSE. How should we maintayne our youth and beautie, else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the earth barren.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

MOROSE, DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT, EPICOENE, CLERIMONT, DAW, HAVGHTY, LA-FOOLE, CENTAVRE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, TRVSTY.

O My cursed angell, that instructed me to this fate!

DAV. Why, sir?

MOR. That I should bee seduc'd by so foolish a deuill, as a barber will make!

DAV. I would I had beene worthy, sir, to haue partaken your counsell, you should neuer haue trusted it to such a minister.

MOR. Would I could redeeme it with the losse of an eye (nephew) a hand, or any other member.

DAV. Mary, god forbid, sir, that you should geld your selfe, to anger your wife.

MOR. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supererogatorie penance, in a bellfry, at *Westminster*-hall, i' the cock-pit, at the fall of a stagge; the tower-wharfe (what place is there else?) *London*-bridge, *Paris*-garden, *Belins*-gate, when the noises are at their height and lowdest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and target!

DAV. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good vncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worne too now.

MOR. O, 'twill bee so for euer, nephew, I foresee it, for euer. Strife and tumult are the dowrie that comes with a wife.

TAV. I told you so, sir, and you would not beleeue me.

MOR.

MOR. Alas, doe not rub those wounds, master TRVE-WIT, to bloud againe: 'twas my negligence. Adde not affliction to affliction. I haue perceiu'd the effect of it, too late, in madame OTTER.

EPI. How doe you, sir?

MOR. Did you euer heare a more vnnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I doe as you see, Empresse, Empresse.

EPI. You are not well, sir! you looke very ill! something has distempered you.

MOR. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! would not one of these haue seru'd? doe you thinke, sir? would not one of these haue seru'd?

TRV. Yes, sir, but these are but notes of female kindnesse, sir: certaine tokens that shee has a voice, sir.

MOR. O, is't so? come, and 't be no otherwise—— what say you?

EPI. How doe you feele your selfe, sir?

MOR. Againe, that!

TRV. Nay, looke you, sir: you would be friends with your wife vpon vn-conscionable termes, her silence——

EPI. They say you are run mad, sir.

MOR. Not for loue, I assure you, of you; doe you see?

EPI. O lord, gentlemen! Lay hold on him for gods sake: what shal I doe? who's his physitian (can you tel) that knowes the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good sir, speake. I'll send for one of my doctors else.

MOR. What, to poyson me, that I might die intestate, and leaue you possest of all?

EPI. Lord, how idly he talkes, and how his eyes sparkle! He lookes greene about the temples! Doe you see what blue spots he has?

CLE. I, it's melancholy.

EPI. Gentlemen, for heauens sake counsell me. Ladies! Seruant, you haue read PLINY, and PARACELSVS: Ne're a word now to comfort a poore gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I to marry a distracted man?

DAW. I'll tell you, mistris——

TRV. How rarely shee holds it vp!

MOR. What meane you, gentlemen?

EPI. What will you tell me, seruant?

DAW. The disease in *Greeke* is called *Mania*, in *Latine*, *Insania, Furor, vel Ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *Egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico, euadit fanaticus*.

MOR. Shall I haue a lecture read vpon me aliue?

DAW. But he may be but *Phreneticus*, yet, mistris? and *Phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so——

EPI. I, that is for the disease, seruant: but what is this to the cure? we are sure inough of the disease.

MOR. Let me goe.

TRV.

TRV. Why, wee'll intreat her to hold her peace, sir.

MOR. O, no. Labour not to stop her. Shee is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force, when shee opens againe.

HAV. I'll tell you, MOROSE, you must talke diuinitie to him altogether, or morall philosophie.

LA-F. I, and there's an excellent booke of morall philosophie, madame, of RAYNARD the foxe, and all the beasts, call'd, DONES philosophie.

CEN. There is, indeed, sir AMOROVS LA-FOOLE.

MOR. O miserie!

LA-F. I haue read it, my lady CENTAVRE, all ouer to my cousin, here.

Mrs OT. I, and 'tis a very good booke as any is, of the Modernes.

DAW. Tut, hee must haue SENECA read to him, and PLVTARCH, and the Ancients; the Modernes are not for this disease.

CLE. Why, you discommended them too, to day, sir IOHN.

DAW. I, in some cases: but in these they are best, and ARISTOTLES *Ethicks*.

MAV. Say you so, sir IOHN? I thinke you are deceiu'd: you tooke it vpon trust.

HAV. Where's TRVSTY, my woman? I'll end this difference. I pr'ythee, OTTER, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me.

MOR. I thinke so. Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremonie, which I must endure.

HAV. And one of 'hem (I know not which) was cur'd with the *Sickmans salue*; and the other with GREENES *groates-worth of wit*.

TRV. A very cheape cure, madame.

HAV. I, it's very fæsible.

Mrs. OT. My lady call'd for you, mistris TRVSTY: you must decide a controuersie.

HAV. O TRVSTY, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cur'd with the *Sicke-mans salue?*

TRVS. My mother, madame, with the *salue*.

TRV. Then it was the *Sicke-womans salue*.

TRVS. And my father with the *Groates-worth of wit*. But there was other meanes vs'd: we had a Preacher that would preach folke asleepe still; and so they were prescrib'd to goe to church, by an old woman that was their physitian, thrise a weeke———

EPI. To sleepe?

TRVS. Yes forsooth: and euery night they read themselues asleepe on those bookes.

EPI. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those bookes.

MOR. Oh.

LA-F.

LA-F. I can helpe you with one of 'hem, mistris MOROSE, the *greatsworth of wit.*

EPI. But I shall disfurnish you, sir AMOROVS: can you spare it?

LA-F. O, yes, for a weeke, or so; I'll reade it my selfe to him.

EPI. No, I must doe that, sir: that must be my office.

MOR. Oh, oh!

EPI. Sure, he would doe well inough, if he could sleepe.

MOR. No, I should doe well inough, if you could sleepe. Haue I no friend that will make her drunke? or giue her a little *ladanum*? or *opium*?

TRV. Why, sir, shee talkes ten times worse in her sleepe.

MOR. How!

CLE. Doe you not know that, sir? neuer ceases all night.

TRV. And snores like a *porcpisce.*

MOR. O, redeeme me, fate, redeeme me, fate. For how many causes may a man be diuorc'd, nephew?

DAV. I know not truely, sir.

TRV. Some Diuine must resolue you in that, sir, or canon-Lawyer.

MOR. I will not rest, I will not thinke of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

CLE. Alas, poore man.

TRV. You'll make him mad indeed, ladies, if you pursue this.

HAV. No, wee'll let him breathe, now, a quarter of an houre, or so.

CLE. By my faith, a large truce.

HAV. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

DAW. It is his nephew, madame.

LA-F. Sir DAVPHINE EVGENIE.

CEN. He lookes like a very pittifull knight——

DAW. As can be. This marriage, has put him out of all.

LA-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madame——

DAW. He is readie to crie all this day.

LA-F. A very sharke, he set me i' the nicke t'other night at *primero.*

TRV. How these swabbers talke!

CLE. I, OTTERS wine has swell'd their humours aboue a springtide.

HAV. Good MOROSE, let's goe in againe. I like your couches exceeding well: wee'll goe lie, and talke there.

EPI. I wait on you, madame.

TRV. 'Slight, I wil haue 'hem as silent as Signes, & their posts too, e're I ha' done. Doe you heare, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of DAVPHINE within: but praise him exceedingly. Magnifie him with all the height of affection thou canst. (I haue some purpose in't) and but beate off these two rookes, IACK DAW, and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for euer.

EPI. I was about it, here. It angred mee to the soule, to heare 'hem be-

beginne to talke ſo malepert.

TRV. Pray thee performe it, and thou win'ſt mee an idolater to thee, euerlaſting.

EPI. Will you goe in, and heare me doe it?

TRV. No, I'll ſtay here. Driue 'hem out of your companie, 'tis all I aske: which cannot bee any way better done, then by extolling DAVPHINE, whom they haue ſo ſlighted.

EPI. I warrant you: you ſhall expect one of 'hem preſently.

CLE. What a caſt of kaſtrils are theſe, to hawke after ladies, thus?

TRV. I, and ſtrike at ſuch an eagle as DAVPHINE.

CLE. He will be mad, when we tell him. Here he comes.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

CLERIMONT, TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, DAW, LA-FOOLE.

O Sir, you are welcome.

TRV. Where's thine vncle?

DAV. Run out o' dores in's night-caps, to talke with a *Caſuiſt* about his diuorce. It workes admirably.

TRV. Thou would'ſt ha' ſaid ſo, and thou had'ſt beene here! The ladies haue laught at thee, moſt *comically*, ſince thou wentſt, DAVPHINE.

CLE. And askt, if thou wert thine vncles keeper?

TRV. And the brace of Babouns anſwer'd, yes; and ſaid, thou wert a pittifull poore fellow, and did'ſt liue vpon poſts: and had'ſt nothing but three ſutes of apparell, and ſome few beneuolences that lords ga' thee to foole to 'hem, and ſwagger.

DAV. Let me not liue, I'll beate 'hem. I'll binde 'hem both to grand Madames bed-poſtes, and haue 'hem bayted with monkeyes.

TRV. Thou ſhalt not need, they ſhall be beaten to thy hand, DAVPHINE. I haue an execution to ſerue vpon 'hem, I warrant thee ſhall ſerue: truſt my plot.

DAV. I, you haue many plots! So you had one, to make all the wenches in loue with me.

TRV. Why, if I doe not yet afore night, as neere as 'tis; and that they doe not euery one inuite thee, and be ready to ſcratch for thee: take the morgage of my wit.

CLE. 'Fore god, I'll be his witneſſe; thou ſhalt haue it, DAVPHINE: thou ſhalt be his foole for euer, if thou doeſt not.

TRV. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill bee the better eſtate. Doe you obſerue this gallerie? or rather lobby, indeed? Here are a couple of ſtudies, at each end one: here will I act ſuch a *tragi-comœdy* betweene the *Guelphes*, and the *Ghibellines*, DAW and LA-FOOLE—which of 'hem comes out firſt, will I

ſeize

seize on: (you two shall be the *chorus* behind the arras, and whip out betweene the *acts*, and speake.) If I doe not make 'hem keepe the peace, for this remnant of the day, if not of the yeere, I haue faild once——I heare DAW comming: Hide, and doe not laugh, for gods sake.

DAW. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

TRV. O, IACK DAW! I am glad I haue met with you. In good faith, I must haue this matter goe no furder betweene you. I must ha' it taken vp.

DAW. What matter, sir? Betweene whom?

TRV. Come, you disguise it—Sir AMOROVS and you. If you loue me IACK, you shall make vse of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliuer me your sword. This is not the wedding the CENTAVRES were at, though there be a shee-one here. The bride has entreated me I will see no bloud shed at her bridall, you saw her whisper me ere-while.

DAW. As I hope to finish TACITVS, I intend no murder.

TRV. Doe you not wait for sir AMOROVS?

DAW. Not I, by my knight-hood.

TRV. And your schollership too?

DAW. And my schollership too.

TRV. Goe to, then I returne you your sword, and aske you mercy; but put it not vp, for you will be assaulted. I vnderstood that you had apprehended it, and walkt here to braue him: and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honor.

DAW. No, no, no such thing I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

TRV. Trust not you to that visor. I saw him since dinner with another face: I haue knowne many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses, but so offended a wight as sir AMOROVS, did I neuer see, or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to day, that's the cause: and hee declares it behind your backe, with such threatnings and contempts—He said to DAVPHINE, you were the errandst asse——

DAW. I, he may say his pleasure.

TRV. And sweares, you are so protested a coward, that hee knowes you will neuer doe him any manly or single right, and therefore hee will take his course.

DAW. I'll giue him any satisfaction, sir—but fighting.

TRV. I, sir, but who knowes what satisfaction hee'll take? bloud he thirsts for, and bloud he will haue: and where-abouts on you he will haue it, who knowes, but himselfe?

DAW. I pray you, master TRAVE-WIT, be you a mediator.

TRV. Well, sir, conceale your selfe then in this studie, till I returne. *He puts him vp.* Nay, you must bee content to bee lock'd in: for, for mine owne reputation I would not haue you seene to receiue a publique disgrace, while I haue the matter in managing. Gods so, here hee comes: keepe your

breath close, that hee doe not heare you sigh. In good faith, sir AMOROVS, hee is not this way, I pray you bee mercifull, doe not murder him; hee is a christian as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought a reuenge on all his race. Good DAVPHINE, get him away from this place. I neuer knew a mans choller so high, but hee would speake to his friends, hee would heare reason. IACK DAW, IACK DAW! a-sleepe?

DAW. Is he gone, master TRVE-WIT?

TRV. I, did you heare him?

DAW. O god, yes.

TRV. What a quick eare feare has?

DAW. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

TRV. Arm'd? did you euer see a fellow, set out to take possession?

DAW. I, sir.

TRV. That may giue you some light, to conceiue of him: but 'tis nothing to the principall. Some false brother i' the house has furnish'd him strangely. Or, if it were out o' the house, it was TOM OTTER.

DAW. Indeed, hee's a Captayne, and his wife is his kinswoman.

TRV. Hee has got some-bodies old two-hand-sword, to mow you off at the knees. And that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger!—but then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, peitronells, calliuers, and muskets, that he lookes like a Iustice of peace's hall: a man of two thousand a yeere, is not sess'd at so many weapons, as he has on. There was neuer fencer chalenge'd at so many seuerall foiles. You would thinke hee meant to murder all Saint PVLCHRES parish. If hee could but victuall himselfe for halfe a yeere, in his breeches, hee is sufficiently arm'd to ouer-runne a countrie.

DAW. Good lord, what meanes he, sir! I pray you, master TRVE-WIT, be you a mediator.

TRV. Well, I'll trie if he will be appeas'd with a leg or an arme, if not, you must die once.

DAW. I would be loth to loose my right arme, for writing *madrigalls*.

TRV. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You must thinke, I'll doe my best.

DAW. Good sir, doe.

He puts him vp againe, and then came forth.

CLE. What hast thou done?

TRV. He will let me doe nothing, man, he do's all afore me, he offers his left arme.

CLE. His left wing, for a IACK DAW.

DAV. Take it, by all meanes.

TRV. How! Maime a man for euer, for a iest? what a conscience hast thou?

DAV. 'Tis no losse to him: he has no employment for his armes, but to eate spoone-meate. Beside, as good maime his body as his reputation.

TRV. He is a ſcholler, and a *wit*, and yet he do's not thinke ſo. But he looſes no reputation with vs, for we all reſolu'd him an aſſe before. To your places againe.

CLE. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

TRV. Looke, you'll ſpoile all: theſe be euer your tricks.

CLE. No, but I could hit of ſome things that thou wilt miſſe, and thou wilt ſay are good ones.

TRV. I warrant you. I pray forbeare, I'll leaue it off, elſe.

DAV. Come away, CLERIMONT.

TRV. Sir AMOROVS!

LA-F. Maſter TRVE-WIT.

TRV. Whether were you going?

LA-F. Downe into the court, to make water.

TRV. By no meanes, ſir, you ſhall rather tempt your breeches.

LA-F. Why, ſir?

TRV. Enter here, if you loue your life.

LA-F. Why! why!

TRV. Queſtion till your throat bee cut, doe: dally till the enraged ſoule find you.

LA-F. Who's that?

TRV. DAW it is: will you in?

LA-F. I, I, I'll in: what's the matter?

TRV. Nay, if hee had beene coole inough to tell vs that, there had beene ſome hope to attone you, but he ſeemes ſo implacably enrag'd.

LA-F. 'Slight, let him rage. I'll hide my ſelfe.

TRV. Doe, good ſir. But what haue you done to him within, that ſhould prouoke him thus? you haue broke ſome ieſt vpon him, afore the ladies——

LA-F. Not I, neuer in my life, broke ieſt vpon any man. The bride was praiſing ſir DAVPHINE, and he went away in ſnuffe, and I followed him, vnleſſe he tooke offence at me, in his drinke ere while, that I would not pledge all the horſe full.

TRV. By my faith, and that may bee, you remember well: but hee walkes the round vp and downe, through euery roome o' the houſe, with a towell in his hand, crying, where's LA-FOOLE? who ſaw LA-FOOLE? and when DAVPHINE, and I, demanded the cauſe, wee can force no anſwere from him, but (ô reuenge, how ſweet art thou! I will ſtrangle him in this towell) which leads vs to coniecture, that the maine cauſe of his furie is for bringing your meate to day, with a towell about you, to his diſcredit.

LA-F. Like inough. Why, and he be angrie for that, I'll ſtay here, till his anger be blowne ouer.

TRV. A good becomming reſolution, ſir. If you can put it on o' the ſudden.

LA-F. Yes, I can put it on. Or, I'll away into the country preſently.

TRV. How will you get out o' the house, sir? Hee knowes you are i' the house, and hee'll watch you this seuen-night but hee'll haue you. Hee'll out-wait a sargeant for you.

LA-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

TRV. You must thinke, how to victuall your selfe in time, then.

LA-F. Why, sweet master TRVE-WIT, will you entreat my cousin OTTER, to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and a chamber pot.

TRV. A stoole were better, sir, of sir A-IAX his inuention.

LA-F. I, that will be better indeed: and a pallat to lie on.

TRV. O, I would not aduise you to sleepe by any meanes.

LA-F. Would you not, sir? why, then I will not.

TRV. Yet, there's another feare———

LA-F. Is there, sir? What is't?

TRV. No, he cannot breake open this dore with his foot, sure.

LA-F. I'll set my backe against it, sir. I haue a good backe.

TRV. But, then if he should batter.

LA-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll haue an action of batt'ry, against him.

TRV. Cast you the worst. He has sent for poulder alreadie, and what he will doe with it, no man knowes: perhaps blow vp the corner o' the house, where he suspects you are. Here he comes, in quickly. I protest, sir IOHN DAW, he is not this way: what will you doe? before god, you shall hang no *petarde* here. I'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I neuer knew one but would be satisfied. Sir AMOROVS, there's no standing out. He has made a *petarde* of an old brasse pot, to force your dore. Thinke vpon some satisfaction, or termes, to offer him.

He faines, as if one were present, to fright the other, who is run in to hide himselfe.

LA-F. Sir, I'll giue him any satisfaction. I dare giue any termes.

TRV. You'll leaue it to me, then?

LA-F. I, sir. I'll stand to any conditions.

He calls forth Clerimont, and Daupbine.

TRV. How now, what thinke you, sirs? wer't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most.

CLE. Yes, but this feares the braueſt: the other a whiniling dastard, IACK DAW! but LA-FOOLE, a braue heroique coward! and is afraid in a great looke, and a stout accent. I like him rarely.

TRV. Had it not beene pitty, these two should ha' beene conceal'd?

CLE. Shall I make a motion?

TRV. Briefly. For I must strike while 'tis hot.

CLE. Shall I goe fetch the ladies to the *catastrophe?*

TRV. Vmh? I, by my troth.

DAV. By no mortall meanes. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and erre still: thinke 'hem wits, and fine fellowes, as they haue done. 'Twere sinne to reforme them.

TRV. Well, I will haue 'hem fetch'd, now I thinke on't, for a priuate purpose of mine: doe, CLERIMONT, fetch 'hem, and discourse to hem all that's past, and bring 'hem into the gallery here.

DAV.

DAV. This is thy extreme vanitie, now: thou think'ſt thou wert vndone, if euery ieſt thou mak'ſt were not publiſh'd.

TRV. Thou ſhalt ſee, how vniuſt thou art, preſently. CLERIMONT, ſay it was DAVPHINE's plot. Truſt me not, if the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next roome, put it on, with this ſcarfe ouer thy face, and a cuſhion o' thy head, and bee ready when I call AMOROVS. Away——IOHN DAW.

DAW. What good newes, ſir.

TRV. Faith, I haue followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him, you were a knight, and a ſcholler; and that you knew fortitude did conſiſt *magis patiendo quam faciendo, magis ferendo quam feriendo.*

DAW. It doth ſo indeed, ſir.

TRV. And that you would ſuffer, I told him: ſo, at firſt he demanded, by my troth, in my conceipt, too much.

DAW. What was it, ſir.

TRV. Your vpper lip, and ſixe o' your fore-teeth.

DAW. 'Twas vnreaſonable.

TRV. Nay, I told him plainely, you could not ſpare 'hem all. So after long argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him downe to your two butter-teeth, and them he would haue.

DAW. O, did you ſo? why, he ſhall haue 'hem.

TRV. But he ſhall not, ſir, by your leaue. The concluſion is this, ſir, becauſe you ſhall be very good friends hereafter, and this neuer to bee remembred, or vp-braided; beſides, that he may not boaſt, he has done any ſuch thing to you in his owne perſon: hee is to come here in diſguiſe, giue you fiue kicks in priuate, ſir, take your ſword from you, and lock you vp in that ſtudie, during pleaſure. Which will be but a little while, wee'll get it releas'd preſently.

DAW. Fiue kicks? he ſhall haue ſixe, ſir, to be friends.

TRV. Beleeue mee, you ſhall not ouer-ſhoot your ſelfe, to ſend him that word by me.

DAW. Deliuer it, ſir. He ſhall haue it with all my heart, to be friends.

TRV. Friends? Nay, and he ſhould not be ſo, and heartily too, vpon theſe termes, he ſhall haue me to enemie while I liue. Come, ſir, beare it brauely.

DAW. O god, ſir, 'tis nothing.

TRV. True. What's ſixe kicks to a man, that reads SENECA?

DAW. I haue had a hundred, ſir.

TRV. Sir AMOROVS. No ſpeaking one to another, or rehearſing old matters. *Dauphine comes forth, and kicks him.*

DAW. One, two, three, foure, fiue. I proteſt, ſir AMOROVS, you ſhall haue ſixe.

TRV. Nay, I told you ſhould not talke. Come, giue him ſix, & he will needs. Your ſword. Now returne to your ſafe cuſtody: you ſhall preſently meet afore the ladies, and be the deareſt friends one to another—Giue me

the scarfe, now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, sir AMOROVS.

LA-F. What's here? A sword.

TRV. I cannot helpe it, without I should take the quarrell vpon my selfe: here he has sent you his sword——

LA-F. I'll receiue none on't.

TRV. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and breake your head in some few seuerall places against the hilts.

LA-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my owne bloud.

TRV. Will you not?

LA-F. No. I'll beat it against a faire flat wall, if that will satisfie him: If not, he shall beat it himselfe, for AMOROVS.

TRV. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man vnder-takes for you! I offered him another condition: Will you stand to that?

LA-F. I, what is't.

TRV. That you will be beaten, in priuate.

LA-F. Yes. I am content, at the blunt.

TRV. Then you must submit your selfe to bee hood-wink'd in this skarfe, and bee led to him, where hee will take your sword from you, and make you beare a blow, ouer the mouth, *gules*, and tweakes by the nose, *sans numbre*.

LA-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

TRV. That's for your good, sir: because, if hee should grow insolent vpon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope he will not doe) you might sweare safely and protest, hee neuer beat you, to your knowledge.

LA-F. O, I conceiue.

TRV. I doe not doubt, but you'll be perfect good friends vpon't, and not dare to vtter an ill thought one of another, in future.

LA-F. Not I, as god helpe me, of him.

TRV. Nor he of you, sir. If he should—— Come, sir. All hid, sir IOHN.

Dauphine enters to tweake him.

LA-F. Oh, sir IOHN, sir IOHN. Oh, ô-ô-ô-ô-ô-Oh——

TRV. Good, sir IOHN, leaue tweaking, you'll blow his nose off. 'Tis sir IOHN's pleasure, you should retire into the studie. Why, now you are friends. All bitternesse betweene you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, DAMON & PYTHIAS vpon't: and embrace with all the rankenesse of friendship that can be. I trust, wee shall haue 'hem tamer i' their language hereafter. DAVPHINE, I worship thee. Gods will, the ladies haue surpris'd vs!

All

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

HAVGHTY, CENTAVRE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, EPICOENE, TRVSTY, DAVPHINE, TRVE-WIT, &c.

Having discouerd part of the past scene, about.

CENTAVRE, how our iudgements were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

CEN. Nay, madame, MAVIS was more deceiu'd then we, 'twas her commendation vtter'd 'hem in the colledge.

MAV. I commended but their wits, madame, and their braueries. I neuer look'd toward their valours.

HAV. Sir DAVPHINE is valiant, and a wit too, it seemes?

MAV. And a brauerie too.

HAV. Was this his proiect?

Mrs. OT. So master CLERIMONT intimates, madame.

HAV. Good MOROSE, when you come to the colledge, will you bring him with you? He seemes a very perfect gentleman.

EPI. He is so, madame, beleeue it.

CEN. But when will you come, MOROSE?

EPI. Three or foure dayes hence, madame, when I haue got mee a coach, and horses.

HAV. No, to morrow, good MOROSE, CENTAVRE shall send you her coach.

MAV. Yes faith, doe, and bring sir DAVPHINE with you.

HAV. Shee has promis'd that, MAVIS.

MAV. He is a very worthy gentleman, in his exteriors, madame.

HAV. I, he showes he is iudiciall in his clothes.

CEN. And yet not so superlatiuely neat as some, madame, that haue their faces set in a brake!

HAV. I, and haue euery haire in forme!

MAV. That weare purer linnen then our selues, and professe more neatnesse, then the *french hermaphrodite!*

EPI. I ladies, they, what they tell one of vs, haue told a thousand, and are the only theeues of our fame: that thinke to take vs with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at vs vn-conscionably when they haue done.

HAV. But, sir DAVPHINES carelesnesse becomes him.

CEN. I could loue a man, for such a nose!

MAV. Or such a leg!

CEN. He has an exceeding good eye, madame!

MAV. And a very good lock!

CEN. Good MOROSE, bring him to my chamber first.

Mrs. OT. Please your honors, to meet at my house, madame?

TRV.

TRV. See, how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee.

HAV. You haue vnbrac'd our brace of knights, here, master TRVE-WIT.

TRV. Not I, madame, it was sir DAVPHINES ingine: who, if he haue disfurnish'd your ladiship of any guard, or seruice by it, is able to make the place good againe, in himselfe.

HAV. There's no suspition of that, sir.

CEN. God so, MAVIS, HAVGHTY is kissing.

MAV. Let vs goe too, and take part.

HAV. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discouerie of two such emptie caskets) to gaine the knowledge of so rich a mine of vertue, as sir DAVPHINE.

CEN. We would be al glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the colledge.

MAV. He cannot mixe with a sweeter societie, I'll propheſie, and I hope he himselfe will thinke so.

DAV. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady.

TRV. Did not I tell thee, DAVPHINE? Why, all their actions are gouerned by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they doe any thing: but as they are inform'd, beleeue, iudge, praise, condemne, loue, hate, and in æmulation one of another, doe all these things alike. Onely, they haue a naturall inclination swayes 'hem generally to the worst, when they are left to themselues. But, pursue it, now thou hast 'hem.

HAV. Shall we goe in againe, MOROSE?

EPI. Yes, madame.

CEN. Wee'll entreat sir DAVPHINES companie.

TRV. Stay, good madame, the inter-view of the two friends, PYLADES and ORESTES: I'll fetch 'hem out to you straight.

HAV. Will you, master TRVE-WIT?

DAV. I, but noble ladies, doe not confesse in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'hem any discouerie of their follies, that wee may see, how they will beare vp againe, with what assurance, and erection.

HAV. We will not, sir DAVPHINE.

CEN. MAV. Vpon our honors, sir DAVPHINE.

TRV. Sir AMOROVS, sir AMOROVS. The ladies are here.

LA-F. Are they?

TRV. Yes, but slip out by and by, as their backs are turn'd, and meet sir IOHN here, as by chance, when I call you. IACK DAW.

DAW. What say you, sir?

TRV. Whip out behind me suddenly: and no anger i' your lookes to your aduersarie. Now, now.

LA-F. Noble sir IOHN DAW! where ha' you beene?

DAW. To seeke you, sir AMOROVS.

LA-F. Me! I honor you.

DAW. I preuent you, sir.

CLE.

CLE. They haue forgot their rapiers!
TRV. O, they meet in peace, man.
DAV. Where's your sword, sir IOHN?
CLE. And yours, sir AMOROVS?
DAW. Mine! my boy had it forth, to mend the handle, eene now.
LA-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth.
DAV. Indeed, sir? How their excuses meet!
CLE. What a consent there is, i' the handles?
TRV. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you.
MRS. OT. O me! madame, he comes againe, the mad man, away.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

MOROSE, TRVE-WIT, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

He had found the two swords drawne within.

WHat make these naked weapons here, gentlemen?
TRV. O, sir! here hath like to been murder since you went! A couple of knights fallen out about the brides fauours: wee were faine to take away their weapons, your house had beene beg'd by this time else——
MOR. For what?
CLE. For man-slaughter, sir, as being accessary.
MOR. And, for her fauours?
TRV. I, sir, heretofore, not present. CLERIMONT, carry 'hem their swords, now. They haue done all the hurt they will doe.
DAV. Ha' you spoke with a lawyer, sir?
MOR. O, no! there is such a noyse i' the court, that they haue frighted mee home, with more violence then I went! such speaking, and counter-speaking, with their seuerall voyces of *citations*, *appellations*, *allegations*, *certificates*, *attachments*, *intergatories*, *references*, *conuictions*; and *afflictions* indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the noise here is silence too't! a kind of calme mid-night!
TRV. Why, sir, if you would be resolu'd indeed, I can bring you hether a very sufficient Lawyer, and a learned Diuine, that shall inquire into euery least scruple for you.
MOR. Can you, master TRVE-WIT?
TRV. Yes, and are very sober graue persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper, or two.
MOR. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust my selfe into your hands?
TRV. Alas, sir! your nephew, and I, haue beene asham'd, and oft-times mad since you went, to thinke how you are abus'd. Goe in, good sir, and lock your selfe vp til! we call you, wee'll tell you more anon, sir.
MOR. Doe your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I beleeue in you: and that deserues no delusion——

TRV.

TRV. You shall find none, sir: but heapt, heapt plentie of vexation.

DAV. What wilt thou doe now, WIT?

TRV. Recouer me hether OTTER, and the Barber, if you can, by any meanes, presently.

DAV. Why? to what purpose?

TRV. O, I'll make the deepest Diuine, and graueſt Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

DAV. Thou canst not man, these are waking dreames.

TRV. Doe not feare me. Clap but a ciuill gowne with a welt, o' the one; and a canonical cloake with sleeues, o' the other: and giue 'hem a few termes i' their mouthes, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parson, for this turne, as may be wish'd, trust not my election. And, I hope, without wronging the dignitie of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirths sake, to torment him. The Barber smatters *latin*, I remember.

DAV. Yes, and OTTER too.

TRV. Well then, if I make 'hem not wrangle out this case, to his no comfort, let me be thought a IACK DAW, or LA-FOOLE, or any thing worse. Goe you to your ladies, but first send for them.

DAV. I will.

Act V. *Scene* I.

LA-FOOLE, CLERIMONT, DAW, MAVIS.

WHere had you our swords, master CLERIMONT?

CLE. Why, DAVPHINE tooke 'hem from the mad-man.

LA-F. And he tooke 'hem from our boyes, I warrant you?

CLE. Very like, sir.

LA-F. Thanke you, good master CLERIMONT. Sir IOHN DAW, and I are both beholden to you.

CLE. Would I knew how to make you so, gentlemen.

DAW. Sir AMOROVS, and I are your seruants, sir.

MAV. Gentlemen, haue any of you a pen-and-inke. I would faine write out a riddle in *Italian*, for sir DAVPHINE, to translate.

CLE. Not I, in troth lady, I am no scriuener.

DAW. I can furnish you, I thinke, lady.

CLE. He has it in the haft of a knife, I beleeue!

LA-F. No, he has his boxe of instruments.

CLE. Like a surgean!

LA-F. For the *mathematiques*: his squire, his compasses, his brasse pens, and black-lead, to draw maps of euery place, and person, where he comes.

CLE. How, maps of persons!

LA-F.

LA-F. Yes, sir, of NOMENTACK, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldauia*, and of his mistris, mistris EPICŒNE.

CLE. Away! he has not found out her latitude, I hope.

LA-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

CLE. Faith, now we are in priuate, let's wanton it a little, and talke waggishly. Sir IOHN, I am telling sir AMOROVS here, that you two gouerne the ladies, where e're you come, you carry the feminine gender afore you.

DAW. They shall rather carry vs afore them, if they will, sir.

CLE. Nay, I beleeue that they doe, withall—But, that you are the prime-men in their affections, and direct all their actions———

DAW. Not I: sir AMOROVS is.

LA-F. I protest, sir IOHN is.

DAW. As I hope to rise i' the state, sir AMOROVS, you ha' the person.

LA-F. Sir IOHN, you ha' the person, and the discourse too.

DAW. Not I, sir. I haue no discourse—and then you haue actiuitie beside.

LA-F. I protest, sir IOHN, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I doe euery whit: and lift as many ioyn'd stooles, and leape ouer 'hem, if you would vse it———

CLE. Well, agree on't together knights; for betweene you, you diuide the kingdome, or common-wealth of ladies affections: I see it, and can perceiue a little how they obserue you, and feare you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

DAW. Faith, we haue seene somewhat, sir.

LA-F. That we haue—vellet petti-coates, & wrought smocks, or so.

DAW. I, and———

CLE. Nay, out with it, sir IOHN: doe not enuie your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you haue had the delight of tasting.

DAW. Why—a—doe you speake, sir AMOROVS.

LA-F. No, doe you, sir IOHN DAW.

DAW. I'faith, you shall.

LA-F. I'faith, you shall.

DAW. Why, we haue beene———

LA-F. In the great bed at *Ware* together in our time. On, sir IOHN.

DAW. Nay, doe you, sir AMOROVS.

CLE. And these ladies with you, Knights?

LA-F. No, excuse vs, sir.

DAW. We must not wound reputation.

LA-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath cost vs fifteene pound, when we came home.

CLE. Doe you heare, sir IOHN, you shall tell me but one thing truely, as you loue me.

DAW. If I can, I will, sir.

CLE.

CLE. You lay in the same house with the bride, here?

DAW. Yes, and conuerst with her hourely, sir.

CLE. And what humour is shee of? is shee comming, and open, free?

DAW. O, exceeding open, sir. I was her seruant, and sir AMOROVS was to be.

CLE. Come, you haue both had fauours from her? I know, and haue heard so much.

DAW. O, no, sir.

LA-F. You shall excuse vs, sir: we must not wound reputation.

CLE. Tut, shee is married, now; and you cannot hurt her with any report, and therefore speake plainely: how many times, yfaith? which of you lead first? Ha?

LA-F. Sir IOHN had her mayden-head, indeed.

DAW. O, it pleases him to say so, sir, but sir AMOROVS knowes what's what, as well.

CLE. Do'st thou yfaith, AMOROVS?

LA-F. In a manner, sir.

CLE. Why, I commend you lads. Little knowes *Don* Bride-groome of this. Nor shall he, for me.

DAW. Hang him, mad oxe.

CLE. Speake softly: here comes his nephew, with the lady HAVGHTY. Hee'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you looke not to him in time.

LA-F. Why, if he doe, wee'll fetch 'hem home againe, I warrant you.

Act V. *Scene* II.

HAVGHTY, DAVPHINE, CENTAVRE, MAVIS, CLERIMONT.

I Assure you, sir DAVPHINE, it is the price and estimation of your vertue onely, that hath embarqu'd me to this aduenture, and I could not but make out to tell you so; nor can I repent me of the act, since it is alwayes an argument of some vertue in our selues, that we loue and affect it so in others.

DAV. Your ladiship sets too high a price, on my weakenesse.

HAV. Sir, I can distinguish gemmes from peebles——

DAV. (Are you so skilfull in stones?)

HAV. And, howsoeuer I may suffer in such a iudgement as yours, by admitting equality of ranke, or societie, with CENTAVRE, or MAVIS——

DAV. You doe not, madame, I perceiue they are your mere foiles.

HAV. Then are you a friend to truth, sir. It makes mee loue you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensiue of an eminent perfection, but loue flat, and dully.

CEN. Where are you, my lady HAVGHTY?

HAV.

HAV. I come presently, CENTAVRE. My chamber, sir, my Page shall show you; and TRVSTY, my woman, shall be euer awake for you: you need not feare to communicate any thing with her, for shee is a FIDELIA. I pray you weare this iewell for my sake, sir DAVPHINE. Where's MAVIS, CENTAVRE?

CEN. Within, madame, a writing. I'll follow you presently. I'll but speake a word with sir DAVPHINE.

DAVP. With me, madame?

CEN. Good sir DAVPHINE, doe not trust HAVGHTY, nor make any credit to her, what euer you doe besides. Sir DAVPHINE, I giue you this caution, shee is a perfect courtier, and loues no body, but for her vses: and for her vses, shee loues all. Besides, her physitians giue her out to be none o' the cleerest, whether she pay 'hem or no, heau'n knowes: and she's aboue fiftie too, and pargets! See her in a fore-noone. Here comes MAVIS, a worse face then shee! you would not like this, by candle-light. If you'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an euening, I'll tell you more. Where's HAVGHTY, MAVIS?

MAV. Within, CENTAVRE.

CEN. What ha' you, there?

MAV. An *Italian* riddle for sir DAVPHINE, (you shall not see it yfaith, CENTAVRE.) Good sir DAVPHINE, solue it for mee. I'll call for it anon.

CLE. How now, DAVPHINE? how do'st thou quit thy selfe of these females?

DAVP. 'Slight, they haunt me like *fayries*, and giue me iewells here, I cannot be rid of 'hem.

CLE. O, you must not tell, though.

DAVP. Masse, I forgot that: I was neuer so assaulted. One loues for vertue, and bribes me with this. Another loues me with caution, and so would possesse me. A third brings me a riddle here, and all are iealous: and rale each at other.

CLE. A riddle? pray'le me see't? *Sir* DAVPHINE, *I chose this way of intimation for priuacie. The ladies here, I know, haue both hope, and purpose, to make a collegiate and seruant of you. If I might be so honor'd, as to appeare at any end of so noble a worke, I would enter into a fame of taking physique to morrow, and continue it foure or fiue dayes, or longer, for your visitation.* MAVIS. By my faith, a subtle one! Call you this a riddle? What's their plaine dealing, trow? *He reades the paper.*

DAVP. We lack TRVE-WIT, to tell vs that.

CLE. We lack him for somewhat else too: his Knights *reformados* are wound vp as high, and insolent, as euer they were.

DAVP. You iest.

CLE. No drunkards, either with wine or vanitie, euer confess'd such stories of themselues. I would not giue a flies leg, in ballance against all the womens reputations here, if they could bee but thought to speake

truth: and, for the bride, they haue made their *affidauit* againſt her directly——

DAVP. What, that they haue lyen with her?

CLE. Yes, and tell times, and circumſtances, with the cauſe why, and the place where. I had almoſt brought 'hem to affirme that they had done it, to day.

DAVP. Not both of 'hem.

CLE. Yes faith: with a ſooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' ſet it downe vnder their hands.

DAVP. Why, they will be our ſport, I ſee, ſtill! whether we will, or no.

Act V. *Scene* III.

TRVE-WIT, MOROSE, OTTER, CVTBERD, CLERIMONT, DAVPHINE.

O, Are you here? Come DAVPHINE. Goe, call your vncle preſently. I haue fitted my Diuine, & my Canoniſt, died their beards and all: the knaues doe not know themſelues they are ſo exalted, and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou ſhalt keepe one dore, and I another, and then CLERIMONT in the midſt, that he may haue no meanes of eſcape from their cauilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women (as I haue giuen the bride her inſtructions) to breake in vpon him, i' the *l'ennoy*. O, 'twill be full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, maſter Doctor, and maſter Parſon, looke to your parts now, and diſcharge 'hem brauely: you are well ſet forth, performe it as well. If you chance to be out, doe not confeſſe it with ſtanding ſtill, or humming, or gaping one at another: but goe on, and talke alowd, and eagerly, vſe vehement action, and onely remember your termes, and you are ſafe. Let the matter goe where it will: you haue many will doe ſo. But at firſt, bee very ſolemne, and graue like your garments, though you looſe your ſelues after, and skip out like a brace of iugglers on a table. Here hee comes! ſet your faces, and looke ſuperciliouſly, while I preſent you.

MOR. Are theſe the two learned men?

TRV. Yes, ſir, pleaſe you ſalute 'hem?

MOR. Salute 'hem? I had rather doe any thing, then weare out time ſo vnfruitfully, ſir. I wonder, how theſe common formes, as *god ſaue you*, and *you are well-come*, are come to be a habit in our liues! or, *I am glad to ſee you!* when I cannot ſee, what the profit can bee of theſe wordes, ſo long as it is no whit better with him, whoſe affaires are ſad, & grieuous, that he heares this ſalutation.

TRV. 'Tis true, ſir, wee'll goe to the matter then. Gentlemen, maſter Doctor, and maſter Parſon, I haue acquainted you ſufficiently with the buſines, for which you are come hether. And you are not now to enforme

your

your selues in the state of the question, I know, This is the gentleman, who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, beginne.

Ott. Please you, master Doctor.

Cvt. Please you, good master Parson.

Ott. I would heare the Canon-law speake first.

Cvt. It must giue place to positiue Diuinitie, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, doe not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arriue quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affoording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I loue not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my education, was wont to aduise mee, that I should alwayes collect, and contayne my mind, not suffring it to flow loosely; that I should looke to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not: embracing the one and eschewing the other. In short, that I should endeare my selfe to rest, and auoid turmoile: which now is growne to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your publike pleadings, or your places of noise; not that I neglect those things, that make for the dignitie of the common-wealth: but for the meere auoiding of clamors, & impertinencies of Orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a sutor to you. You doe not know in what a miserie I haue beene exercis'd this day, what a torrent of cuill! My very house turnes round with the tumult! I dwell in a wind-mill! The perpetuall motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Trv. Well, good master Doctor, will you breake the ice? master Parson will wade after.

Cvt. Sir, though vnworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet againe!

Cvt. Your question is, for how many causes a man may haue *diuortium legitimum*, a lawfull diuorce. First, you must vnderstand the nature of the word diuorce, *à diuertendo*——

Mor. No excursions vpon words, good Doctor, to the question briefly.

Cvt. I answere then, the Canon-law affords diuorce but in few cases, and the principall is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelue impediments (as we call 'hem) all which doe not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as wee say in the Canon-law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullitie therein*.

Mor. I vnderstood you, before: good sir, auoid your impertinencie of translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your fauour.

Mor. Yet more!

Trv. O, you must giue the learned men leaue, sir. To your impediments, master Doctor.

Cvt. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are seuerall *species*.

Cvt. I, as *error personæ*.

Ott. If you contract your selfe to one person, thinking her another.

Cvt. Then, *error fortunæ*.

Ott. If shee be a begger, and you thought her rich.

Cvt. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If shee proue stubborne, or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, sir, a lawfull impediment? One at once, I pray you gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cvt. Mr. Parson saies right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annull the contract: after marriage it is of no obstancy.

Trv. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fall'n from, by this time!

Cvt. The next is *conditio*: if you thought her free borne, and shee proue a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. I, but Mr. Doctor, those seruitudes are *sublatæ*, now, among vs christians.

Cvt. By your fauour, master Parson——

Ott. You shall giue me leaue, master Doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrell not in that question; it concernes not my case: passe to the third.

Cvt. Well then, the third is *votum*. If either partie haue made a vow of chastitie. But that practice, as master Parson said of the other, is taken away among vs, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*: if the persons be of kinne, within the degrees.

Ott. I: doe you know, what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir: they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cvt. But, there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*. If you were her god-father, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That *comment* is absurd, and superstitious, master Doctor. I cannot endure it. Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much a kinne in that, as god-fathers, and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controuersie, I neuer was a god-father, I neuer was a god-father in my life, sir. Passe to the next.

Cvt. The fift is *crimen adulterij*: the knowne case. The sixt, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion; haue you euer examin'd her what religion shee is of?

Mor. No, I would rather shee were of none, then bee put to the trouble of it!

Ott. You may haue it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no meanes, good sir, on, to the rest: shall you euer come to an end, thinke you?

Trv.

TRV. Yes, hee has done halfe, ſir. (On, to the reſt) be patient, and expect, ſir.

CVT. The ſeuenth is, *vis*: if it were vpon compulſion, or force.

MOR. O no, it was too voluntarie, mine: too voluntarie.

CVT. The eight is, *ordo*: if euer ſhee haue taken holy orders.

OTT. That's ſuperſtitious, too.

MOR. No matter, maſter Parſon: would ſhee would goe into a nunnerie yet.

CVT. The ninth is, *ligamen*: if you were bound, ſir, to any other before.

MOR. I thruſt my ſelfe too ſoone into theſe fetters.

CVT. The tenth is, *publica honeſtas*: which is *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

OTT. I, or *affinitas orta ex ſponſalibus*: and is but *leue impedimentum*.

MOR. I feele no aire of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

CVT. The eleuenth is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

OTT. Which is no leſſe *vera affinitas*, then the other, maſter Doctor.

CVT. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

OTT. You ſay right, venerable Doctor. And, *naſcitur ex eo, quod per coniugium duæ perſonæ efficiuntur vna caro*———

MOR. Hey-day, now they beginne.

CVT. I conceiue you, maſter Parſon. *Ita per fornicationem æque eſt verus pater, qui ſic generat*———

OTT. *Et vere filius qui ſic generatur*———

MOR. What's all this to me?

CLE. Now it growes warme.

CVT. The twelfth, and laſt is, *ſi forte coire nequibis*.

OTT. I, that is *impedimentum grauiſſimum*. It doth vtterly annull, and annihilate, that. If you haue *manifeſtam frigiditatem*, you are well, ſir.

TRV. Why, there is comfort come at length, ſir. Confeſſe your ſelfe but a man vnable, and ſhee will ſue to be diuorc'd firſt.

OTT. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & inſanabilis*, as *Paraliſis*, *Elephantiaſis*, or ſo———

DAV. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

OTT. You ſay troth, ſir, and as it is in the *canon*, maſter Doctor.

CVT. I conceiue you, ſir.

CLE. Before he ſpeakes.

OTT. That *a boy, or child, vnder yeeres, is not fit for marriage, becauſe he cannot reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes*———

TRV. Your *impotentes*, you whorſon Lobſter.

OTT. Your *impotentes*, I ſhould ſay, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

TRV. *Matrimonium*? Wee ſhall haue moſt vn-matrimoniall *latin*, with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

DAV. You put 'hem out, man.

CVT. But then there will ariſe a doubt, maſter Parſon, in our caſe,

post matrimonium: thât *frigiditate præditus* (doe you conceiue me, sir?)

Ott. Very well, sir.

Cvt. Who cannot *vti vxore pro vxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely *apostaticall*.

Cvt. You shall pardon me, master Parson, I can proue it.

Ott. You can proue a Will, master Doctor, you can proue nothing else. Do's not the verse of your owne *canon* say. *Hæc sociandæ vetant connubia, facta retractant*———

Cvt. I grant you, but how doe they *retractare*, master Parson?

Mor. (O, this was it, I fear'd.)

Ott. In *æternum*, sir.

Cvt. That's false in diuinitie, by your fauour.

Ott. 'Tis false in humanitie, to say so. Is hee not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datam*? I would faine know.

Cvt. Yes: how if he doe *conualere*?

Ott. He can not *conualere*, it is impossible.

Trv. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men, they'll thinke you neglect 'hem else.

Cvt. Or, if he doe *simulare* himselfe *frigidum, odio vxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus*, then.

Davp. (They dispute it very learnedly, yfaith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor vxoris*, and this is positiue.

Mor. Good sir, let me escape.

Trv. You will not doe me that wrong, sir?

Ott. And therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir——

Cvt. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you——

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cvt. And mine too.

Trv. Nay, heare the conclusion, sir.

Ott. Then, *frigiditatis causa*——

Cvt. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*——

Mor. O, mine eares!

Ott. Shee may haue *libellum diuortij*, against you.

Cvt. I, *diuortij libellum* shee will sure haue.

Mor. Good *eccho's*, forbeare.

Ott. If you confesse it.

Cvt. Which I would doe, sir——

Mor. I will doe any thing——

Ott. And cleere my selfe in *foro conscientiæ*——

Cvt. Because you want indeed——

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi potestate*.

Act v. *Scene* iiii.

EPICOENE, MOROSE, HAVGHTY, CENTAVRE, MAVIS, Mrs. OTTER, DAW, TRVE-WIT, DAVPHINE, CLERIMONT, LA-FOOLE, OTTER, CVTBERD.

I Will not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beſeech you helpe me. This is ſuch a wrong, as neuer was offer'd to poore bride before. Vpon her marriage day, to haue her husband conſpire againſt her, and a couple of mercinarie companions, to be brought in for formes ſake, to perſwade a ſeparation! If you had bloud, or vertue in you, gentlemen, you would not ſuffer ſuch eare-wigs about a husband, or ſcorpions, to creep between man and wife———

MOR. O, the varietie and changes of my torment!

HAV. Let 'hem be cudgell'd out of dores, by our groomes.

CEN. I'll lend you my foot-man.

MAV. Wee'll haue our men blanket 'hem i' the hall.

Mrs. OT. As there was one, at our houſe, madame, for peeping in at the dore.

DAW. Content, yfaith.

TRV. Stay, ladies, and gentlemen, you'll heare, before you proceed?

MAV. I'lld ha' the bride-groome blanketted, too.

CEN. Beginne with him firſt.

HAV. Yes, by my troth.

MOR. O, mankind generation!

DAVP. Ladies, for my ſake forbeare.

HAV. Yes, for ſir DAVPHINES ſake.

CEN. He ſhall command vs.

LA-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his inches, madame, as any is about the towne, and weares as good colours when he liſt.

TRV. Be briefe, ſir, and confeſſe your infirmitie, ſhee'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if ſhee but heare that nam'd once, you ſhall not entreat her to ſtay. Shee'll flie you, like one that had the marks vpon him.

MOR. Ladies, I muſt craue all your pardons———

TRV. Silence, ladies.

MOR. For a wrong I haue done to your whole ſexe, in marrying this faire, and vertuous gentlewoman———

CLE. Heare him, good ladies.

MOR. Being guiltie of an infirmitie, which before I confer'd with theſe learned men, I thought I might haue conceal'd———

TRV. But now being better inform'd in his conſcience by them, hee is to declare it, & giue ſatisfaction, by asking your publique forgiueneſſe.

MOR.

MOR. I am no man, ladies.

ALL. How!

MOR. Vtterly vn-abled in nature, by reason of *frigidity*, to performe the duties, or any the least office of a husband.

MAV. Now, out vpon him, prodigious creature!

CEN. Bride-groome vncarnate.

HAV. And would you offer it, to a young gentlewoman?

Mrs. OT. A lady of her longings?

EPI. Tut, a deuice, a deuice, this, it smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his owne.

TRV. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, you may haue him search'd.

DAW. As the custome is, by a iurie of physitians.

LA-F. Yes faith, 'twill be braue.

MOR. O me, must I vnder-goe that!

Mrs. OT. No, let women search him, madame: we can doe it our selues.

MOR. Out on me, worse!

EPI. No, ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

MOR. Worst of all!

CLE. Why, then 'tis no diuorce, Doctor, if shee consent not?

CVT. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte vxoris*, that wee grant *libellum diuortij*, in the law.

OTT. I, it is the same in *theologie*.

MOR. Worse, worse then worst!

TRV. Nay, sir, bee not vtterly dis-heartned, wee haue yet a small relique of hope left, as neere as our comfort is blowne out. CLERIMONT, produce your brace of Knights. What was that, master Parson, you told me *in errore qualitatis*, e'ne now? DAVPHINE, whisper the bride, that shee carry it as if shee were guiltie, and asham'd.

OTT. Mary sir, *in errore qualitatis* (which master Doctor did forbeare to vrge) if shee bee found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken vp, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a maid———

MOR. What then, sir?

OTT. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

TRV. If this be true, we are happy againe, sir, once more. Here are an honorable brace of Knights, that shall affirme so much.

DAW. Pardon vs, good master CLERIMONT.

LA-F. You shall excuse vs, master CLERIMONT.

CLE. Nay, you must make it good now, Knights, there is no remedie, I'll eate no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me?

DAW. Is this gentleman-like, sir?

TRV. IACK DAW, hee's worse then sir AMOROVS: fiercer a great deale. Sir AMOROVS, beware, there be ten DAWES in this CLERIMONT.

LA-F. I'll confesse it, sir.

DAW. Will you, sir AMOROVS? will you wound reputation?

LA-F. I am resolu'd.

TRV.

TRV. So should you be too, IACK DAW: what should keepe you off? shee is but a woman, and in disgrace. Hee'll be glad on't.

DAW. Will he? I thought he would ha' beene angrie.

CLE. You will dispatch, Knights, it must be done, yfaith.

TRV. Why, an' it must it shall, sir, they say. They'll ne're goe backe. Doe not tempt his patience.

DAW. It is true indeed, sir.

LA-F. Yes, I assure you, sir.

MOR. What is true gentlemen? what doe you assure me?

DAW. That we haue knowne your bride, sir———

LA-F. In good fashion. Shee was our mistris, or so———

CLE. Nay, you must be plaine, Knights, as you were to me.

OTT. I, the question is, if you haue *carnaliter*, or no.

LA-F. *Carnaliter?* what else, sir?

OTT. It is inough: a plaine *nullitie.*

EPI. I am vn-done, I am vn-done!

MOR. O, let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

EPI. I am vn-done!

MOR. Yes, to my hand, I thanke these Knights: master Parson, let me thanke you otherwise.

CEN. And, ha' they confess'd?

MAV. Now out vpon 'hem, informers!

TRV. You see, what creatures you may bestow your fauours on, madames.

HAV. I would except against 'hem as beaten Knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mr. OT. Poore gentlewoman, how shee takes it!

HAV. Be comforted, MOROSE, I loue you the better for't.

CEN. So doe I, I protest.

CVT. But gentlemen, you haue not knowne her, since *matrimonium?*

DAW. Not to day, master Doctor.

LA-F. No, sir, not to day.

CVT. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect: vnlesse, the worshipfull Bride-groome did precisely, before witnesse demand, if shee were *virgo ante nuptias.*

EPI. No, that he did not, I assure you, master Doctor.

CVT. If he cannot proue that, it is *ratum coniugium*, notwithstanding the premises. And they doe no way *impedire.* And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

OTT. I am of master Doctors resolution too, sir: if you made not that demand, *ante nuptias.*

MOR. O my heart! wilt thou breake? wilt thou breake? this is worst of all worst worsts! that hell could haue deuis'd! Marry a whore! and so much noise!

DAVP. Come, I see now plaine confederacie in this Doctor, and this Parson,

Parson, to abuse a gentleman. You studie his affliction. I pray' bee gone companions. And gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for hauing parts with 'hem. Sir, will it please you heare me?

MOR. O, doe not talke to me, take not from mee the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

DAVP. Sir, I must speake to you. I haue beene long your poore despis'd kinsman, and many a hard thought has strength'ned you against me: but now it shall appeare if either I loue you or your peace, and preferre them to all the world beside. I will not bee long or grieuous to you, sir. If I free you of this vnhappy match absolutely, and instantly after all this trouble, and almost in your despaire, now———

MOR. (It cannot be.)

DAVP. Sir, that you bee neuer troubled with a murmure of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserue of you?

MOR. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserue mee, and haue mee.

DAVP. Shall I haue your fauour perfect to me, and loue hereafter?

MOR. That, and any thing beside. Make thine owne conditions. My whole estate is thine. Manage it, I will become thy Ward.

DAVP. Nay, sir, I will not be so vn-reasonable.

EPI. Will sir DAVPHINE be mine enemie too?

DAVP. You know, I haue beene long a suter to you, vncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a yeere, you would allow me but fiue hundred during life, and assure the rest vpon me after: to which I haue often, by my selfe and friends tendred you a writing to signe, which you would neuer consent, or incline too. If you please but to effect it now—

MOR. Thou shalt haue it, nephew. I will doe it, and more.

DAVP. If I quit you not presently? and for-euer of this cumber, you shall haue power instantly, afore all these, to reuoke your act, and I will become, whose slaue you will giue me to, for-euer.

MOR. Where is the writing? I will seale to it, that, or to a blanke, and write thine owne conditions.

EPI. O me, most vnfortunate wretched gentlewoman!

HAV. Will sir DAVPHINE doe this?

EPI. Good sir, haue some compassion on me.

MOR. O, my nephew knowes you belike: away *crocodile.*

CEN. He do's it not sure, without good ground.

DAVP. Here, sir.

MOR. Come, nephew: giue me the pen. I will subscribe to any thing, and seale to what thou wilt, for my deliuerance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliuer it thee as my deed. If there bee a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthographie, I protest before——I will not take the aduantage.

He takes of Epicenes perruke.

DAVP. Then here is your release, sir; you haue married a boy: a gentlemans son, that I haue brought vp this halfe yeere, at my great charges, and for this composition, which I haue now made with you. What say you,

you, maſter Doctor? this is *iuſtum impedimentum*, I hope, *error perſonæ?*

OTT. Yes ſir, *in primo gradu.*

CVT. *In primo gradu.*

DAVP. I thanke you, good Doctor CVTBERD, and Parſon OTTER. You are beholden to 'hem, ſir, that haue taken this paines for you: and my friend, maſter TRVE-WIT, who enabled 'hem for the buſineſſe. Now you may goe in and reſt, be as priuate as you will, ſir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funerall, which I care not how ſoone it come. CVTBERD, I'll make your leaſe good. Thanke mee not, but with your leg, CVTBERD. And TOM OTTER, your Princeſſe ſhall be reconcil'd to you. How now, gentlemen! doe you looke at me?

He pulls of their beardes, and diſguiſe.

CLE. A boy.

DAVP. Yes, miſtris EPICOENE.

TRV. Well, DAVPHINE, you haue lurch'd your friends of the better halfe of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot! but much good doe it thee, thou deſeru'ſt it, lad. And CLERIMONT, for thy vnexpected bringing in theſe two to confeſſion, weare my part of it freely. Nay, ſir DAW, and ſir LA-FOOLE, you ſee the gentlewoman that has done you the fauours! we are all thankefull to you, and ſo ſhould the woman-kind here, ſpecially for lying on her, though not with her! You meant ſo, I am ſure? But, that we haue ſtuck it vpon you to day, in your own imagin'd perſons, and ſo lately; this *Amazon*, the champion of the ſexe, ſhould beate vou now thriftily, for the common ſlanders, which ladies receiue from ſuch cuckowes, as you are. You are they, that when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enioy their bodies, will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fame ſuffer. Away you common moths of theſe, and all ladies honors. Goe, trauaile to make legs and faces, and come home with ſome new matter to be laught at: you deſerue to liue in an aire as corrupted, as that wherewith you feed rumor. Madames, you are mute, vpon this new *metamorphoſis*! but here ſtands ſhee, that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of ſuch *inſectæ* hereafter. And let it not trouble you that you haue diſcouer'd any myſteries to this yong gentleman. He is (a'moſt) of yeeres, & will make a good viſitant within this twelue-month. In the meane time, wee'll all vndertake for his ſecrecie, that can ſpeake ſo well of his ſilence. Spectators, if you like this *comœdie*, riſe cheerefully, and now MOROSE is gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that noyſe will cure him, at leaſt pleaſe him.

THE END.

Parſon, to abuſe a gentleman. You ſtudie his affliction. I pray' bee gone companions. And gentlemen, I begin to ſuſpect you for hauing parts with 'hem. Sir, will it pleaſe you heare me?

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Davp. Sir, I muſt ſpeake to you. I haue beene long your poore deſpis'd kinſ-man, and many a hard thought has ſtrength'ned you againſt me: but now it ſhall appeare if either I loue you or your peace, and preferre them to all the world beſide. I will not bee long or grieuous to you, ſir. If I free you of this vnhappy match abſolutely, and inſtantly after all this trouble, and almoſt in your deſpaire, now———

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Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou ſhalt deſerue mee, and haue mee.

Davp. Shall I haue your fauour perfect to me, and loue hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beſide. Make thine owne conditions. My whole eſtate is thine. Manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Davp. Nay, ſir, I will not be ſo vn-reaſonable.

Epi. Will ſir Davphine be mine enemie too?

Davp. You know, I haue beene long a ſuter to you, vncle, that out of your eſtate, which is fifteen hundred a yeere, you would allow me but fiue hundred during life, and aſſure the reſt vpon me after: to which I haue often, by my ſelfe and friends tendred you a writing to ſigne, which you would neuer conſent, or incline too. If you pleaſe but to effect it now—

Mor. Thou ſhalt haue it, nephew. I will doe it, and more.

Davp. If I quit you not preſently? and for-euer of this cumber, you ſhall haue power inſtantly, afore all theſe, to reuoke your act, and I will become, whoſe ſlaue you will giue me to, for-euer.

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Hav. Will ſir Davphine doe this?

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Cen. He do's it not ſure, without good ground.

Davp. Here, ſir.

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THE END.

This Comoedie vvas first acted, in the yeere 1609.

By the Children of her Maieslies REVELLS.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD.	WILL. BARKSTED.
GIL. CARIE.	WILL. PEN.
HVG. ATTAWEL.	RIC. ALLIN.
IOH. SMITH.	IOH. BLANEY.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

THE ALCHEMIST.

A Comœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1610. By the Kings MAIESTIES Seruants.

The Author B. I.

LVCRET.

——petere inde coronam,
Vnde priùs nulli velarint tempora Muſæ.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

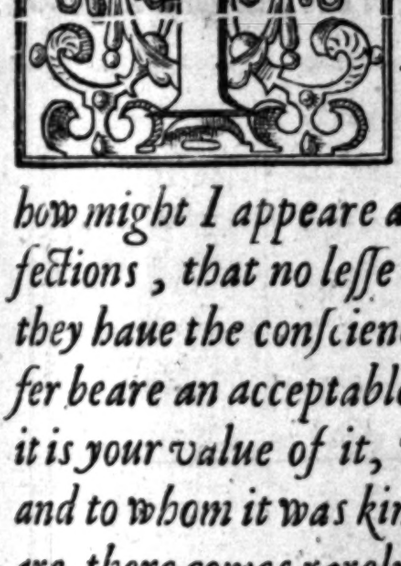
THE ALCHEMIST.

TO THE LADY, MOST DESERVING HER NAME, AND BLOVD:

Mary,

LA. WROTH.

MADAME,



N the age of ſacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatneſſe, & fat of the offrings, but in the deuotion, and zeale of the ſacrificers: Elſe, what could a handfull of gummes haue done in the ſight of a hecatombe*? or, how might I appeare at this altar, except with thoſe affections, that no leſſe loue the light and witneſſe, then they haue the conſcience of your vertue? If what I offer beare an acceptable odour, & hold the firſt ſtrength, it is your value of it, which remembers, where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwiſe, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing, ſo full of authoritie, or example, but by aſſiduitie and cuſtome, growes leſſe, and looſes. This, yet, ſafe in your iudgement (which is a* SIDNEYS) *is forbidden to ſpeake more; leſt it talke, or looke like one of the ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the leſſe themſelues.*

Your La:
true honorer,
BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

SVBTLE, *The Alchemist.*
FACE, *The house-keeper.*
DOL. COMMON, *Their Colleague.*
DAPPER, *A Clarke.*
DRVGGER, *A Tabacco-man.*
LOVE-WIT, *Master of the house.*
EPICVRE MAMMON, *A Knight.*
SVRLEY, *A Gamster.*
TRIBVLATION, *A Pastor of Amsterdã.*
ANANIAS, *A Deacon there.*
KASTRILL, *The angry Boy.*
DA. PLIANT, *His sister: A widdow.*

NEIGHBOVRS.

OFFICERS.

MVTES.

THE SCENE

LONDON.

The Alchemist.

THE ARGVMENT.

The ſickneſſe hot, a maſter quit, for feare,
His houſe in towne: and left one ſeruant there.
Eaſe him corrupted, and gaue meanes to know
A cheater, and his punque; who, now brought low,
Leauing their narrow practiſe, were become
Cos'ners at large: and, onely wanting ſome
Houſe to ſet vp, with him they here contract,
Each for a ſhare, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuſe,
In caſting figures, telling fortunes, newes,
Selling of flyes, flat bawdry, with the ſtone:
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

PROLOGVE.

FORTVNE, that fauours fooles, theſe two ſhort houres
We wiſh away; both for your ſakes, and ours,
Iudging Spectators: and deſire in place,
To th'Author iuſtice, to our ſelues but grace.
Our *Scene* is *London*, 'cauſe we would make knowne,
No countries mirth is better then our owne.
No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
Bawd, ſquire, impoſtor, many perſons more,

Whoſe manners, now call'd humors, feed the ſtage:
And which haue ſtill beene ſubiect, for the rage
Or ſpleene of *comick*-writers. Though this pen
Did neuer aime to grieue, but better men;
How e'er the age, he liues in, doth endure
The vices that ſhee breeds, aboue their cure.
But, when the wholſome remedies are ſweet,
And, in their working, gaine, and profit meet,
He hopes to find no ſpirit ſo much diſeas'd,
But will, with ſuch faire correctiues be pleas'd.
For here, he doth not feare, who can apply.
If there be any, that will ſit ſo nigh
Vnto the ſtreame, to looke what it doth run,
They ſhall find things, they'ld thinke, or wiſh, were done;
They are ſo naturall follies, but ſo ſhowne,
As euen the doers may ſee, and yet not owne.

Act I. *Scene* I.

FACE, SVBTLE, DOL Common.

BEleeu't, I will. SVB. Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
DOL. Ha' you your wits? Why gentlemen! for loue——
FAC. Sirrah, I'll ſtrip you—— SVB. What to doe? lick figs
Out at my—— FAC. Rogue, rogue, out of all your ſleights.
DOL. Nay, looke yee! Soueraigne, Generall, are you mad-men?
SVB. O, let the wild ſheepe looſe. Ile gumme your ſilkes
With good ſtrong water, an'you come. DOL. Will you haue
The neighbours heare you? Will you betray all?
Harke, I heare ſome body. FAC. Sirrah— SVB. I ſhall marre
All that the taylor has made, if you approch.
FAC. You moſt notorious whelpe, you inſolent ſlaue.
Dare you doe this? SVB. Yes faith, yes faith. FAC. Why! who
Am I, my mungrill? Who am I? SVB. I'll tell you,
Since you know not your ſelfe— FAC. Speake lower, rogue.
SVB. Yes. You were once (time's not long paſt) the good,
Honeſt, plaine, liuery-three-pound-thrum; that kept
Your maſters worſhips houſe, here, in the *friers*,
For the vacations— FAC. Will you be ſo lowd?
SVB. Since, by my meanes, tranſlated ſuburb-Captayne.
FAC. By your meanes, Doctor dog? SVB. Within mans memorie,
All this, I ſpeake of. FAC. Why, I pray you, haue I
Beene countenanc'd by you? or you, by me?
Doe but collect, ſir, where I met you firſt.
SVB. I doe not heare well. FAC. Not of this, I thinke it.

But

But I ſhall put you in mind, ſir, at *pie-corner*.
Taking your meale of ſteeme in, from cookes ſtalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walke
Piteouſly coſtiue, with your pinch'd-horne-noſe,
And your complexion, of the *romane* waſh,
Stuck full of black, and melancholique wormes,
Like poulder-cornes, ſhot, at th'*artillerie-yard*.
SVB. I wiſh, you could aduance your voice, a little.
FAC. When you went pinn'd vp, in the ſeuerall rags,
Yo'had rak'd, and pick'd from dung-hills, before day,
Your feet in mouldie ſlippers, for your kibes,
A felt of rugg, and a thin thredden cloake,
That ſcarce would couer your no-buttocks —— SVB. So, ſir!
FAC. When all your *alchemy*, and your *algebra*,
Your *mineralls*, *vegetalls*, and *animalls*,
Your coniuring, coſning, and your doſen of trades,
Could not relieue your corps, with ſo much linnen
Would make you tinder, but to ſee a fire;
I ga'you count'nance, credit for your coales,
Your ſtills, your glaſſes, your *materialls*,
Built you a fornace, drew you cuſtomers,
Aduanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beſide,
A houſe to practiſe in —— SVB. Your maſters houſe?
FAC. Where you haue ſtudied the more thriuing skill
Of bawdrie, ſince. SVB. Yes, in your maſters houſe.
You, and the rats, here, kept poſſeſſion.
Make it not ſtrange. I know, yo' were one, could keepe
The buttry-hatch ſtill lock'd, and ſaue the chippings,
Sell the dole-beere to *aqua-vitæ*-men,
The which, together with your *chriſt-maſſe* vailes,
At *poſt* and *paire*, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty ſtock, ſome twentie markes,
And gaue you credit, to conuerſe with cob-webs,
Here, ſince your miſtris death hath broke vp houſe.
FAC. You might talke ſoftlier, raskall. SVB. No, you *ſcarabe*,
I'll thunder you, in peeces. I will teach you
How to beware, to tempt a *furie* againe
That carries tempeſt in his hand, and voice.
FAC. The place has made you valiant. SVB. No, your clothes.
Thou vermine, haue I tane thee, out of dung,
So poore, ſo wretched, when no liuing thing
Would keepe thee companie, but a ſpider, or worſe?
Rais'd thee from broomes, and duſt, and watring pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I'th' *third region*, call'd our *ſtate of grace*?

Wrought

Wrought thee to *ſpirit*, to *quinteſſence*, with paines
Would twiſe haue won me the *philoſophers worke?*
Put thee in words, and faſhion? made thee fit
For more then ordinarie fellowſhips?
Giu'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimenſions?
Thy rules, to cheat at horſe-race, cock-pit, cardes,
Dice, or what euer gallant tincture, elſe?
Made thee a ſecond, in mine owne great art?
And haue I this for thanke? Doe you rebell?
Doe you flie out, i' the *proiection?*
Would you be gone, now? Dol. Gentlemen, what meane you?
Will you marre all? Svb. Slaue, thou hadſt had no name——
Dol. Will you vn-doe your ſelues, with ciuill warre?
Svb. Neuer beene knowne, paſt *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horſe-dung, vnder ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-houſe, darker then deafe Iohn's: beene loſt
To all mankind, but laundreſſes, and tapſters,
Had not I beene. Dol. Do'you know who heares you, Soueraigne?
Fac. Sirrah—— Dol. Nay, Generall, I thought you were ciuill——
Fac. I ſhall turne deſperate, if you grow thus lowd.
Svb. And hang thy ſelfe, I care not. Fac. Hang thee, colliar,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture I will,
Since thou haſt mou'd me.—— Dol. (O, this'll ore-throw all.)
Fac. Write thee vp bawd, in *Paules*; haue all thy tricks
Of coſning with a hollow cole, duſt, ſcrapings,
Searching for things loſt, with a ſiue, and ſheeres,
Erecting *figures*, in your rowes of *houſes*,
And taking in of ſhaddowes, with a glaſſe,
Told in red letters: And a face, cut for thee,
Worſe then Gamaliel Ratsey's. Dol. Are you ſound?
Ha' you your ſenſes, maſters? Fac. I will haue
A booke, but barely reckoning thy impoſtures,
Shall proue a true *philoſophers ſtone*, to printers.
Svb. Away, you trencher-raskall. Fac. Out you dog-leach,
The vomit of all priſons—— Dol. Will you be
Your owne deſtructions, gentlemen? Fac. Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heauy o' the basket. Svb. Cheater. (Witch. Dol. O me!
Fac. Bawd. Svb. Cow-herd. Fac. Coniurer. Svb. Cut-purſe. Fac.
We are ruin'd! loſt! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your iudgement? S'light,
Haue yet, ſome care of me, o' your *republique*——
Fac. Away this brach. I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The *ſtatute* of *ſorcerie*, *tricesimo tertio*,
Of Harry the eight: I, and (perhaps) thy necke
Within a nooze, for laundring gold, and barbing it.

Dol.

DOL. You'll bring your head within a cocks-combe, will you? *Shee catcheth out Face his ſword: and breakes Subtles glaſſe.*
And you, ſir, with your *menſtrue*, gather it vp.
S'death, you abominable paire of ſtinkards,
Leaue off your barking, and grow one againe,
Or, by the light that ſhines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey vnto the *marſhall*,
For ne're a ſnarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together coſſen'd all this while,
And all the world, and ſhall it now be ſaid
Yo' haue made moſt courteous ſhift, to coſen your ſelues?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the *ſtatute?* Who ſhall take your word?
A whore-ſonne, vpſtart, *apocryphall* captayne,
Whom not a puritane, in black-*friers*, will truſt
So much, as for a feather! And you, too,
Will giue the cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And claime a primacie, in the diuiſions?
You muſt be chiefe? as if you, onely, had
The poulder to proiect with? and the worke
Were not begun out of equalitie?
The venter *tripartite?* All things in common?
Without prioritie? S'death, you perpetuall curres,
Fall to your couples againe, and coſſen kindly,
And heartily, and louingly, as you ſhould,
And looſe not the beginning of a *terme*,
Or, by this hand, I ſhall grow factious too,
And, take my part, and quit you. FAC. 'Tis his fault,
He euer murmures, and obiects his paines,
And ſayes, the weight of all lyes vpon him.
SVB. Why, ſo it do's. DOL. How does it? Doe not we
Suſtaine our parts? SVB. Yes, but they are not equall.
DOL. Why, if your part exceed to day, I hope
Ours may, to morrow, match it. SVB. I, they may.
DOL. May, murmuring maſtiffe? I, and doe. Death on me!
Helpe me to thrattell him. SVB. DOROTHEE, miſtris DOROTHEE,
O'ds precious, I'll doe any thing. What doe you meane?
DOL. Becauſe o' your *fermentation*, and *cibation?*
SVB. Not I, by heauen— DOL. Your *Sol*, and *Luna*—helpe me.
SVB. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conforme my ſelfe.
DOL. Will you, ſir, doe ſo then, and quickly: ſweare.
SVB. What ſhould I ſweare? DOL. To leaue your faction, ſir.
And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.
SVB. Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beſide.
I onely vs'd thoſe ſpeeches, as a ſpurre
To him. DOL. I hope we need no ſpurres, ſir. Doe we?

FAC.

FAC. 'Slid, proue to day, who ſhall ſharke beſt. SVB. Agreed.
DOL. Yes, and worke cloſe, and friendly. SVB. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the ſtronger, for this breach, with me.
DOL. Why ſo, my good baboones! Shall we goe make
A ſort of ſober, ſciruy, preciſe neighbours,
(That ſcarſe haue ſmil'd twiſe, ſin' the king came in)
A feaſt of laughter, at our follies? raskalls,
Would runne themſelues from breath, to ſee me ride,
Or you t'haue but a hole, to thruſt your heads in,
For which you ſhould pay eare-rent? No, agree.
And may *Don Prouoſt* ride a feaſting, long,
In his old veluet ierken, and ſtayn'd ſcarfes,
(My noble Soueraigne, and worthy Generall)
Ere we contribute a new crewell garter
To his moſt worſted worſhip. SVB. Royall DOL!
Spoken like CLARIDIANA, and thy ſelfe!
FAC. For which, at ſupper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtil'd DOL Common, but DOL Proper,
DOL Singular: the longeſt cut, at night,
Shall draw thee for his DOL Particular.
SVB. Who's that? one rings. To the windo', DOL. Pray heau'n,
The maſter doe not trouble vs, this quarter.
FAC. O, feare not him. While there dyes one, a weeke,
O'the plague, hee's ſafe, from thinking toward *London*.
Beſide, hee's buſie at his hop-yards, now:
I had a letter from him. If he doe,
Hee'll ſend ſuch word, for ayring o' the houſe
As you ſhall haue ſufficient time, to quit it:
Though we breake vp a fortnight, 'tis no matter.
SVB. Who is it, DOL? DOL. A fine yong quodling. FAC. O,
My Lawyers clarke, I lighted on, laſt night,
In *Hol'bourne*, at the dagger. He would haue
(I told you of him) a *familiar*,
To rifle with, at horſes, and winne cups.
DOL. O, let him in. SVB. Stay. Who ſhall doo't? FAC. Get you
Your robes on. I will meet him, as going out.
DOL. And what ſhall I doe? FAC. Not be ſeene, away.
Seeme you very reſeru'd. SVB. Inough. FAC. God b' w' you, ſir.
I pray you, let him know that I was here.
His name is DAPPER. I would gladly haue ſtaid, but——

Act I. *Scene* II.

Dapper, Face, Svbtle.

CAptaine, I am here. Fac. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, sir, I was going away. Dap. In truth,
I'am very sorry, Captaine. Fac. But I thought
Sure, I should meet you. Dap. I, I'am very glad.
I'had a sciruy *writ*, or two, to make,
And I had lent my watch last night, to one
That dines, to day, at the shrieffs: and so was rob'd
Of my passe-time. Is this the cunning-man?
Fac. This is his worship. Dap. Is he a Doctor? Fac. Yes.
Dap. And ha' you broke with him, Captain? Fac. I. Dap. And how?
Fac. Faith, he do's make the matter, sir, so daintie,
I know not what to say—— Dap. Not so, good Captaine.
Fac. Would I were fairely rid on't, beleeue me.
Dap. Nay, now you grieue me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you. I'll not be vngratefull.
Fac. I cannot thinke you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing—— And then, he sayes, *Reade's* matter
Falling so lately—— Dap. *Reade?* He was an asse,
And dealt, sir, with a foole. Fac. It was a clarke, sir.
Dap. A clarke? Fac. Nay, heare me, sir, you know the law
Better, I thinke—— Dap. I should, sir, and the danger.
You know I shew'd the *statute* to you? Fac. You did so.
Dap. And will I tell, then? By this hand, of flesh,
Would it might neuer wright good *court*-hand, more,
If I discouer. What doe you thinke of me,
That I am a *Chiause?* Fac. What's that? Dap. The *Turke* was, here—
As one would say, doe you thinke I am a *Turke?*
Fac. I'll tell the Doctor so. Dap. Doe, good sweet Captaine.
Fac. Come, noble Doctor, 'pray thee, let's preuaile,
This is the gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.
Svb. Captaine, I haue return'd you all my answere.
I would doe much, sir, for your loue—— But this
I neither may, nor can. Fac. Tut, doe not say so.
You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thanke you, richly, and h'is no *Chiause:*
Let that, sir, moue you. Svb. Pray you, forbeare—Fac. He has
Foure angels, here—Svb. You doe me wrong, good sir.
Fac. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these spirits?
Svb. To tempt my art, and loue, sir, to my perill.
'Fore heau'n, I scarse can thinke you are my friend,

That

That ſo would draw me to apparant danger.
FAC. I draw you? A horſe draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together—DAP. Nay, good Captayne.
FAC. That know no difference of men. SVB. Good wordes, ſir.
FAC. Good deeds, ſir, Doctor dogs-meate. 'Slight I bring you
No cheating CLIM-*o'the*-CLOVGHS, or CLARIBELS,
That looke as bigge as *fiue*-and-*fiftie*, and *fluſh*,
And ſpit out ſecrets, like hot cuſtard—DAP. Captayne.
FAC. Nor any melancholike vnder-ſcribe,
Shall tell the *Vicar*: but, a ſpeciall gentle,
That is the heire to fortie markes, a yeere,
Conſorts with the ſmall poets of the time,
Is the ſole hope of his old grand-mother,
That knowes the law, and writes you ſixe faire hands,
Is a fine clarke, and has his cyphring perfect,
Will take his oath, o'the *greeke* XENOPHON,
If need be, in his pocket: and can court
His miſtris, out of OVID. DAP. Nay, deare Captayne.
FAC. Did you not tell me, ſo? DAP. Yes, but I'ld ha'you
Vſe maſter Doctor, with ſome more reſpect.
FAC. Hang him proud ſtagge, with his broad veluet head.
But, for your ſake, I'ld choake, ere I would change
An article of breath, with ſuch a puck-fiſt—
Come let's be gone. SVB. Pray you, le' me ſpeake with you.
DAP. His worſhip calls you, Captayne. FAC. I am ſorry,
I e're imbarqu'd my ſelfe, in ſuch a buſineſſe.
DAP. Nay, good ſir. He did call you. FAC. Will he take, then?
SVB. Firſt, heare me— FAC. Not a ſyllable, 'leſſe you take.
SVB. Pray ye', ſir— FAC. Vpon no termes, but an *aſſumpſit*.
He takes the money. SVB. Your humor muſt be law. FAC. Why now, ſir, talke.
Now, I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake.
So may this gentleman too. SVB. Why, ſir— FAC. No whiſpring.
SVB. 'Fore heau'n, you doe not apprehend the loſſe
You doe your ſelfe, in this. FAC. Wherein? For what?
SVB. Mary, to be ſo'importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will vn-doe you all:
Hee'll winne vp all the money i' the towne.
FAC. How! SVB. Yes. And blow vp gamſter, after gamſter,
As they doe crackers, in a *puppit*-play.
If I doe giue him a *familiar*,
Giue you him all you play for; never ſet him:
For he will haue it. FAC. Y'are miſtaken, Doctor.
Why, he do's aske one but for cups, and horſes,
A rifling *flye*: none o' your great *familiars*.
DAP. Yes, Captayne, I would haue it, for all games.

SVB.

Svb. I told you ſo. Fac. 'Slight, that's a new buſineſſe!
I vnderſtood you, a tame bird, to flie
Twiſe in a *terme*, or ſo; on friday-nights,
When you had left the office: for a nagge,
Of fortie, or fiftie ſhillings. Dap. I, 'tis true, ſir,
But I doe thinke, now, I ſhall leaue the law,
And therefore—— Fac. Why, this changes quite the caſe!
Do'you thinke, that I dare moue him? Dap. If you pleaſe, ſir,
All's one to him, I ſee. Fac. What! for that money?
I cannot with my conſcience. Nor ſhould you
Make the requeſt, me thinkes. Dap. No, ſir, I meane
To adde conſideration. Fac. Why, then, ſir,
I'll trie. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?
Svb. I ſay, then, not a mouth ſhall eate for him
At any ordinarie, but o' the ſcore,
That is a gaming mouth, conceiue me. Fac. Indeed!
Svb. Hee'll draw you all the treaſure of the realme,
If it be ſet him. Fac. Speake you this from art?
Svb. I, ſir, and reaſon too: the ground of art.
H'is o' the onely beſt complexion,
The queene of *Fairy* loues. Fac. What! is he! Svb. Peace.
Hee'll ouer-heare you. Sir, ſhould ſhee but ſee him—— (too?
Fac. What? Svb. Do not you tell him. Fac. Will he win at cards
Svb. The ſpirits of dead Holland, liuing Isaac,
You'ld ſweare, were in him: ſuch a vigorous luck
As cannot be reſiſted. 'Slight hee'll put
Sixe o' your gallants, to a cloke, indeed.
Fac. A ſtrange ſucceſſe, that ſome man ſhall be borne too!
Svb. He heares you, man—— Dap. Sir, Ile not be ingratefull.
Fac. Faith, I haue a confidence in his good nature:
You heare, he ſayes, he will not be ingratefull.
Svb. Why, as you pleaſe, my venture followes yours.
Fac. Troth, doe it, Doctor. Thinke him truſtie, and make him.
He may make vs both happy in an houre:
Win ſome fiue thouſand pound, and ſend vs two on't.
Dap. Beleeue it, and I will, ſir. Fac. And you ſhall, ſir.
You haue heard all? Dap. No, what was't? nothing, I ſir. *Face takes him aſide.*
Fac. Nothing? Dap. A little, ſir. Fac. Well, a rare ſtarre
Raign'd, at your birth. Dap. At mine, ſir? no. Fac. The Doctor
Sweares that you are—— Svb. Nay, Captaine, yo'll tell all, now.
Fac. Allyed to the queene of *Faerie*. Dap. Who? that I am?
Beleeue it, no ſuch matter—— Fac. Yes, and that (Come.
Yo'were borne with a caule o' your head. Dap. Who ſaies ſo? Fac.
You know it well inough, though you diſſemble it.
Dap. I-fac, I doe not. You are miſtaken. Fac. How!

Sweare by your fac? and in a thing ſo knowne
Vnto the Doctor? How ſhall we, ſir, truſt you
I'the other matter? Can we euer thinke,
When you haue wonne fiue, or ſixe thouſand pound,
You'll ſend vs ſhares in't, by this rate? DAP. By IOVE, ſir,
I'll winne ten thouſand pound, and ſend you halfe.
I-fac's no oath. SVB. No, no, he did but ieſt.
FAC. Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He's your friend
To take it ſo. DAP. I thanke his worſhip. FAC. So?
Another angell. DAP. Muſt I? FAC. Muſt you? Slight,
What elſe is thankes? will you be triuiall? Doctor,
When muſt he come, for his *familiar?*
DAP. Shall I not ha' it with me? SVB. O, good ſir!
There muſt a world of ceremonies paſſe,
You muſt be bath'd, and fumigated, firſt;
Beſides, the Queene of *Faerie* do's not riſe,
Till it be noone. FAC. Not, if ſhe daunc'd, to night.
SVB. And ſhe muſt bleſſe it. FAC. Did you neuer ſee
Her royall *Grace*, yet? DAP. Whom? FAC. Your aunt of *Faerie?*
SVB. Not, ſince ſhe kiſt him, in the cradle, Captayne,
I can reſolue you that. FAC. Well, ſee her *Grace*,
What ere it coſt you, for a thing that I know!
It will be ſomewhat hard to compaſſe: but,
How euer, ſee her. You are made, beleeue it,
If you can ſee her. Her *Grace* is a lone woman,
And very rich, and if ſhe take a phant'ſye,
She will doe ſtrange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, ſhe may hap to leaue you all ſhe has!
It is the Doctors feare. DAP. How will't be done, then?
FAC. Let me alone, take you no thought. Doe you
But ſay to me, Captayne, I'll ſee her *Grace.*
One knocks without. DAP. Captain, I'll ſee her *Grace.* FAC. Inough. SVB. Who's there?
Anone. (Conduct him forth, by the backe way)
Sir, againſt one a clock, prepare your ſelfe.
Till when you muſt be faſting; onely, take
Three drops of vinegar, in, at your noſe;
Two at your mouth; and one, at either eare;
Then, bath your fingers endes; and waſh your eyes;
To ſharpen your fiue ſenſes; and, cry *hum*,
Thriſe; and then *buz*, as often; and then, come.
FAC. Can you remember this? DAP. I warrant you.
FAC. Well, then, away. 'Tis, but your beſtowing
Some twenty nobles, 'mong her *Graces* ſeruants;
And, put on a cleane ſhirt: You doe not know
What grace her *Grace* may doe you in cleane linnen.

Act I. *Scene* III.

SVBTLE, DRVGGER, FACE.

COme in (Good wiues, I pray you forbeare me, now.
Troth I can doe you no good, till after-noone)
What is your name, say you, ABEL DRVGGER? DRV. Yes, sir.
SVB. A seller of *tabacco*? DRV. Yes, sir. SVB. 'Vmh.
Free of the *Grocers*? DRV. I, and 't please you. SVB. Well——
Your businesse, ABEL? DRV. This, and 't please your worship,
I am a yong beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, and 't like your worship; iust,
At corner of a street: (Here's the plot on't.)
And I would know, by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my dore, by *necromancie*.
And, where my shelues. And, which should be for boxes.
And, which for pots. I would be glad to thriue, sir.
And, I was wish'd to your worship, by a gentleman,
One Captaine FACE, that say's you know mens *planets*,
And their good *angels*, and their bad. SVB. I doe,
If I doe see 'hem—— FAC. What! my honest ABEL?
Thou art well met, here! DRV. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Iust, as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you, speake for me to master Doctor.
FAC. He shall doe any thing. Doctor, doe you heare?
This is my friend, ABEL, an honest fellow,
He lets me haue good *tabacco*, and he do's not
Sophisticate it, with sack-lees, or oyle,
Nor washes it in muscadell, and graines,
Nor buries it, in grauell, vnder ground,
Wrap'd vp in greasie leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserue of roses, or *french* beanes.
He has his maple block, his siluer tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of iuniper.
A neate, spruce-honest-fellow, and no gold-smith.
SVB. H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on——
FAC. Alreadie, sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee ABEL!
SVB. And, in right way to'ward riches—FAC. Sir. SVB. This summer,
He will be of the clothing of his companie:
And, next spring, call'd to the scarlet. Spend what he can.
FAC. What, and so little beard? SVB. Sir, you must thinke,
He may haue a receipt, to make haire come.
But hee'll be wise, preserue his youth, and fine for't:
His fortune lookes for him, another way.

FAC. 'Slid, Doctor, how canſt thou know this ſo ſoone?
I am amus'd, at that! SVB. By a rule, Captaine,
In *metaposcopie*, which I doe worke by,
A certaine ſtarre i' the fore-head, which you ſee not.
Your cheſt-nut, or your oliue-colour'd face
Do's neuer faile: and your long eare doth promiſe.
I knew't, by certaine ſpots too, in his teeth,
And on the naile of his *mercurial* finger.
FAC. Which finger's that? SVB. His little finger. Looke.
Yo'were borne vpon a wenſday? DRV. Yes, indeed, ſir.
SVB. The thumbe, in *chiromantie*, we giue VENVS;
The fore-finger to IOVE; the midſt, to SATVRNE;
The ring to SOL; the leaſt, to MERCVRIE:
Who was the lord, ſir, of his *horoſcope*,
His *houſe of life* being *Libra*, which fore-ſhew'd,
He ſhould be a merchant, and ſhould trade with ballance.
FAC. Why, this is ſtrange! Is't not, honeſt NAB?
SVB. There is a ſhip now, comming from *Ormus*,
That ſhall yeeld him, ſuch a commoditie
Of drugs— This is the weſt, and this the ſouth?
DRV. Yes, ſir. SVB. And thoſe are your two ſides? DRV. I, ſir.
SVB. Make me your dore, then, ſouth; your broad ſide, weſt:
And, on the eaſt-ſide of your ſhop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Vpon the north-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the names of thoſe *Mercurial* ſpirits,
That doe fright flyes from boxes. DRV. Yes, ſir. SVB. And
Beneath your threſhold, bury me a load-ſtone
To draw in gallants, that weare ſpurres: The reſt,
They'll ſeeme to follow. FAC. That's a ſecret, NAB!
SVB. And, on your ſtall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-*ſucus*, to call city-dames.
You ſhall deale much, with *mineralls*. DRV. Sir, I haue,
At home, alreadie—— SVB. I, I know, you'haue *arſnike*,
Vitriol, *ſal-tartre*, *argaile*, *alkaly*,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captaine,
Will come, in time, to be a great diſtiller,
And giue a ſay (I will not ſay directly,
But very faire) at the *philoſophers ſtone*.
FAC. Why, how now, ABEL! Is this true? DRV. Good Captaine,
What muſt I giue? FAC. Nay, Ile not counſell thee.
Thou hearſt, what wealth (he ſayes, ſpend what thou canſt)
Th'art like to come too. DRV. I would gi' him a crowne.
FAC. A crowne! 'nd toward ſuch a fortune? Hart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy ſhop. No gold about thee?

DRV.

DRV. Yes, I haue a *portague*, I ha' kept this halfe yeere.
FAC. Out on thee, NAB; S'light, there was such an offer——
'Shalt keepe't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, NAB prayes your worship, to drinke this: and sweares
He will appeare more gratefull, as your skill
Do's raise him in the world. DRV. I would intreat
Another fauour of his worship. FAC. What is't, NAB?
DRV. But, to looke ouer, sir, my *almanack*,
And crosse out my ill-dayes, that I may neither
Bargaine, nor trust vpon them. FAC. That he shall, NAB,
Leaue it, it shall be done, 'gainst after-noone.
SVB. And a direction for his shelues. FAC. Now, NAB? (Away.
Art thou well pleas'd, NAB? DRV. Thanke, sir, both your worships. FAC.
Why, now, you smoky persecuter of nature!
Now, doe you see, that some-thing's to be done,
Beside your beech-coale, and your cor'siue waters,
Your crosse-lets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must haue stuffe, brought home to you, to worke on?
And, yet, you thinke, I am at no expence,
In searching out these veines, then following 'hem,
Then trying 'hem out. 'Fore god, my intelligence
Costs me more money, then my share oft comes too,
In these rare workes. SVB. You'are pleasant, sir. How now?

Act 1. *Scene* IIII.

FACE, DOL, SVBTLE.

WHat say's, my daintie DOLKIN? DOL. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your gianteſſe, (them.
The bawd of *Lambeth*. SVB. Hart, I cannot speake with
DOL. Not, afore night, I haue told 'hem, in a voice,
Thorough the trunke, like one of your *familiars*.
But I haue spied sir EPICVRE MAMMON—— SVB. Where?
DOL. Comming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one, that's with him. SVB. FACE, goe you, and shift,
DOL, you must presently make readie, too——
DOL. Why, what's the matter? SVB. O, I did looke for him
With the sunnes rising: 'Maruaile, he could sleepe!
This is the day, I am to perfect for him
The *magisterium*, our *great worke*, the *stone*;
And yeeld it, made, into his hands: of which,
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd.
And, now, hee's dealing peeces on't, away.

Me thinkes, I ſee him, entring ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the poxe; and plaguy-houſes,
Reaching his doſe; walking *more-fields* for lepers;
And offring citizens-wiues pomander-bracelets,
As his preſeruatiue, made of the *elixir*;
Searching the ſpittle, to make old bawdes yong;
And the high-waies, for beggars, to make rich:
I ſee no end of his labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleepe: when art,
Who's but a ſtep-dame, ſhall doe more, then ſhee,
In her beſt loue to man-kind, euer could.
If his dreame laſt, hee'll turne the age, to gold.

Act II. *Scene* I.

MAMMON, SVRLY.

COme on, ſir. Now, you ſet your foot on ſhore
In *noua orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within, ſir, are the golden mines,
Great SALOMON'S *Ophir!* He was ſayling to't,
Three yeeres, but we haue reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *be rich.*
This day, you ſhall be *ſpectatiſſimi.*
You ſhall no more deale with the hollow die,
Or the fraile card. No more be at charge of keeping
The liuery-punke, for the yong heire, that muſt
Seale, at all houres, in his ſhirt. No more
If he denie, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commoditie. No more
Shall thirſt of ſatten, or the couetous hunger
Of veluet entrailes, for a rude-ſpun cloke,
To be diſplaid at *Madame* AVGVSTA'S, make
The ſonnes of *ſword*, and *hazzard* fall before
The golden calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatrie with wine, and trumpets:
Or goe a feaſting, after drum and enſigne.
No more of this. You ſhall ſtart vp yong *Vice-royes*,
And haue your punques, and punquettees, my SVRLY.
And vnto thee, I ſpeake it firſt, *be rich.*
Where is my SVBTLE, there? Within hough? { *Within* } Sir.
Hee'll come to you, by and by. MAM. That's his fire-drake,
His lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffes his coales,
Till he firke nature vp, in her owne center.

You

You are not faithfull, ſir. This night, I'll change
All, that is mettall, in thy houſe, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I ſend
To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
And buy their tin, and lead vp: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the copper. SVR. What, and turne that too?
MAM. Yes, and I'll purchaſe *Deuonſhire*, and *Cornwaile*,
And make them perfect *Indies!* You admire now? (cine!
SVR. No faith. MAM. But when you ſee th'effects of the great med-
Of which one part proiected on a hundred
Of *Mercurie*, or *Venus*, or the *Moone*,
Shall turne it, to as many of the *Sunne*;
Nay, to a thouſand, ſo *ad infinitum*:
You will beleeue me. SVR. Yes, when I ſee't, I will.
But, if my eyes doe coſſen me ſo (and I
Giuing 'hem no occaſion) ſure, I'll haue
A whore, ſhall piſſe 'hem out, next day. MAM. Ha! Why?
Doe you thinke, I fable with you? I aſſure you,
He that has once the *flower of the ſunne*,
The perfect *ruby*, which we call *elixir*,
Not onely can doe that; but by it's vertue,
Can confer honour, loue, reſpect, long life,
Giue ſafetie, valure: yea, and victorie,
To whom he will. In eight, and twentie dayes,
I'll make an old man, of foureſcore, a childe.
SVR. No doubt, hee's that alreadie. MAM. Nay, I meane,
Reſtore his yeeres, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get ſonnes, and daughters,
Yong giants; as our *Philoſophers* haue done
(The antient *Patriarkes* afore the floud)
But taking, once a weeke, on a kniues point,
The quantitie of a graine of muſtard, of it:
Become ſtout MARSES, and beget yong CVPIDS.
SVR. The decay'd *Veſtall's* of *Pickt-hatch* would thanke you,
That keepe the fire a-liue, there. MAM. 'Tis the ſecret
Of nature, naturiz'd 'gainſt all infections,
Cures all diſeaſes, comming of all cauſes,
A month's griefe, in a day; a yeeres, in twelue:
And, of what age ſoeuer, in a month.
Paſt all the doſes, of your drugging Doctors.
I'll vndertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdome, in three months. SVR. And I'll
Be bound, the players ſhall ſing your praiſes, then,
Without their poets. MAM. Sir, I'll doo't. Meane time,
I'll giue away ſo much, vnto my man,

Shall

Shall ſerue th'whole citie, with preſeruatiue,
Weekely, each houſe his doſe, and at the rate——
SVR. As he that built the water-worke, do's with water?
MAM. You are incredulous. SVR. Faith, I haue a humor,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *ſtone*
Cannot tranſmute me. MAM. PERTINAX, SVRLY,
Will you beleeue antiquitie? recordes?
I'll ſhew you a booke, where MOSES, and his ſiſter,
And SALOMON haue written, of the art;
I, and a treatiſe penn'd by ADAM. SVR. How!
MAM. O'the *Philoſophers ſtone*, and in high-*Dutch*.
SVR. Did ADAM write, ſir, in high-*Dutch*? MAM. He did:
Which proues it was the primitiue tongue. SVR. What paper?
MAM. On cedar board. SVR. O that, indeed (they ſay)
Will laſt 'gainſt wormes. MAM. 'Tis like your *Iriſh* wood,
'Gainſt cob-webs. I haue a peece of IASONS fleece, too,
Which was no other, then a booke of *alchemie*,
Writ in large ſheepe-skin, a good fat ram-vellam.
Such was PYTHAGORA'S thigh, PANDORA'S tub;
And, all that fable of MEDEAS charmes,
The manner of our worke: The Bulls, our fornace,
Still breathing fire; our *argent-viue*, the Dragon:
The Dragons teeth, *mercury* ſublimate,
That keepes the whiteneſſe, hardneſſe, and the biting;
And they are gather'd, into IASON'S helme,
(Th'*alembeke*) and then ſow'd in MARS his field,
And, thence, ſublim'd ſo often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th'*Heſperian* garden, CADMVS ſtorie,
IOVE'S ſhower, the boone of MIDAS, ARGVS eyes,
BOCCACE his *Demogorgon*, thouſands more,
All abſtract riddles of our *ſtone*. How now?

Act II. *Scene* II.

MAMMON, FACE, SVRLY.

DOe wee ſucceed? Is our day come? and hold's it?
FAC. The euening will ſet red, vpon you, ſir;
You haue colour for it, crimſon: the red *ferment*
Has done his office. Three houres hence, prepare you
To ſee proiection. MAM. PERTINAX, my SVRLY,
Againe, I ſay to thee, aloud: *be rich*.
This day, thou ſhalt haue ingots: and, to morrow,
Giue lords th'affront. Is it, my ZEPHYRVS, right?
Bluſhes the *bolts-head*? FAC. Like a wench with child, ſir,

That

That were, but now, discouer'd to her master.
MAM. Excellent wittie *Lungs*! My onely care is,
Where to get stuffe, inough now, to proiect on,
This towne will not halfe serue me. FAC. No, sir? Buy
The couering of o' churches. MAM. That's true. FAC. Yes.
Let 'hem stand bare, as doe their auditorie.
Or cap 'hem, new, with shingles. MAM. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light vpo' the rafters, *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the fornace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, *Puffe*,
Lost in the embers; and repaire this braine,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the mettalls. FAC. I haue blowne, sir,
Hard, for your worship; throwne by many a coale,
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, iust,
To keepe your heat, still euen; These bleard-eyes
Haue wak'd, to reade your seuerall colours, sir,
Of the *pale citron*, the *greene lyon*, the *crow*,
The *peacocks taile*, the *plumed swan*. MAM. And, lastly,
Thou hast descryed the *flower*, the *sanguis agni*?
FAC. Yes, sir. MAM. Where's master? FAC. At's praiers, sir, he,
Good man, hee's doing his deuotions,
For the successe. MAM. *Lungs*, I will set a period,
To all thy labours: Thou shalt be the master
Of my *seraglia*. FAC. Good, sir. MAM. But doe you heare?
I'll geld you, *Lungs*. FAC. Yes, sir. MAM. For I doe meane
To haue a list of wiues, and concubines,
Equall with SALOMON; who had the *stone*
Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back
With the *elixir*, that shall be as tough
As HERCVLES, to encounter fiftie a night.
Th'art sure, thou saw'st it *bloud*? FAC. Both *bloud, and spirit*, sir.
MAM. I will haue all my beds, blowne vp; not stuft:
Downe is too hard. And then, mine oual roome,
Fill'd with such pictures, as TIBERIVS tooke
From ELEPHANTIS: and dull ARETINE
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtill angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures, as I walke
Naked betweene my *succubæ*. My mists
I'le haue of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,
To loose our selues in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
And rowle vs drie in gossamour, and roses.
(Is it arriu'd at *ruby*?) —— Where I spie
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,

Haue

Haue a ſublim'd pure wife, vnto that fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand pound, to be my cuckold.
FAC. And I ſhall carry it? MAM. No. I'll ha' no bawds,
But fathers, and mothers. They will doe it beſt.
Beſt of all others. And, my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and graueſt of Diuines,
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,
Eloquent burgeſſes, and then my poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtly of the *fart*,
Whom I will entertaine, ſtill, for that ſubiect.
The few, that would giue out themſelues, to be
Court, and towne-ſtallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are knowne moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I begge, to make me *eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fan me with ten eſtrich tailes
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
We will be braue, *Puffe*, now we ha' the *med'cine*.
My meat, ſhall all come in, in *Indian* ſhells,
Diſhes of agate, ſet in gold, and ſtudded,
With emeralds, ſaphyres, hiacynths, and rubies.
The tongues of carpes, dormiſe, and camels heeles,
Boil'd i' the ſpirit of SOL, and diſſolu'd pearle,
(APICIVS diet, 'gainſt the *epilepſie*)
And I will eate theſe broaths, with ſpoones of amber,
Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
My foot-boy ſhall eate phesants, caluerd ſalmons,
Knots, godwits, lamprey's: I my ſelfe will haue
The beards of barbels, ſeru'd, in ſtead of ſallades;
Oild muſhromes; and the ſwelling vnctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant ſow, newly cut off,
Dreſt with an exquiſite, and poynant ſauce;
For which, Ile ſay vnto my cooke, there's gold,
Goe forth, and be a knight. FAC. Sir, I'll goe looke
A little, how it heightens. MAM. Doe. My ſhirts
I'll haue of taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft, and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other rayment
It ſhall be ſuch, as might prouoke the *Perſian*;
Were he to teach the world riot, a new.
My gloues of fiſhes, and birds-skins, perfum'd
With gummes of *paradiſe*, and eaſterne aire——
SVR. And do you thinke to haue the *ſtone*, with this?
MAM. No, I doe thinke, t'haue all this, with the *ſtone*.
SVR. Why, I haue heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortall ſinne, a very virgin.

MAM.

MAM. That makes it, ſir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My venter brings it me. He, honeſt wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good ſoule,
Has worne his knees bare, and his ſlippers bald,
With prayer, and faſting for it: and, ſir, let him
Do it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes,
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'Tis poyſon.

Act II. *Scene* III.

MAMMON, SVBTLE, SVRLY, FACE.

GOod morrow, father. SVB. Gentle ſonne, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
MAM. An heretique, that I did bring along,
In hope, ſir, to conuert him. SVB. Sonne, I doubt
Yo'are couetous, that thus you meet your time
I'the iuſt point: preuent your day, at morning.
This argues ſomething, worthy of a feare
Of importune, and carnall appetite.
Take heed, you doe not cauſe the bleſſing leaue you,
With your vngouern'd haſt. I ſhould be ſorry,
To ſee my labours, now, e'ene at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my loue, and zeale hath plac'd 'hem.
Which (heauen I call to witneſſe, with your ſelfe,
To whom, I haue pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Haue look'd no way, but vnto publique good,
To pious vſes, and deere charitie,
No growne a prodigie with men. Wherein
If you, my ſonne, ſhould now preuaricate,
And, to your owne particular luſts, employ
So great, and catholique a bliſſe: be ſure,
A curſe will follow, yea, and ouertake
Your ſubtle, and moſt ſecret wayes. MAM. I know, ſir,
You ſhall not need to feare me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman. SVR. Who is,
Indeed, ſir, ſomewhat cauſtiue of beliefe
Toward your *ſtone*: would not be gull'd. SVB. Well, ſonne,
All that I can conuince him in, is this,
The worke is done: Bright SOL is in his *robe*.
We haue a *med'cine* of the *triple Soule*,
The *glorified ſpirit*. Thankes be to heauen,
And make vs worthy of it. Vlen ſpiegel.
FAC. Anone, ſir. SVB. Looke well to the regiſter,

And

And let your heat, ſtill, leſſen by degrees,
To the *Aludels.* Fac. Yes, ſir. Svb. Did you looke
O' the *Bolts-head* yet? Fac. Which on *D.* ſir? Svb. I.
What's the complexion? Fac. Whitiſh. Svb. Infuſe vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance*, and his *tincture*:
And let the water in *Glaſſe E.* be *feltred*,
And put into the *Gripes egge.* Lute him well;
And leaue him clos'd in *balneo.* Fac. I will, ſir.
Svr. What a braue language here is? next to canting?
Svb. I'haue another worke; you neuer ſaw, ſonne,
That, three dayes ſince, paſt the *Philoſophers wheele*,
In the lent heat of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o' nature. Mam. But 'tis for me? Svb. What need you?
You haue inough, in that is, perfect. Mam. O, but——
Svb. Why, this is couetiſe! Mam. No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all, in pious vſes,
Founding of colledges, and *grammar* ſchooles,
Marrying yong virgins, building hoſpitalls,
And now, and then, a church. Svb. How now? Fac. Sir, pleaſe you,
Shall I not change the *feltre?* Svb. Mary, yes.
And bring me the complexion of *Glaſſe B.*
Mam. Ha' you another? Svb. Yes, ſonne, were I aſſur'd
Your pietie were firme, we would not want
The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I meane to tinct *C.* in *ſand-heat*, to morrow,
And giue him *imbibition.* Mam. Of white oile?
Svb. No, ſir, of red. *F.* is come ouer the *helme* too,
I thanke my Maker, in S. Maries *bath*,
And ſhewes *lac Virginis.* Bleſſed be heauen.
I ſent you of his *faces* there, *calcin'd.*
Out of that *calx*, I'ha' wonne the *ſalt of* Mercvry.
Mam. By powring on your *rectified water?*
Svb. Yes, and *reuerberating* in *Athanor.*
How now? What colour ſaies it? Fac. The ground black, ſir.
Mam. That's your *crowes-head?* Svr. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?
Svb. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the *crow.*
That worke wants ſome-thing. (Svr. O, I look'd for this.
The hay is a pitching.) Svb. Are you ſure, you loos'd 'hem
I'their owne *menſtrue?* Fac. Yes, ſir, and then married 'hem,
And put 'hem in a *Bolts-head*, nipp'd to *digeſtion*,
According as you bad me; when I ſet
The *liquor* of Mars to *circulation*,
In the ſame heat. Svb. The proceſſe, then, was right.
Fac. Yes, by the token, ſir, the *Retort* brake,
And what was ſau'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,

And

And ſign'd with HERMES *ſeale.* SVB. I thinke 'twas ſo.
We ſhould haue a new *amalgama.* (SVR. O, this ferret
Is ranke as any pole-cat.) SVB. But I care not.
Let him e'ene die; we haue enough beſide,
In *embrion.* H ha's his *white ſhirt* on? FAC. Yes, ſir,
Hee's ripe for *inceration*: He ſtands warme,
In his *aſh-fire.* I would not, you ſhould let
Any die now, if I might counſell, ſir,
For lucks ſake to the reſt. It is not good.
MAM. He ſaies right. SVR. I, are you bolted? FAC. Nay, I know't, ſir,
I haue ſeene th'ill fortune. What is ſome three ounces
Of freſh *materialls?* MAM. Is't no more? FAC. No more, ſir,
Of gold, t'*amalgame*, with ſome ſixe of *Mercurie.*
MAM. Away, here's money. What will ſerue? FAC. Aske him, ſir.
MAM. How much? SVB. Giue him nine pound: you may gi'him ten.
SVR. Yes, twentie, and be coſſend, doe. MAM. There 'tis.
SVB. This needs not. But that you will haue it, ſo,
To ſee concluſions of all. For two
Of our inferiour workes, are at *fixation.*
A third is in *aſcenſion.* Goe your waies.
Ha' you ſet the oile of *Luna* in *kemia?*
FAC. Yes, ſir. SVB. And the *philoſophers* vinegar? FAC. I.
SVR. We ſhall haue a ſallad. MAM. When doe you make *proiection?*
SVB. Sonne, be not haſtie, I *exalt* our *med'cine,*
By hanging him in *balneo vaporoſo*;
And giuing him ſolution; then *congeale* him;
And then *diſſolue* him; then againe *congeale* him;
For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,
So many times, I adde vnto his vertue.
As, if at firſt, one ounce conuert a hundred,
After his ſecond looſe, hee'll turne a thouſand;
His third ſolution, ten; his fourth, a hundred.
After his fifth, a thouſand thouſand ounces
Of any imperfect mettall, into pure
Siluer, or gold, in all examinations,
As good, as any of the naturall mine.
Get you your ſtuffe here, againſt after-noone,
Your braſſe, your pewter, and your andirons.
MAM. Not thoſe of iron? SVB. Yes. You may bring them, too.
Wee'll change all mettall's. SVR. I beleeue you, in that.
MAM. Then I may ſend my ſpits? SVB. Yes, and your racks.
SVR. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hookes?
Shall he not? SVB. If he pleaſe. SVR. To be an aſſe.
SVB. How, ſir! MAM. This gent'man, you muſt beare withall.
I told you, he had no faith. SVR. And little hope, ſir,

But, much leſſe charitie, ſhould I gull my ſelfe.
SVB. Why, what haue you obſeru'd, ſir, in our art,
Seemes ſo impoſſible? SVR. But your whole worke, no more.
That you ſhould hatch gold in a fornace, ſir,
As they doe egges, in *Egypt*! SVB. Sir, doe you
Beleeue that egges are hatch'd ſo? SVR. If I ſhould?
SVB. Why, I thinke that the greater miracle.
No egge, but differs from a chicken, more,
Then mettalls in themſelues. SVR. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature, to that end:
And is a chicken in *potentia.*
SVB. The ſame we ſay of lead, and other mettalls,
Which would be gold, if they had time. MAM. And that
Our art doth further. SVB. I, for 'twere abſurd
To thinke that nature, in the earth, bred gold
Perfect, i' the inſtant. Something went before.
There muſt be remote matter. SVR. I, what is that?
SVB. Mary, we ſay—— MAM. I, now it heats: ſtand Father.
Pound him to duſt—— SVB. It is, of the one part,
A humide exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *vnctuous water*;
On th'other part, a certaine craſſe, and viſcous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Doe make the elementarie matter of gold:
Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,
But commune to all mettalls, and all ſtones.
For, where it is forſaken of that moyſture,
And hath more dryneſſe, it becomes a ſtone;
Where it retaines more of the humid fatneſſe,
It turnes to *ſulphur*, or to *quick-ſiluer:*
Who are the parents of all other mettalls.
Nor can this remote matter, ſodainly,
Progreſſe ſo from extreme, vnto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leape ore all the meanes.
Nature doth, firſt, beget th'imperfect; then
Proceedes ſhee to the perfect. Of that ayrie,
And oily water, *mercury* is engendred;
Sulphure o' the fat, and earthy part: the one
(Which is the laſt) ſupplying the place of male,
The other of the female, in all mettalls.
Some doe beleeue *hermaphrodeitie*,
That both doe act, and ſuffer. But, theſe two
Make the reſt ductile, malleable, extenſiue.
And, euen in gold, they are; for we doe find
Seedes of them, by our fire, and gold in them:

And can produce the *ſpecies* of each mettall
More perfect thence, then nature doth in earth.
Beſide, who doth not ſee, in daily practice,
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, waſpes,
Out of the carcaſſes, and dung of creatures;
Yea, ſcorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd:
And theſe are liuing creatures, far more perfect,
And excellent, then mettalls. MAM. Well ſaid, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, ſir, with an argument,
Hee'll bray you in a morter. SVR. 'Pray you, ſir, ſtay.
Rather, then I'll be brai'd, ſir, I'll beleeue,
That *Alchemie* is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man,
With charming. SVB. Sir? SVR. What elſe are all your termes,
Whereon no one o' your writers grees with other?
Of your *elixir*, your *lac virginis*,
Your *ſtone*, your *med'cine*, and your *chryſoſperme*,
Your *ſal*, your *ſulphur*, and your *mercurie*,
Your *eyle of height*, your *tree of life*, your *bloud*,
Your *marcheſite*, your *tutie*, your *magneſia*,
Your *toade*, your *crow*, your *dragon*, and your *panther*,
Your *ſunne*, your *moone*, your *firmament*, your *adrop*,
Your *lato*, *azoch*, *zernich*, *chibrit*, *heautarit*,
And then, your *red man*, and your *white woman*,
With all your broths, your *menſtrues*, and *materialls*,
Of piſſe, and egge-ſhells, womens termes, mans bloud,
Haire o' the head, burnt clouts, chalke, merds, and clay,
Poulder of bones, ſcalings of iron, glaſſe,
And worlds of other ſtrange *ingredients*,
Would burſt a man to name? SVB. And all theſe, nam'd,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Vs'd to obſcure their art. MAM. Sir, ſo I told him,
Becauſe the ſimple idiot ſhould not learne it,
And make it vulgar. SVB. Was not all the knowledge
Of the *Egyptians* writ in myſtick *ſymboles*?
Speake not the *Scriptures*, oft, in *parables*?
Are not the choiſeſt *fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the fountaines, and firſt ſprings of wiſedome,
Wrapt in perplexed *allegories*? MAM. I vrg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that SISIPHVS was damn'd
To roule the ceaſleſſe ſtone, onely, becauſe
He would haue made ours common. Who is this? *Dol is ſeen.*
SVB. God's precious——What doe you meane? Goe in, good lady,
Let me intreat you. Where's this varlet? FAC. Sir?
SVB. You very knaue! doe you vſe me, thus? FAC. Wherein, ſir?

SVB. Goe in, and ſee, you traitor. Goe. MAM. Who is it, ſir?
SVB. Nothing, ſir. Nothing. MAM. What's the matter? good, ſir!
I haue not ſeene you thus diſtemp'red. Who is't?
SVB. All arts haue ſtill had, ſir, their aduerſaries,
Face return's. But ours the moſt ignorant. What now?
FAC. 'Twas not my fault, ſir, ſhee would ſpeake with you. (ſir.
SVB. Would ſhe, ſir? Follow me. MAM. Stay, *Lungs*. FAC. I dare not,
MAM. How! 'Pray thee ſtay? FAC. She's mad, ſir, and ſent hether—
MAM. Stay man, what is ſhee? FAC. A lords ſiſter, ſir.
(Hee'll be mad too. MAM. I warrant thee.) Why ſent hether?
He goes out. FAC. Sir, to be cur'd. SVB. Why, raskall! FAC. Loe you. Here, ſir.
MAM. 'Fore-god, a BRADAMANTE, a braue piece.
SVR. Hart, this is a bawdy-houſe! I'll be burnt elſe.
MAM. O, by this light, no. Doe not wrong him. H'is
Too ſcrupulous, that way. It is his vice.
No, h'is a rare phyſitian, doe him right.
An excellent *Paracelſian!* and has done
Strange cures with *minerall phyſicke*. He deales all
With *ſpirits*, he. He will not heare a word
Of GALEN, or his tedious *recipe's*.
Face againe. How now, *Lungs!* FAC. Softly, ſir, ſpeake ſoftly. I meant
To ha' told your worſhip all. This muſt not heare.
MAM. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.
FAC. Y'are very right, ſir, ſhee is a moſt rare ſchollar;
And is gone mad, with ſtudying BRAVGHTONS workes.
If you but name a word, touching the *Hebrew*,
Shee falls into her fit, and will diſcourſe
So learnedly of *genealogies*,
As you would runne mad, too, to heare her, ſir.
MAM. How might one doe t'haue conference with her, *Lungs?*
FAC. O, diuers haue runne mad vpon the conference.
I doe not know, ſir: I am ſent in haſt,
To fetch a violl. SVR. Be not gull'd, ſir MAMMON.
MAM. Wherein? 'Pray yee, be patient. SVR. Yes, as you are.
And truſt confederate knaues, and bawdes, and whores.
MAM. You are too foule, beleeue it. Come, here, Ulen.
One word. FAC. I dare not, in good faith. MAM. Stay, knaue.
FAC. H'is extreme angrie, that you ſaw her, ſir.
MAM. Drinke that. What is ſhee, when ſhee's out of her fit?
FAC. O, the moſt affableſt creature, ſir! ſo merry!
So pleaſant! ſhee'll mount you vp, like *quick-ſiluer*,
Ouer the helme; and *circulate*, like *oyle*;
A very *vegetall*: diſcourſe of *ſtate*,
Of *mathematiques*, *bawdry*, any thing——
MAM. Is ſhee no way acceſſible? no meanes,

No

No trick, to giue a man a taſt of her——— wit———
Or ſo?——— Vlen. Fac. I'll come to you againe, ſir.
Mam. Svrly, I did not thinke, one o' your breeding
Would traduce perſonages of worth. Svr. Sir Epicvre,
Your friend to vſe: yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I doe not like your *philoſophicall* bawdes.
Their *ſtone* is lecherie inough, to pay for,
Without this bait. Mam. 'Hart, you abuſe your ſelfe.
I know the lady, and her friends, and meanes,
The originall of this diſaſter. Her brother
H'as told me all. Svr. And yet, you ne're ſaw her
Till now? Mam. O, yes, but I forgot. I haue (beleeue it)
One o' the trecherou'ſt memories, I doe thinke,
Of all mankind. Svr. What call you her, brother? Mam. My lord—
He wi'not haue his name knowne, now I thinke on't.
Svr. A very trecherous memorie! Mam. O' my faith———
Svr. Tut, if you ha'it not about you, paſſe it,
Till we meet next. Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
Hee's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I reſpect his houſe. Svr. Hart! can it be,
That a graue ſir, a rich, that has no need,
A wiſe ſir, too, at other times, ſhould thus
With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes
To gull himſelfe? And, this be your *elixir*,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your *lunarie*,
Giue me your honeſt trick, yet, at *primero*,
Or *gleeke*; and take your *lutum ſapientis*,
Your *menſtruum ſimplex*: I'll haue gold, before you,
And, with leſſe danger of the *quick-ſiluer*;
Or the hot *ſulphur*. Fac. Here's one from Captaine Face, ſir, *To Surly.*
Deſires you meet him i'the *Temple*-church,
Some halfe houre hence, and vpon earneſt buſineſſe.
Sir, if you pleaſe to quit vs, now; and come, *He whiſpers Mammon.*
Againe, within two houres: you ſhall haue
My maſter buſie examining o' the workes;
And I will ſteale you in, vnto the partie,
That you may ſee her conuerſe. Sir, ſhall I ſay,
You'll meet the Captaines worſhip? Svr. Sir, I will.
But, by attorney, and to a ſecond purpoſe.
Now, I am ſure, it is a bawdy-houſe;
I'll ſweare it, were the *Marſhall* here, to thanke me:
The naming this Commander, doth confirme it.
Don Face! Why, h'is the moſt autentique dealer
I'theſe commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the queinter traffiquers, in towne.

He is their *Viſiter*, and do's appoint
Who lyes with whom; and at what houre; what price;
Which gowne; and in what ſmock; what fall; what tyre.
Him, will I proue, by a third perſon, to find
The ſubtilties of this darke *labyrinth:*
Which, if I doe diſcouer, deare ſir MAMMON,
You'll giue your poore friend leaue, though no *Philoſopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, ſhall weepe.
FAC. Sir. He do's pray, you'll not forget. SVR. I will not, ſir.
Sir EPICVRE, I ſhall leaue you? MAM. I follow you, ſtreight.
FAC. But doe ſo, good ſir, to auoid ſuſpicion.
This gent'man has a par'lous head. MAM. But wilt thou, *Vlen*,
Be conſtant to thy promiſe? FAC. As my life, ſir.
MAM. And wilt thou inſinuate what I am? and praiſe me?
And ſay I am a noble fellow? FAC. O, what elſe, ſir?
And, that you'll make her royall, with the *ſtone*,
An Empreſſe; and your ſelfe king of *Bantam*.
MAM. Wilt thou doe this? FAC. Will I, ſir? MAM. *Lungs*, my *Lungs*!
I loue thee. FAC. Send your ſtuffe, ſir, that my maſter
May buſie himſelfe, about proiection.
MAM. Th'haſt witch'd me, rogue: Take, goe. FAC. Your iack, & all, ſir.
MAM. Thou art a villaine—— I will ſend my iack;
And the weights too. Slaue, I could bite thine eare.
Away, thou doſt not care for me. FAC. Not I, ſir?
MAM. Come, I was borne to make thee, my good weaſell;
Set thee on a bench: and, ha' thee twirle a chaine
With the beſt lords vermine, of 'hem all. FAC. Away, ſir.
MAM. A *Count*, nay, a *Count-palatine*—— FAC. Good ſir, goe.
MAM. Shall not aduance thee, better: no, nor faſter.

Act II. *Scene* IIII.

SVBTLE, FACE, DOL.

HAs he bit? Has he bit? FAC. And ſwallow'd too, my SVBTLE.
I ha' giu'n him line, and now he playes, I faith. (gills.
SVB. And ſhall we twitch him? FAC. Thorough both the
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No ſooner's taken, but he ſtraight firkes mad.
SVB. DOL, my lord WHA'TS'HVMS ſiſter, you muſt now
Beare your ſelfe ſtatelich. DOL. O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keepe my diſtance, laugh, and talke aloud;
Haue all the tricks of a proud ſciruy ladie,
And be as rude as her woman. FAC. Well ſaid, *Sanguine*.

SVB.

Svb. But will he ſend his andirons? Fac. His iack too;
And's iron ſhooing-horne: I ha'ſpoke to him. Well,
I muſt not looſe my wary gamſter, yonder.
Svb. O *Monſieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
Fac. I, if I can ſtrike a fine hooke into him, now,
The *Temple*-church, there I haue caſt mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it. Svb. What, more gudgeons! *One knocks.*
Dol, ſcout, ſcout; ſtay Face, you muſt goe to the dore:
'Pray god, it be my *Anabaptiſt*. Who is't, Dol?
Dol. I know him not. He lookes like a gold-end-man.
Svb. Gods ſo! 'tis he, he ſaid he would ſend. What call you him?
The *ſanctified Elder*, that ſhould deale
For Mammons iack, and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, helpe me of, firſt, with my gowne. Away
Ma-dame, to your with-drawing chamber. Now,
In a new tune, new geſture, but old language.
This fellow is ſent, from one negotiates with me
About the *ſtone*, too; for the *holy Brethren*
Of *Amſterdam*, the *exil'd Saints*: that hope
To raiſe their *diſcipline*, by it. I muſt vſe him
In ſome ſtrange faſhion, now, to make him admire me.

Act II. *Scene* V.

Svbtle, Face, Ananias.

VVHere is my drudge? Fac. Sir. Svb. Take away the *recipient*,
And rectifie your *menſtrue*, from the *phlegma*.
Then powre it, o'the *Sol*, in the *cucurbite*,
And let'hem macerate, together. Fac. Yes, ſir.
And ſaue the ground? Svb. No. *Terra damnata*
Muſt not haue entrance, in the *worke*. Who are you?
Ana. A *faithfull Brother*, if it pleaſe you. Svb. What's that?
A *Lullianiſt*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?
Can you *ſublime*, and *dulcefie*? *calcine*?
Know you the *ſapor pontick*? *ſapor ſtipſtick*?
Or, what is *homogene*, or *heterogene*?
Ana. I vnderſtand no *heathen* language, truely.
Svb. *Heathen*, you Knipper-Doling? Is *Artſacra*,
Or *Chryſopœia*, or *Spagirica*,
Or the *pamphyſick*, or *panarchick* knowledge,
A *heathen* language? Ana. *Heathen Greeke*, I take it.
Svb. How? *heathen Greeke*? Ana. All's *heathen*, but the *Hebrew*.
Svb. Sirah, my varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeake to him
Like a *Philoſopher*: Anſwere, i'the language.

Name

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of mettalls, in the worke. FAC. Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. SVB. This is *heathen Greeke*, to you, now?
And when comes *Viuification*? FAC. After *Mortification*.
SVB. What's *Cohobation*? FAC. 'Tis the powring on
Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *trine circle* of the *seuen spheares*.
SVB. What's the proper passion of mettalls? FAC. *Malleation*.
SVB. What's your *vltimum supplicium auri*? FAC. *Antimonium*.
SVB. This's *heathen Greeke*, to you? And, what's your *Mercury*?
FAC. A very fugitiue, he will be gone, sir.
SVB. How know you him? FAC. By his *viscositie*,
His *oleositie*, and his *suscitabilitie*.
SVB. How doe you *sublime* him? FAC. With the *calce* of egge-shels,
White marble, *talck*. SVB. Your *magisterium*, now?
What's that? FAC. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Drie into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into drie. SVB. This's *heathen Greeke* to you, still?
Your *lapis philosophicus*? FAC. 'Tis a *stone*, and not
A *stone*; a *spirit*, a *soule*, and a *body*:
Which, if you doe *dissolue*, it is *dissolu'd*,
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*,
If you make it to *flye*, it *flyeth*. SVB. Inough.
This's *heathen Greeke*, to you? What are you, sir?
ANA. Please you, a seruant of the *exil'd Brethren*,
That deale with widdowes, and with orphanes goods;
And make a iust account, vnto the *Saints*:
A *Deacon*. SVB. O, you are sent from master WHOLSOME,
Your teacher? ANA. From TRIBVLATION WHOLSOME,
Our very zealous *Pastor*. SVB. Good. I haue
Some orphanes goods to come here. ANA. Of what kind, sir?
SVB. Pewter, and brasse, andirons, and kitchin ware,
Mettalls, that we must vse our med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may haue a penn'orth.
For readie money. ANA. Were the orphanes parents
Sincere professors? SVB. Why doe you aske? ANA. Because
We then are to deale iustly, and giue (in truth)
Their vtmost valew. SVB. 'Slid, you'ld cossen, else,
And, if their parents were not of the *faithfull*?
I will not trust you, now I thinke on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your *Pastor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more coales? ANA. No, surely. SVB. No? How so?
ANA. The *Brethren* bid me say vnto you, sir.

Surely,

Surely, they will not venter any more,
Till they may ſee *proiection*. Svb. How! Ana. Yo'haue had,
For the *inſtruments*, as bricks, and lome, and glaſſes,
Alreadie thirtie pound; and, for *materialls*,
They ſay, ſome ninetie more: And, they haue heard, ſince,
That one, at *Heidelberg*, made it, of an egge,
And a ſmall paper of pin-duſt. Svb. What's your name?
Ana. My name is Ananias. Svb. Out, the varlet
That coſſend the *Apoſtles!* Hence, away,
Flee *Miſchiefe*; had your *holy Conſiſtorie*
No name to ſend me, of another ſound;
Then wicked Ananias? Send your *Elders*,
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly.
And gi' me ſatisfaction; or out-goes
The fire: and downe th'*alembekes*, and the fornace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, ſhall be loſt,
Tell 'hem. All hope of rooting out the *Biſhops*,
Or th' *Antichriſtian Hierarchie* ſhall periſh,
If they ſtay threeſcore minutes. The *Aqueitie*,
Terreitie, and *Sulphureitie*
Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd
Thou wicked Ananias. This will fetch 'hem,
And make 'hem haſt towards their gulling more.
A man muſt deale like a rough nurſe, and fright
Thoſe, that are froward, to an appetite.

Act II. *Scene* VI.

Face, Svbtle, Drvgger.

H'Is buſie with his ſpirits, but wee'll vpon him.
Svb. How now! What mates? What *Baiards* ha' wee here?
Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought yo' another piece of gold, to looke on:
(We muſt appeaſe him. Giue it me) and prayes you,
You would deuiſe (what is it Nab?) Drv. A ſigne, ſir.
Fac. I, a good lucky one, a thriuing ſigne, Doctor.
Svb. I was deuiſing now. Fac. ('Slight, doe not ſay ſo,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What ſay you to his *conſtellation*, Doctor?
The *Ballance*? Svb. No, that way is ſtale, and common.
A townes-man, borne in *Taurus*, giues the bull;
Or the bulls-head: In *Aries*, the ram.
A poore deuice. No, I will haue his name

Form'd

Form'd in ſome myſtick character; whoſe *radij*,
Striking the ſenſes of the paſſers by,
Shall, by a vertuall influence, breed affections,
That may reſult vpon the partie owner it:
As thus—— Fac. Nab! Svb. He firſt ſhall haue a bell, that's Abel;
And, by it, ſtanding one, whoſe name is Dee,
In a rugg gowne; there's *D.* and *Rug*, that's Drvg:
And, right anenſt him, a Dog ſnarling *Er*;
There's Drvgger, Abel Drvgger. That's his ſigne.
And here's now *myſterie*, and *hieroglyphick!*
Fac. Abel, thou art made. Drv. Sir, I doe thanke his worſhip.
Fac. Sixe o' thy legs more, will not doe it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of *tabacco*, Doctor. Drv. Yes, ſir:
I haue another thing, I would impart——
Fac. Out with it, Nab. Drv. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich yong widdow—— Fac. Good! a *bona roba?*
Drv. But nineteene, at the moſt. Fac. Very good, Abel.
Drv. Mary, ſh'is not in faſhion, yet; ſhee weares
A hood: but 't ſtands a cop. Fac. No matter, Abel.
Drv. And, I doe, now and then giue her a *fucus*——
Fac. What! doſt thou deale, Nab? Svb. I did tell you, Captaine.
Drv. And phyſick too ſometime, ſir: for which ſhee truſts me
With all her mind. Shee's come vp here, of purpoſe
To learne the faſhion. Fac. Good (his match too!) on, Nab.
Drv. And ſhee do's ſtrangely long to know her fortune.
Fac. Gods lid, Nab, Send her to the Doctor, hether.
Drv. Yes, I haue ſpoke to her of his worſhip, alreadie:
But ſhee's afraid, it will be blowne abroad
And hurt her marriage. Fac. Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heale it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more,
Follow'd, and ſought: Nab, thou ſhalt tell her this.
Shee'll be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your widdowes
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of ſutors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou doſt not know. Drv. No, ſir, ſhee'll neuer marry
Vnder a knight. Her brother has made a vow.
Fac. What, and doſt thou deſpaire, my little Nab,
Knowing, what the Doctor has ſet downe for thee,
And, ſeeing ſo many, o' the citie, dub'd?
One glaſſe o' thy water, with a *Madame*, I know,
Will haue it done, Nab. What's her brother? a knight?
Drv. No, ſir, a gentleman, newly warme in 'his land, ſir,
Scarſe cold in his one and twentie; that do's gouerne
His ſiſter, here: and is a man himſelfe

Of ſome three thouſand a yeere, and is come vp
To learne to quarrell, and to liue by his wits,
And will goe downe againe, and dye i' the countrey.
FAC. How! to quarrell? DRV. Yes, ſir, to carry quarrells,
As gallants doe, and manage 'hem, by line.
FAC. 'Slid, NAB! The Doctor is the onely man
In *Chriſtendome* for him. He has made a table,
With *Mathematicall* demonſtrations,
Touching the Art of quarrells. He will giue him
An inſtrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring 'hem, both:
Him, and his ſiſter. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perſwade. Goe to.
'Shalt giue his worſhip, a new damaske ſuite
Vpon the premiſſes. SVB. O, good Captaine. FAC. He ſhall,
He is the honeſteſt fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damaske, and the parties.
DRV. I'll trie my power, ſir. FAC. And thy will too, NAB.
SVB. 'Tis good *tabacco* this! What is't an ounce?
FAC. He'll ſend you a pound, Doctor. SVB. O, no. FAC. He will do't.
It is the gooddeſt ſoule. ABEL, about it.
(Thou ſhalt know more anone. Away, be gone.)
A miſerable rogue, and liues with cheeſe,
And has the wormes. That was the cauſe indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in priuate,
To get a med'cine for 'hem. SVB. And ſhall, ſir. This workes.
FAC. A wife, a wife, for one on 'vs, my deare SVBTLE:
Wee'll eene draw lots, and he, that failes, ſhall haue
The more in goods, the other has in taile.
SVB. Rather the leſſe. For ſhee may be ſo light
Shee may want graines. FAC. I, or be ſuch a burden,
A man would ſcarſe endure her, for the whole.
SVB. Faith, beſt let's ſee her firſt, and then determine.
FAC. Content. But DOL muſt ha' no breath on't. SVB. Mum.
Away, you to your SVRLY yonder, catch him.
FAC. 'Pray god, I ha' not ſtai'd too long. SVB. I feare it.

Act III. *Scene* I.

TRIBVLATION, ANANIAS.

THeſe chaſtiſements are common to the *Saints*,
And ſuch rebukes we of the *Separation*
Muſt beare, with willing ſhoulders, as the trialls
Sent forth, to tempt our frailties. ANA. In pure zeale,
I doe not like the man: He is a *heathen*.

And

And ſpeakes the language of *Canaan*, truely.
TRI. I thinke him a prophane perſon, indeed. ANA. He beares
The viſible marke of the *Beaſt*, in his fore-head.
And for his *Stone*, it is a worke of darkneſſe,
And, with *Philoſophie*, blinds the eyes of man.
TRI. Good *Brother*, we muſt bend vnto all meanes,
That may giue furtherance, to the *holy cauſe*.
ANA. Which his cannot: The *ſanctified cauſe*
Should haue a *ſanctified courſe*. TRI. Not alwaies neceſſary.
The children of perdition are oft-times,
Made inſtruments euen of the greateſt workes.
Beſide, we ſhould giue ſomewhat to mans nature,
The place he liues in, ſtill about the fire,
And fume of mettalls, that intoxicate
The braine of man, and make him prone to paſſion.
Where haue you greater *Atheiſts*, then your Cookes?
Or more prophane, or cholerick then your Glaſſe-men?
More *Antichriſtian*, then your Bell-founders?
What makes the Deuill ſo deuilliſh, I would aske you,
Sathan, our common enemie, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boyling
Brimſtone, and *arſnike*? We muſt giue, I ſay,
Vnto the motiues, and the ſtirrers vp
Of humours in the bloud. It may be ſo.
When as the *worke* is done, the *ſtone* is made,
This heate of his may turne into a zeale,
And ſtand vp for the *beauteous diſcipline*,
Againſt the menſtruous cloth, and ragg of *Rome*.
We muſt await his calling, and the comming
Of the good ſpirit. You did fault, t'vpbraid him
With the *Brethrens* bleſſing of *Heidelberg*, waighing
What need we haue, to haſten on the worke,
For the reſtoring of the *ſilenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philoſophers ſtone*.
And, ſo a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Aſſur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The onely med'cine, for the ciuill *Magiſtrate*,
T'incline him to a feeling of the cauſe:
And muſt be daily vs'd, in the diſeaſe.
ANA. I haue not edified more, truely, by man;
Not, ſince the *beautifull light*, firſt, ſhone on me:
And I am ſad, my zeale hath ſo offended.
TRI. Let vs call on him, then. ANA. The motion's good,
And of the ſpirit; I will knock firſt: Peace be within.

Act III. Scene II.

SVBTLE, TRIBVLATION, ANANIAS.

O, Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threeſcore minutes
Were at the laſt thred, you ſee; and downe had gone
Furnus acedia, Turris circulatorius:
Lembeke, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pellicane*
Had all beene cinders. Wicked ANANIAS!
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes downe, yet.

TRI. Sir, be appeaſed, he is come to humble
Himſelfe in ſpirit, and to aske your patience,
If too much zeale hath carried him, aſide,
From the due path. SVB. Why, this doth qualifie!

TRI. The *Brethren* had no purpoſe, verely,
To giue you the leaſt grieuance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands, to any proiect
The ſpirit, and you direct. SVB. This qualifies more!

TRI. And, for the orphanes goods, let them be valew'd,
Or what is needfull, elſe, to the holy worke,
It ſhall be numbred: here, by me, the *Saints*
Throw downe their purſe before you. SVB. This qualifies, moſt!
Why, thus it ſhould be, now you vnderſtand.
Haue I diſcourſ'd ſo vnto you, of our *Stone?*
And, of the good that it ſhall bring your cauſe?
Shew'd you, (beſide the mayne of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your friends,
From th'*Indies*, to ſerue you, with all their fleete)
That euen the med'cinall vſe ſhall make you a faction,
And party in the realme? As, put the caſe,
That ſome great man in ſtate, he haue the gout,
Why, you but ſend three droppes of your *Elixir*,
You helpe him ſtraight: there you haue made a friend.
Another has the palſey, or the dropſie,
He takes of your incombuſtible ſtuffe,
Hee's yong againe: there you haue made a friend.
A Lady, that is paſt the feate of body,
Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you reſtore
With the oyle of *Talek*; there you haue made a friend:
And all her friends. A lord, that is a *Leper*,
A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a ſquire
That hath both theſe, you make 'hem ſmooth, and ſound,
With a bare *fricace* of your med'cine: ſtill,
You increaſe your friends. TRI. I, 'tis very pregnant.

SVB. And, then, the turning of this Lawyers pewter
To plate, at *Christ-masse*—— ANA. *Christ-tide*, I pray you.
SVB. Yet, ANANIAS? ANA. I haue done. SVB. Or changing
His parcell guilt, to massie gold. You cannot
But raise you friends. With all, to be of power
To pay an armie, in the field, to buy
The king of *France*, out of his realmes; or *Spaine*,
Out of his *Indies*: What can you not doe,
Against lords spirituall, or temporall,
That shall oppone you? TRI. Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporall lords, our selues, I take it.
SVB. You may be any thing, and leaue off to make
Long-winded exercises: or suck vp,
Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not denie,
But such as are not graced, in a state,
May, for their ends, be aduerse in religion,
And get a tune, to call the flock together:
For (to say sooth) a tune do's much, with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your bell.
ANA. Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.
SVB. No warning with you? Then, farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall downe: I will not be thus tortur'd.
TRI. I pray you, sir. SVB. All shall perish. I haue spoke it.
TRI. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeale
(But as your selfe) allow a tune, some-where.
Which, now, being to'ard the stone, we shall not need.
SVB. No, nor your holy vizard, to winne widdowes
To giue you legacies; or make zealous wiues
To rob their husbands, for the *common cause*:
Nor take the start of bonds, broke but one day,
And say, *they were forfeited, by prouidence.*
Nor shall you need, ore-night to eate huge meales,
To celebrate your next daies fast the better:
The whilst the *Brethren*, and the *Sisters*, humbled,
Abate the stiffenesse of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungrie hearers, scrupulous bones,
As whether a *Christian* may hawke, or hunt;
Or whether, *Matrons, of the holy assembly*,
May lay their haire out, or weare doublets:
Or haue that idoll *Starch*, about their linnen.
ANA. It is, indeed, an idoll. TRI. Mind him not, sir.
I doe command thee, spirit (of zeale, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, sir, goe on.
SVB. Nor shall you need to libell 'gainst the *Prelates*,

And ſhorten ſo your eares, againſt the hearing
Of the next wire-drawne grace. Nor, of neceſſitie,
Raile againſt playes, to pleaſe the *Alderman*,
Whoſe daily cuſtard you deuoure. Nor lie
With zealous rage, till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular arts. Nor call your ſelues,
By names of TRIBVLATION, PERSECVTION,
RESTRAINT, LONG-PATIENCE, and ſuch like, affected
By the whole family, or wood of you,
Onely for glorie, and to catch the eare
Of the *Diſciple*. TRI. Truely, ſir, they are
Wayes, that the *godly Brethren* haue inuente
For propagation of the *glorious cauſe*,
As very notable meanes, and whereby, alſo,
Themſelues grow ſoone, and profitably famous.
SVB. O, but the *ſtone*, all's idle to'it! nothing!
The art of *Angels*, Natures miracle,
The *diuine ſecret*, that doth flye in clouds,
From *eaſt* to *weſt*: and whoſe tradition
Is not from men, but ſpirits. ANA. I hate *Traditions*:
I do not truſt them—TRI. Peace. ANA. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not peace. I will not——— TRI. ANANIAS.
ANA. Pleaſe the prophane, to grieue the godly: I may not.
SVB. Well, ANANIAS, thou ſhalt ouer-come.
TRI. It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, ſir.
But truely, elſe, a very faithfull *Brother*,
A botcher: and a man, by reuelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
SVB. Has he a competent ſumme, there, i' the bagg,
To buy the goods, within? I am made guardian,
And muſt, for charitie, and conſcience ſake,
Now, ſee the moſt be made, for my poore orphane:
Though I deſire the *Brethren*, too, good gayners.
There, they are, within. When you haue view'd, & bought 'hem,
And tane the inuentorie of what they are,
They are readie for *proiection*; there's no more
To doe: caſt on the *med'cine*, ſo much ſiluer
As there is tinne there, ſo much gold as braſſe,
I'll gi' it you in, by waight. TRI. But how long time,
Sir, muſt the *Saints* expect, yet? SVB. Let me ſee,
How's the moone, now? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence
He will be *ſiluer potate*; then, three dayes,
Before he *citroniſe*: ſome fifteene dayes,
The *Magiſterium* will be perfected.
ANA. About the ſecond day, of the third weeke,

In the ninth month? SVB. Yes, my good ANANIAS.
TRI. What will the orphanes goods arise to, thinke you?
SVB. Some hundred markes; as much as fill'd three carres,
Vnladed now: you'll make sixe millions of 'hem.
But I must ha' more coales laid in. TRI. How! SVB. Another load,
And then we ha' finish'd. We must now encrease
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, Balnei, Cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the *Saints*
Doe need a present summe, I haue trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And, with a tincture, make you as good *Dutch* dollers,
As any are in *Holland*. TRI. Can you so?
SVB. I, and shall bide the third examination.
ANA. It will be ioyfull tidings to the *Brethren*.
SVB. But you must carry it, secret. TRI. I, but stay,
This act of coyning, is it lawfull? ANA. Lawfull?
We know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,
This's forraine coyne. SVB. It is no coyning, sir.
It is but casting. TRI. Ha? you distinguish well.
Casting of money may be lawfull. ANA. 'Tis, sir.
TRI. Truely, I take it so. SVB. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; beleeue ANANIAS:
This case of conscience he is studied in.
TRI. I'll make a question of it, to the *Brethren*.
ANA. The *Brethren* shall approue it lawfull, doubt not.
Where shall't be done? SVB. For that wee'll talke, anone.
Knock without. There's some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you,
And view the parcells. That's the inuentorie.
I'll come to you straight. Who is it? FACE! Appeare.

Act III. *Scene* III.

SVBTLE, FACE, DOL.

HOw now? Good prise? FAC. Good poxe! Yond' caustine cheater
Neuer came on. SVB. How then? FAC. I ha' walk'd the round,
Till now, and no such thing. SVB. And ha' you quit him?
FAC. Quit him? and hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you haue me stalke like a mill-iade,
All day, for one, that will not yeeld vs graines?
I know him of old. SVB. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had beene a maistry. FAC. Let him goe, black Boy,
And turne thee, that some fresh newes may possesse thee.

A

A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spaine* (my deare
Delicious compeere, and my partie-bawd)
Who is come hether, priuate, for his conſcience,
And brought munition with him, ſixe great ſlopps,
Bigger then three *Dutch* hoighs, beſide round trunkes,
Furniſh'd with piſtolets, and pieces of eight,
Will ſtraight be here, my rogue, to haue thy bath
(That is the colour,) and to make his battry
Vpon our DOL, our Caſtle, our *cinque*-Port,
Our *Douer* pire, our what thou wilt. Where is ſhee?
Shee muſt prepare perfumes, delicate linnen,
The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,
For ſhee muſt milke his *Epididimis*.
Where is the *Doxie?* SVB. I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my brace of little IOHN LEYDENS,
And come againe my ſelfe. FAC. Are they within then? (marks, Boy.
SVB. Numbring the ſumme. FAC. How much? SVB. A hundred
FAC. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of MAMMON!
Three o' my clarke! A portague o' my grocer!
This o' the *Brethren!* beſide reuerſions,
And ſtates, to come i' the widdow, and my *Count!*
My ſhare, to day, will not be bought for fortie——— DOL. What?
FAC. Pounds, daintie DOROTHEE, art thou ſo neere?
DOL. Yes, ſay lord *Generall*, how fares our campe?
FAC. As, with the few, that had entrench'd themſelues
Safe, by their diſcipline, againſt a world, DOL:
And laugh'd, within thoſe trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, DOL, brought in
Daily, by their ſmall parties. This deare houre,
A doughtie *Don* is taken, with my DOL;
And thou maiſt make his ranſome, what thou wilt,
My *Douſabell*: He ſhall be brought here, fetter'd
With thy faire lookes, before he ſee's thee; and throwne
In a downe-bed, as darke as any dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keepe him waking, with thy drum;
Thy drum, my DOL; thy drum; till he be tame
As the poore black-birds were i' the great froſt,
Or bees are with a baſon: and ſo hiue him
I' the ſwan-skin couerlid, and cambrick ſheets,
Till he worke honey, and waxe, my little *Gods-guift*.
DOL. What is he, Generall? FAC. An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, girle. Was not my DAPPER here, yet? (on 'hem,
DOL. No. FAC. Nor my DRVGGER? DOL. Neither. FAC. A poxe
They are ſo long a furniſhing! Such ſtinkards
Would not be ſeene, vpon theſe feſtiuall dayes.

How now! ha' you done? SVB. Done. They are gone. The ſumme
Is here in banque, my FACE. I would, we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'hem out-right.
FAC. 'Slid, NAB ſhall doo't, againſt he ha' the widdow,
To furniſh houſhold. SVB. Excellent, well thought on,
Pray god, he come. FAC. I pray, he keepe away
Till our new buſineſſe be o're-paſt. SVB. But, FACE,
How cam'ſt thou, by this ſecret *Don?* A ſpirit
Brought me th'intelligence, in a paper, here,
As I was coniuring, yonder, in my circle
For SVRLY: I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous SVBTLE, by my meanes. Sweet DOL,
You muſt goe tune your virginall, no looſing
O' the leaſt time. And, doe you heare? good action.
Firke, like a flounder; kiſſe, like a ſcallop, cloſe:
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
'VERDVGO-ſhip has not a iot of language:
So much the eaſier to be coffin'd, my DOLLY
He will come here, in a hir'd coach, obſcure,
And our owne coach-man, whom I haue ſent, as guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? SVB. It i'not he?
One knocks.
FAC. O no, not yet this houre. SVB. Who is't? DOL. DAPPER,
Your Clarke. FAC. Gods will, then, *Queene of Faerie,*
On with your tyre; and, Doctor, with your robes.
Lett's diſpatch him, for gods ſake. SVB. 'Twill be long.
FAC. I warrant you, take but the *cues* I giue you,
It ſhall be briefe inough. 'Slight, here are more!
ABEL, and I thinke, the angrie boy, the heire,
That faine would quarrell. SVB. And the widdow? FAC. No,
Not that I ſee. Away. O ſir, you are welcome.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

FACE, DAPPER, DRVGGER, KASTRIL.

THe Doctor is within, a mouing for you;
(I haue had the moſt adoe to winne him to it)
He ſweares, you'll be the dearling o' the dice:
He neuer heard her *Highneſſe* dote, till now (he ſayes.)
Your aunt has giu'n you the moſt gracious words,
That can be thought on. DAP. Shall I ſee her *Grace?*
FAC. See her, and kiſſe her, too. What? honeſt NAB!
Ha'ſt brought the damaske? NAB. No, ſir, here's *tabacco.*
FAC. 'Tis well done, NAB: Thou'lt bring the damaske too?

DAV.

DRV. Yes, here's the gentleman, Captaine, maſter KASTRIL,
I haue brought to ſee the Doctor. FAC. Where's the widdow?
DRV. Sir, as he likes, his ſiſter (he ſayes) ſhall come.
FAC. O, is it ſo? 'good time. Is your name KASTRIL, ſir?
KAS. I, and the beſt o' the KASTRILS, I'lld be ſorry elſe,
By fifteene hundred, a yeere. Where is this Doctor?
My mad *tabacco*-Boy, here, tells me of one,
That can doe things. Has he any skill? FAC. Wherein, ſir?
KAS. To carry a buſineſſe, manage a quarrell, fairely,
Vpon fit termes. FAC. It ſeemes ſir, yo' are but yong
About the towne, that can make that a queſtion!
KAS. Sir, not ſo yong, but I haue heard ſome ſpeech
Of the angrie Boyes, and ſeene 'hem take *tabacco*;
And in his ſhop: and I can take it too.
And I would faine be one of 'hem, and goe downe
And practiſe i' the countrey. FAC. Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I aſſure you, ſhall informe you,
To the leaſt ſhaddow of a haire: and ſhew you,
An inſtrument he has, of his owne making,
Where-with, no ſooner ſhall you make report
Of any quarrell, but he will take the height on't,
Moſt inſtantly; and tell in what degree,
Of ſafty it lies in, or mortalitie.
And, how it may be borne, whether in a *right line*,
Or a *halfe-circle*; or may, elſe, be caſt
Into an *angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonſtrate. And then, rules,
To giue, and take the lie, by. KAS. How? to take it?
FAC. Yes, in *oblique*, hee'll ſhew you; or in *circle*:
But neuer in *diameter*. The whole towne
Studie his *theoremes*, and diſpute them, ordinarily,
At the eating *Academies*. KAS. But, do's he teach
Liuing, by the wits, too? FAC. Any thing, what euer.
You cannot thinke that ſubtiltie, but he reades it.
He made me a Captaine. I was a ſtarke pimpe,
Iuſt o' your ſtanding, 'fore I met with him:
It i' not two months ſince. I'll tell you his method.
Firſt, he will enter you, at ſome ordinarie. (ſir?
KAS. No, I'll not come there. You ſhall pardon me. FAC. For why,
KAS. There's gaming there, and tricks. FAC. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game? KAS. I, 'twill ſpend a man.
FAC. Spend you? It will repaire you, when you are ſpent.
How doe they liue by their wits, there, that haue vented
Sixe times your fortunes? KAS. What, three thouſand a yeere!
FAC. I, fortie thouſand. KAS. Are there ſuch? FAC. I, ſir.

And gallants, yet. Here's a yong gentleman,
Is borne to nothing, fortie markes a yeere,
Which I count nothing. H'is to be initiated,
And haue a *ſhye* o'the Doctor. He will winne you
By vnreſiſtable lucke, within this fortnight,
Inough to buy a *baronie*. They will ſet him
Vpmoſt, at the Groome-porters, all the *Chriſtmaſſe!*
And, for the whole yeere through, at euerie place,
Where there is play, preſent him with the chaire;
The beſt attendance, the beſt drinke, ſometimes
Two glaſſes of *canarie*, and pay nothing;
The pureſt linnen, and the ſharpeſt knife,
The partrich next his trencher: and, ſomewhere,
The daintie bed, in priuate, with the daintie.
You ſhall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houſes for a poet; and the maſter
Pray him, aloud, to name what diſh he affects,
Which muſt be butterd ſhrimps: and thoſe that drinke
To no mouth elſe, will drinke to his, as being
The goodly, *preſident* mouth of all the boord.

KAS. Doe you not gull one? FAC. 'Od's my life! Do you thinke it?
You ſhall haue a caſt commander, (can but get
In credit with a glouer, or a ſpurrier,
For ſome two paire, of eithers ware, afore-hand)
Will, by moſt ſwift poſts, dealing with him,
Arriue at competent meanes, to keepe himſelfe,
His punke, and naked boy, in excellent faſhion.
And be admir'd for't. KAS. Will the Doctor teach this?

FAC. He will doe more, ſir, when your land is gone,
(As men of ſpirit hate to keepe earth long)
In a vacation, when ſmall monie is ſtirring,
And ordinaries ſuſpended till the tearme,
Hee'll ſhew a perſpectiue, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the faces, and the perſons
Of all ſufficient yong heires, in towne,
VVhoſe bonds are currant for commoditie;
On th'other ſide, the marchants formes, and others,
(That, without helpe of any ſecond broker,
(VVho would expect a ſhare) will truſt ſuch parcels:
In the third ſquare, the verie ſtreet, and ſigne
VVhere the commoditie dwels, and do's but wait
To be deliuer'd, be it pepper, ſope,
Hops, or tabacco, oat-meale, woad, or cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enioy,
To your owne vſe, and neuer ſtand oblig'd.

KAS.

KAS. I'faith! Is he ſuch a fellow? FAC. Why, NAB here knowes him,
And then for making matches, for rich widdowes,
Yong gentlewomen, heyres, the fortunat'ſt man!
Hee's ſent too, farre, and neere, all ouer *England*,
To haue his counſell, and to know their fortunes.
KAS. Gods will, my ſuſter ſhall ſee him. FAC. I'll tell you, ſir,
What he did tell me of NAB. It's a ſtrange thing!
(By the way you muſt eate no cheeſe, NAB, it breeds melancholy:
And that ſame melancholy breeds wormes) but paſſe it,
He told me, honeſt NAB, here, was ne'er at tauerne,
But once in's life! DRV. Truth, and no more I was not.
FAC. And, then he was ſo ſick—— DRV. Could he tell you that, too?
FAC. How ſhould I know it? DRV. In troth we had beene a ſhooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton, to ſupper,
That lay ſo heauy o' my ſtomack—— FAC. And he has no head
To beare any wine; for, what with the noiſe o' the fiddlers,
And care of his ſhop, for he dares keepe no ſeruants——
DRV. My head did ſo ake—FAC. As he was faine to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then, a good old woman——
DRV. (Yes faith, ſhee dwells in *Sea-coale*-lane) did cure me,
With ſodden ale, and pellitorie o' the wall:
Coſt me but two pence. I had another ſickneſſe,
Was worſe then that. FAC. I, that was with the griefe
Thou took'ſt for being ſeſs'd at eighteene pence,
For the water-worke. DRV. In truth, and it was like
T'haue coſt me almoſt my life. FAC. Thy haire went off?
DRV. Yes, ſir, 'twas done for ſpight. FAC. Nay, ſo ſayes the Doctor.
KAS. Pray thee, *tabacco*-Boy, goe fetch my ſuſter,
I'll ſee this learned Boy, before I goe:
And ſo ſhall ſhee. FAC. Sir, he is buſie now:
But, if you haue a ſiſter to fetch hether,
Perhaps, your owne paines may command her ſooner;
And he, by that time, will be free. KAS. I goe.
FAC. DRVGGER, ſhee's thine: the damaske. (SVBTLE, and I
Muſt wraſtle for her.) Come on, maſter DAPPER.
You ſee, how I turne clients, here, away,
To giue your cauſe diſpatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were inioyn'd you? DAP. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the cleane ſhirt. FAC. 'Tis well: that ſhirt may doe you
More worſhip then you thinke. Your aunt's a fire
But that ſhee will not ſhew it, t'haue a ſight on you.
Ha' you prouided for her *Graces* ſeruants?
DAP. Yes, here are ſixe-ſcore EDWARD ſhillings. FAC. Good.
DAP. And an old HARRY's ſoueraigne. FAC. Very good.
DAP. And three IAMES ſhillings, and an ELIZABETH groat,

Iuſt

Iust twentie nobles. FAC. O, you are too iust.
I would you had had the other noble in MARIES.
DAP. I haue some PHILIP, and MARIES. FAC. I, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Harke, the Doctor.

Act III. *Scene* V.

SVBTLE, FACE, DAPPER, DOL.

Subtle disguisd like a Priest of Faery.

IS yet her *Graces* cossen come? FAC. He is come.
SVB. And is he fasting? FAC. Yes. SVB. And hath cry'd *bum*?
FAC. Thrise, you must answer. DAP. Thrise. SVB. And as oft *buz*?
FAC. If you haue, say. DAP. I haue. SVB. Then, to her cuz,
Hoping, that he hath vinegard his sensses,
As he was bid, the *Faery Queene* dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticote of FORTVNE;
Which that he straight put on, shee doth importune.
And though to FORTVNE neere be her petticote,
Yet, neerer is her smock, the Queene doth note:
And, therefore, euen of that a piece shee hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in, was rent;
And prayes him, for a scarfe, he now will weare it
(With as much loue, as then her *Grace* did teare it)
They blind him with a rag. About his eyes, to shew, he is fortunate.
And, trusting vnto her to make his state,
Hee'll throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;
Which that he will performe, shee doth not doubt him.
FAC. Shee need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withall, as willingly,
Vpon her *Graces* word (throw away your purse)
As shee would aske it: (hand-kerchiefes, and all)
Shee cannot bid that thing, but hee'll obay.
(If you haue a ring, about you, cast it off,
He throwes away, as they bid him. Or a siluer seale, at your wrist, her *Grace* will send
Her *Faeries* here to search you, therefore deale
Directly with her *Highnesse*. If they find
That you conceale a mite, you are vn-done.)
DAP. Truely, there's all. FAC. All what? DAP. My money, truly.
FAC. Keepe nothing, that is transitorie, about you.
Dol enters with a citterne: they pinch him. (Bid DOL play musique.) Looke, the *Elues* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Aduise you.
DAP. O, I haue a paper with a spur-ryall in't. FAC. *Ti, ti,*
They knew't, they say. SVB. *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
FAC. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I'the tother pocket? SVB. *Titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him, or he will neuer confesse, they say.

DAP.

DAP. O,ô. FAC. Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her *Graces* nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you ſhall care.
Deale plainely, ſir, and ſhame the *Faeries*. Shew
You are an innocent. DAP. By this good light, I ha' nothing.
SVB. *Ti ti, titi to ta.* He do's equiuocate, ſhee ſayes:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da. And ſweares by the light, when he is blinded.
DAP. By this good darke, I ha' nothing but a halfe-crowne
Of gold, about my wriſt, that my loue gaue me;
And a leaden heart I wore, ſin' ſhee forſooke me.
FAC. I thought, 'twas ſomething. And, would you incurre
Your aunts diſpleaſure for theſe trifles? Come,
I had rather you had throwne away twentie halfe-crownes.
You may weare your leaden heart ſtill. How now?
SVB. What newes, DOL? DOL. Yonder's your knight, ſir MAMMON.
FAC. Gods lid, we neuer thought of him, till now.
Where is he? DOL. Here, hard by. H'is at the doore.
SVB. And, you are not readie, now? DOL, get his ſuit.
He muſt not be ſent back. FAC. O, by no meanes.
What ſhall we doe with this ſame Puffin, here,
Now hee's o' the ſpit? SVB. Why, lay him back a while,
With ſome deuice. *Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti.* Would her *Grace* ſpeake with me?
I come. Helpe, DOL. FAC. Who's there? Sir EPICVRE; *He ſpeakes through the key-hole, the other knocking.*
My maſter's i' the way. Pleaſe you to walke
Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, DOL. SVB. Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, maſter DAPPER.
DAP. I long to ſee her *Grace*. SVB. Shee, now, is ſet
At dinner, in her bed; and ſhee has ſent you,
From her owne priuate trencher, a dead mouſe,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withall,
And ſtay your ſtomack, leſt you faint with faſting:
Yet, if you could hold out, till ſhee ſaw you (ſhee ſayes)
It would be better for you. FAC. Sir, he ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two houres, for her *Highneſſe*;
I can aſſure you that. We will not looſe
All we ha' done—— SVB. He muſt nor ſee, nor ſpeake
To any body, till then. FAC. For that, wee'll put, ſir,
A ſtay in 'is mouth. SVB. Of what? FAC. Of ginger-bread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her *Grace*,
Thus farre, ſhall not now crinckle, for a little.
Gape ſir, and let him fit you. SVB. Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? DOL. I' the priuie. SVB. Come along, ſir,
I now muſt ſhew you *Fortunes* priuy lodgings.
FAC. Are they perfum'd? and his bath readie? SVB. All.
Onely the Fumigation's ſomewhat ſtrong.
FAC. Sir EPICVRE, I am yours, ſir, by and by.

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

FACE, MAMMON, DOL.

O, Sir, yo'are come i' the onely, fineſt time——
MAM. Where's maſter? FAC. Now preparing for proiection, ſir.
Your ſtuffe will b' all chang'd ſhortly. MAM. Into gold?
FAC. To gold, and ſiluer, ſir. MAM. Siluer, I care not for.
FAC. Yes, ſir, a little to giue beggars. MAM. Where's the lady?
FAC. At hand, here. I ha' told her ſuch braue things, o' you,
Touching your bountie and your noble ſpirit—MAM. Haſt thou?
FAC. As ſhee is almoſt in her fit to ſee you.
But, good ſir, no *diuinitie* i' your conference,
For feare of putting her in rage—— MAM. I warrant thee.
FAC. Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then
If the old man ſhould heare, or ſee you—— MAM. Feare not.
FAC. The very houſe, ſir, would runne mad. You know it
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainſt the leaſt act of ſinne. *Phyſick*, or *Mathematiques*,
Poetrie, *State*, or *Bawdry* (as I told you)
Shee will endure, and neuer ſtartle: But
No word of controuerſie. MAM. I am ſchool'd, good Zeal.
FAC. And you muſt praiſe her houſe, remember that,
And her nobilitie. MAM. Let me, alone:
No *Herald*, no nor *Antiquarie*, *Lungs*,
Shall doe it better. Goe. FAC. Why, this is yet
A kind of moderne happineſſe, to haue
DOL Common for a great lady. MAM. Now, EPICVRE,
Heighten thy ſelfe, talke to her, all in gold;
Raine her as many ſhowers, as IOVE did drops
Vnto his DANAE: Shew the *God* a miſer,
Compar'd with MAMMON. What? the *ſtone* will do't.
Shee ſhall feele gold, taſt gold, heare gold, ſleepe gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mightie in my talke to her! Here ſhee comes.
FAC. To him, DOL, ſuckle him. This is the noble knight,
I told your ladiſhip—— MAM. Madame, with your pardon,
I kiſſe your veſture. DOL. Sir, I were vn-ciuill
If I would ſuffer that, my lip to you, ſir.
MAM. I hope, my lord your brother be in health, lady?
DOL. My lord, my brother is, though I no ladie, ſir.
FAC. (Well ſaid my *Guiny*-bird.) MAM. Right noble madame——
FAC. (O, we ſhall haue moſt fierce idolatrie!)
MAM. 'Tis your prerogatiue. DOL. Rather your courteſie.

MAM.

MAM. Were there nought elſe t'inlarge your vertues, to me,
Theſe anſweres ſpeake your breeding, and your bloud.
DOL. Bloud we boaſt none, ſir, a poore Baron's daughter.
MAM. Poore! and gat you? Prophane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lyen but there ſtill, and panted,
H'had done inough, to make himſelfe, his iſſue,
And his poſteritie noble. DOL. Sir, although
We may be ſaid to want the guilt, and trappings,
The dreſſe of honor; yet we ſtriue to keepe
The ſeedes, and the materialls. MAM. I doe ſee
The old ingredient, vertue, was not loſt,
Nor the drug money, vs'd to make your compound.
There is a ſtrange nobilitie, i'your eye,
This lip, that chin! Me thinks you doe reſemble
One o'the *Auſtriack* princes. FAC. Very like,
Her father was an *Iriſh* coſtar-monger.
MAM. The houſe of *Valois*, iuſt, had ſuch a noſe.
And ſuch a fore-head, yet, the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boaſt. DOL. Troth, and I haue beene lik'ned
To all theſe Princes. FAC. I'll be ſworne, I heard it.
MAM. I know not how! it is not any one,
But ee'n the very choiſe of all their features.
FAC. I'll in, and laugh. MAM. A certaine touch, or aire,
That ſparkles a diuinitie, beyond
An earthly beautie! DOL. O, you play the courtier.
MAM. Good lady, gi'me leaue—— DOL. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, ſir. MAM. To burne i'this ſweet flame:
The *Phœnix* neuer knew a nobler death.
DOL. Nay, now you court the courtier: and deſtroy
What you would build. This art, ſir, i'your words,
Calls your whole faith in queſtion. MAM. By my ſoule——
DOL. Nay, oathes are made o'the ſame aire, ſir. MAM. Nature
Neuer beſtow'd vpon mortalitie,
A more vnblam'd, a more harmonious feature:
Shee play'd the ſtep-dame in all faces, elſe.
Sweet madame, le'me be particular——
DOL. Particular, ſir? I pray you, know your diſtance.
MAM. In no ill ſenſe, ſweet lady, but to aske
How your faire graces paſſe the houres? I ſee
Yo'are lodg'd, here, i'the houſe of a rare man,
An excellent Artiſt: but, what's that to you?
DOL. Yes, ſir. I ſtudie here the *mathematiques*,
And diſtillation. MAM. O, I crie your pardon.
H'is a diuine inſtructer! can extract

The ſoules of all things, by his art; call all
The vertues, and the miracles of the Sunne,
Into a temperate fornace: teach dull nature
What her owne forces are. A man, the Emp'rour
Has courted, aboue KELLEY: ſent his medalls,
And chaines, t'inuite him. DOL. I, and for his phyſick, ſir——
MAM. Aboue the art of ÆSCVLAPIVS,
That drew the enuy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more. DOL. Troth, I am taken, ſir,
Whole, with theſe ſtudies, that contemplate nature:
MAM. It is a noble humour. But, this forme
Was not intended to ſo darke a vſe!
Had you beene crooked, foule, of ſome courſe mould,
A cloyſter had done well: but, ſuch a feature
That might ſtand vp the glorie of a kingdome,
To liue recluſe! is a mere *ſolæciſme*,
Though in a nunnery. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my lord your brother will permit it!
You ſhould ſpend halfe my land firſt, were I hee.
Do's not this diamant better, on my finger,
Then i' the quarrie? DOL. Yes. MAM. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light!
Heare, you ſhall weare it; take it, the firſt pledge
Of what I ſpeake: to binde you, to beleeue me.
DOL. In chaines of adamant? MAM. Yes, the ſtrongeſt bands.
And take a ſecret, too. Here, by your ſide,
Doth ſtand, this houre, the happieſt man, in *Europe*.
DOL. You are contented, ſir? MAM. Nay, in true being:
The enuy of Princes, and the feare of States.
DOL. Say you ſo, ſir EPICVRE! MAM. Yes, & thou ſhalt proue it,
Daughter of honor. I haue caſt mine eye
Vpon thy forme, and I will reare this beautie,
Aboue all ſtiles. DOL. You meane no treaſon, ſir!
MAM. No, I will take away that iealouſie.
I am the lord of the *Philoſophers ſtone*,
And thou the lady. DOL. How ſir! ha' you that?
MAM. I am the maſter of the *maiſtrie*.
This day, the good old wretch, here, o' the houſe
Has made it for vs. Now, hee's at *proiection*.
Thinke therefore, thy firſt wiſh, now; let me heare it:
And it ſhall raine into thy lap, no ſhower,
But flouds of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee! DOL. You are pleas'd, ſir,
To worke on the ambition of our ſexe.
MAM. I am pleas'd, the glorie of her ſexe ſhould know,

This nooke, here, of the *Friers*, is no climate
For her, to liue obſcurely in, to learne
Phyſick, and ſurgery, for the Conſtables wife
Of ſome odde Hundred in *Eſſex*; but come forth,
And taſt the aire of palaces, eate, drinke
The toyles of *Emp'ricks*, and their boaſted practice;
Tincture of pearle, and corrall, gold, and amber;
Be ſeene at feaſts, and triumphs; haue it ask'd,
What miracle ſhee is? ſet all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glaſſe,
And worke 'hem into cinders; when the iewells
Of twentie ſtates adorne thee; and the light
Strikes out the ſtarres; that, when thy name is mention'd,
Queenes may looke pale: and, we but ſhewing our loue,
NERO's POPPÆA may be loſt in ſtorie!
Thus, will we haue it. DOL. I could well conſent, ſir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The Prince will ſoone take notice; and both ſeize
You, and your *ſtone*: it being a wealth vnfit
For any priuate ſubiect. MAM. If he knew it.
DOL. Your ſelfe doe boaſt it, ſir. MAM. To thee, my life.
DOL. O, but beware, ſir! You may come to end
The remnant of your daies, in a loth'd priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. MAM. 'Tis no idle feare!
Wee'll therefore goe with all, my girle, and liue
In a free ſtate; where we will eate our mullets,
Sous'd in high-countrey wines, ſup pheſants egges,
And haue our cockles, boild in ſiluer ſhells,
Our ſhrimps to ſwim againe, as when they liu'd,
In a rare butter, made of dolphins milke,
Whoſe creame do's looke like opalls: and, with theſe
Delicate meats, ſet our ſelues high for pleaſure,
And take vs downe againe, and then renew
Our youth, and ſtrength, with drinking the *elixir*,
And ſo enioy a perpetuitie
Of life, and luſt. And, thou ſhalt ha' thy wardrobe,
Richer then *Natures*, ſtill, to change thy ſelfe,
And vary oftner, for thy pride, then ſhee:
Or *Art*, her wiſe, and almoſt-equall ſeruant.
FAC. Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, euery word,
Into the labaratory. Some fitter place.
The garden, or great chamber aboue. How like you her?
MAM. Excellent! *Lungs*. There's for thee. FAC. But, doe you heare?
Good ſir, beware, no mention of the *Rabbines*.
MAM. We thinke not on 'hem. FAC. O, it is well, ſir. SVBTLE!

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

FACE, SVBTLE, KASTRIL, DAME PLIANT.

DOst thou not laugh? SVB. Yes. Are they gone? FAC. All's cleare.
SVB. The widdow is come. FAC. And your quarrelling disciple?
SVB. I. FAC. I must to my Captaine-ship againe, then.
SVB. Stay, bring 'hem in, first. FAC. So I meant. What is shee?
A *Bony-bell?* SVB. I know not. FAC. Wee'll draw lots,
You'll stand to that? SVB. What else? FAC. O, for a suite,
To fall now, like a cortine: flap. SVB. To th'dore, man.
FAC. You'll ha' the first kisse, 'cause I am not readie.
SVB. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils. (Gone, sir,
FAC. Who would you speak with? KAS. Wher's the Captaine? FAC.
About some businesse. KAS. Gone? FAC. Hee'll returne straight.
But master Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.
SVB. Come neere, my worshipfull Boy, my *terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of land; make thy approches:
Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serue, and satisfie 'hem. Beginne,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my center: Ground thy quarrell. KAS. You lie.
SVB. How, child of wrath, and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sodaine Boy? KAS. Nay, that looke you too,
I am afore-hand. SVB. O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick!* You must render causes, child,
Your first, and second *Intentions*, know your *canons*,
And your *diuisions*, *moodes*, *degrees*, and *differences*,
Your *prædicaments*, *substance*, and *accident*,
Series externe, and *interne*, with their *causes*
Efficient, *materiall*, *formall*, *finall*,
And ha' your *elements* perfect—— KAS. What is this!
The angrie tongue he talkes in? SVB. That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiu'd a number;
And made 'hem enter quarrells, often-times,
Before they were aware: and, afterward,
Against their wills. KAS. How must I doe then, sir?
SVB. I crie this lady mercy. Shee should, first,
Haue beene saluted. I doe call you lady,
Becausse you are to be one, ere't be long,
He kisses her. My soft, and buxome widdow. KAS. Is shee, i-faith?
SVB. Yes, or my art is an egregious lyar.
KAS. How know you? SVB. By inspection, on her fore-head,

And

And ſubtiltie of her lip, which muſt be taſted
Often, to make a iudgement. 'Slight, ſhee melts
Like a *Myrobalane*! Here is, yet, a line
In *riuo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.
PLI. What is he then, ſir? SVB. Let me ſee your hand.
O, your *linea Fortunæ* makes it plaine;
And *ſtella*, here, in *monte Veneris*:
But, moſt of all, *iunctura annularis*.
He is a ſouldier, or a man of art, lady:
But ſhall haue ſome great honour, ſhortly. PLI. Brother,
Hee's a rare man, beleeue me! KAS. Hold your peace.
Here comes the tother rare man. 'Saue you Captaine.
FAC. Good maſter KASTRIL. Is this your ſiſter? KAS. I, ſir.
Pleaſe you to kuſſe her, and be proud to know her?
FAC. I ſhall be proud to know you, ladie. PLI. Brother,
He calls me ladie, too. KAS. I, peace. I heard it.
FAC. The *Count* is come. SVB. Where is he? FAC. At the dore.
SVB. Why, you muſt entertaine him. FAC. What'll you doe
With theſe the while? SVB. Why, haue 'hem vp, and ſhew 'hem
Some fuſtian booke, or the darke glaſſe. FAC. 'Fore god,
Shee is a delicate dab-chick! I muſt haue her.
SVB. Muſt you? I, if your fortune will, you muſt.
Come ſir, the Captaine will come to vs preſently.
I'll ha' you to my chamber of *demonſtrations*,
Where I'll ſhew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of quarrelling; my whole method,
Drawne out in tables: and my inſtrument,
That hath the ſeuerall ſcale vpon't, ſhall make you
Able to quarrell, at a ſtrawes breadth, by *Moone*-light.
And, lady, I'll haue you looke in a glaſſe,
Some halfe an houre, but to cleare your eye-ſight,
Againſt you ſee your fortune: which is greater,
Then I may iudge vpon the ſodaine, truſt me.

He kiſſes her againe.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

FACE, SVBTLE, SVRLY.

WHere are you, Doctor? SVB. I'll come to you preſently.
FAC. I will ha' this ſame widdow, now I ha' ſeene her,
On any compoſition. SVB. What doe you ſay?
FAC. Ha' you diſpos'd of them? SVB. I ha' ſent 'hem vp.
FAC. SVBTLE, in troth, I needs muſt haue this widdow.
SVB. Is that the matter? FAC. Nay, but heare me. SVB. Goe to,
If you rebell once, Doll ſhall know it all.

Therefore, be quiet, and obey your chance.
FAC. Nay, thou art ſo violent now—— Doe but conceiue:
Thou art old, and canſt not ſerue—— SVB. Who, cannot I?
'Slight, I will ſerue her with thee, for a—— FAC. Nay,
But vnderſtand: I'll gi' you compoſition.
SVB. I will not treat with thee: what, ſell my fortune?
'Tis better then my birth-right. Doe not murmure.
Winne her, and carrie her. If you grumble, DOL
Knowes it directly. FAC. Well ſir, I am ſilent.
Will you goe helpe, to fetch in *Don*, in ſtate?
SVB. I follow you, ſir: we muſt keepe FACE in awe,
Surly like a Spaniard. Or he will ouer-looke vs like a tyranne.
Braine of a taylor! Who comes here? *Don* ION!
SVR. *Sennores, beſolas manos, à vueſtras mercedes.*
SVB. Would you had ſtoup'd a little, and kiſt our *anos*.
FAC. Peace SVBTLE. SVB. Stab me; I ſhall neuer hold, man.
He lookes in that deepe ruffe, like a head in a platter,
Seru'd in by a ſhort cloake vpon two treſſils!
FAC. Or, what doe you ſay to a collar of brawne, cut downe
Beneath the ſouſe, and wriggled with a knife?
SVB. 'Slud, he do's looke too fat to be a *Spaniard*.
FAC. Perhaps ſome *Fleming*, or ſome *Hollander* got him
In D'ALVA's time: *Count* EGMONTS baſtard. SVB. *Don*,
Your ſciruy, yellow, *Madrid* face is welcome.
SVR. *Gratia*. SVB. He ſpeakes, out of a fortification.
'Pray god, he ha' no ſquibs in thoſe deepe ſets.
SVR. *Por dios, Sennores, muy linda caſa!*
SVB. What ſayes he? FAC. Praiſes the houſe, I thinke,
I know no more but's action. SVB. Yes, the *Caſa*,
My precious DIEGO, will proue faire inough,
To coſſen you in. Doe you marke? you ſhall
Be coſſened, DIEGO. FAC. Coſſened, doe you ſee?
My worthy *Donzel*, coſſened. SVR. *Entiendo*.
SVB. Doe you intend it? So doe we, deare *Don*.
He feeles his pockets. Haue you brought piſtolets? or portagues?
My ſolemne *Don*? Doſt thou feele any? FAC. Full.
SVB. You ſhall be emptied, *Don*; pumped, and drawne,
Drie, as they ſay. FAC. Milked, in troth, ſweet *Don*.
SVB. See all the monſters; the great lyon of all, *Don*.
SVR. *Con licencia, ſe puede ver à eſta Sennorà?*
SVB. What talkes he now? FAC. O' the *Sennora*. SVB. O, *Don*,
That is the lyoneſſe, which you ſhall ſee
Alſo, my *Don*. FAC. 'Slid, SVBTLE, how ſhall we doe? (true!
SVB. For what? FAC. Why, DOL's emploi'd, you know. SVB. That's
Fore heau'n I know not: He muſt ſtay, that's all.

FAC.

FAC. Stay? That he muſt not by no meanes. SVB. No, why?
FAC. Vnleſſe you'll marre all. 'Slight, hee'll ſuſpect it.
And then he will not pay, not halfe ſo well.
This is a trauell'd punque-maſter, and do's know
All the delayes: a notable hot raskall,
And lookes, already, rampant. SVB. 'Sdeath, and MAMMON
Muſt not be troubled. FAC. MAMMON, in no caſe!
SVB. What ſhall we doe then? FAC. Thinke: you muſt be ſodaine.
SVR. *Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan hermoſa, que codicio tan à ver la, como la bien auenturança de mi vida.*
FAC. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, SVBTLE, he puts me in minde o'the widow.
What doſt thou ſay to draw her to't? ha?
And tell her, it is her fortune. All our venter
Now lies vpon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to haue her: and, beſide,
There is no maiden-head, to be fear'd, or loſt.
What doſt thou thinke on't, SVBTLE? SVB. Who, I? Why——
FAC. The credit of our houſe too is engag'd.
SVB. You made me an offer for my ſhare e're while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i-faith? FAC. O, by that light,
Ile not buy now. You know your doome to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, ſir; winne her,
And weare her, out for me. SVB. 'Slight. I'll not worke her then.
FAC. It is the common cauſe, therefore bethinke you.
DOL elſe muſt know it, as you ſaid. SVB. I care not.
SVR. *Sennores, por que ſe tarda tanta?*
SVB. Faith, I am not fit, I am old. FAC. That's now no reaſon, ſir.
SVR. *Pueda ſer, de hazer burla de mi amor.*
FAC. You heare the *Don*, too? By this ayre, I call.
And looſe the hinges, DOL. SVB. A plague of hell——
FAC. Will you then doe? SVB. Yo'are a terrible rogue,
Ile thinke of this: will you, ſir, call the widow?
FAC. Yes, and Ile take her too, with all her faults,
Now I doe thinke on't better. SVB. With all my heart, ſir,
Am I diſcharg'd o'the lot? FAC. As you pleaſe. SVB. Hands.
FAC. Remember now, that vpon any change,
You neuer claime her. SVB. Much good ioy, and health to you, ſir.
Marry a whore? *Fate*, let me wed a witch firſt.
SVR. *Por eſtas honrada's barbas*—— SVB. He ſweares by his beard.
Diſpatch, and call the brother too. SVR. *Tiengo dùda, Sennores, Que no me hàgan alguna traycion.*
SVB. How, iſſue on? Yes, *praſto Sennor*. Pleaſe you
Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy *Don*;
Where if it pleaſe the *Fates*, in your *bathada*,
You ſhall be ſok'd, and ſtrok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd:

And

And ſcrub'd, and fub'd, deare *Don*, before you goe.
You ſhall, in faith, my ſciruie babioun *Don*:
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartilier goe about it now,
And make the widdow a punke, ſo much the ſooner,
To be reueng'd on this impetuous FACE:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

FACE, KASTRIL, DA. PLIANT, SVBTLE, SVRLY.

COme ladie: I knew, the Doctor would not leaue,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
KAS. To be a *Counteſſe*, ſay you? A *Spaniſh Counteſſe*, ſir.
PLI. Why? is that better then an *Engliſh Counteſſe*?
FAC. Better? 'Slight, make you that a queſtion, ladie?
KAS. Nay, ſhee is a foole, Captaine, you muſt pardon her.
FAC. Aske from your courtier, to your innes of court-man,
To your mere millaner: they will tell you all,
Your *Spaniſh* iennet is the beſt horſe. Your *Spaniſh*
Stoupe is the beſt garbe. Your *Spaniſh* beard
Is the beſt cut. Your *Spaniſh* ruffes are the beſt
Weare. Your *Spaniſh Pauin* the beſt daunce.
Your *Spaniſh* titillation in a gloue
The beſt perfume. And, for your *Spaniſh* pike,
And *Spaniſh* blade, let your poore Captaine ſpeake.
Here comes the Doctor. SVB. My moſt honor'd ladie,
(For ſo I am now to ſtile you, hauing found
By this my *ſcheme*, you are to vnder-goe
An honorable fortune, very ſhortly.)
What will you ſay now, if ſome—— FAC. I ha' told her all, ſir.
And her right worſhipfull brother, here, that ſhee ſhall be
A *Counteſſe*: doe not delay 'hem, ſir. A *Spaniſh Counteſſe*.
SVB. Still, my ſcarſe worſhipfull Captaine, you can keepe
No ſecret. Well, ſince he has told you, madame,
Doe you forgiue him, and I doe. KAS. Shee ſhall doe that, ſir.
I'le looke to't, 'tis my charge. SVB. Well then. Nought reſts
But that ſhee fit her loue, now, to her fortune.
PLI. Truely, I ſhall neuer brooke a *Spaniard*. SVB. No?
PLI. Neuer, ſin' *eighty-eight* could I abide 'hem,
And that was ſome three yeere afore I was borne, in truth.
SVB. Come, you muſt loue him, or be miſerable:
Chooſe, which you will. FAC. By this good ruſh, perſwade her,

Shee

Shee will crie ſtraw-berries elſe, within this twelue-month.
SVB. Nay, ſhads, and mackrell, which is worſe. FAC. Indeed, ſir?
KAS. Gods lid, you ſhall loue him, or Ile kick you. PLI. Why?
Ile doe as you will ha' me, brother. KAS. Doe,
Or by this hand, I'll maull you. FAC. Nay, good ſir,
Be not ſo fierce. SVB. No, my enraged child,
Shee will be rul'd. What, when ſhee comes to taſt
The pleaſures of a Counteſſe! to be courted———
FAC. And kiſt, and ruffled! SVB. I, behind the hangings.
FAC. And then come forth in pomp! SVB. And know her ſtate!
FAC. Of keeping all th'idolaters o' the chamber
Barer to her, then at their prayers! SVB. Is ſeru'd
Vpon the knee! FAC. And has her pages, huiſhers,
Foot-men, and coaches— SVB. Her ſixe mares— FAC. Nay, eight!
SVB. To hurry her through *London*, to th'*Exchange*,
Bet'lem, the *China*-houſes——— FAC. Yes, and haue
The citizens gape at her, and praiſe her tyres!
And my-lords gooſe-turd bands, that rides with her!
KAS. Moſt braue! By this hand, you are not my ſuſter,
If you refuſe. PLI. I will not refuſe, brother.
SVR. *Que es eſto, Sennores, que non ſe venga?*
Eſta tardanza me mata! FAC. It is the *Count* come!
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.
SVB. *En gallanta Madama, Don! gallantiſſima!*
SVR. *Por todos los dioſes, la mas acabada*
Hermoſura, que he viſto en mi vida!
FAC. Is't not a gallant language, that they ſpeake?
KAS. An admirable language! Is't not *French?*
FAC. No, *Spaniſh*, ſir. KAS. It goes like law-*French*,
And that, they ſay, is the court-lieſt language. FAC. Liſt, ſir.
SVR. *El Sol ha perdido ſu lumbre, con el*
Reſplandor, que trae eſta dama. Valga me dios!
FAC. He' admires your ſiſter. KAS. Muſt not ſhee make curtſie?
SVB. 'Ods will, ſhee muſt goe to him, man; and kiſſe him!
It is the *Spaniſh* faſhion, for the women
To make firſt court. FAC. 'Tis true he tells you, ſir:
His art knowes all. SVR. *Por que no ſe acude?*
KAS. He ſpeakes to her, I thinke? FAC. That he do's ſir.
SVR. *Por el amor de dios, que es eſto, que ſe tarda?*
KAS. Nay, ſee: ſhee will not vnderſtand him! Gull.
Noddy. PLI. What ſay you brother? KAS. Aſſe, my ſuſter,
Goe kuſſe him, as the cunning man would ha' you,
I'll thruſt a pinne i' your buttocks elſe. FAC. O, no ſir.
SVR. *Sennora mia, mi perſona muy indigna eſta*
Alle gar à tanta Hermoſura.

FAC.

FAC. Do's he not vſe her brauely? KAS. Brauely, i-faith!
FAC. Nay, he will vſe her better. KAS. Doe you thinke ſo?
SVR. *Sennora, ſi ſera ſeruida, entremus.*
KAS. Where do's he carry her? FAC. Into the gardon, ſir;
Take you no thought: I muſt interpret for her.
SVB. Giue DOL the word. Come, my fierce child, aduance,
Wee'll to our quarrelling leſſon againe. KAS. Agreed.
I loue a *Spaniſh* Boy, with all my heart.
SVB. Nay, and by this meanes, ſir, you ſhall be brother
To a great *Count*. KAS. I, I knew that, at firſt.
This match will aduance the houſe of the KASTRILS.
SVB. 'Pray god, your ſiſter proue but pliant. KAS. Why,
Her name is ſo: by her other husband. SVB. How!
KAS. The widdow PLIANT. Knew you not that? SVB. No faith, ſir.
Yet, by erection of her *figure*, I geſt it.
Come, let's goe practice. KAS. Yes, but doe you thinke, Doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrell well? SVB. I warrant you.

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

DOL, MAMMON, FACE, SVBTLE:

In her fit of talking.

FOr, after ALEXANDERS *death*—— MAM. Good lady——
DOL. *That* PERDICCAS, *and* ANTIGONVS *were ſlaine,*
The two that ſtood, SELEVC', *and* PTOLOMEE——
MAM. Madame. DOL. *Made vp the two legs, and the fourth Beaſt.*
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg—— MAM. Lady——
DOL. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.*
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg—— MAM. Sweet madame.
DOL. *And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall*
In the laſt linke of the fourth chaine. And theſe
Be ſtarres in ſtory, which none ſee, or looke at——
MAM. What ſhall I doe? DOL. *For, as he ſayes, except*
We call the Rabbines, and the heathen Greekes——
MAM. Deare lady. DOL. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,*
And teach the people of great Britaine—— FAC. What's the matter, ſir?
DOL. *To ſpeake the tongue of* EBER, *and* IAVAN—— MAM. O,
Sh' is in her fit. DOL. *We ſhall know nothing*—— FAC. Death, ſir,
We are vn-done. DOL. *Where, then, a learned Linguiſt*
Shall ſee the antient vs'd communion
Of vowels, and conſonants—— FAC. My maſter will heare!
DOL. *A wiſedome, which* PYTHAGORAS *held moſt high*——
MAM. Sweet honorable lady. DOL. *To compriſe*
All ſounds of voyces, in few markes of letters——
FAC. Nay, you muſt neuer hope to lay her now.

DOL.

DOL. And so we may arriue by *Talmud* skill,
And profane *greeke*, to raise the building vp
Of HELENS house, against the *Ismaelite*,
King of *Thogarma*, and his *Habergions*
Brimstony, blew, and fiery; and the force
Of King ABADDON, and the Beast of *Sixtus*.
Which *Rabbi* DAVID KIMCHI, ONKELOS,
And ABEN-EZRA doe interpret *Rome*.

FAC. How did you put her into't? MAN. Alas I talk'd
Of a fift *Monarchy* I would erect,
With the *Philosophers stone* (by chance) and shee
Fals on the other foure, straight. FAC. Out of BROVGHTON!
I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth. MAN. Is't best?
FAC. She'll neuer leaue else. If the old man heare her,
We are but *seres*, ashes. SVB. What's to doe there?
FAC. O, we are lost. Now she heares him, she is quiet.

They speake together.

MAM. Where shall I hide me? SVB. How! What sight is here!
Close deeds of darkenesse, and that shunne the light!
Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my sonne!
O, I haue liu'd too long. MAM. Nay good, deare father,
There was no vnchast purpose. SVB. Not? and flee me,
When I come in? MAM. That was my error. SVB. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my sonne. Giue it the right name. No maruaile,
If I found check in our *great worke* within,
When such affaires as these were managing!
MAM. Why, haue you so? SVB. It has stood still this halfe houre:
And all the rest of our *lesse workes* gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickednesse,
My lewd false drudge? MAM. Nay, good sir, blame not him.
Beleeue me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
I saw her by chance. SVB. Will you commit more sinne,
T'excuse a varlet? MAM. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
SVB. Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heauen:
And loose your fortunes. MAM. Why, sir? SVB. This'll retard
The *worke*, a month at least. MAM. Why, if it doe,
What remedie? but thinke it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest. SVB. As they were,
So the reward will proue. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to vs. What's that?

Vpon Subtles entry they disperse.

A great crack and noise within.

FAC. O sir, we are defeated! all the *workes*
Are flowne *in fumo*: euery glasse is burst.
Furnace, and all rent downe! as if a bolt
Of thunder had beene driuen through the house.
Retorts, Receiuers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All strooke in shiuers! Helpe, good sir! Alas,
Coldnesse, and death inuades him. Nay, sir MAMMON,
Doe the faire offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart, then he.
Who's there? My lord her brother is come. MAM. Ha, *Lungs?*

Subtle falls downe as in a swoune.

One knocks.

FAC. His coach is at the dore. Auoid his sight,
For hee's as furious, as his sister is mad.
MAM. Alas! FAC. My braine is quite vn-done with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine owne man againe.
MAM. Is all lost, *Lungs?* Will nothing be preseru'd,
Of all our cost? FAC. Faith, very little, sir.

A peck of coales, or ſo, which is cold comfort, ſir.
MAM. O my voluptuous mind! I am iuſtly puniſh'd.
FAC. And ſo am I, ſir. MAM. Caſt from all my hopes——
FAC. Nay, certainties, ſir. MAM. By mine owne baſe affections.
Subtle ſeemes come to himſelfe. SVB. O, the curſt fruits of vice, and luſt! MAM. Good father,
It was my ſinne. Forgiue it. SVB. Hangs my roofe
Ouer vs ſtill, and will not fall, ô iuſtice,
Vpon vs, for this wicked man! FAC. Nay, looke, ſir,
You grieue him, now, with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good ſir, the noble man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *tragœdie*. MAM. I'll goe.
FAC. I, and repent at home, ſir. It may be,
For ſome good penance, you may ha' it, yet,
A hundred pound to the boxe at *Bet'lem*—— MAM. Yes.
FAC. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their wits. MAM. I'll do't.
FAC. Ile ſend one to you to receiue it. MAM. Doe.
Is no *proiection* left? FAC. All flowne, or ſtinks, ſir.
MAM. Will nought be ſau'd, that's good for med'cine, thinkſt thou?
FAC. I cannot tell, ſir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the ſhardes,
Will cure the itch: though not your itch of mind, ſir.
It ſhall be ſau'd for you, and ſent home. Good ſir,
This way: for feare the lord ſhould meet you. SVB. FACE.
FAC. I. SVB. Is he gone? FAC. Yes, and as heauily
As all the gold he hop'd for, were in his bloud.
Let vs be light, though. SVB. I, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads againſt the roofe for ioy:
There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
FAC. Now to our *Don*. SVB. Yes, your yong widdow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſſe*, FACE: Sh' has beene in trauaile
Of a yong heire for you. FAC. Good, ſir. SVB. Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a bride-groome ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. FAC. Very well, ſir.
Will you goe fetch *Don* DIEGO off, the while?
SVB. And fetch him ouer too, if you'll be pleas'd, ſir:
Would DOL were in her place, to pick his pockets now.
FAC. Why, you can doe it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you proue your vertue. SVB. For your ſake, ſir.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

SVRLY, DA. PLIANT, SVBTLE, FACE.

LAdy, you ſee into what hands, you are falne;
Mongſt what a neſt of villaines! and how neere
Your honor was t'haue catch'd a certaine clap
(Through your credulitie) had I but beene
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumſtance would ha' made a man:
For yo'are a handſome woman: would yo' were wiſe, too.
I am a gentleman, come here diſguis'd,
Onely to find the knaueries of this *Citadell*,
And where I might haue wrong'd your honor, and haue not,
I claime ſome intereſt in your loue. You are,
They ſay, a widdow, rich: and I am a batcheler,
Worth nought: Your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preſeru'd you a woman. Thinke vpon it,
And whether, I haue deſeru'd you, or no. PLI. I will, ſir.
SVB. And for theſe houſhold-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them. SVB. How doth my noble DIEGO?
And my deare madame, *Counteſſe*? Hath the *Count*
Beene courteous, lady? liberall? and open?
Donzell, me thinkes you looke melancholike,
After your *coitum*, and ſcuruy! True-ly,
I doe not like the dulneſſe of your eye:
It hath a heauy caſt, 'tis *vpſee Dutch*,
And ſay's you are a lumpiſh whore-maſter.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets ſo. *He falls to picking of them.*
SVR. Will you, *Don* bawd, and pick-purſe? How now? Reele you?
Stand vp ſir, you ſhall find ſince I am ſo heauy,
I'll gi' you equall weight. SVB. Helpe, murder! SVR. No, ſir.
There's no ſuch thing intended. A good cart,
And a cleane whip ſhall eaſe you of that feare.
I am the *Spaniſh Don*, that ſhould be coſſened,
Doe you ſee? coſſened? Where's your Captayne FACE?
That parcell-broker, and whole-bawd, all raskall.
FAC. How, SVRLY! SVR. O, make your approach, good Captaine.
I'haue found, from whence your copper rings, and ſpoones
Come, now, wherewith you cheate abroad in tauernes.
'Twas here, you learn'd t'anoint your boot with brimſtone,
Then rub mens gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And ſay 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing? And this Doctor,

Your ſooty, ſmoakie-bearded compeere, he
Will cloſe you ſo much gold, in a bolts-head,
And, on a turne, conuay (i'the ſtead) another
With *ſublim'd Mercurie*, that ſhall burſt i'the heate,
And flye out all *in fumo?* Then weepes MAMMON:
Then ſwounes his worſhip. Or, he is the FAVSTVS,
That caſteth figures, and can coniure, cures
Plague, piles, and poxe, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds intelligence with all the bawdes,
And midwiues of three ſhires? while you ſend in——
Captaine, (what is he gone?) dam'ſells with child,
Wiues, that are barren, or, the waiting-maide
With the greene-ſickneſſe? Nay, ſir, you muſt tarrie
Though he be ſcap't; and anſwere, by the eares, ſir.

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

FACE, KASTRIL, SVRLEY, SVBTLE, DRVGGER, ANANIAS, DA. PLIANT, DOL.

WHy, now's the time, if euer you will quarrell
Well (as they ſay) and be a true-borne child.
The Doctor, and your ſiſter both are abus'd.
KAS. Where is he? which is he? he is a ſlaue
What ere he is, and the ſonne of a whore. Are you
The man, ſir, I would know? SVR. I ſhould be loth, ſir,
To confeſſe ſo much. KAS. Then you lie, i' your throate. SVR. How?
FAC. A very errant rogue, ſir, and a cheater,
Employd here, by another coniurer,
That dos not loue the Doctor, and would croſſe him
If he knew how——SVR. Sir, you are abus'd. KAS. You lie:
And 'tis no matter. FAC. Well ſaid, ſir. He is
The impudent'ſt raskall—SVR. You are indeed. Will you heare me, ſir?
FAC. By no meanes: Bid him be gone. KAS. Be gone, ſir, quickly.
SVR. This's ſtrange! Lady, doe you informe your brother.
FAC. There is not ſuch a foyſt, in all the towne,
The Doctor had him, preſently: and findes, yet,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come, here. Beare vp, SVBTLE.
SVB. Yes, ſir, he muſt appeare, within this houre.
FAC. And yet this rogue, would come, in a diſguiſe,
By the temptation of another ſpirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it. KAS. I,
I know——Away, you talke like a fooliſh mauther.
SVR. Sir, all is truth, ſhe ſaies. FAC. Doe not beleeue him, ſir:

He

He is the lying'ſt Swabber! Come your wayes, ſir.
SVR. You are valiant, out of companie. KAS. Yes, how then, ſir?
FAC. Nay, here's an honeſt fellow too, that knowes him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I ſay, ABEL,)
This cheater would ha' coſſen'd thee o' the widdow.
He owes this honeſt DRVGGER, here, ſeuen pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of *tabacco*.
DRV. Yes ſir. And h' has damn'd himſelfe, three termes, to pay mee.
FAC. And what do's he owe for *lotum*? DRV. Thirtie ſhillings, ſir:
And for ſixe *ſyringes*. SVR. HYDRA of villanie!
FAC. Nay, ſir, you muſt quarrell him out o' the houſe. KAS. I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' dores, you lie:
And you are a pimpe. SVR. Why, this is madneſſe, ſir,
Not valure in you: I muſt laugh at this.
KAS. It is my humour: you are a Pimpe, and a Trig,
And an AMADIS *de Gaule*, or a *Don* QVIXOTE.
DRV. Or a Knight o' the *curious cox-combe*. Doe you ſee?
ANA. Peace to the houſhold. KAS. Ile keepe peace, for no man.
ANA. Caſting of dollers is concluded lawfull.
KAS. Is he the Conſtable? SVB. Peace, ANANIAS. FAC. No, ſir.
KAS. Then you are an *Otter*, and a *Shad*, a *whit*,
A very *Tim*. SVR. You'll heare me, ſir? KAS. I will not.
ANA. What is the motiue! SVB. Zeale, in the yong gentleman,
Againſt his *Spaniſh* ſlops— ANA. They are profane,
Leud, ſuperſtitious, and idolatrous breeches.
SVR. New raskals! KAS. Will you be gone, ſir? ANA. Auoid *Sathan*,
Thou art not of the light. That ruffe of pride,
About thy neck, betrayes thee: 'and is the ſame
With that, which the vncleane birds, in *ſeuenty-ſeuen*,
Were ſeene to pranke it with, on diuers coaſts.
Thou look'ſt like *Antichriſt*, in that leud hat.
SVR. I muſt giue way. KAS. Be gone, ſir. SVR. But Ile take
A courſe with you—— (ANA. Depart, proud *Spaniſh* fiend)
SVR. Captain, & Doctor— ANA. Child of perdition. KAS. Hence, ſir.
Did I not quarrell brauely? FAC. Yes, indeed, ſir.
KAS. Nay, and I giue my mind to't, I ſhall do't.
FAC. O, you muſt follow, ſir, and threaten him tame.
Hee'll turne againe elſe. KAS. I'll re-turne him, then.
FAC. DRVGGER, this rogue preuented vs, for thee:
We' had determin'd, that thou ſhouldſt ha' come,
In a *Spaniſh* ſute, and ha' carried her ſo; and he
A brokerly ſlaue, goes, puts it on himſelfe.
Haſt brought the damaske? DRV. Yes ſir. FAC. Thou muſt borrow,
A *Spaniſh* ſuite. Haſt thou no credit with the players?
DRV. Yes, ſir, did you neuer ſee me play the foole?

FAC. I know not, NAB: thou ſhalt, if I can helpe it.
HIERONYMO's old cloake, ruffe, and hat will ſerue,
Ile tell thee more, when thou bring'ſt 'hem. ANA. Sir, I know
Subtle hath whiſperd with him this while.
The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath ſpies
Vpon their actions: and that this was one
I make no ſcruple. But the holy *Synode*
Haue beene in prayer, and meditation, for it.
And 'tis reueal'd no leſſe, to them, then me,
That caſting of money is moſt lawfull. SVB. True.
But here, I cannot doe it; if the houſe
Should chance to be ſuſpected, all would out,
And we be lock'd vp, in the tower, for euer,
To make gold there (for th'ſtate) neuer come out:
And, then, are you defeated. ANA. I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole companie of the *Separation*
May ioyne in humble prayer againe. (SVB. And faſting.)
ANA. Yea, for ſome fitter place. The peace of mind
Reſt with theſe walls. SVB. Thanks, courteous ANANIAS.
FAC. What did he come for? SVB. About caſting dollers,
Preſently, out of hand. And ſo, I told him,
A *Spaniſh* miniſter came here to ſpie,
Againſt the faithfull——— FAC. I conceiue. Come SVBTLE,
Thou art ſo downe vpon the leaſt diſaſter!
How wouldſt tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
SVB. I thanke thee FACE, for the angrie Boy, i-faith.
FAC. Who would ha' lookt, it ſhould ha' beene that raskall?
SVRLY? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, ſir,
Here's damaske come, to make you a ſuit. SVB. Where's DRVGGER?
FAC. He is gone to borrow me a *Spaniſh* habite,
Ile be the *Count*, now. SVB. But where's the widdow?
FAC. Within, with my lords ſiſter: Madame DOL
Is entertayning her. SVB. By your fauour, FACE,
Now ſhee is honeſt, I will ſtand againe.
FAC. You will not offer it? SVR. Why? FAC. Stand to your word,
Or——here comes DOL. She knowes—— SVB. Yo'are tyrannous ſtill.
FAC. Strict for my right. How now, DOL? Haſt'told her,
The *Spaniſh Count* will come? DOL. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for! FAC. Who's that? DOL. Your maſter:
The maſter of the houſe. SVB. How, DOL! FAC. Shee lies.
This is ſome trick. Come, leaue your quiblins, DOROTHEE.
DOL. Looke out, and ſee. SVB. Art thou in earneſt? DOL. 'Slight,
Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
FAC. 'Tis he, by this good day. DOL. 'T will proue ill day,
For ſome on vs. FAC. We are vndone, and taken.

DOL.

DOL. Loſt, I'am afraid. SVB. You ſaid he would not come,
While there dyed one a weeke, within the liberties.
FAC. No: 'twas within the walls. SVB. Was't ſo? Cry' you mercy:
I thought the liberties. What ſhall we doe now, FACE?
FAC. Be ſilent: not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old ſhape againe, and meet him,
Of IEREMIE, the butler. I'the meane time,
Doe you two pack vp all the goods, and purchaſe,
That we can carry i'the two trunkes. I'll keepe him
Off for to day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, Ile ſhip you both away to *Ratcliffe*,
Where wee'll meet to morrow, and there wee'll ſhare.
Let MAMMON's braſſe, and pewter keepe the cellar:
Wee'll haue another time for that. But, DOL,
'Pray thee, goe heate a little water, quickly,
SVBTLE muſt ſhaue me. All my Captaines beard
Muſt off, to make me appeare ſmooth IEREMIE.
You'll do't? SVB. Yes, Ile ſhaue you, as well as I can.
FAC. And not cut my throte, but trim me? SVB. You ſhall ſee, ſir.

Act V. *Scene* 1.

LOVE-WIT, NEIGHBOVRS.

HAs there beene ſuch reſort, ſay you? NEI. 1. Daily, ſir.
NEI. 2. And nightly, too. NEI. 3. I, ſome as braue as lords.
NEI. 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen. NEI. 5. Citizens wiues.
NEI. 1. And knights. NEI. 6. In coches. NEI. 2. Yes, & oyſter-women.
NEI. 1. Beſide other gallãts. NEI. 3. Sailors wiues. NEI. 4. *Tabacco*-men.
NEI. 5. Another *Pimlico*! LOV. What ſhould my knaue aduance,
To draw this companie? He hung out no banners
Of a ſtrange Calfe, with fiue legs, to be ſeene?
Or a huge Lobſter, with ſixe clawes? NEI. 6. No, ſir.
NEI. 3. We had gone in then, ſir. LOV. He has no guift
Of teaching i'the noſe, that ere I knew of!
You ſaw no Bills ſet vp, that promis'd cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach? NEI. 2. No ſuch thing, ſir.
LOV. Nor heard a drum ſtrooke, for Babiouns, or Puppets?
NEI. 5. Neither, ſir. LOV. What deuice ſhould he bring forth now!
I loue a teeming wit, as I loue my nouriſhment.
'Pray god he ha' not kept ſuch open houſe,
That he hath ſold my hangings, and my bedding:
I left him nothing elſe. If he haue eate them,
A plague o' the moath, ſay I. Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;

The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
Of the Knights courſer, couering the Parſons mare;
The Boy of ſixe yeere old, with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the Fleas that runne at tilt,
Vpon a table, or ſome Dog to daunce?
When ſaw you him? Nei. 1. Who ſir, Ieremie? Nei. 2. Ieremie (butler?
We ſaw him not this mont'h. Lov. How! Nei. 4. Not theſe 5. weeks, ſir.
Nei. Theſe ſix weeks, at the leaſt. Lov. Yo'amaze me, neighbours!
Nei. 5. Sure, if your worſhip know not where he is,
Hee's ſlipt away. Nei. 6. Pray god, he be not made away!
He knocks. Lov. Ha? It's no time to queſtion, then. Nei. 6. About
Some three weekes ſince, I heard a dolefull cry,
As I ſate vp, a mending my wiues ſtockings.
Lov. This 's ſtrange! that none will anſwere! Didſt thou heare
A cry, ſaiſt thou? Nei. 6. Yes, ſir, like vnto a man
That had beene ſtrangled an houre, and could not ſpeake.
Nei. 2. I heard it too, iuſt this day three weekes, at two a clock
Next morning. Lov. Theſe be miracles, or you make 'hem ſo!
A man an houre ſtrangled, and could not ſpeake,
And both you heard him cry? Nei. 3. Yes, downeward, ſir.
Lov. Thou art a wiſe fellow: Giue me thy hand I pray thee.
What trade art thou on? Nei. 3. A ſmith, and't pleaſe your worſhip.
Lov. A ſmith? Then, lend me thy helpe, to get this dore open.
Nei. 3. That I will preſently, ſir, but fetch my tooles——
Nei. 1. Sir, beſt to knock againe, afore you breake it.

Act v. *Scene* ii.

Love-Wit, Face, Neighbovrs.

I Will. Fac. What meane you, ſir? Nei. 1. 2. 4. O, here's Ieremie!
Fac. Good ſir, come from the dore. Lov. Why! what's the matter!
Fac. Yet farder, you are too neere, yet. Lov. I'the name of wonder!
What meanes the fellow? Fac. The houſe, ſir, has beene viſited.
Lov. What? with the plague? ſtand thou then farder. Fac. No, ſir,
I had it not. Lov. Who had it then? I left
None elſe, but thee, i' the houſe! Fac. Yes, ſir. My fellow,
The cat, that kept the buttry, had it on her
A weeke, before I ſpied it: but I got her
Conuay'd away, i'the night. And ſo I ſhut
The houſe vp for a month—— Lov. How! Fac. Purpoſing then, ſir,
T' haue burnt roſe-vinegar, triackle, and tarre,
And, ha' made it ſweet, that you ſhould ne'er ha' knowne it:
Becauſe I knew the newes would but afflict you, ſir.
Lov. Breath leſſe, and farder off. Why, this is ſtranger!

The neighbours tell me all, here, that the dores
Haue ſtill been open—Fac. How, ſir! Lov. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all ſorts, tag-rag, beene ſeene to flock here
In threaues, theſe ten weekes, as to a ſecond *Hogs-den*,
In dayes of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*! Fac. Sir,
Their wiſedomes will not ſay ſo! Lov. To day, they ſpeake
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was ſeene
In a veluet gowne, at the windore! diuerſe more
Paſſe in and out! Fac. They did paſſe through the dores then,
Or walls, I aſſure their eye-ſights, and their ſpectacles;
For here, ſir, are the keyes: and here haue beene,
In this my pocket, now, aboue twentie dayes!
And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.
But, that 'tis yet not deepe i' the after-noone,
I ſhould beleeue my neighbours had ſeene double
Through the black-pot, and made theſe apparitions!
For, on my faith, to your worſhip, for theſe three weekes,
And vpwards, the dore has not beene open'd. Lov. Strange!
Nei. 1. Good faith, I thinke I ſaw a coach! Nei. 2. And I too,
I'lld ha' beene ſworne! Lov. Doe you but thinke it now?
And but one coach? Nei. 4. We cannot tell, ſir: Ieremie
Is a very honeſt fellow. Fac. Did you ſee me at all?
Nei. 1. No. That we are ſure on. Nei. 2. I'll be ſworne o' that.
Lov. Fine rogues, to haue your teſtimonies built on!
Nei. 3. Is Ieremie come? Nei. 1. O, yes, you may leaue your tooles,
We were deceiu'd, he ſayes. Nei. 2. He has had the keyes:
And the dore has beene ſhut theſe three weekes. Nei. 3. Like enough.
Lov. Peace, and get hence, you changelings. Fac. Svrly come!
And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How ſhall I beate them off? What ſhall I doe?)
Nothing's more wretched, then a guiltie conſcience.

Act v. *Scene* iii.

Svrly, Mammon, Love-Wit, Face, Neighbovrs, Kastril, Ananias, Tribvlation, Dapper, Svbtle.

NO, ſir, he was a great phyſitian. This,
It was no bawdy-houſe: but a meere *Chancell*.
You knew the lord, and his ſiſter. Mam. Nay, good Svrly—
Svr. The happy word, *be rich*— Mam. Play not the tyranne—

Svr.

Svr. Should be to day pronounc'd, to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? and your braſſe pots?
That ſhould ha' beene golden flaggons, and great wedges?
Mam. Let me but breath. What! They ha' ſhut their dores,
Mammon and Surly knock. Methinks! Svr. I, now, 'tis holy-day with them. Mam. Rogues,
Coſeners, impoſtors, bawds. Fac. What meane you, ſir?
Mam. To enter if we can. Fac. Another mans houſe?
Here is the owner, ſir. Turne you to him,
And ſpeake your buſineſſe. Mam. Are you, ſir, the owner?
Lov. Yes, ſir. Mam. And are thoſe knaues, within, your cheaters?
Lov. What knaues? what cheaters? Mam. Svbtle, and his *Lungs.*
Fac. The gentleman is diſtracted, ſir! No lungs,
Nor lights ha' beene ſeene here theſe three weekes, ſir,
Within theſe dores, vpon my word! Svr. Your word,
Groome arrogant? Fac. Yes, ſir, I am the houſe-keeper,
And know the keyes ha' not beene out o' my hands.
Svr. This's a new Face? Fac. You doe miſtake the houſe, ſir!
What ſigne was't at? Svr. You raskall! This is one
O' the confederacie. Come, let's get officers,
And force the dore. Lov. 'Pray you ſtay, gentlemen.
Svr. No, ſir, wee'll come with warrant. Mam. I, and then,
We ſhall ha' your dores open. Lov. What meanes this?
Fac. I cannot tell, ſir! Nei. I. Theſe are two o' the gallants,
That we doe thinke we ſaw. Fac. Two o' the fooles?
You talke as idly as they. Good faith, ſir,
I thinke the *Moone* has cras'd 'hem all! (O me,
The angrie Boy come too? Hee'll make a noyſe,
And nere away till he haue betray'd vs all.)
Kaſtrill knocks. Kas. What rogues, bawds, ſlaues, you'll open the dore anone,
Punque, cocatrice, my ſuſter. By this light
I'll fetch the marſhall to you. You are a whore,
To keepe your caſtle——Fac. Who would you ſpeake with, ſir?
Kas. The bawdy Doctor, and the coſening Captaine,
And Pvs my ſuſter. Lov. This is ſomething, ſure!
Fac. Vpon my truſt, the dores were neuer open, ſir.
Kas. I haue heard all their tricks, told me twice ouer,
By the fat knight, and the leane gentleman.
Lov. Here comes another. Fac. Ananias too?
And his *Paſtor?* Tri. The dores are ſhut againſt vs.
They beat too, at the dore. Ana. Come forth, you ſeed of ſulphure, ſonnes of fire,
Your ſtench, it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the houſe. Kas. I, my ſuſter's there. Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of vncleane birds.
Kas. Yes, I will fetch the ſcauenger, and the conſtable.
Tri. You ſhall doe well. Ana. Wee'll ioyne, to weede them out.

Kas.

KAS. You will not come then? punque, deuice, my ſuſter!
ANA. Call her not ſiſter. Shee is a harlot, verily.
KAS. I'll raiſe the ſtreet. LOV. Good gentlemen, a word.
ANA. *Sathan*, auoid, and hinder not our zeale.
LOV. The world's turn'd *Bet'lem*. FAC. Theſe are all broke looſe,
Out of S. KATHER'NES, where they vſe to keepe,
The better ſort of mad-folkes. NEI.1. All theſe perſons
We ſaw goe in, and out, here. NEI.2. Yes, indeed, ſir.
NEI.3. Theſe were the parties. FAC. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Pleaſe you, to giue me leaue
To touch the dore, I'll trie, an' the lock be chang'd.
LOV. It mazes me! FAC. Good faith, ſir, I beleeue,
There's no ſuch thing. 'Tis all *deceptio viſus*.
Would I could get him away. DAP. Maſter Captayne, maſter Doctor. *Dapper cryes out within.*
LOV. Who's that? FAC. (Our clark within, that I forgot!) I know not,
DAP. For gods ſake, when wil her *Grace* be at leiſure? FAC. Ha! (ſir.
Illuſions, ſome ſpirit o' the aire: (his gag is melted,
And now he ſets out the throte.) DAP. I am almoſt ſtiffled——
(FAC. Would you were altogether.) LOV. 'Tis i' the houſe.
Ha! Liſt. FAC. Beleeue it, ſir, i' the aire! LOV. Peace, you——
DAP. Mine aunts *Grace* do's not vſe me well. SVB. You foole,
Peace, you'll marre all. FAC. Or you will elſe, you rogue.
LOV. O, is it ſo? Then you conuerſe with ſpirits!
Come ſir. No more o' your tricks, good IEREMIE,
The truth, the ſhorteſt way. FAC. Diſmiſſe this rabble, ſir.
What ſhall I doe? I am catch'd. LOV. Good neighbours,
I thanke you all. You may depart. Come ſir,
You know that I am an indulgent maſter:
And therefore, conceale nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw ſo many ſeuerall ſorts of wild-fowle?
FAC. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit:
(But here's no place to talke on't i' the ſtreet.)
Giue me but leaue, to make the beſt of my fortune,
And onely pardon me th'abuſe of your houſe:
It's all I begge. I'll helpe you to a widdow,
In recompence, that you ſhall gi' me thankes for,
Will make you ſeuen yeeres yonger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spaniſh* cloake,
I haue her within. You need not feare the houſe,
It was not viſited. LOV. But by me, who came
Sooner then you expected. FAC. It is true, ſir.
Pray you forgiue me. LOV. Well: let's ſee your widdow.

Act v. *Scene* IIII.

SVBTLE, DAPPER, FACE, DOL.

HOw! ha' you eaten your gag? DAP. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth. SVB. You ha' spoil'd all then. DAP. No,
I hope my aunt of *Faery* will forgiue me.
SVB. Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth
You were to blame. DAP. The fume did ouer-come me,
And I did do't to stay my stomack. 'Pray you
So satisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captaine.
FAC. How now! Is his mouth downe? SVB. Ha! he has spoken!
FAC. (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.) Hee's vn-done, then.
(I haue beene faine to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keepe churle back. SVB. And hast thou done it?
FAC. Sure, for this night. SVB. Why, then triumph, and sing
Of FACE so famous, the precious king
Of present wits. FAC. Did you not heare the coyle,
About the dore? SVB. Yes, and I dwindled with it.)
FAC. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. SVB. Well sir, your aunt her *Grace*,
Will giue you audience presently, on my sute,
And the Captaines word, that you did not eate your gag,
In any contempt of her *Highnesse*. DAP. Not I, in troth, sir.
Dol like the Queene of Faery.
SVB. Here shee is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle:
Shee has a stately presence. Good. Yet neerer,
And bid, God saue you. DAP. Madame. SVB. And your aunt.
DAP. And my most gracious aunt, god saue your *Grace*.
DOL. Nephew, we thought to haue beene angrie with you:
But that sweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with ioy, that ebb'd of loue.
Arise, and touch our veluet gowne. SVB. The skirts,
And kisse 'hem. So. DOL. Let me now stroke that head,
Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou giue away: much shalt thou lend.
SVB. (I, much, indeed.) Why doe you not thanke her *Grace*?
DAP. I cannot speake, for ioy. SVB. See, the kind wretch!
Your *Graces* kinsman right. DOL. Giue me the *Bird*.
Here is your *Fly* in a purse, about your neck, cosen,
Weare it, and feed it, about this day seu'night,
On your right wrist——— SVB. Open a veine, with a pinne,
And let it suck but once a weeke: till then,
You must not looke on't. DOL. No. And, kinsman,
Beare your selfe worthy of the bloud you come on.

SVB.

SVB. Her grace would ha' you eate no more *Wool-ſack* pies,
Nor *Dagger* frume'ty. DOL. Nor breake his faſt,
In *heauen*, and *hell*. SVB. Shee's with you euery where!
Nor play with Coſtar-mongers, at *mum-chance, tray-trip*.
God make you rich, (when as your aunt has done it:) but keepe
The gallant'ſt company, and the beſt games—— DAP. Yes, ſir.
SVB. *Gleeke* and *primero*: and what you get, be true to vs.
DAP. By this hand, I will. SVB. You may bring's a thouſand pound,
Before to morrow night, (if but three thouſand,
Be ſtirring) an' you will. DAP. I ſweare, I will then.
SVB. Your *Fly* will learne you all games. FAC. Ha' you done there?
SVB. Your grace will command him no more duties? DOL. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leaue him three or foure hundred cheſts of treaſure,
And ſome twelue thouſand acres of *Faerie* land:
If he game well, and comely, with good gameſters.
SVB. There's a kind aunt! kiſſe her departing part.
But you muſt ſell you fortie marke a yeare, now:
DAP. I, ſir, I meane. SVB. Or, gi' t away: pox on't.
FAC. I'le gi't mine aunt. Ile goe and fetch the writings. (newes?
SVB. 'Tis well, away. FAC. Where's SVBTLE? SVB. Here. What
FAC. DRVGGER is at the doore, goe take his ſuite,
And bid him fetch a Parſon, preſently:
Say, he ſhall marrie the widdow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſeruice! Now, queene DOL,
Ha' you pack'd vp all? DOL. Yes. FAC. And how doe you like
The lady PLYANT? DOL. A good dull innocent. (them.
SVB. Here's your HIERONIMO's cloake, and hat. FAC. Giue mee
SVB. And the ruffe too? FAC. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
SVB. Now, he is gone about his proiect, DOL,
I told you of, for the widow. DOL. 'Tis direct
Againſt our articles. SVB. Well, wee'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her iewels, or her bracelets?
DOL. No, but I will do't. SVB. Soone at night, my DOLLY,
When we are ſhipt, and all our goods aboord,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliffe*; we will turne our courſe
To *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou ſaiſt the word:
And take our leaues of this ore-weaning raſkall,
This peremtorie FACE. DOL. Content, I'am weary of him.
SVB. Tho 'haſt cauſe, when the ſlaue will runne a wiuing, DOL,
Againſt the inſtrument, that was drawne betweene vs.
DOL. I'll plucke his bird as bare as I can. SVB. Yes, tell her,
She muſt by any meanes, addreſſe ſome preſent
To th' cunning man; make him amends, for wronging
His art with her ſuſpition; ſend a ring;

Or

Act v. *Scene* IIII.

SVBTLE, DAPPER, FACE, DOL.

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Away i' my mouth. SVB. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. DAP. No,
I hope my aunt of *Faery* will forgiue me.
SVB. Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth
You were to blame. DAP. The fume did ouer-come me,
And I did do't to ſtay my ſtomack. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captaine.
FAC. How now! Is his mouth downe? SVB. I! he has ſpoken!
FAC. (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.) Hee's vn-done, then.
(I haue beene faine to ſay, the houſe is haunted
With ſpirits, to keepe churle back. SVB. And haſt thou done it?
FAC. Sure, for this night. SVB. Why, then triumph, and ſing
Of FACE ſo famous, the precious king
Of preſent wits. FAC. Did you not heare the coyle,
About the dore? SVB. Yes, and I dwindled with it.)
FAC. Shew him his aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
I'll ſend her to you. SVB. Well ſir, your aunt her *Grace*,
Will giue you audience preſently, on my ſute,
And the Captaines word, that you did not eate your gag,
In any contempt of her *Highneſſe*. DAP. Not I, in troth, ſir.
Dol like the Queene of Faery. SVB. Here ſhee is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle:
Shee has a ſtately preſence. Good. Yet neerer,
And bid, God ſaue you. DAP. Madame. SVB. And your aunt.
DAP. And my moſt gracious aunt, god ſaue your *Grace*.
DOL. Nephew, we thought to haue beene angrie with you:
But that ſweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with ioy, that eb'd of loue.
Ariſe, and touch our veluet gowne. SVB. The skirts,
And kiſſe 'hem. So. DOL. Let me now ſtroke that head,
Much, nephew, ſhalt thou win; much ſhalt thou ſpend;
Much ſhalt thou giue away: much ſhalt thou lend.
SVB. (I, much, indeed.) Why doe you not thanke her *Grace*?
DAP. I cannot ſpeake, for ioy. SVB. See, the kind wretch!
Your *Graces* kinſ-man right. DOL. Giue me the *Bird*.
Here is your *Fly* in a purſe, about your neck, coſen,
Weare it, and feed it, about this day ſeu'night,
On your right wriſt——— SVB. Open a veine, with a pinne,
And let it ſuck but once a weeke: till then,
You muſt not looke on't. DOL. No. And, kinſ-man,
Beare your ſelfe worthy of the bloud you come on.

SVB.

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Nor *Dagger* frume'ty. DOL. Nor breake his faſt,
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God make you rich, (when as your aunt has done it:) but keepe
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Before to morrow night, (if but three thouſand,
Be ſtirring) an' you will. DAP. I ſweare, I will then.
SVB. Your *Fly* will learne you all games. FAC. Ha' you done there?
SVB. Your grace will command him no more duties? DOL. No:
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To leaue him three or foure hundred cheſts of treaſure,
And ſome twelue thouſand acres of *Faerie* land:
If he game well, and comely, with good gameſters.
SVB. There's a kind aunt! kiſſe her departing part.
But you muſt ſell you fortie marke a yeare, now:
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SVB. 'Tis well, away. FAC. Where's SVBTLE? SVB. Here. What
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A hundred pound by the ſeruice! Now, queene DOL,
Ha' you pack'd vp all? DOL. Yes. FAC. And how doe you like
The lady PLYANT? DOL. A good dull innocent. (hem.
SVB. Here's your HIERONIMO's cloake, and hat. FAC. Giue mee
SVB. And the ruffe too? FAC. Yes, I'll come to you preſently.
SVB. Now, he is gone about his proiect, DOL,
I told you of, for the widow. DOL. 'Tis direct
Againſt our articles. SVB. Well, wee'll fit him, wench.
Haſt thou gull'd her of her iewels, or her bracelets?
DOL. No, but I will do't. SVB. Soone at night, my DOLLY,
When we are ſhipt, and all our goods aboord,
Eaſt-ward for *Ratcliffe*; we will turne our courſe
To *Brainford*, weſtward, if thou ſaiſt the word:
And take our leaues of this ore-weaning raſkall,
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SVB. Tho 'haſt cauſe, when the ſlaue will runne a wiuing, DOL,
Againſt the inſtrument, that was drawne betweene vs.
DOL. I'll plucke his bird as bare as I can. SVB. Yes, tell her,
She muſt by any meanes, addreſſe ſome preſent
To th' cunning man; make him amends, for wronging
His art with her ſuſpition; ſend a ring;

Or

Or chaine of pearle; ſhee will be tortur'd elſe
Extremely in her ſleepe, ſay: and ha' ſtrange things
Come to her. Wilt thou? DOL. Yes. SVB. My fine flitter-mouſe,
My bird o' the night; wee'll tickle it at the *pigeons*,
When we haue all, and may vn-lock the trunkes,
They kiſſe. And ſay, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine——
FAC. What now, a billing? SVB. Yes, a little exalted
In the good paſſage of our ſtock-affaires.
FAC. DRVGGER has brought his Parſon, take him in, SVBTLE,
And ſend NAB back againe, to waſh his face.
SVB. I will: and ſhaue himſelfe? FAC. If you can get him.
DOL. You are hot vpon it, FACE, what ere it is!
FAC. A trick, that DOL ſhall ſpend ten pound a month by.
Is he gone? SVB. The Chaplaine waits you i' the hall, ſir.
FAC. I'll goe beſtow him. DOL. Hee'll now marry her, inſtantly.
SVB. He cannot, yet, he is not readie. Deare DOL,
Coſen her of all thou canſt. To deceiue him
Is no deceipt, but iuſtice, that would breake
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
DOL. Let me alone to fit him. FAC. Come, my venturers,
You ha' pack'd vp all? Where be the trunkes? Bring forth.
SVB. Here. FAC. Let's ſee 'hem. Where's the money? SVB. Here,
In this. FAC. MAMMONS ten pound: eight ſcore before.
The *Brethrens* money, this. DRVGGERS, and DAPPERS.
What paper's that? DOL. The iewell of the waiting maides,
That ſtole it from her lady, to know certaine——
FAC. If ſhee ſhould haue precedence of her miſtris? DOL. Yes.
FAC. What boxe is that? SVB. The fiſh-wiues rings, I thinke:
And th'ale-wiues ſingle money. Is't not DOL?
DOL. Yes: and the whiſtle, that the ſaylors wife
Brought you, to know, and her husband were with WARD.
FAC. Wee'll wet it to morrow: and our ſiluer-beakers,
And tauerne cups. Where be the *French* petti-coats,
And girdles, and hangers? SVB. Here, i' the trunke,
And the bolts of lawne. FAC. Is DRVGGERS damaske, there?
And the *tabacco?* SVB. Yes. FAC. Giue me the keyes.
DOL. Why you the keyes! SVB. No matter, DOL: becauſe
We ſhall not open 'hem, before he comes.
FAC. 'Tis true, you ſhall not open them, indeed:
Nor haue 'hem forth. Doe you ſee? Not forth, DOL. DOL. No!
FAC. No, my ſmock-rampant. The right is, my maſter
Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe 'hem,
Doctor, 'tis true (you looke) for all your figures:
I ſent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both hee, and ſhee, be ſatisfied: for, here

De-

Determines the *indenture tripartite*,
Twixt SVBTLE, DOL, and FACE. All I can doe
Is to helpe you ouer the wall, o' the back-ſide;
Or lend you a ſheet, to ſaue your veluet gowne, DOL.
Here will be officers, preſently; bethinke you,
Of ſome courſe ſodainely to ſcape the dock:
For thether you'll come elſe. Harke you, thunder. *Some knock.*
SYB. You are a precious fiend! OFF. Open the dore.
FAC. DOL, I am ſorry for thee i-faith. But hearſt thou?
It ſhall goe hard, but I will place thee ſome-where:
Thou ſhalt ha' my letter to miſtris AMO. DOL. Hang you——
FAC. Or madame *Cæſarean*. DOL. Poxe vpon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee. FAC. SVBTLE,
Let's know where you ſet vp next; I'll ſend you
A cuſtomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new courſe ha' you? SVB. Rogue, I'll hang my ſelfe:
That I may walke a greater diuell, then thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the buttery.

Act V. *Scene* V.

LOVE-WIT, OFFICERS, MAMMON, SVRLY, FACE, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBVLATION, DRVGGER, DA. PLIANT.

WHat doe you meane, my maſters? MAM. Open your dore,
Cheaters, bawds, coniurers. OFF. Or wee'll breake it open.
LOV. What warrant haue you? OFF. Warrant inough, ſir,
If you'll not open it. LOV. Is there an officer, there? (doubt not:
OFF. Yes, two, or three for fayling. LOV. Haue but patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. FAC. Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect? LOV. Yes, my braine.
FAC. Off with your ruffe, and cloake then, be your ſelfe, ſir.
SVR. Downe with the dore. KAS. 'Slight, ding it open. LOV. Hold.
Hold gentlemen, what meanes this violence?
MAM. Where is this Colliar? SVR. And my Captaine FACE?
MAM. Theſe day-Owles. SVR. That are birding in mens purſes.
MAM. Madame *Suppoſitory*. KAS. *Doxey*, my ſiſter. ANA. Locuſts
Of the foule pit. TRI. Profane as BEL, and the *Dragon*.
ANA. Worſe then the Graſſe-hoppers, or the Lice of *Egypt*.
LOV. Good gentlemen, heare me. Are you officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? OFF. Keepe the peace.
LOV. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom doe you ſeeke?

MAM. The *Chymicall* couſoner. SVR. And the Captaine *Pandar*.
KAS. The *Nun* my ſuſter. MAM. Madame *Rabbi*. ANA. Scorpions,
And Caterpillers. LOV. Fewer at once, I pray you.
OFF. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my ſtaffe—— ANA. They are the veſſells
Of pride, luſt, and the cart. LOV. Good zeale, lie ſtill,
A little while. TRI. Peace, Deacon ANANIAS.
LOV. The houſe is mine here, and the dores are open:
If there be any ſuch perſons, as you ſeeke for,
Vſe your authoritie, ſearch on o' gods name.
I am but newly come to towne, and finding
This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat maz'd me; till my man, here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my knowne auerſion
From any aire o' the towne, while there was ſickneſſe)
To a Doctor, and a Captaine: who, what they are,
They enter. Or where they be, he knowes not. MAM. Are they gone?
LOV. You may goe in, and ſearch, ſir. Here, I find
The emptie walls, worſe then I left 'hem, ſmok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glaſſes, and a fornace,
The ſeeling fill'd with *poeſies* of the candle:
And MADAME, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the walls.
Onely, one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhee was a widdow——
KAS. I, that's my ſuſter. I'll goe thumpe her. Where is ſhee?
LOV. And ſhould ha' marryed a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſly,
That I, a widdower, am gone through with her.
SVR. How! Haue I loſt her then? LOV. Were you the *Don*, ſir?
Good faith, now, ſhee do's blame yo' extremely, and ſayes
You ſwore, and told her, you had tane the paines,
To dye your beard, and vmbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a ſute, and ruffe, all for her loue;
And then did nothing. What an ouer-ſight,
And want of putting forward, ſir, was this!
Well fare an old Hargubuzier, yet,
Could prime his poulder, and giue fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling. MAM. The whole neſt are fled!
Mammon comes forth. LOV. What ſort of birds were they? MAM. A kind of Choughes,
Or theeuiſh Dawes, ſir, that haue pickt my purſe
Of eight-ſcore, and ten pounds, within theſe fiue weekes,
Beſide my firſt materialls; and my goods,
That lye i' the cellar: which I am glad they ha' left.

I may

I may haue home yet. Lov. Thinke you ſo, ſir? Mam. I.
Lov. By order of law, ſir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine owne ſtuffe? Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by publique meanes.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'hem,
Or any formall writ, out of a court,
That you did coſen your ſelfe: I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather looſe 'hem. Lov. That you ſhall not, ſir,
By me, in troth. Vpon theſe termes they' are yours.
What ſhould they ha' beene, ſir, turn'd into gold all? Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Lov. What a great loſſe in hope haue you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has. Fac. I, he would ha' built
The citie new; and made a ditch about it
Of ſiluer, ſhould haue runne with creame from *Hogsden*:
That, euery ſunday in *More*-fields, the younkers,
And tits, and tom-boyes ſhould haue fed on, *gratis*.
Mam. I will goe mount a turnep-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within theſe two months. Surly,
What! in a dreame? Svr. Muſt I needs cheat my ſelfe,
With that ſame fooliſh vice of honeſtie!
Come let vs goe, and harken out the rogues.
That Face I'll marke for mine, if ere I meet him.
Fac. If I can heare of him, ſir, I'll bring you word,
Vnto your lodging: for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'hem honeſt, as my ſelfe, ſir.
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not looſe all yet. Goe, *They come forth.*
And get ſome carts—— Lov. For what, my zealous friends?
Ana. To beare away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of theeues. Lov. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods, ſometimes the Orphanes, that the *Brethren*,
Bought with their ſiluer pence. Lov. What, thoſe i' the cellar,
The knight ſir Mammon claimes? Ana. I doe defie
The wicked Mammon, ſo doe all the *Brethren*,
Thou prophane man. I aske thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt aduance that Idol, againſt vs,
That haue the ſeale? Were not the ſhillings numbred,
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,
Vpon the ſecond day of the fourth weeke,
In the eight month, vpon the table dormant,
The yeere, of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Sixe hundred and ten. Lov. Mine earneſt vehement botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you,
But, if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you with a cudgell. Ana. Sir.

TRI. Be patient ANANIAS. ANA. I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand vp, well girt, againſt an hoſt,
That threaten GAD in exile. LOV. I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſterdam*, to your cellar. ANA. I will pray there,
Againſt thy houſe: may dogs defile thy walls,
And waſpes, and hornets breed beneath thy roofe,
This ſeat of falſe-hood, and this caue of cos'nage.
LOV. Another too? DRV. Not I ſir, I am no *Brother*.
Drugger enters, and be beats him away. LOV. Away you HARRY NICHOLAS, doe you talke?
To the Parſon. *FAC. No, this was ABEL DRVGGER. Good ſir, goe,
And ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtay'd too long a waſhing of his face.
The Doctor, he ſhall heare of him at *Weſtcheſter*;
And of the Captayne, tell him at *Yarmouth*: or
Some good port-towne elſe, lying for a winde.
If you get off the angrie Child, now, ſir——
To his ſiſter. KAS. Come on, you yew, you haue match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not?
Did not I ſay, I would neuer ha' you tupt
But by a dub'd Boy, to make you a lady-*Tom?*
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun' you marry with a poxe? LOV. You lie, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. KAS. Anone?
LOV. Come, will you quarrell? I will feize you, ſirrah.
Why doe you not buckle to your tooles? KAS. Gods light!
This is a fine old Boy, as ere I ſaw!
LOV. What, doe you change your copy, now? Proceed,
Here ſtands my doue: ſtoupe at her, if you dare.
KAS. 'Slight I muſt loue him! I cannot chooſe, i-faith!
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Suſter, I proteſt,
I honor thee, for this match. LOV. O, doe you ſo, ſir?
KAS. Yes, and thou canſt take *tabacco*, and drinke, old Boy,
I'll giue her fiue hundred pound more, to her marriage,
Then her owne ſtate. LOV. Fill a pipe-full, IEREMIE.
FAC. Yes, but goe in, and take it, ſir. LOV. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, IEREMIE.
KAS. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a *Iony* Boy!
Come let's in, I pray thee, and take our whiffes.
LOV. Whiffe in with your ſiſter, brother Boy. That maſter
That had receiu'd ſuch happineſſe by a ſeruant,
In ſuch a widdow, and with ſo much wealth,
Were very vngratefull, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that ſeruants wit,
And helpe his fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtraine
Of his owne candor. Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind Spectators, if I haue out-ſtript

An old mans grauitie, or ſtrict canon, thinke
What a yong wife, and a good braine may doe:
Stretch ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speake for thy ſelfe, knaue. FAC. So I will, ſir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am cleane
Got off, from SVBTLE, SVRLY, MAMMON, DOL,
Hot ANANIAS, DAPPER, DRVGGER, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelfe
On you, that are my countrey: and this pelfe,
Which I haue got, if you doe quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and inuite new gheſts.

THE END.

This Comoedie vvas first acted, in the yeere 1610.

By the Kings Maieſties SERVANTS.

The principall Comœdians were,

RIC. BVRBADGE.	IOH. HEMINGS.
IOH. LOWIN.	WILL. OSTLER.
HEN. CONDEL.	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
ALEX. COOKE.	NIC. TOOLY.
ROB. ARMIN.	WILL. EGLESTONE.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY.

A Tragœdie.

Acted in the yeere 1611. By the Kings MAIESTIES Seruants.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

——His non plebecula gaudet:
Verum equitis quoq́, iam migrauit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XVI.

CATILINE

HIS

CONSPIRACY.

A Tragedie.

Acted in the Yeare 1611. By the

Kings Majesties

Servants.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

——Hic non fidenda promit:
Hic manifesta refert, & ignes tuos.

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY.

M. DC. XII.

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOR, AND VERTVE,

THE MOST NOBLE

William,

EARLE OF PEMBROKE,
LORD CHAMBERLAINE, &c.

MY LORD,

IN so thick, and darke an ignorance, as now almost couers the age, I craue leaue to stand neare your light: and, by that, to bee read. Posteritie may pay your benefit the honor, & thanks: when it shall know, that you dare, in these lig-giuen times, to countenance a legitimate Poeme. I must call it so, against all noise of opinion: from whose crude, and ayrie reports, I appeale, to that great and singular faculty of iudgement in your Lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first (of this race) that euer I dedicated to any person, and had I not thought it the best, it should haue beene taught a lesse ambition. Now, it approcheth your censure cheerefully, and with the same assurance, that innocency would appeare before a magistrate.

Your Lo. most faithfull
honorer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

SYLLA's GHOST.

CATILINE.
LENTVLVS.
CETHEGVS.
CVRIVS.
AVTRONIVS.
VARGVNTEIVS.
LONGINVS.
LECCA.
FVLVIVS.
BESTIA.
GABINIVS.
STATILIVS.
CEPARIVS.
CORNELIVS.
VOLTVRTIVS.
AVRELIA.
FVLVIA.
SEMPRONIA.
GALLA.

CICERO.
ANTONIVS.
CATO.
CATVLVS.
CRASSVS.
CAESAR.
QV. CICERO.
SYLLANVS.
FLACCVS.
POMTINIVS.
SANGA.
SENATORS.
ALLOBROGES.
PETREIVS.
SOVLDIERS.
PORTER.
LICTORS.
SERVANTS.
PAGES.

CHORVS.

THE SCENE

ROME.

CATILINE.

Act 1.

SYLLA's *Ghost.*

DOſt thou not feele me, *Rome?* not yet? Is night
So heauy on thee, and my weight ſo light?
Can SYLLA's Ghoſt ariſe within thy walls,
Leſſe threatning, then an earth-quake, the quick falls
Of thee, and thine? ſhake not the frighted heads
Of thy ſteepe towers? or ſhrinke to their firſt beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that ſwell vp, and drowne thy ſeuen proud hills?
What ſleepe is this doth ſeize thee, ſo like death,
And is not it? Wake, feele her, in my breath:
Behold, I come, ſent from the *Stygian* ſound,
As a dire vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the night, and blaſt the day;
Or like a peſtilence, that ſhould diſplay
Infection through the world: which, thus, I doe. *Diſcouers Catiline in his ſtudy.*
PLVTO be at thy councells; and into
Thy darker boſome enter SYLLA's ſpirit:
All, that was mine, and bad, thy breſt inherit.
Alas, how weake is that, for CATILINE!
Did I but ſay (vaine voice!) all that was mine?
All, that the GRACCHI, CINNA, MARIVS would;
What now, had I a body againe, I could,

Com-

Comming from hell; what Fiends would wiſh ſhould be;
And HANNIBAL could not haue wiſh'd to ſee:
Thinke thou, and practice. Let the long-hid ſeeds
Of treaſon, in thee, now ſhoot forth in deeds,
Ranker then horror; and thy former facts
Not fall in mention, but to vrge new acts:
Conſcience of them prouoke thee on to more.
Be ſtill thy inceſts, murders, rapes before
Thy ſenſe; thy forcing firſt a *Veſtall* nunne;
Thy parricide, late, on thine owne onely ſonne,
After his mother; to make emptie way
For thy laſt wicked nuptialls; worſe, then they,
That blaze that act of thy inceſtuous life,
Which got thee, at once, a daughter, and a wife.
I leaue the ſlaughters that thou didſt for me,
Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy brother, (being ſo brib'd)
And writ him in the liſt of my proſcrib'd
After thy fact, to ſaue thy little ſhame:
Thy inceſt, with thy ſiſter, I not name.
Theſe are too light. *Fate* will haue thee purſue
Deedes, after which, no miſchiefe can be new;
The ruine of thy countrey: thou wert built
For ſuch a worke, and borne for no leſſe guilt.
What though defeated once th'haſt beene, and knowne,
Tempt it againe: That is thy act, or none.
What all the ſeuerall ills, that viſite earth,
(Brought forth by night, with a ſiniſter birth)
Plagues, famine, fire could not reach vnto,
The ſword, nor ſurfets; let thy furie doe:
Make all paſt, preſent, future ill thine owne;
And conquer all example, in thy one.
Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
To hate an old, but ſtill a freſher crime
Drowne the remembrance: let not miſchiefe ceaſe,
But, while it is in puniſhing, encreaſe.
Conſcience, and care die in thee; and be free
Not heau'n it ſelfe from thy impietie:
Let night grow blacker with thy plots; and day,
At ſhewing but thy head forth, ſtart away
From this halfe-ſpheare: and leaue *Romes* blinded walls
T'embrace luſts, hatreds, ſlaughters, funeralls,
And not recouer ſight, till their owne flames
Doe light them to their ruines. All the names

Of

Of thy confederates, too, be no leſſe great
In nell, then here: that, when we would repeat
Our ſtrengths in muſter, we may name you all,
And *Furies*, vpon you, for *Furies*, call.
Whilſt, what you doe, may ſtrike them into feares,
Or make them grieue, and wiſh your miſchiefe theirs.

CATILINE.

IT is decree'd. Nor ſhall thy Fate, ô *Rome*,
Reſiſt my vow. Though hills were ſet on hills,
And ſeas met ſeas, to guard thee; I would through:
I, plough vp rocks, ſteepe as the *Alpes*, in duſt;
And laue the *Tyrrhene* waters, into clouds;
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud citie.
The ills, that I haue done, cannot be ſafe
But by attempting greater; and I feele
A ſpirit, within me, chides my ſluggiſh hands,
And ſayes, they haue beene innocent too long.
Was I a man, bred great, as *Rome* her ſelfe?
One, form'd for all her honors, all her glories?
Equall to all her titles? that could ſtand
Cloſe vp, with ATLAS; and ſuſtaine her name
As ſtrong, as he doth heau'n? And, was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulſe
By her no voice, when I ſtood *Candidate*,
To be commander in the *Pontick* warre?
I will, hereafter, call her ſtep-dame, euer.
If ſhee can looſe her nature, I can looſe
My pietie; and in her ſtony entrailes
Dig me a ſeate: where, I will liue againe,
The labour of her wombe, and be a burden,
Weightier then all the prodigies, and monſters,
That ſhee hath teem'd with, ſince ſhee firſt knew MARS.

CATILINE, AVRELIA.

(Appeare,

WHo's there? AVR. 'Tis I. CAT. AVRELIA? AVR. Yes. CAT.
And breake, like day, my beautie, to this circle:
Vpbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is ſo long
In mounting to that point, which ſhould giue thee
Thy proper ſplendor. Wherefore frownes my ſweet?
Haue I too long beene abſent from theſe lips,
This cheeke, theſe eyes? What is my treſpaſſe? ſpeake.
AVR. It ſeemes, you know, that can accuſe your ſelfe.

He kiſſeth them.

CAT. I will redeeme it. AVR. Still, you say so. When?
CAT. When ORESTILLA, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stolne times for thought,
Shall giue their effects leaue to call her Queene
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.
AVR. You court me, now. CAT. As I would alwayes, Loue,
By this *ambrosiack* kisse, and this of *nectar*,
Would'st thou but heare as gladly, as I speake.
Could my AVRELIA thinke, I meant her lesse;
When, wooing her, I first remou'd a wife,
And then a sonne, to make my bed, and house
Spatious, and fit t'embrace her? These were deeds
Not t'haue begun with, but to end with more,
And greater: "He that, building, stayes at one
"Floore, or the second, hath erected none.
'Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating;
To make some act of mine answere thy loue:
That loue, that, when my state was now quite sunke,
Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it vp againe,
And made my 'emergent-fortune once more looke
Aboue the maine; which, now, shall hit the starres,
And stick my ORESTILLA, there, amongst 'hem,
If any tempest can but make the billow,
And any billow can but lift her greatnesse.
But, I must pray my loue, shee will put on
Like habites with my selfe. I haue to doe
With many men, and many natures. Some,
That must be blowne, and sooth'd; as LENTVLVS,
Whom I haue heau'd, with magnifying his bloud,
And a vaine dreame, out of the SYBILL's bookes,
That a third man, of that great family,
Whereof he is descended, the CORNELII,
Should be a king in *Rome*: which I haue hir'd
The flatt'ring AVGVRES to interpret him,
CINNA, and SYLLA dead. Then, bold CETHEGVS,
Whose valour I haue turn'd into his poyson,
And prais'd so into daring, as he would
Goe on vpon the gods, kisse lightning, wrest
The engine from the CYCLOP's, and giue fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire:
When I would bid him moue. Others there are,
Whom enuy to the state drawes, and puts on,
For contumelies receiu'd, (and such are sure ones)
As CVRIVS, and the fore-nam'd LENTVLVS,
Both which haue beene degraded, in the *Senate*,

And

And must haue their disgraces, still, new rub'd,
To make 'hem smart, and labour of reuenge.
Others, whom meere ambition fires, and dole
Of *prouinces* abroad, which they haue fain'd
To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
These, LECCA, VARGVNTEIVS, BESTIA, AVTRONIVS.
Some, whom their wants oppresse, as th'idle Captaynes
Of SYLLA's troops: and diuers *Roman* Knights
(The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
So threatned with their debts as they will, now,
Runne any desperate fortune, for a change.
These, for a time, we must relieue, AVRELIA,
And make our house the safe-guard: like, for those,
That feare the law, or stand within her gripe,
For any act past, or to come. Such will
From their owne crimes, be factious, as from ours.
Some more there be, slight ayrelings, will be wonne,
With dogs, and horses; or, perhaps, a whore;
Which must be had: and, if they venter liues,
For vs, AVRELIA, we must hazard honors
A little. Get thee store, and change of women,
As I haue boyes; and giue 'hem time, and place,
And all conniuence: be thy selfe, too, courtly;
And entertayne, and feast, sit vp, and reuell;
Call all the great, the faire, and spirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee; and beginne a fashion
Of freedome, and community. Some will thanke thee,
Though the sowre *Senate* frowne, whose heads must ake
In feare, and feeling too. We must not spare
Or cost, or modestie. It can but shew
Like one of IVNO's, or of IOVE's disguises,
In either thee, or mee: and will as soone,
When things succeed, be throwne by, or let fall,
As is a vaile put off, a visor chang'd,
Or the *scene* shifted, in our *theaters*——— *A noyse without.*
Who's that? It is the voyce of LENTVLVS.
AVR. Or of CETHEGVS. CAT. In, my faire AVRELIA,
And thinke vpon these arts. They must not see,
How farre you are trusted with these priuacies;
Though, on their shoulders, necks, and heads you rise.

LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, CATILINE.

IT is, me thinks, a morning, full of fate!
It riſeth ſlowly, as her ſollen carre
Had all the weights of ſleepe, and death hung at it!
Shee is not roſy-finger'd, but ſwolne black!
Her face is like a water, turn'd to bloud,
And her ſick head is bound about with clouds,
As if ſhee threatned night, ere noone of day!
It does not looke, as it would haue a haile,
Or health, wiſh'd in it, as on other mornes.
CET. Why, all the fitter, LENTVLVS: our comming
Is not for ſalutation, we haue buſineſſe.
CAT. Said nobly, braue CETHEGVS. Where's AVTRONIVS?
CET. Is he not come? CAT. Not here. CET. Nor VARGVNTEIVS?
CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and boſomes,
That ſo will ſerue their ſloth, rather then vertue.
They are no *Romanes*, and at ſuch high need
As now. LEN. Both they, LONGINVS, LECCA, CVRIVS,
FVLVIVS, GABINIVS, gaue me word, laſt night,
By LVCIVS BESTIA, they would all be here,
And early. CET. Yes? As you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all ſleepe, and are meere dormice; flies,
A little leſſe then dead: more dulneſſe hangs
On vs, then on the morne. W'are ſpirit-bound,
In ribs of ice; our whole blouds are one ſtone;
And honor cannot thaw vs; nor our wants:
Though they burne, hot as feuers, to our ſtates.
CAT. I muſe they would be tardy, at an houre
Of ſo great purpoſe. CET. If the gods had call'd
Them, to a purpoſe, they would iuſt haue come
With the ſame tortoyſe ſpeed! that are thus ſlow
To ſuch an action, which the gods will enuy:
As asking no leſſe meanes, then all their powers
Conioyn'd, t'effect. I would haue ſeene *Rome* burn't,
By this time; and her aſhes in an vrne:
The kingdome of the *Senate*, rent a-ſunder;
And the degenerate, talking gowne runne frighted,
Out of the aire of *Italie*. CAT. Spirit of men!
Thou, heart of our great enterpriſe! how much
I loue theſe voices in thee! CET. O, the dayes
Of SYLLA's ſway, when the free ſword tooke leaue
To act all that it would! CAT. And was familiar
With entrailes, as our *Augures*! CET. Sonnes kild fathers,

Brothers

Brothers their brothers. CAT. And had price, and praiſe.
All hate had licence giuen it: all rage raines.
CET. Slaughter beſtrid the ſtreets, and ſtretch'd himſelfe
To ſeeme more huge; whilſt to his ſtayned thighes
The gore he drew flow'd vp: and carryed downe
Whole heaps of limmes, and bodies, through his arch.
No age was ſpar'd, no ſexe. CAT. Nay, no degree.
CET. Not infants, in the porch of life were free.
The ſick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer, by natures bountie, not let ſtay.
Virgins, and widdowes, matrons, pregnant wiues,
All dyed. CAT. 'Twas crime enough, that they had liues.
To ſtrike but onely thoſe, that could doe hurt,
Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number,
As ſome the prey. CET. The rugged CHARON fainted,
And ask'd a nauy, rather then a boate,
To ferry ouer the ſad world that came:
The mawes, and dens of beaſts could not receiue
The bodies, that thoſe ſoules were frighted from;
And e'en the graues were fild with men, yet liuing,
Whoſe flight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead.
CAT. And this ſhall be againe, and more, and more,
Now LENTVLVS, the third CORNELIVS,
Is to ſtand vp in *Rome*. LEN. Nay, vrge not that
Is ſo vncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, not clear'd.
And, therefore, not to be reflected on.
CAT. The SYBILL's leaues vncertayne? or the comments
Of our graue, deepe, diuining men not cleare?
LEN. All prophecies, you know, ſuffer the torture.
CAT. But this, already, hath confeſs'd, without.
And ſo beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As't were malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the beliefe. LEN. Doe you beleeue it?
CAT. Doe I loue LENTVLVS? or pray to ſee it?
LEN. The *Augures* all are conſtant, I am meant. (NA.
CAT. They'had loſt their ſcience elſe. LEN. They count from CIN-
CAT. And SYLLA next, and ſo make you the third;
All that can ſay the ſunne is ris'n, muſt thinke it.
LEN. Men marke me more, of late, as I come forth!
CAT. Why, what can they doe leſſe? CINNA, and SYLLA
Are ſet, and gone: and we muſt turne our eyes
On him that is, and ſhines. Noble CETHEGVS,
But view him with me, here! He lookes, already,
As if he ſhooke a ſcepter, o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd purple dropt their rods, and axes!

The ſtatues melt againe; and houſhold gods
In grones confeſſe the trauaile of the citie;
The very walls ſweat bloud before the change;
And ſtones ſtart out to ruine, ere it comes.
CET. But he, and we, and all are idle ſtill.
LEN. I am your creature, SERGIVS: And what ere
The great CORNELIAN name ſhall winne to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the SYBILS bookes,
But CATILINE that makes it. CAT. I am ſhaddow
To honor'd LENTVLVS, and CETHEGVS here,
Who are the heires of MARS. CET. By MARS himſelfe,
CATILINE is more my parent: for whoſe vertue
Earth cannot make a ſhaddow great inough,
Though enuy ſhould come too. O, there they'are.
Now we ſhall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

AVTRONIVS, VARGVNTEIVS, LONGINVS, CVRIVS, LECCA, BESTIA, FVLVIVS, GABINIVS, &c.

To them.

HAile LVCIVS CATILINE. VAR. Haile noble SERGIVS.
LON. Haile PVB: LENTVL'. CVR. Haile the third CORNELI'.
LEC. CAIVS CETHEGVS haile. CET. Haile ſloth, and words,
In ſteed of men, and ſpirits. CAT. Nay, deare CAIVS——
GET. Are your eyes yet vnſee'ld? Dare they looke day
In the dull face? CAT. Hee's zealous, for the affaire,
And blames your tardy comming, gentlemen.
CET. Vnleſſe, we had ſold our ſelues to ſleepe, and eaſe,
And would be our ſlaues ſlaues—— CAT. Pray you forbeare.
CET. The north is not ſo ſtarke, and cold. CAT. CETHEGVS—
BES. We ſhall redeeme all, if your fire will let vs.
CAT. You are too full of lightning, noble CAIVS.
Boy, ſee all doores be ſhut, that none approch vs,
On this part of the houſe. Goe you, and bid
The Prieſt, he kill the ſlaue I mark'd laſt night;
And bring me of his bloud, when I ſhall call him:
Till then, wait all without. VAR. How is't, AVTRONIVS! (nothing?
AVT. LONGINVS? LON. CVRIVS? CVR. LECCA? VAR. Feele you
LON. A ſtrange, vn-wonted horror doth inuade me,
A darkneſſe comes ouer the place. I know not what it is! LEC. The day goes back,
Or elſe my ſenſes! CVR. As at ATREVS feaſt!
FVL. Darkeneſſe growes more, and more! LEN. The *veſtall* flame,
A grone of many people is heard vnder ground. I thinke, be out. GAB. What grone was that? CET. Our phant'ſies.
Strike fire, out of our ſelues, and force a day.
Another. AVT. Againe it ſounds! BES. As all the citie gaue it!

CET.

CET. We feare what our ſelues faine. VAR. What light is this? *A fiery light appeares.*
CVR. Looke forth. LEN. It ſtill growes greater! LEC. From whence
LON. A bloudy arme it is, that holds a pine (comes it?
Lighted, aboue the *Capitoll!* and, now,
It waues vnto vs! CAT. Braue, and omenous!
Our enterpriſe is ſeal'd. CET. In ſpight of darkeneſſe,
That would diſcountenance it. Looke no more;
We looſe time, and our ſelues. To what we came for,
Speake LVCIVS, we attend you. CAT. Nobleſt *Romanes*,
If you were leſſe, or that your faith, and vertue
Did not hold good that title, with your bloud,
I ſhould not, now, vnprofitably ſpend
My ſelfe in words, or catch at empty hopes,
By ayrie wayes, for ſolide certainties.
But ſince in many, and the greateſt dangers,
I ſtill haue knowne you no leſſe true, then valiant,
And that I taſt, in you, the ſame affections,
To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad,
Alike with me: (which argues your firme friendſhip)
I dare the boldlier, with you, ſet on foot,
Or leade, vnto this great, and goodlieſt action.
What I haue thought of it afore, you all
Haue heard apart. I then expreſs'd my zeale
Vnto the glorie; now, the neede enflames me:
When I fore-thinke the hard conditions,
Our ſtates muſt vnder-goe, except, in time,
We doe redeeme our ſelues to libertie,
And breake the yron yoke, forg'd for our necks.
For, what leſſe can we call it? when we ſee
The common-wealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
The giants of the ſtate, that doe, by turnes,
Enioy her, and defile her! All the earth,
Her Kings, and *Tetrarchs*, are their tributaries;
People, and nations, pay them hourely ſtipends:
The riches of the world flowes to their coffers,
And not, to *Romes*. While (but thoſe few) the reſt,
How euer great we are, honeſt, and valiant,
Are hearded with the vulgar; and ſo kept,
As we were onely bred, to conſume corne;
Or weare out wooll; to drinke the cities water;
Vngrac'd, without authoritie, or marke;
Trembling beneath their rods: to whom, (if all
Were well in *Rome*) we ſhould come forth bright axes.
All places, honors, offices are theirs!
Or where they will conferre 'hem! They leaue vs

The

The dangers, the repulſes, iudgements, wants:
Which how long will you beare, moſt valiant ſpirits?
Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue,
Then draw a wretched, and diſhonor'd breath,
To looſe with ſhame, when theſe mens pride will laugh?
I call the faith of gods, and men to queſtion,
The power is in our hands; our bodies able;
Our mindes as ſtrong; o'th' contrary, in them,
All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeeres:
There wants, but onely to beginne the buſineſſe,
The iſſue is certaine. CET. LON. On, let vs goe on.
CVR. BES. Goe on, braue SERGIVS. CAT. It doth ſtrike my ſoule,
(And, who can ſcape the ſtroke, that hath a ſoule,
Or, but the ſmalleſt aire of man within him?)
To ſee them ſwell with treaſure; which they powre
Out i' their riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, i' the ſea! planing of hills with valleyes;
And rayſing vallies aboue hills! whilſt we
Haue not, to giue our bodies neceſſaries.
They ha' their change of houſes, mannors, lordſhips;
We ſcarce a fire, or poore houſhold *Lar!*
They buy rare *Atticke* ſtatues, *Tyrian* hangings,
Epheſian pictures, and *Corinthian* plate,
Attalicke garments, and now, new-found gemmes,
Since POMPEY went for *Aſia*, which they purchaſe
At price of *prouinces!* The riuer *Phaſis*
Cannot affoord 'hem fowle; nor *Lucrine* lake
Oyſters enow: *Circei*, too, is ſearch'd
To pleaſe the witty gluttony of a meale!
Their ancient habitations they neglect,
And ſet vp new; then, if the eccho like not
In ſuch a roome, they pluck downe thoſe, build newer,
Alter them too: and, by all frantick wayes,
Vexe their wild wealth, as they moleſt the people,
From whom they force it! yet, they cannot tame,
Or ouer-come their riches! Not, by making
Bathes, orchards, fiſh-pooles! letting in of ſeas
Here! and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe,
With mountaynous heaps, for which the earth hath loſt
Moſt of her ribs, as entrailes! being now
Wounded no leſſe for marble, then for gold.
We, all this while, like calme, benum'd Spectators,
Sit, till our ſeates doe cracke; and doe not heare
The thundring ruines: whilſt, at home, our wants,
Abroad, our debts doe vrge vs; our ſtates daily

Bending to bad, our hopes to worſe: and, what
Is left, but to be cruſh'd? Wake, wake braue friends,
And meet the libertie you oft haue wiſh'd for.
Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you.
Fortune holds out theſe to you, as rewards.
Me thinkes (though I were dumbe) th'affaire it ſelfe
The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
With the braue ſpoile the warre brings, ſhould inuite you.
Vſe me your generall, or ſouldier: neither,
My minde, nor body ſhall be wanting to you.
And, being *Conſul*, I not doubt t'effect,
All that you wiſh, if truſt not flatter me,
And you'd not rather ſtill be ſlaues, then free.

CET. Free, free. LON. 'Tis freedom. CVR. Freedom we all ſtand for.

CAT. Why, theſe are noble voyces! Nothing wants then,
But that we take a ſolemne ſacrament,
To ſtrengthen our deſigne. CET. And ſo to act it.
Differring hurts, where powers are ſo prepar'd.

AVT. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
(With fauour) 'twere no loſſe, if 't might be enquir'd,
What the condition of theſe armes would be?

VAR. I, and the meanes, to carry vs through? CAT. How, friends!
Thinke you, that I would bid you, graſpe the winde?
Or call you to th'embracing of a cloud?
Put your knowne valures on ſo deare a buſineſſe,
And haue no other ſecond then the danger,
Nor other gyrlond then the loſſe? Become
Your owne aſſurances. And, for the meanes,
Conſider, firſt, the ſtarke ſecuritie
The common wealth is in now; the whole *Senate*
Sleepy, and dreaming no ſuch violent blow;
Their forces all abroad; of which the greateſt,
That might annoy vs moſt, is fardeſt off,
In *Aſia*, vnder POMPEY: thoſe, neare hand,
Commanded, by our friends; one army' in *Spaine*,
By CNEVS PISO; th'other in *Mauritania*,
By NVCERINVS; both which I haue firme,
And faſt vnto our plot. My ſelfe, then, ſtanding
Now to be *Conſul*; with my hop'd Colleague
CAIVS ANTONIVS; one, no leſſe engag'd
By'his wants then we: and, whom I'haue power to melt,
And caſt in any mould. Beſide, ſome others
That will not yet be nam'd, (both ſure, and great ones)
Who, when the time comes, ſhall declare themſelues,
Strong, for our party: ſo, that no reſiſtance

In

In nature can be thought. For our reward, then,
Firſt, all our debts are paid; dangers of law,
Actions, decrees, iudgements againſt vs quitted;
The rich men, as in SYLLA's times, proſcrib'd,
And publication made of all their goods;
That houſe is yours; that land is his; thoſe waters,
Orchards, and walkes a third's; he'has that honor,
And he that office: Such a *prouince* falls
To VARGVNTEIVS: this to'AVTRONIVS: that
To bold CETHEGVS: *Rome* to LENTVLVS.
You ſhare the world, her magiſtracies, prieſt-hoods,
Wealth, and felicitie amongſt you, friends;
And CATILINE your ſeruant. Would you, CVRIVS,
Reuenge the contumely ſtuck vpon you,
In being remoued from the *Senate*? Now,
Now, is your time. Would PVBLIVS LENTVLVS
Strike, for the like diſgrace? Now, is his time.
Would ſtout LONGINVS walke the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prætor*? Now, has he a time
To ſpurne, and tread the *faſces*, into dirt,
Made of the vſurers, and the *Lictors* braines.
Is there a beautie, here in *Rome*, you loue?
An enemie you would kill? What head's not yours?
Whoſe wife, which boy, whoſe daughter, of what race,
That th'huſband, or glad parents ſhall not bring you,
And boaſting of the office? only, ſpare
Your ſelues, and you haue all the earth beſide,
A field, to exerciſe your longings in.
I ſee you rais'd, and reade your forward mindes
High, in your faces. Bring the wine, and bloud
You haue prepar'd there. LON. How! CAT. I'haue kill'd a ſlaue,
And of his bloud caus'd to be mixt with wine.
Fill euery man his bowle. There cannot be
A fitter drinke, to make this *ſanction* in.
Here, I beginne the ſacrament to all.
O, for a clap of thunder, now, as loud,
As to be heard through-out the vniuerſe,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it.
Be firme, my hand; not ſhed a drop: but powre
Fierceneſſe into me, with it, and fell thirſt
Of more, and more, till *Rome* be left as bloud-leſſe,
As euer her feares made her, or the ſword.
And, when I leaue to wiſh this to thee, ſtep-dame,
Or ſtop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
So may my bloud be drawne, and ſo drunke vp

As is this ſlaues. Lon. And ſo be mine. Len. And mine. (fuller. *They drinke.*
Avt. And mine. Var. And mine. Cet. Swell mee my bowle yet
Here, I doe drinke this, as I would doe Cato's,
Or the new fellow Cicero's: with that vow
Which Catiline hath giuen. Cvr. So doe I.
Lec. And I. Bes. And I. Fvl. And I. Gab. And all of vs.
Cat. Why, now's the buſineſſe ſafe, and each man ſtrengthned.
Sirrah, what aile you? Pag. Nothing. Bes. Somewhat modeſt.
Cat. Slaue, I will ſtrike your ſoule out, with my foot, *He ſpies one of his boyes not anſwere——*
Let me but find you againe with ſuch a face:
You whelp—— Bes. Nay, Lvcivs. Cat. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and generall
To all? Bes. You'll be obſeru'd. Cat. Ariſe, and ſhew
But any leaſt auerſion i' your looke
To him that bourds you next, and your throat opens.
Noble confederates, thus farre is perfect.
Only your ſuffrages I will expect,
At the aſſembly for the chooſing *Conſuls*,
And all the voyces you can make by friends
To my election. Then, let me worke out
Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all reſt
Seal'd vp, and ſilent, as when rigid froſts
Haue bound vp brookes, and riuers, forc'd wild beaſts
Vnto their caues, and birds into the woods,
Clownes to their houſes, and the countrey ſleeps:
That, when the ſodaine thaw comes, we may breake
Vpon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe
Halfe *Rome* before vs, and inuade the reſt
With cryes, and noiſe able to wake the vrnes
Of thoſe are dead, and make their aſhes feare,
The horrors, that doe ſtrike the world, ſhould come
Loud, and vnlook'd for: till they ſtrike, be dumbe.
Cet. Oraculous Sergivs! Len. God-like Catiline!

Chorvs.

CAn nothing great, and at the height
Remaine ſo long? but it's owne weight
Will ruine it? Or, is't blinde chance,
That ſtill deſires new ſtates t'aduance,
And quit the old? Elſe, why muſt *Rome*,
Be by it ſelfe; now, ouer-come?
Hath ſhee not foes inow of thoſe,
Whom ſhee hath made ſuch, and encloſe

Her

Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except shee first become her owne?
O wretchednesse of greatest states,
To be obnoxious to these fates:
That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine;
And what they raise so ill sustaine!
Rome, now, is Mistris of the whole
World, sea, and land, to either pole;
And euen that fortune will destroy
The power that made it: shee doth ioy
So much in plentie, wealth, and ease,
As, now, th'excesse is her disease.
Shee builds in gold; and, to the starres;
As, if shee threatned heau'n with warres:
And seekes for hell, in quarries deepe,
Giuing the fiends, that there doe keepe,
A hope of day. Her women weare
The spoiles of nations, in an eare,
Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;
And, in their loose attires, doe swell
More light then sailes, when all windes play:
Yet, are the men more loose then they!
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limm'd;
As prostitute: so much, that kinde
May seeke it selfe there, and not finde.
They eate on beds of silke, and gold;
At yuorie tables; or, wood sold
Dearer then it: and, leauing plate,
Doe drinke in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds; and draw all seas;
Foule euery brooke, and bush; to please
Their wanton tasts: and, in request
Haue new, and rare things; not the best!
Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd *Romes* vertue, thence,
Which simple pouerty first made:
And, now, ambition doth inuade
Her state, with eating auarice,
Riot, and euery other vice.
Decrees are bought, and lawes are sold,
Honors, and offices for gold;
The peoples voyces: and the free
Tongues, in the *Senate*, bribed bee.

Such

Such ruine of her manners *Rome*
Doth ſuffer now, as ſhee's become
(Without the gods it ſoone gaine-ſay)
Both her owne ſpoiler, and owne prey.
So, *Aſia*, 'art thou cru'lly euen
With vs, for all the blowes thee giuen;
When we, whoſe vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd bee.

Act II.

FVLVIA, GALLA, SERVANT.

THoſe roomes doe ſmell extremely. Bring my glaſſe,
And table hither. GALLA. GAL. Madame. FVL. Looke
Within, i' my blew cabinet, for the pearle
I'had ſent me laſt, and bring it. GAL. That from CLODIVS?
FVL. From CAIVS CAESAR. You'are for CLODIVS, ſtill.
Or CVRIVS. Sirrha, if QVINTVS CVRIVS come,
I am not in fit moode; I keepe my chamber:
Giue warning ſo, without. GAL. Is this it? madame.
FVL. Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. GAL. Beleeue me,
It is a rich one, madame. FVL. I hope ſo:
It ſhould not be worne there elſe. Make an end,
And binde my haire vp. GAL. As 'twas yeſterday?
FVL. No, nor the t'other day. When knew you me
Appeare, two dayes together, in one dreſſing?
GAL. Will you ha't i'the globe, or ſpire? FVL. How thou wilt;
Any way, ſo thou wilt doe it, good impertinence.
Thy company, if I ſlept not very well
A nights, would make me, an errant foole, with queſtions.
GAL. Alas, madame— FVL. Nay, gentle halfe o' the dialogue, ceaſe.
GAL. I doe it, indeed, but for your exerciſe,
As your phyſitian bids me. FVL. How! Do's he bid you
To anger me for exerciſe? GAL. Not to anger you,
But ſtirre your bloud a little: There's difference
Betweene luke-warme, and boyling, madame. FVL. IOVE!
Shee meanes to cooke me, I thinke? Pray you, ha' done.
GAL. I meane to dreſſe you, madame. FVL. O, my IVNO,
Be friend to me! Offring at wit, too? Why, GALLA!
Where haſt thou been? GAL. Why? madam! FVL. What haſt thou done
With thy poore innocent ſelfe? GAL. Wherefore? ſweet madame!
FVL. Thus to come forth, ſo ſodainely, a wit-worme?
GAL. It pleaſes you to flout one. I did dreame
Of lady SEMPRONIA— FVL. O, the wonder is out.

That did infect thee? Well, and how? GAL. Me thought,
Shee did discourse the best— FVL. That euer thou heard'st?
GAL. Yes. FVL. I' thy sleepe? Of what was her discourse?
GAL. O' the *republike*, madame, and the state,
And how shee was in debt, and where shee meant
To raise fresh summes: Shee's a great states-woman!
FVL. Thou dream'st all this? GAL. No, but you know she is, madam,
And both a mistris of the *latine* tongue,
And of the *greeke*. FVL. I, but I neuer dreamt it, GALLA,
As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.
GAL. Indeed, you mock me, madame. FVL. Indeed, no.
Forth, with your learned lady. Shee has a wit, too?
GAL. A very masculine one. FVL. A shee-*Critick*, GALLA?
And can compose, in verse, and make quick iests,
Modest, or otherwise? GAL. Yes, madame. FVL. Shee can sing, too?
And play on instruments? GAL. Of all kindes, they say.
FVL. And doth dance rarely? GAL. Excellent! So, well,
As a bald *Senator* made a iest, and said,
'Twas better, then an honest woman need.
FVL. Tut, shee may beare that. Few wise womens honesties
Will doe their courtship hurt. GAL. Shee's liberall too, madame.
FVL. What! of her money, or her honor, pray thee?
GAL. Of both, you know not which shee doth spare least.
FVL. A comely commendation. GAL. Troth, 'tis pitty,
Shee is in yeeres. FVL. Why, GALLA? For it is.
FVL. O, is that all? I thought thou'hadst had a reason.
GAL. Why, so I haue. Shee has beene a fine lady,
And, yet, shee dresses her selfe (except you, madame)
One o' the best in *Rome*: and paints, and hides
Her decayes very well. FVL. They say, it is
Rather a visor, then a face shee weares.
GAL. They wrong her verily, madame, shee do's sleeke
With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a nights
In as neat gloues——— But shee is faine of late
To seeke, more then shee's sought to (the fame is)
And so spends that way. FVL. Thou know'st all! But, GALLA,
What say you to CATILINES lady, ORESTILLA?
There is the gallant! GAL. Shee do's well. Shee has
Very good sutes, and very rich: but, then,
Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not how
To weare a garment. You shall haue her all
Iewels, and gold sometimes, so that her selfe
Appeares the least part of her selfe. No' in troth,
As I liue, madame, you put 'hem all downe
With your meere strength of iudgement! and doe draw, too,

The

The world of *Rome* to follow you! you attire
Your ſelfe ſo diuerſly! and with that ſpirit!
Still to the nobleſt humors! They could make
Loue to your dreſſe, although your face were away, they ſay.
FVL. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?
Say they not ſo too, GALLA? Now! What newes
Trauailes your count'nance with? SER. If 't pleaſe you, madame,
The lady SEMPRONIA is lighted at the gate;
GAL. CASTOR, my dreame, my dreame. SER. And comes to ſee you.
GAL. For VENVS ſake, good madame ſee her. FVL. Peace,
The foole is wild, I thinke. GAL. And heare her talke,
Sweet madame, of ſtate-matters, and the *Senate*.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA.

FVLVIA, good wench, how doſt thou? FVL. Well, SEMPRONIA.
Whither are you thus early addreſt? SEM. To ſee
AVRELIA ORESTILLA. Shee ſent for me.
I came to call thee, with me, wilt thou goe?
FVL. I cannot now, in troth, I haue ſome letters
To write, and ſend away. SEM. Alas, I pitty thee.
I ha' beene writing all this night (and am
So very weary) vnto all the *tribes*,
And *centuries*, for their voyces, to helpe CATILINE,
In his election. We ſhall make him *Conſul*,
I hope, amongſt vs. CRASSVS, I, and CAESAR
Will carry it for him. FVL. Do's he ſtand for't?
SEM. H'is the chiefe *Candidate*. FVL. Who ſtands beſide?
(Giue me ſome wine, and poulder for my teeth.
SEM. Here's a good pearle in troth! FVL. A pretty one.
SEM. A very orient one!) There are competitors,
CAIVS ANTONIVS, PVBLIVS GALBA, LVCIVS
CASSIVS LONGINVS, QVINTVS CORNIFICIVS,
CAIVS LICINIVS, and that talker, CICERO.
But CATILINE, and ANTONIVS will be choſen.
For foure o' the other, LICINIVS, LONGINVS,
GALBA, and CORNIFICIVS will giue way.
And CICERO they will not chooſe. FVL. No? why?
SEM. It will be troſs'd, by the nobilitie.
GAL. (How ſhee do's vnderſtand the common buſineſſe!)
SEM. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An in-mate, here, in *Rome* (as CATILINE calls him)
And the *Patricians* ſhould doe very ill,
To let the *Conſul*-ſhip be ſo defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it! A meere vpſtart,

That has no pedigree, no houſe, no coate,
No enſignes of a family? Fvl. He'has vertue.
Sem. Hang vertue, where there is no bloud: 'tis vice,
And, in him, ſawcineſſe. Why ſhould he preſume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Then the nobilitie? or boaſt any qualitie
Worthy a noble man, himſelfe not noble?
Fvl. 'Twas vertue onely, at firſt, made all men noble.
Sem. I yeeld you, it might, at firſt, in *Romes* poore age;
When both her Kings, and *Conſuls* held the plough,
Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,
To digge, or looſe our ſweat for't. We haue wealth,
Fortune and eaſe, and then their ſtock, to ſpend on,
Of name, for vertue; which will beare vs out
'Gainſt all new commers: and can neuer faile vs,
While the ſucceſſion ſtayes. And, we muſt glorifie,
A muſhrome? one of yeſterday? a fine ſpeaker?
'Cauſe he has ſuck'd at *Athens?* and aduance him,
To our owne loſſe? No, Fvlvia. There are they
Can ſpeake *greeke* too, if need were. Caesar, and I,
Haue ſate vpon him; ſo hath Crassvs, too:
And others. We haue all decreed his reſt,
For riſing farder. Gal. Excellent rare lady!
Fvl. Sempronia, you are beholden to my woman, here.
Shee do's admire you. Sem. O good Galla, how doſt thou?
Gal. The better, for your learned ladiſhip.
Sem. Is this grey poulder, a good dentifrice?
Fvl. You ſee I vſe it. Sem. I haue one is whiter.
Fvl. It may be ſo. Sem. Yet this ſmells well. Gal. And cleanſes
Very well, madame, and reſiſts the crudities.
Sem. Fvlvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?
Which of our great *Patricians?* Fvl. Faith, I keepe
No catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I haue one,
Sometimes another, as the toy takes their blouds.
Sem. Thou haſt them all. Faith, when was Qvintvs Cvrivs,
Thy ſpeciall ſeruant, here? Fvl. My ſpeciall ſeruant?
Sem. Yes, thy idolater, I call him. Fvl. He may be yours,
If you doe like him. Sem. How! Fvl. He comes, not, here,
I haue forbid him, hence. Sem. Venvs forbid!
Fvl. Why? Sem. Your ſo conſtant louer. Fvl. So much the rather.
I would haue change. So would you too, I am ſure.
And now, you may haue him. Sem. Hee's freſh yet, Fvlvia:
Beware, how you doe tempt me. Fvl. Faith, for me,
He' is ſomewhat too freſh, indeed. The ſalt is gone,
That gaue him ſeaſon. His good gifts are done.

He

He do's not yeeld the crop that he was wont.
And, for the act, I can haue ſecret fellowes,
With backs worth ten of him, and ſhall pleaſe me
(Now that the land is fled) a myriade better.
SEM. And thoſe one may command. FVL. 'Tis true: theſe Lordings,
Your noble *Faunes*, they are ſo imperious, ſaucy,
Rude, and as boiſtrous as *Centaures*, leaping
A lady, at firſt ſight. SEM. And muſt be borne
Both with, and out, they thinke. FVL. Tut, Ile obſerue
None of 'hem all: nor humour 'hem a iot
Longer, then they come laden in the hand,
And ſay, here's t'one, for th'tother. SEM. Do's CAESAR giue well?
FVL. They ſhall all giue, and pay well, that come here,
If they will haue it: and that iewells, pearle,
Plate, or round ſummes, to buy theſe. I'am not taken
With a cob-ſwan, or a high-mounting bull,
As fooliſh LEDA, and EVROPA were,
But the bright gold, with DANAE. For ſuch price,
I would endure, a rough, harſh IVPITER,
Or ten ſuch thundring gamſters: and refraine
To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much ſuffring.
SEM. Th'art a moſt happy wench, that thus canſt make
Vſe of thy youth, and freſhneſſe, in the ſeaſon:
And haſt it, to make vſe of. FVL. (Which is the happineſſe.)
SEM. I am, now, faine to giue to them, and keepe
Muſique, and a continuall table, to inuite 'hem;
FVL. (Yes, and they ſtudy your kitchin, more then you)
SEM. Eate my ſelfe out with vſury, and my lord, too,
And all my officers, and friends beſide,
To procure moneyes, for the needfull charge
I muſt be at, to haue 'hem: and, yet, ſcarce
Can I atchieue 'hem, ſo. FVL. Why, that's becauſe
You affect yong faces onely, and ſmooth chinnes,
SEMPRONIA. If youl'd loue beards, and briſtles,
(One with another, as others doe) or wrinkles———
Who's that? Looke GALLA. GAL. 'Tis the party, madame.
FVL. What party? Has he no name? GAL. 'Tis QVINTVS CVRIVS.
FVL. Did I not bid 'hem, ſay, I kept my chamber?
GAL. Why, ſo they doe. SEM. Ile leaue you, FVLVIA.
FVL. Nay, good SEMPRONIA, ſtay. SEM. In faith, I will not.
FVL. By IVNO, I would not ſee him. SEM. Ile not hinder you.
GAL. You know, he will not be kept out, madame. SEM. No,
Nor ſhall not, carefull GALLA, by my meanes.
FVL. As I doe liue, SEMPRONIA——SEM. What needs this?
FVL. Goe, ſay, I am a-ſleepe, and ill at eaſe.

Sem. By Castor, no, I'le tell him, you are awake;
And very well. Stay Galla; Farewell Fvlvia:
I know my manners. Why doe you labour, thus,
With action, against purpose? Qvintvs Cvrivs,
Shee is, yfaith, here, and in disposition.
Fvl. Spight, with your courtesie! How shall I be tortur'd!

Cvrivs, Fvlvia, Galla.

WHere are you, faire one, that conceale your selfe,
And keepe your beautie, within locks, and barres, here,
Like a fooles treasure? Fvl. True, shee was a foole,
When, first, shee shew'd it to a thiefe. Cvr. How, pretty solennesse!
So harsh, and short? Fvl. The fooles artillery, sir.
Cvr. Then, take my gowne off, for th'encounter. Fvl. Stay sir.
I am not in the moode. Cvr. I'le put you into't.
Fvl. Best put your selfe, i'your case againe, and keepe
Your furious appetite warme, against you haue place for't.
Cvr. What! doe you coy it? Fvl. No sir. I'am not proud.
Cvr. I would you were. You thinke, this state becomes you?
By Hercvles, it do's not. Looke i'your glasse, now,
And see, how sciruely that countenance shewes;
You would be loth to owne it. Fvl. I shall not change it.
Cvr. Faith, but you must; and slack this bended brow;
And shoot lesse scorne: there is a fortune comming
Towards you, Daintie, that will take thee, thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread vpon the head
Of her owne statue, here, in *Rome*. Fvl. I wonder,
Who let this promiser in! Did you, good diligence?
Giue him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous,
To presse, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both, by my selfe, and seruants? Cvr. How! This's handsome!
And somewhat a new straine! Fvl. 'Tis not strain'd, sir.
'Tis very naturall. Cvr. I haue knowne it otherwise,
Betweene the parties, though. Fvl. For your fore-knowledge,
Thanke that, which made it. It will not be so,
Hereafter, I assure you. Cvr. No, my mistris?
Fvl. No, though you bring the same materialls. Cvr. Heare me,
You ouer-act when you should vnder-doe.
A little call your selfe againe, and thinke.
If you doe this to practise on me' or finde
At what forc'd distance you can hold your seruant;
That'it be an artificiall trick, to enflame,
And fire me more, fearing my loue may need it,

As,

As, heretofore, you ha' done: why, proceede.
FVL. As I ha' done heretofore? CVR. Yes, when you'ld faine
Your husbands iealousie, your seruants watches,
Speake softly, and runne often to the dore,
Or to the windore, forme strange feares that were not;
As if the pleasure were lesse acceptable,
That were secure. FVL. You are an impudent fellow.
CVR. And, when you might better haue done it, at the gate,
To take me in at the casement. FVL. I take you in?
CVR. Yes, you my lady. And, then, being a-bed with you,
To haue your well taught wayter, here, come running,
And cry, her lord, and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust vp in a chimney.
When he, tame crow, was winking at his farme;
Or, had he beene here, and present, would haue kept
Both eyes, and beake seal'd vp, for sixe *sesterces*.
FVL. You haue a slanderous, beastly, vnwash'd tongue,
I'your rude mouth, and sauouring your selfe,
Vn-manner'd lord. CVR. How now! FVL. It is your title, sir.
Who (since you ha' lost your owne good name, and know not
What to loose more) care not, whose honor you wound,
Or fame' you poyson with it. You should goe,
And vent your selfe, i' the region, where you liue,
Among the suburbe-brothels, bawdes, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes haue design'd you.
CVR. Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see; and pluck
The tragick visor off. Come, lady CYPRIS,
Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, a-fresh,
At euery turne, for all the VENVS in you.
Yeeld, and be pliant; or by POLLVX——How now?
Will LAIS turne a LVCRECE? FVL. No, but by CASTOR,
Hold off your rauishers hands, I pierce your heart, else.
Ile not be put to kill my selfe, as shee did
For you, sweet TARQVINE. What? doe you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not vp.
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it,
Then on the *Senate*, who haue cast you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common tale
Of the whole citie; base, infamous man!
For, were you other, you would there imploy
Your desperate dagger. CVR. FVLVIA, you doe know
The strengths you haue vpon me; doe not vse
Your power too like a tyran: I can beare,
Almost vntill you breake me. FVL. I doe know, sir,

He offers to force her, and shee drawes her knife.

So

So do's the *Senate*, too, know, you can beare.
CVR. By all the gods, that *Senate* will ſmart deepe
For your vpbraidings. I ſhould be right ſorry
To haue the meanes ſo to be veng'd on you,
(At leaſt, the will) as I ſhall ſhortly on them.
But, goe you on ſtill; fare you well, deare lady:
You could not ſtill be faire vnleſſe you were proud.
You will repent theſe moodes, and ere't be long, too.
I ſhall ha' you come about, againe. FVL. Doe you thinke ſo?
CVR. Yes, and I know ſo. FVL. By what augurie?
CVR. By the faire entrailes of the matrons cheſts,
Gold, pearle, and iewells, here in *Rome*, which FVLVIA
Will then (but late) ſay that ſhee might haue ſhar'd:
And, grieuing, miſſe. FVL. Tut, all your promis'd mountaynes,
And ſeas, I am ſo ſtalely acquainted with———
CVR. But, when you ſee the vniuerſall floud
Runne by your coffers; that my lords, the *Senators*,
Are ſold for ſlaues, their wiues for bond-women,
Their houſes, and fine gardens giuen away,
And all their goods, vnder the ſpeare, at out cry,
And you haue none of this; but are ſtill FVLVIA,
Or perhaps leſſe, while you are thinking of it:
You will aduiſe then, Coyneſſe, with your cuſhion,
And looke o' your fingers; ſay, how you were wiſh'd;
And ſo, he left you. FVL. Call him againe, GALLA:
This is not vſuall! ſomething hangs on this
That I muſt winne out of him. CVR. How now, melt you?
FVL. Come, you will laugh, now, at my eaſineſſe!
But, 'tis no miracle: Doues, they ſay, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. CVR. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would haue my loue
Angrie, ſometimes, to ſweeten off the reſt
Of her behauiour. FVL. You doe ſee, I ſtudie
How I may pleaſe you, then. But you thinke, CVRIVS,
'Tis couetiſe hath wrought me: if you loue me,
Change that vnkinde conceipt. CVR. By my lou'd ſoule,
I loue thee, like to it; and 'tis my ſtudie,
More then mine owne reuenge, to make thee happy.
FVL. And 'tis that iuſt reuenge doth make me happy
To heare you proſequute: and which, indeed,
Hath wonne me, to you, more, then all the hope
Of what can elſe be promis'd. I loue valour
Better, then any lady loues her face,
Or dreſſing: then my ſelfe do's. Let me grow
Still, where I doe embrace. But, what good meanes

Ha'

Ha'you t'effect it? Shall I know your proiect?
Cvr. Thou ſhalt, if thou'lt be gracious. Fvl. As I can be.
Cvr. And wilt thou kiſſe me, then? Fvl. As cloſe as ſhells
Of cockles meet. Cvr. And print 'hem deepe? Fvl. Quite through
Our ſubtle lips. Cvr. And often? Fvl. I will ſow 'hem,
Faſter, then you can reape. What is your plot?
Cvr. Why, now my Fvlvia lookes, like her bright name!
And is her ſelfe! Fvl. Nay, anſwere me, your plot:
I pray thee tell me, Qvintvs. Cvr. I, theſe ſounds
Become a miſtris. Here is harmonie!
When you are harſh, I ſee, the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but ſeruice. Cruell,
A lady is a fire: gentle, a light.
Fvl. Will you not tell me, what I aske you? Cvr. All,
That I can thinke, ſweet loue, or my breſt holds,
Ile poure into thee. Fvl. What is your deſigne, then?
Cvr. Ile tell thee; Catiline ſhall now be *Conſull:*
But, you will heare more, ſhortly. Fvl. Nay, deare loue——
Cvr. Ile ſpeake it, in thine armes, let vs goe in.
Rome will be ſack'd, her wealth will be our prize;
By publique ruine, priuate ſpirits muſt riſe.

Shee kiſſes and flatters him a long ſtill.

Chorvs.

GReat father Mars, and greater Iove,
By whoſe high auſpice, *Rome* hath ſtood
So long; and, firſt, was built in blood
Of your great nephew, that then ſtroue
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be preſent to her now, as then,
And let not proud, and factious men
Againſt your wills oppoſe their mights.
Our *Conſuls*, now, are to be made;
O, put it in the publique voice
To make a free, and worthy choice:
Excluding ſuch as would inuade
The common wealth. Let whom we name
Haue wiſedome, fore-ſight, fortitude,
Be more with faith, then face endu'd,
And ſtudie conſcience, aboue fame.
Such, as not ſeeke to get the ſtart
In ſtate, by power, parts, or bribes,
Ambition's bawdes: but moue the *tribes*
By vertue, modeſtie, deſart.

Such

Such, as to iuſtice will adhere,
What euer great one it offend:
And from the'embraced truth not bend
For enuy, hatred, gifts, or feare.
That, by their deeds, will make it knowne,
Whoſe dignitie they doe ſuſtaine;
And life, ſtate, glorie, all they gaine,
Count the republiques, not their owne.
Such the old BRVTI, DECII were,
The CIPI, CVRTII, who did giue
Themſelues for *Rome:* and would not liue,
As men, good, only for a yeere.
Such were the great CAMILLI, too;
The FABII, SCIPIO's; that ſtill thought
No worke, at price inough, was bought,
That for their countrey they could doe.
And, to her honor, ſo did knit;
As all their acts were vnderſtood
The ſinewes of the publique good:
And they themſelues, one ſoule, with it.
Theſe men were truely magiſtrates;
Theſe neither practis'd force, nor formes:
Nor did they leaue the helme, in ſtormes!
And ſuch they are make happy ſtates.

Act III.

CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS, ANTONIVS, CRASSVS, CÆSAR, CHORVS, LICTORS.

GReat honors are great burdens: but, on whom
They'are caſt with enuie, he doth beare two loades.
His cares muſt ſtill be double to his ioyes,
In any dignitie; where, if he erre
He findes no pardon: and, for doing well
A moſt ſmall praiſe, and that wrung out by force.
I ſpeake this, *Romanes*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you 'haue truſted to me, is.
Not, that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatneſſe of your benefit;
For, I aſcribe it to your ſingular grace,
And vow, to owe it to no title elſe,

Except

Except the gods, that CICERO' is your *Conſul.*
I haue no vrnes; no duſtie moniments;
No broken images of anceſtors,
Wanting an eare, or noſe; no forged tables
Of long deſcents; to boaſt falſe honors from:
Or be my vnder-takers to your truſt.
But a new man (as I am ſtil'd in *Rome*)
Whom you haue dignified; and more, in whom
Yo'haue cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place: which our great men
Held ſhut vp, with all ramparts, for themſelues.
Nor haue but few of them, in time beene made
Your *Conſuls*, ſo; new men, before me, none:
At my firſt ſuite; in my iuſt yeere; preferd
To all competitors; and ſome the nobleſt———
CRA. Now the vaine ſwels. CAES. Vp glorie. CIC. And to haue
Your loud conſents, from your owne vtter'd voices;
Not ſilent bookes: nor from the meaner *tribes*,
But firſt, and laſt, the vniuerſall concourſe!
This is my ioy, my gladneſſe. But my care,
My induſtrie, and vigilance now muſt worke,
That ſtill your counſells of me be approu'd;
Both, by your ſelues, and thoſe, to whom you haue,
With grudge, prefer'd me: two things I muſt labour,
That neither they vpbraid, nor you repent you.
For euery lapſe of mine will, now, be call'd
Your error, if I make ſuch. But, my hope is,
So to beare through, and out, the *Conſul*-ſhip,
As ſpight ſhall ne're wound you, though it may me.
And, for my ſelfe, I haue prepar'd this ſtrength,
To doe ſo well; as, if there happen ill
Vnto me, it ſhall make the gods to bluſh:
And be their crime, not mine, that I am enui'd.
CAES. O confidence! more new, then is the man!
CIC. I know well, in what termes I doe receiue
The common wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd:
In which, there's not that miſchiefe, or ill fate,
That good men feare not, wicked men expect not.
I know, beſide, ſome turbulent practiſes
Alreadie on foot, and rumors of moe dangers———
CRA. Or you will make them, if there be none. CIC. Laſt,
I know, 'twas this, which made the enuie, and pride
Of the great *Romane* bloud bate, and giue way
To my election. CAT. MARCVS TVLLIVS, true;

Our

Our need made thee our *Conſul*, and thy vertue.
CAES. CATO, you will vn-doe him, with your praiſe.
CATO. CAESAR will hurt himſelfe, with his owne enuie.
CHOR. The voice of CATO is the voice of *Rome*.
CATO. The voice of *Rome* is the conſent of heauen!
And that hath plac'd thee, CICERO, at the helme,
Where thou muſt render, now, thy ſelfe a man,
And maſter of thy art. Each petty hand
Can ſteere a ſhip becalm'd; but he that will
Gouerne, and carry her to her ends, muſt know
His tides, his currents; how to ſhift his ſailes;
What ſhee will beare in foule, what in faire weathers;
Where her ſprings are, her leakes; and how to ſtop 'hem;
What ſands, what ſhelues, what rocks doe threaten her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Guſts, ſtormes, and tempeſts; when her keele ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heauen: then, to manage her,
Becomes the name, and office of a pilot.
CIC. Which I'le performe, with all the diligence,
And fortitude I haue; not for my yeere,
But for my life; except my life be leſſe,
And that my yeere conclude it: if it muſt,
Your will, lou'd gods. This heart ſhall yet employ
A day, an houre is left me, ſo, for *Rome*,
As it ſhall ſpring a life, out of my death,
To ſhine, for euer glorious in my facts.
The vicious count their yeeres, vertuous their acts.
CHOR. Moſt noble *Conſul!* Let vs wait him home.
CAES. Moſt popular *Conſul* he is growne, me thinks!
CRA. How the rout cling to him! CAES. And CATO leads 'hem!
CRA. You, his colleague, ANTONIVS, are not look't on.
ANT. Not I, nor doe I care. CAES. He enioyes reſt,
And eaſe, the while. Let th'others ſpirit toile,
And wake it out, that was inſpir'd for turmoile.
CATV. If all reports be true, yet, CAIVS CAESAR,
The time hath need of ſuch a watch, and ſpirit.
CAES. Reports? Do you beleeue 'hem CATVLVS,
Why, he do's make, and breed 'hem for the people;
T'endeare his ſeruice to 'hem. Doe you not taſt
An art, that is ſo common? Popular men,
They muſt create ſtrange monſters, and then quell 'hem;
To make their artes ſeeme ſomething. Would you haue
Such an HERCVLEAN actor in the ſcene,
And not his HYDRA? They muſt ſweat no leſſe

To

To fit their properties, then t'expreſſe their parts.
CRA. Treaſons, and guiltie men are made in ſtates
Too oft, to dignifie the magiſtrates.
CATV. Thoſe ſtates be wretched, that are forc'd to buy
Their rulers fame, with their owne infamy.
CRA. We therefore, ſhould prouide that ours doe not.
CAES. That will ANTONIVS make his care. ANT. I ſhall.
CAES. And watch the watcher. CATV. Here comes CATILINE.
How do's he brooke his late repulſe? CAES. I know not.
But hardly ſure. CAT. LONGINVS, too, did ſtand?
CAES. At firſt: but he gaue way vnto his friend.
CATV. Who's that come? LENTVLVS? CAES. Yes. He is againe
Taken into the *Senate*. ANT. And made *Pretor*.
CAT. I know't. He had my ſuffrage, next the *Conſuls*;
CAES. True, you were there, Prince of the *Senate*, then.

CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS, CÆSAR, CRASSVS, LONGINVS, LENTVLVS.

HAile nobleſt *Romanes*. The moſt worthy *Conſul*,
I gratulate your honor. ANT. I could wiſh
It had beene happier, by your fellowſhip,
Moſt noble SERGIVS, had it pleas'd the people.
CATI. It did not pleaſe the gods; who'inſtruct the people:
And their vnqueſtion'd pleaſures muſt be ſeru'd.
They know what's fitter for vs, then our ſelues;
And 'twere impietie, to thinke againſt them.
CATV. You beare it rightly, LVCIVS; and, it glads me,
To find your thoughts ſo euen. CATI. I ſhall ſtill
Studie to make them ſuch to *Rome*, and heauen.
(I would with-draw with you, a little, IVLIVS.
CAES. Ile come home to you: CRASSVS would not ha' you
To ſpeake to him, 'fore QVINTVS CATVLVS.
CATI. I apprehend you.) No, when they ſhall iudge
Honors conuenient for me, I ſhall haue 'hem,
With a full hand: I know it. In meane time,
They are no leſſe part of the common-wealth,
That doe obey, then thoſe, that doe command.
CATV. O, let me kiſſe your fore-head, LVCIVS.
How are you wrong'd! CATI. By whom? CATV. Publike report.
That giues you out, to ſtomack your repulſe;
And brooke it deadly. CATI. Sir, ſhee brookes not me.
Beleeue me rather, and your ſelfe, now, of me:
It is a kinde of ſlander, to truſt rumour.

CATV. I know it. And I could be angrie with it.
CATI. So may not I. Where it concernes himſelfe,
Who's angrie at a ſlander, makes it true.
CATV. Moſt noble SERGIVS! This your temper melts me.
CRA. Will you doe office to the *Conſul*, QVINTVS?
CAES. Which CATO, and the rout haue done the other?
CATV. I wait, when he will goe. Be ſtill your ſelfe.
He wants no ſtate, or honors, that hath vertue,
CATI. Did I appeare ſo tame, as this man thinkes me?
Look'd I ſo poore? ſo dead? So like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my breaſt, breake quickly;
And ſhew my friends my in-parts, leſt they thinke
I haue betraid 'hem. (LON. Where's GABINIVS? LEN. Gone.
LON. And VARGVNTEIVS? LEN. Slipt away; all ſhrunke:
Now that he miſt the *Conſul*-ſhip.) CATI. I am
The ſcorne of bond-men; who are next to beaſts.
What can I worſe pronounce my ſelfe, that's fitter?
The owle of *Rome*, whom boyes, and girles will hout!
That were I ſet vp, for that woodden god,
That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crowes,
Or the leaſt bird from muiting on my head.
(LON. 'Tis ſtrange how he ſhould miſſe it. LEN. Is't not ſtranger,
The vpſtart CICERO ſhould carrie it ſo,
By all conſents, from men ſo much his maſters?
LON. 'Tis true.) CATI. To what a ſhaddow, am I melted!
(LON. ANTONIVS wan it but by ſome few voices.)
CATI. Strooke through, like aire, and feele it not. My wounds
Cloſe faſter, then they're made. (LEN. The whole deſigne,
And enterpriſe is loſt by't. All hands quit it,
Vpon his faile.) CATI. I grow mad at my patience.
It is a viſor that hath poiſon'd me.
Would it had burnt me vp, and I died inward:
My heart firſt turn'd to aſhes. (LON. Here's CETHEGVS yet.)

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, LENTVLVS, LONGINVS, CATO.

REpulſe vpon repulſe? An in-mate, *Conſul?*
That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are,
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'hem out,
And pluck all into *chaos*, with my ſelfe.
CET. What, are we wiſhing now? CATI. Yes, my CETHEGVS.
Who would not fall with all the world about him?
CET. Not I, that would ſtand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out, to make another.

Theſe

These wishings tast of woman, not of *Romane*.
Let vs seeke other armes. CATI. What should we doe?
CET. Doe, and not wish; something, that wishes take not:
So sodaine, as the gods should not preuent,
Nor scarce haue time, to feare. CATI. O noble CAIVS!
CET. It likes me better, that you are not *Consul*.
I would not goe through open dores, but breake 'hem;
Swim to my ends, through bloud; or build a bridge
Of carcasses; make on, vpon the heads
Of men, strooke downe, like piles; to reach the liues
Of those remaine, and stand: Then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruine makes the way.
CATI. How thou dost vtter me, braue soule, that may not,
At all times, shew such as I am; but bend
Vnto occasion? LENTVLVS, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch downe new,
Out of the hand of IOVE; and riuet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frowne: and let
His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.
LEN. Peace, here comes CATO. CATI. Let him come, and heare.
I will no more dissemble. Quit vs all;
I, and my lou'd CETHEGVS here, alone
Will vndertake this giants warre, and carrie it.
LEN. What needs this, LVCIVS? LON. SERGIVS, be more warie.
CATI. Now, MARCVS CATO, our new *Consuls* spie,
What is your sowre austeritie sent t'explore.
CATO. Nothing in thee, licentious CATILINE:
Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee
More, then thy deeds. 'Tis onely iudgement waits thee.
CATI. Whose? CATO's? shall he iudge me? CATO. No, the gods;
Who, euer, follow those, they goe not with:
And *Senate*; who, with fire, must purge sicke *Rome*
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Begone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same aire with thee. CET. Strike him. LEN. Hold, good CAIVS;
CET. Fear'st thou not, CATO? CATO. Rash CETHEGVS, no.
'Twere wrong with *Rome*, when CATILINE and thou
Doe threat, if CATO fear'd. CATI. The fire you speake of
If any flame of it approch my fortunes,
Ile quench it, not with water, but with ruine.
CATO. You heare this, *Romanes*. CATI. Beare it to the *Consul*.
CET. I would haue sent away his soule, before him.
You are too heauie, LENTVLVS, and remisse;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdome
Promis'd you by the SYBILL's. CATI. Which his *Prætor*-ship,

And ſome ſmall flatterie of the *Senate* more,
Will make him to forget. LEN. You wrong me, LVCIVS.
LON. He will not need theſe ſpurres. CET. The action needs hem.
Theſe things, when they proceed not, they goe backward.
LEN. Let vs conſult then. CET. Let vs, firſt, take armes.
They that denie vs iuſt things, now, will giue
All that we aske; if once they ſee our ſwords.
CAT. Our obiects muſt be ſought with wounds, not words.

CICERO, FVLVIA.

IS there a heauen? and gods? and can it be
They ſhould ſo ſlowly heare, ſo ſlowly ſee!
Hath IOVE no thunder? or is IOVE become
Stupide as thou art? ô neere-wretched *Rome*,
When both thy *Senate*, and thy gods doe ſleepe,
And neither thine, nor their owne ſtates doe keepe!
What will awake thee, heauen? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this laſt plot was onely CATILINES.
O, that it were his laſt. But he, before
Hath ſafely done ſo much, hee'll ſtill dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne're lookes back;
And is a ſwelling, and the laſt affection
A high minde can put off: being both a rebell
Vnto the ſoule, and reaſon, and enforceth
All lawes, all conſcience, treades vpon religion,
And offereth violence to natures ſelfe.
But, here, is that tranſcends it! A black purpoſe
To confound nature: and to ruine that,
Which neuer age, nor mankinde can repaire!
Sit downe, good lady; CICERO is loſt
In this your fable: for, to thinke it true
Tempteth my reaſon. It ſo farre exceedes
All inſolent fictions of the tragick *ſcene!*
The common-wealth, yet panting, vnder-neath
The ſtripes, and wounds of a late ciuill warre,
Gaſping for life, and ſcarce reſtor'd to hope;
To ſeeke t'oppreſſe her, with new crueltie,
And vtterly extinguiſh her long name,
With ſo prodigious, and vnheard-of fierceneſſe!
What ſinke of monſters, wretches of loſt minds,
Mad after change, and deſp'rate in their ſtates,
Wearied, and gall'd with their neceſſities,

(For

(For all this I allow them) durſt haue thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds haue beene beleeu'd,
Of MARIVS, and SYLLA, by our children,
Without this fact had riſe forth greater, for them?
All, that they did, was pietie, to this!
They, yet, but murdred kinsfolke, brothers, parents,
Rauiſh'd the virgins, and, perhaps, ſome matrons;
They left the citie ſtanding, and the temples:
The gods, and maieſtie of *Rome* were ſafe yet!
Theſe purpoſe to fire it, to diſpoile them,
(Beyond the other euils) and lay waſt
The farre-triumphed world: for, vnto whom
Rome is too little, what can be inough?
FVL. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the ſame diſcourſe.
CIC. And, then, to take a horride ſacrament
In humane bloud, for execution
Of this their dire deſigne; which might be call'd
The height of wickedneſſe: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it! FVL. I aſſure your lordſhip,
The extreme horror of it almoſt turn'd me
To aire, when firſt I heard it; I was all
A vapor, when 'twas told me: and I long'd
To vent it any where. 'Twas ſuch a ſecret,
I thought, it would haue burnt me vp. CIC. Good FVLVIA,
Feare not your act; and leſſe repent you of it.
FVL. I doe not, my good lord. I know to whom
I haue vtter'd it. CIC. You haue diſcharg'd it, ſafely.
Should *Rome*, for whom you haue done the happy ſeruice,
Turne moſt ingrate; yet were your vertue paid
In conſcience of the fact: ſo much good deedes
Reward themſelues. FVL. My lord, I did it not
To any other aime, but for it ſelfe.
To no ambition. CIC. You haue learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publike weale,
And priuate friendſhip: and haue ſhewne it, lady.
Be ſtill your ſelfe. I haue ſent for QVINTVS CVRIVS,
And (for your vertuous ſake) if I can winne him,
Yet, to the common-wealth; he ſhall be ſafe too.
FVL. Ile vnder-take, my lord, he ſhall be won.
CIC. Pray you, ioyne with me, then: and helpe to worke him.

CICERO, LICTOR, FVLVIA, CVRIVS.

HOw now? Is he come? LIC. He is here, my lord. CIC. Go presently,
Pray my colleague ANTONIVS, I may speake with him,
About some present businesse of the state;
And (as you goe) call on my brother QVINTVS,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid CVRIVS enter. FVLVIA, you will aide me?
FVL. It is my dutie. CIC. O, my noble lord!
I haue to chide you, yfaith. Giue me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled; 't shall be gently, CVRIVS.
You looke vpon this lady? What! doe you ghesse
My businesse, yet? Come, if you frowne, I thunder:
Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts.
There's nought but faire, and good intended to you;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting, to restore you: as they ha' done
The stupide, and vngratefull LENTVLVS
(Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,
For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,
A person both of bloud and honor, stock't
In a long race of vertuous ancestors,
Embarke your selfe for such a hellish action,
With parricides, and traytors; men turn'd *furies*,
Out of the wast, and ruine of their fortunes!
(For 'tis despaire, that is the mother of madnesse)
Such as want (that, which all conspirators,
But they, haue first) meere colour for their mischiefe?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane;
Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leaue 'hem.
He acts the third crime, that defends the first.
Here is a lady, that hath got the start,
In pietie of vs all; and, for whose vertue,
I could almost turne louer, againe: but that
TERENTIA would be iealous. What an honor
Hath shee atchieued to her selfe! What voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,
Through euery street! What windores will be fill'd,
To shoot eyes at her! What enuy, and griefe in matrons,
They are not shee! when this her act shall seeme

Worthier

Worthier a chariot, then if POMPEY came,
With *Asia* chain'd! All this is, while shee liues.
But dead, her very name will be a statue!
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posteritie: when brasse, and marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it selfe is dust!
FVL. Your honor thinks too highly of me. CIC. No:
I cannot thinke inough. And I would haue
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow
The better precedent. Shee shewes you, CVRIVS,
What claime your countrey layes to you; and what dutie
You owe to it: be not afraid, to breake
With murderers, and traytors, for the sauing
A life, so neere, and necessary to you,
As is your countries. Thinke but on her right.
No child can be too naturall to his parent.
Shee is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of vs; doe not stop, but giue it:
He, that is void of feare, may soone be iust.
And no religion binds men to be traitors.
FVL. My lord, he vnderstands it; and will follow
Your sauing counsell: but his shame, yet, stayes him.
I know, that he is comming. CVR. Doe you know it? (am I?
FVL. Yes, let me speake with you. CVR. O you are— FVL. What
CVR. Speake not so loud. FVL. I am, what you should be,
Come, doe you thinke, I'ld walke in any plot,
Where madame SEMPRONIA should take place of me,
And FVLVIA come i' the *rere*, or o' the *by*?
That I would be her second, in a businesse,
Though it might vantage me all the sunne sees?
It was a silly phant'sie of yours. Apply
Your selfe to me, and the *Consul*, and be wise;
Follow the fortune I ha' put you into:
You may be something this way, and with safetie.
CIC. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, lady.
FVL. Sir, you may heare. I tell him, in the way,
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.
CIC. How hazardous? how certayne to all ruine.
Did he, or doe, yet, any of them imagine
The gods would sleepe, to such a *Stygian* practice,
Against that common-wealth, which they haue founded
With so much labour, and like care haue kept,
Now neere seuen hundred yeeres? It is a madnesse,
Wherewith heauen blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,
That they should thinke it, Come, my CVRIVS,

I see

I ſee your nature's right; you ſhall no more
Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
And trouble this good ſhame, no farder. Stand
Firme for your countrey; and become a man
Honor'd, and lou'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
What thankes, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*
Will heape vpon you, certaine, for your ſeruice?
Let not a deſperate action more engage you,
Then ſafetie ſhould: and wicked friendſhip force
What honeſtie, and vertue cannot worke.

FVL. He tells you right, ſweet friend: 'Tis ſauing counſaile.

CVR. Moſt noble *Conſul*, I am yours, and hers;
I meane my countries: you' haue form'd me new.
Inſpiring me, with what I ſhould be, truely.
And I intreat, my faith may not ſeeme cheaper
For ſpringing out of penitence. CIC. Good CVRIVS,
It ſhall be dearer rather, and becauſe
Il'd make it ſuch, heare, how I truſt you more.
Keepe ſtill your former face: and mixe againe
With theſe loſt ſpirits. Runne all their mazes with 'hem:
For ſuch are treaſons. Find their windings out,
And ſubtle turnings, watch their ſnaky wayes,
Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkeneſſe,
Where they are faine to creepe vpon their breſts
In paths ne're trod by men, but wolues, and panthers.
Learne, beſide CATILINE, LENTVLVS, and thoſe,
Whoſe names I haue; what new ones they draw in;
Who elſe are likely; what thoſe great ones are,
They doe not name; what wayes they meane to take;
And whither their hopes point: to warre, or ruine,
By ſome ſurprize. Explore all their intents,
And what you finde may profit the republique,
Acquaint me with it, either, by your ſelfe,
Or this your vertuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of vrging you. Ile ſee, that *Rome*
Shall proue a thankefull, and a bounteous mother:
Be ſecret as the night. CVR. And conſtant, ſir.

CIC. I doe not doubt it. Though the time cut off
All vowes. The dignitie of truth is loſt,
With much proteſting. Who is there! This way,
Leſt you be ſeene, and met. And when you come,
He whiſpers with him. Be this your token, to this fellow. Light 'hem.
O *Rome*, in what a ſickneſſe art thou fall'n!
How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head

Is drown'd in ſleepe, and all thy body feu'ry!
No noiſe, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
Thy *lethargie* is ſuch: or if, by chance,
Thou heau'ſt thy eye-lids vp, thou doſt forget
Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did vn-reuerendly, to blame the gods,
Who wake for thee, though thou ſnore to thy ſelfe.
Is it not ſtrange, thou ſhould'ſt be ſo diſeas'd,
And ſo ſecure? But more, that the firſt ſymptomes
Of ſuch a maladie, ſhould not riſe out
From any worthy member, but a baſe
And common ſtrumpet, worthleſſe to be nam'd
A haire, or part of thee? Thinke, thinke, hereafter,
What thy needes were, when thou muſt vſe ſuch meanes:
And lay it to thy breſt, how much the gods
Vpbraid thy foule neglect of them; by making
So vile a thing, the author of thy ſafetie.
They could haue wrought by nobler wayes: haue ſtrooke
Thy foes with forked lightning; or ramm'd thunder;
Throwne hills vpon 'hem, in the act; haue ſent
Death, like a dampe, to all their families;
Or caus'd their conſciences to burſt 'hem. But,
When they will ſhew thee what thou art, and make
A ſcornefull difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
They helpe thee by ſuch aides, as geeſe, and harlots.
How now? What anſwer? Is he come? LIC. Your brother,
Will ſtreight be here; and your colleague ANTONIVS
Said, coldly, he would follow me. CIC. I, that
Troubles me ſomewhat, and is worth my feare.
He is a man, 'gainſt whom I muſt prouide,
That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme.
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wiſh it ſhould proceed: for, vnto men,
Preſt with their wants, all change is euer welcome.
I muſt with offices, and patience win him;
Make him, by art, that which he is not borne,
A friend vnto the publique; and beſtow
The *prouince* on him; which is by the *Senate*
Decreed to me: that benefit will bind him.
'Tis well, if ſome men will doe well, for price:
So few are vertuous, when the reward's away.
Nor muſt I be vnmindfull of my priuate;
For which I haue call'd my brother, and the *tribunes*,
My kins-folke, and my clients to be neere me:

He

He that ſtands vp 'gainſt traytors, and their ends,
Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends:
Eſpecially, in ſuch an enuious ſtate,
That ſooner will accuſe the magiſtrate,
Then the delinquent; and will rather grieue
The treaſon is not acted, then beleeue.

CÆSAR, CATILINE.

THe night growes on; and you are for your meeting:
Ile therefore end in few. Be reſolute,
And put your enterpriſe in act: the more
Actions of depth, and danger are conſider'd,
The leſſe aſſuredly they are perform'd.
And thence it hapneth, that the braueſt plots
(Not executed ſtraight) haue beene diſcouer'd.
Say, you are conſtant, or another, a third,
Or more; there may be yet one wretched ſpirit,
With whom the feare of puniſhment ſhall worke
'Boue all the thoughts of honor, and reuenge.
You are not, now, to thinke what's beſt to doe,
As in beginnings; but, what muſt be done,
Being thus entred: and ſlip no aduantage
That may ſecure you. Let 'hem call it miſchiefe;
When it is paſt, and proſper'd, 'twill be vertue.
Th'are petty crimes are puniſh'd, great rewarded.
Nor muſt you thinke of perill; ſince, attempts,
Begunne with danger, ſtill doe end with glory:
And, when need ſpurres, deſpaire will be call'd wiſdome.
Leſſe ought the care of men, or fame to fright you;
For they, that win, doe ſeldome receiue ſhame
Of victorie: how ere it be atchiu'd;
And vengeance, leaſt. For who, beſieg'd with wants,
Would ſtop at death, or any thing beyond it?
Come, there was neuer any great thing, yet,
Aſpired, but by violence, or fraud:
And he that ſticks (for folly of a conſcience)
To reach it—— CAT. Is a good religious foole.
CAES. A ſuperſtitious ſlaue, and will die beaſt.
Good night. You know what CRASSVS thinkes, and I,
By this: Prepare you wings, as large as ſayles,
To cut through ayre, and leaue no print behind you.
A ſerpent, ere he comes to be a dragon,
Do's eate a bat: and ſo muſt you a *Conſul*,

That

That watches. What you doe, doe quickly SERGIVS.
You ſhall not ſtir for me. CAT. Excuſe me, lights there.
CAES. By no meanes. CAT. Stay then. All good thoughts to CAESAR.
And like to CRASSVS. CAES. Mind but your friends counſells.

CATILINE, AVRELIA, LECCA.

OR, I will beare no mind. How now, AVRELIA?
Are your confederates come? the ladies? AVR. Yes.
CAT. And is SEMPRONIA there? AVR. She is. CAT. That's well.
Shee ha's a ſulphurous ſpirit, and will take
Light at a ſparke. Breake with them, gentle loue,
About the drawing as many of their huſbands,
Into the plot, as can: if not, to rid 'hem.
That'll be the eaſier practice, vnto ſome,
Who haue beene tir'd with 'hem long. Sollicite
Their aydes, for money: and their ſeruants helpe,
In firing of the citie, at the time
Shall be deſign'd. Promiſe 'hem ſtates, and empires,
And men, for louers, made of better clay,
Then euer the old potter TITAN knew.
Who's that? O, PORCIVS LECCA! are they met?
LEC. They are all, here. CAT. Loue, you haue your inſtructions:
Ile truſt you with the ſtuffe you haue to worke on.
You'll forme it? PORCIVS, fetch the ſiluer eagle
I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem, they will enter.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, CVRIVS, LENTVLVS, VARGVNTEIVS, LONGINVS, GABINIVS, CEPARIVS, AVTRONIVS, &c.

O, Friends, your faces glad me. This will be
Our laſt, I hope, of conſultation.
CET. So, it had need. CVR. We looſe occaſion, daily.
CAT. I, and our meanes: whereof one wounds me moſt,
That was the faireſt. PISO is dead, in *Spaine*.
CET. As we are, here. LON. And, as it is thought, by enuy
Of POMPEY's followers. LEN. He too's comming backe,
Now, out of *Aſia*. CAT. Therefore, what we intend,
We muſt be ſwift in. Take your ſeates, and heare.
I haue, already, ſent SEPTIMIVS
Into the *Picene* territorie; and IVLIVS,
To raiſe force, for vs, in *Apulia*:
MANLIVS at *Feſula*, is (by this time) vp,

With

With the old needie troops, that follow'd SYLLA:
And all doe but expect, when we will giue
The blow at home. Behold this siluer eagle,
'Twas MARIVS standard, in the *Cimbrian* warre,
Fatall to *Rome*; and, as our augures tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,
I'haue kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a god-head, in a chappell built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,
To follow it, with vowes of death, and ruine,
Strooke silently, and home. So waters speake
When they runne deepest. Now's the time, this yeere,
The twenti'th, from the firing of the *Capitol*,
As fatall too, to *Rome*, by all predictions:
And, in which, honor'd LENTVLVS must rise
A king, if he pursue it. CVR. If he doe not,
He is not worthy the great destinie.
LEN. It is too great for me, but what the gods,
And their great loues decree me, I must not
Seeme careless of. CAT. No, nor we enuious.
We haue enough beside, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece, *Spaine*, and *Africke*. CVR. I, and *Asia* too,
Now POMPEY is returning. CAT. Noblest *Romanes*,
Me thinkes our lookes, are not so quicke and high,
As they were wont. CVR. No? whose is not? CAT. We haue
No anger in our eyes, no storme, no lightning:
Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapor,
Before our hands be' at worke. I can accuse
Not any one, but all of slackness. CET. Yes,
And be your selfe such, while you doe it. CAT. Ha?
'Tis sharply answer'd, CAIVS. CET. Truly, truly.
LEN. Come, let vs each one know his part to doe,
And then be accus'd. Leaue these vntimely quarrells.
CVR. I would there were more *Romes* then one, to ruine. (natures,
CET. More *Romes*? More worlds. CVR. Nay, then, more gods, and
If they tooke part. LEN. When shall the time be, first?
CAT. I thinke the *Saturnalls*. CET. 'Twill be too long.
CAT. They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month.
CET. A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off,
Now, were the fittest time. CAT. We ha' not laid
All things so safe, and readie. CET. While we'are laying,
We shall all lye; and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done, e're thought. CAT. Nay, now your reason
Forsakes you, CAIVS. Thinke, but what commodity

That

That time will miniſter; the cities cuſtome
Of being, then, in mirth, and feaſt— Len. Loos'd whole
In pleaſure and ſecuritie— Avt. Each houſe
Reſolu'd in freedome— Cvr. Euery ſlaue a maſter—
Lon. And they too no meane aides— Cvr. Made from their hope
Of libertie— Len. Or hate vnto their lords.
Var. 'Tis ſure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt, and naturall. Len. Nay, good Cethegvs,
Why doe your paſſions, now, diſturbe our hopes?
Cet. Why doe your hopes delude your certainties?
Cat. You muſt lend him his way. Thinke, for the order,
And proceſſe of it. Lon. Yes. Len. I like not fire:
'Twill too much waſt my citie. Cat. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To ſpring a new. It muſt be fire, or nothing.
Lon. What elſe ſhould fright, or terrifie 'hem? Var. True.
In that confuſion, muſt be the chiefe ſlaughter.
Cvr. Then we ſhall kill 'hem braueſt. Cep. And in heaps.
Avt. Strew ſacrifices. Cvr. Make the earth an altar.
Lon. And *Rome* the fire. Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.
Var. And worth all Sylla's dayes. Cvr. When huſbands, wiues,
Grandfires, and nephewes, ſeruants, and their lords,
Virgins, and prieſts, the infant, and the nurſe
Goe all to hell, together, in a fleet.
Cat. I would haue you, Longinvs, and Statilivs,
To take the charge o' the firing, which muſt be,
At a ſigne giuen with a trumpet, done
In twelue chiefe places of the citie, at once.
The flaxe, and ſulphure, are alreadie laid
In, at Cethegvs houſe. So are the weapons.
Gabinivs, you, with other force, ſhall ſtop
The pipes, and conduits: and kill thoſe that come
For water. Cvr. What ſhall I doe? Cat. All will haue
Employment, feare not: Ply the execution.
Cvr. For that, truſt me, and Cethegvs. Cat. I will be
At hand, with the armie, to meet thoſe that ſcape.
And Lentvlvs, begirt you Pompey's houſe,
To ſeize his ſonnes aliue: for they are they
Muſt make our peace with him. All elſe cut off,
As Tarqvine did the poppy heads; or mowers
A field of thiſtles; or elſe, vp, as ploughes
Doe barren lands; and ſtrike together flints,
And clods; th'vngratefull *Senate*, and the people:
Till no rage, gone before, or comming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leapt her ſelfe

Into the ſcale; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noyſe of tempeſts,
The boyling of *Charybdis*, the ſeas wildneſſe,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought, by your tranſcendent furies.
It had beene done, e're this, had I beene *Conſul*;
We'had had no ſtop, no let. LEN. How find you ANTONIVS?
CAT. The'other ha's wonne him, loſt: that CICERO
Was borne to be my oppoſition,
And ſtands in all our wayes. CVR. Remoue him firſt.
CET. May that, yet, be done ſooner? CAT. Would it were done.
CVR. VAR. I'll do't. CET. It is my prouince; none vſurpe it.
LEN. What are your meanes? CET. Enquire not. He ſhall die:
Shall, was too ſlowly ſaid. He'is dying. That
Is, yet, too ſlow. He'is dead. CAT. Braue, only *Romane*,
Whoſe ſoule might be the worlds ſoule, were that dying;
Refuſe not, yet, the aides of theſe your friends.
LEN. Here's VARGVNTEIVS holds good quarter with him.
CAT. And vnder the pretext of clientele,
And viſitation, with the morning haile,
Will be admitted. CET. What is that to me?
VAR. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and ſafely.
CET. Safe is your way, then; take it. Mine's mine owne.
CAT. Follow him, VARGVNTEIVS, and perſwade,
The morning is the fitteſt time. LON. The night
Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps
Miſſe of him too. CAT. Intreat, and coniure him,
In all our names—— LEN. By all our vowes, and friendſhips.

To them. SEMPRONIA, AVRELIA, FVLVIA.

WHat! is our counſell broke vp firſt? AVR. You ſay,
Women are greateſt talkers. SEM. We ha'done;
And are now fit for action. LON. Which is paſſion.
There's your beſt actiuitie, lady. SEM. How
Knowes your wiſe fatneſſe that? LON. Your mothers daughter
Did teach me, madame. CET. Come SEMPRONIA, leaue him:
He is a giber. And our preſent buſineſſe
Is of more ſerious conſequence. AVRELIA
Tells me, you'haue done moſt maſculinely within,
And plaid the orator. SEM. But we muſt haſten
To our deſigne as well, and execute:
Not hang ſtill, in the feuer of an accident.
CAT. You ſay well, lady. SEM. I doe like our plot
Exceeding well, 'tis ſure; and we ſhall leaue

Little

Little to fortune, in it. CAT. Your banquet ſtayes.
AVRELIA, take her in. Where's FVLVIA?
SEM. O, the two louers are coupling. CVR. In good faith,
Shee's very ill, with ſitting vp. SEM. Youl'd haue her
Laugh, and lye downe? FVL. No, faith, SEMPRONIA,
I am not well: I'le take my leaue, it drawes
Toward the morning. CVRIVS ſhall ſtay with you.
Madame, I pray you, pardon me, my health
I muſt reſpect. AVR. Fare-well, good FVLVIA.
CVR. Make haſt, and bid him get his guards about him. *Curius whiſpers this to Fulvia.*
For VARGVNTEIVS, and CORNELIVS
Haue vndertane it, ſhould CETHEGVS miſſe:
Their reaſon, that they thinke his open raſhneſſe
Will ſuffer eaſier diſcouerie,
Then their attempt, ſo vayled vnder friendſhip.
Ile bring you to your coach. Tell him, beſide,
Of CAESARS comming forth, here. CAT. My ſweet madame,
Will you be gone? FVL. I am, my lord, in truth,
In ſome indiſpoſition. CAT. I doe wiſh
You had all your health, ſweet lady: LENTVLVS,
You'll doe her ſeruice. LEN. To her coach, and dutie.

CATILINE.

WHat miniſters men muſt, for practice, vſe!
The raſh, th'ambitious, needy, deſperate,
Fooliſh, and wretched, eu'n the dregs of mankind,
To whores, and women! ſtill, it muſt be ſo.
Each haue their proper place; and, in their roomes,
They are the beſt. Groomes fitteſt kindle fires,
Slaues carry burdens, butchers are for ſlaughters,
Apothecaries, butlers, cookes for poyſons;
As theſe for me: dull, ſtupide LENTVLVS,
My ſtale, with whom I ſtalke; the raſh CETHEGVS,
My executioner; and fat LONGINVS,
STATILIVS, CVRIVS, CEPARIVS, CIMBER,
My labourers, pioners, and incendiaries;
With theſe domeſticke traytors, boſome theeues,
Whom cuſtome hath call'd wiues; the readieſt helps,
To betray headie huſbands; rob the eaſie:
And lend the moneys, on returnes of luſt.
Shall CATILINE not doe, now, with theſe aides,
So ſought, ſo ſorted, ſomething ſhall be call'd
Their labour, but his profit? and make CAESAR
Repent his ventring counſells, to a ſpirit,

So much his lord in miſchiefe? when all theſe,
Shall, like the brethren ſprung of dragons teeth,
Ruine each other; and he fall amongſt 'hem:
With CRASSVS, POMPEY, or who elſe appeares,
But like, or neere a great one. May my braine
Reſolue to water, and my bloud turne phlegme,
My hands drop off, vnworthy of my ſword,
And that b'inſpired, of it ſelfe, to rip
My breſt, for my loſt entraills; when I leaue
A ſoule, that will not ſerue: and who will, are
The ſame with ſlaues, ſuch clay I dare not feare.
The cruelty, I meane to act, I wiſh
Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name;
Whil'ſt, after-ages doe toile out themſelues,
In thinking for the like, but doe it leſſe:
And, were the power of all the fiends let looſe,
With fate to boot, it ſhould be, ſtill, example.
When, what the *Gaule*, or *Moore* could not effect,
Nor emulous *Carthage*, with their length of ſpight,
Shall be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FVLVIA, QVINTVS.

I Thanke your vigilance. Where's my brother, QVINTVS?
Call all my ſeruants vp. Tell noble CVRIVS,
And ſay it to your ſelfe, you are my ſauers;
But that's too little for you, you are *Romes:*
What could I then, hope leſſe? O brother! now,
The engines I told you of, are working;
The machine 'gin's to moue. Where are your weapons?
Arme all my houſe-hold preſently. And charge
The porter, he let no man in, till day.

QVI. Not clients, and your friends? CIC. They weare thoſe names,
That come to murther me. Yet ſend for CATO,
And QVINTVS CATVLVS; thoſe I dare truſt:
And FLACCVS, and POMTINIVS, the *Prætors*,
By the backe way. QVI. Take care, good brother MARCVS,
Your feares be not form'd greater, then they ſhould;
And make your friends grieue, while your enemies laugh.

CIC. 'Tis brothers counſell, and worth thankes. But doe
As I intreat you. I prouide, not feare.
Was CAESAR there, ſay you? FVL. CVRIVS ſayes, he met him,
Comming from thence. CIC. O, ſo. And, had you a counſell
Of ladies too? Who was your ſpeaker, madame?

FVL. Shee that would be, had there beene fortie more;

SEM

SEMPRONIA, who had both her *greeke*, and *figures*;
And, euer and anone, would aske vs, if
The witty *Conſul* could haue mended that?
Or Orator CICERO could haue ſaid it better?
CIC. Shee's my gentle enemy. Would CETHEGVS
Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
Are you, great powers; and th'vnbated ſtrengths
Of a firme conſcience, which ſhall arme each ſtep
Tane for the ſtate: and teach me ſlacke no pace
For feare of malice. How now, brother? QVI. CATO;
And QVINTVS CATVLVS were comming to you,
And CRASSVS with 'hem. I haue let 'hem in,
By th'garden. CIC. What would CRASSVS haue? QVI. I heare
Some whiſpering 'bout the gate; and making doubt,
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I doe thinke, they are your friends, and clients,
Are fearefull to diſturbe you. CIC. You will change
To 'another thought, anone. Ha' you giu'n the porter
The charge, I will'd you? QVI. Yes. CIC. With-draw, and hearken.

VARGVNTEIVS, CORNELIVS, PORTER, CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS, CRASSVS.

THe dore's not open, yet. COR. You'were beſt to knocke.
VAR. Let them ſtand cloſe, then: And, when we are in,
Ruſh after vs. COR. But where's CETHEGVS? VAR. He
Has left it, ſince he might not do't his way.
POR. Who's there? VAR. A friend, or more. POR. I may not let
Any man in, till day. VAR. No? why? COR. Thy reaſon?
POR. I am commanded ſo. VAR. By whom? COR. I hope
We are not diſcouer'd. VAR. Yes, by reuelation.
Pray thee, good ſlaue, who has commanded thee?
POR. He that may beſt, the *Conſul*. VAR. We are his friends.
POR. All's one. COR. Beſt giue your name. VAR. Do'ſt thou heare, fellow?
I haue ſome inſtant buſineſſe with the *Conſul*.
My name is VARGVNTEIVS. CIC. True, he knowes it; *Cicero ſpeakes to them from aboue.*
And for what friendly office you are ſent.
CORNELIVS, too, is there? VAR. We are betraid.
CIC. And deſperate CETHEGVS, is he not?
VAR. Speake you, he knowes my voyce. CIC. What ſay you to't?
COR. You are deceiu'd, ſir. CIC. No, 'tis you are ſo;
Poore, miſſe-led men. Your ſtates are yet worth pitty,
If you would heare, and change your ſauage minds.
Leaue to be mad; forſake your purpoſes

Of treaſon, rapine, murder, fire, and horror:
The common-wealth hath eyes, that wake as ſharpely
Ouer her life, as yours doe for her ruine.
Be not deceiu'd, to thinke her lenitie
Will be perpetuall; or, if men be wanting,
The gods will be, to ſuch a calling cauſe.
Conſider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble
There ſhould thoſe ſpirits yet breath, that when they cannot
Liue honeſtly, would rather periſh baſely.
CATO. You talke too much to 'hem, MARCVS, they'are loſt.
Goe forth, and apprehend 'hem. CATV. If you proue
This practice, what ſhould let the common-wealth
To take due vengeance? VAR. Let vs ſhift, away.
The darkeneſſe hath conceal'd vs, yet. Wee'll ſay
Some haue abus'd our names. COR. Deny it all.
CATO. QVINTVS, what guards ha' you? Call the *Tribunes* aide,
And raiſe the citie. *Conſul*, you are too mild,
The fouleneſſe of ſome facts takes thence all mercy:
It thunders, and lightens violently ou the ſodaine. Report it to the *Senate*. Heare: The gods
Grow angrie with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And muſt be yours, that guiltie men eſcape not.
As crimes doe grow, iuſtice ſhould rouſe it ſelfe.

CHORVS.

WHat is it, heauens, you prepare
With ſo much ſwiftneſſe, and ſo ſodaine riſing?
There are no ſonnes of earth, that dare,
Againe, rebellion? or the gods ſurpriſing?
The world doth ſhake, and nature feares,
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
Within our minds, then in our eares:
So much *Romes* faults (now growne her fate) doe threat her.
The prieſts, and people runne about,
Each order, age, and ſexe amaz'd at other;
And, at the ports, all thronging out,
As if their ſafety were to quit their mother:
Yet finde they the ſame dangers there,
From which they make ſuch haſt to be preſerued;
For guiltie ſtates doe euer beare
The plagues about them, which they haue deſerued.
And, till thoſe plagues doe get aboue
The mountayne of our faults, and there doe ſit;
Wee ſee 'hem not. Thus, ſtill we loue
The'euill we doe, vntill we ſuffer it.

But,

But, moſt, ambition, that neere vice
To vertue, hath the fate of *Rome* prouoked;
And made, that now *Rome's* ſelfe no price,
To free her from the death, wherewith ſhee's yoked.
That reſtleſſe ill, that ſtill doth build
Vpon ſucceſſe; and ends not in aſpiring:
But there begins. And ne're is fill'd,
While ought remaines that ſeemes but worth deſiring.
Wherein the thought, vnlike the eye,
To which things farre, ſeeme ſmaller then they are,
Deemes all contentment plac'd on high:
And thinkes there's nothing great, but what is farre.
O, that in time, *Rome* did not caſt
Her errors vp, this fortune to preuent;
T'haue ſeene her crimes 'ere they were paſt:
And felt her faults, before her puniſhment.

Act IIII.

Diuers Senators paſſe by, quaking, and trembling.

Allobroges.

CAn theſe men feare? who are not onely ours,
But the worlds maſters? Then I ſee, the gods
Vpbraid our ſuffrings, or would humble them;
By ſending theſe affrights, while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare,
Whoſe names, we trembled at, beyond the *Alpes*.
Of all that paſſe, I doe not ſee a face
Worthy a man; that dares looke vp, and ſtand
One thunder out: but downe-ward all, like beaſts,
Running away from euery flaſh is made.
The falling world could not deſerue ſuch baſeneſſe.
Are we emploid here, by our miſeries,
Like ſuperſtitious fooles (or rather ſlaues)
To plaine our griefs, wrongs, and oppreſſions,
To a meere clothed *Senate*, whom our folly
Hath made, and ſtill intends to keepe our tyrannes?
It is our baſe petitionarie breath
That blowes 'hem to this greatneſſe; which this pricke
Would ſoone let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
When they haue taken all we haue, our goods,
Crop, lands, and houſes, they will leaue vs this:
A weapon, and an arme will ſtill be found,
Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

Cato,

CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO, ALLOBROGES.

DOe; vrge thine anger, ſtill: good heauen, and iuſt.
Tell guiltie men, what powers are aboue them.
In ſuch a confidence of wickedneſſe,
Twas time, they ſhould know ſomething fit to feare.
CATV. I neuer ſaw a morne more full of horror.
CATO. To CATILINE; and his: But, to iuſt men,
Though heauen ſhould ſpeake, with all his wrath at once,
That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did cracke, we ſhould ſtand vpright, and vnfear'd.
CIC. Why, ſo we doe, good CATO. Who be theſe?
CATV. Ambaſſadors, from the ALLOBROGES,
I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, theſe men
Seeme of another race; let's ſue to theſe,
There's hope of iuſtice, with their fortitude.
CIC. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
We pray you to forbeare vs: on the morrow
What ſute you haue, let vs, by FABIVS SANGA,
(Whoſe patronage your ſtate doth vſe) but know it,
And, on the *Conſul's* word, you ſhall receiue
Diſpatch, or elſe an anſwere, worth your patience.
ALL. We could not hope for more, moſt worthy *Conſul*.
This magiſtrate hath ſtrooke an awe into me,
And, by his ſweetneſſe, wonne a more reguard
Vnto his place, then all the boyſtrous moodes
That ignorant greatneſſe practiſeth, to fill
The large, vnfit authoritie it weares.
How eaſie is a noble ſpirit diſcern'd
From harſh, and ſulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noyſe, and ſtinkes!
May we find good, and great men: that know how
To ſtoupe to wants, and meete neceſſities,
And will not turne from any equall ſuites.
Such men, they doe not ſuccour more the cauſe,
They vnder-take, with fauour, and ſucceſſe;
Then, by it, their owne iudgements they doe raiſe,
In turning iuſt mens needs, into their praiſe.

THE SENATE.

PRAE. Roome for the *Conſuls*. Fathers, take your places.
Here, in the houſe of IVPITER, the STAYER,
By edict from the *Conſul*, MARCVS TVLLIVS.
You'are met, a frequent *Senate*. Heare him ſpeake.

CIC.

CIC. *What may be happy, and auſpicious ſtill*
To Rome, and hers. Honor'd, and conſcript Fathers,
If I were ſilent, and that all the dangers
Threatning the ſtate, and you, were yet ſo hid
In night, or darkeneſſe thicker in their breſts,
That are the blacke contriuers; ſo, that no
Beame of the light could pierce hem: yet the voyce
Of heau'n, this morning, hath ſpoke loud inough,
T'inſtruct you with a feeling of the horror;
And wake you from a ſleepe, as ſtarke, as death.
I haue, of late, ſpoke often in this *Senate*,
Touching this argument, but ſtill haue wanted
Either your eares, or faith: ſo' incredible
Their plots haue ſeem'd, or I ſo vaine, to make
Theſe things for mine owne glorie, and falſe greatneſſe,
As hath beene giuen out. But be it ſo.
When they breake forth, and ſhall declare themſelues,
By their too foule effects, then, then, the enuy
Of my iuſt cares will find ahother name.
For me, I am but one: and this poore life,
So lately aim'd at, not an houre yet ſince,
They cannot with more eagerneſſe purſue,
Then I with gladneſſe would lay downe, and looſe,
To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchaſe it.
But when I ſee, they'ld make it but the ſtep
To more, and greater; vnto yours, *Romes*, all:
I would with thoſe preſerue it, or then fall.

CAES. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer!
See, how his gorget 'peeres aboue his gowne;
To tell the people, in what danger he was.
It was abſurdly done of VARGVNTEIVS,
To name himſelfe, before he was got in.

CRA. It matters not, ſo they denie it all:
And can but carry the lye conſtantly.
Will CATILINE be here? CAES. I haue ſent for him.

CRA. And ha' you bid him to be confident?

CAES. To that his owne neceſſitie will prompt him.

CRA. Seeme to beleeue nothing at all, that CICERO
Relates vs. CAES. It will mad him. CRA. O, and helpe
The other partie. Who is that? his brother?
What new intelligence ha's he brought him now?

CAES. Some cautions from his wife, how to behaue him.

CIC. Place ſome of them without, and ſome bring in.
Thanke their kind loues. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their countries cauſe.

Quintus Cicero brings in the Tribunes, and guards.

CAES.

CAES. How now, what meanes this muſter? *Conſul*, ANTONIVS?
ANT. I doe not know, aske my colleague, hee'll tell you.
There is ſome reaſon in ſtate, that I muſt yeeld to;
And I haue promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
With giuing me the *Prouince*. CIC. I profeſſe,
It grieues me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
To draw theſe armes, and aides for your defence;
And, more, againſt a citizen of *Rome*,
Borne here amongſt you, a *Patrician*,
A man, I muſt confeſſe, of no meane houſe,
Nor no ſmall vertue, if he had employ'd
Thoſe excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
Vnto the good, not ruine of the ſtate.
But, being bred in's fathers needy fortunes,
Brought vp in's ſiſters proſtitution,
Confirm'd in ciuill ſlaughter, entring firſt
The common-wealth, with murder of the gentrie;
Since, both by ſtudie, and cuſtome, conuerſant
With all licentiouſneſſe: what could be hop'd
In ſuch a field of riot, but a courſe
Extreme pernicious? Though, I muſt proteſt,
I found his miſchiefs, ſooner, with mine eyes,
Then with my thought; and with theſe hands of mine,
Before they touch'd, at my ſuſpicion.
CAES. What are his miſchiefs, *Conſul?* you declame
Againſt his manners, and corrupt your owne:
No wiſe man ſhould, for hate of guiltie men,
Looſe his owne innocence. CIC. The noble CAESAR
Speakes god-like truth. But, when he heares, I can
Conuince him, by his manners, of his miſchiefs,
He might be ſilent: and not caſt away
His ſentences in vaine, where they ſcarce looke
Toward his ſubiect. CATO. Here he comes himſelfe.
If he be worthy any good mans voyce,
That good man ſit downe by him: CATO will not.
CATV. If CATO leaue him, I'le not keepe aſide.
CATI. What face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,
Againſt me, *Fathers!* Giue my modeſtie
Leaue, to demand the cauſe of ſo much ſtrangeneſſe.
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To a ſtrange faction, LVCIVS. CIC. I, and will
Be prou'd againſt him. CATI. Let it be. Why, *Conſul*,
If in the common-wealth, there be two bodies,
One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head;
The other ſtrong, and healthfull, but hath none:

Catiline ſits downe, and Cato riſes from him.

If

If I doe giue it one, doe I offend?
Reſtore your ſelues, vnto your temper, *Fathers*;
And, without perturbation, heare me ſpeake.
Remember who I am, and of what place,
What petty fellow this is, that oppoſes;
One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,
Still to the bane of the nobilitie;
A boaſting, inſolent tongue-man. CATO. Peace, leud traytor,
Or waſh thy mouth. He is an honeſt man
And loues his countrey, would thou didſt ſo, too.
CATI. CATO, you are too zealous for him. CATO. No;
Thou art too impudent. CATV. CATILINE, be ſilent.
CATI. Nay then, I eaſily feare, my iuſt defence
Will come too late, to ſo much preiudice.
(CAES. Will he ſit downe?) CATI. Yet, let the world forſake me,
My innocence muſt not. CATO. Thou innocent?
So are the *Furies*. CIC. Yes, and *Ate*, too.
Do'ſt thou not bluſh, pernicious CATILINE?
Or, hath the paleneſſe of thy guilt drunke vp
Thy bloud, and drawne thy veines, as drie of that,
As is thy heart of truth, thy breſt of vertue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuſe our patience?
Still ſhall thy furie mocke vs? To what licence
Dares thy vnbridled boldneſſe runne it ſelfe?
Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the palace,
The cities watches, with the peoples feares,
The concourſe of all good men, this ſo ſtrong
And fortified ſeate here of the *Senate*,
The preſent lookes vpon thee, ſtrike thee nothing?
Do'ſt thou not feele thy counſells all laid open?
And ſee thy wild conſpiracie bound in
With each mans knowledge? which of all this order
Canſt thou thinke ignorant (if they'll but vtter
Their conſcience to the right) of what thou didſt
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And we, good men, doe ſatisfie the ſtate,
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There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men
Would, with more ſharpe coërcion, haue reſtrain'd

CAES. How now, what meanes this muſter? *Conſul*, ANTONIVS?
ANT. I doe not know, aske my colleague, hee'll tell you.
There is ſome reaſon in ſtate, that I muſt yeeld to;
And I haue promis'd him: Indeed he has bought it,
With giuing me the *Prouince*. CIC. I profeſſe,
It grieues me, *Fathers*, that I am compell'd
To draw theſe armes, and aides for your defence;
And, more, againſt a citizen of *Rome*,
Borne here amongſt you, a *Patrician*,
A man, I muſt confeſſe, of no meane houſe,
Nor no ſmall vertue, if he had employ'd
Thoſe excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
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A wicked citizen, then the deadlieſt foe.
We haue that law ſtill, CATILINE, for thee;
An act as graue, as ſharpe: The ſtate's not wanting,
Nor the authoritie of this *Senate*; we,
We, that are *Conſuls*, onely faile our ſelues.
This twentie dayes, the edge of that decree
We haue let dull, and ruſt; kept it ſhut vp,
As in a ſheath, which drawne ſhould take thy head.
Yet ſtill thou liu'ſt: and liu'ſt not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
I could deſire, *Fathers*, to be found
Still mercifull, to ſeeme, in theſe maine perills
Graſping the ſtate, a man remiſſe, and ſlacke;
But then, I ſhould condemne my ſelfe of ſloth,
And trecherie. Their campe's in *Italie*,
Pitch'd in the iawes, here of *Hetruria*;
Their numbers daily increaſing, and their generall
Within our walls: nay, in our counſell! plotting
Hourely ſome fatall miſchiefe to the publique.
If, CATILINE, I ſhould command thee, now,
Here, to be taken, kill'd; I make iuſt doubt,
Whether all good men would not thinke it done,
Rather too late, then any man too cruell.

CATO. Except he were of the ſame meale, and batch.

CIC. But that, which ought to haue been done long ſince,
I will, and (for good reaſon) yet forbeare.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So loſt, ſo wicked, nay, ſo like thy ſelfe,
But ſhall profeſſe, 'tis done of need, and right.
While there is one, that dares defend thee, liue;
Thou ſhalt haue leaue; but ſo, as now thou liu'ſt:
Watch'd at a hand, beſieged, and oppreſt
From working leaſt commotion to the ſtate.
I haue thoſe eyes, and eares, ſhall ſtill keepe guard,
And ſpiall on thee, as they haue euer done,
And thou not feele it. What, then, canſt thou hope?
If neither night can, with her darkneſſe, hide
Thy wicked meetings; nor a priuate houſe
Can, in her walls, contayne the guiltie whiſpers
Of thy conſpiracie: if all breake out,
All be diſcouered, change thy mind at laſt,
And looſe thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and ſlaughter.
Remember, how I told, here, to the *Senate*,
That ſuch a day, thy Lictor, CAIVS MANLIVS,
Would be in armes. Was I deceiued, CATILINE?

Or in the fact, or in the time? the houre?
I told too, in this *Senate*, that thy purpose
Was, on the fifth (the kalends of *November*)
Thaue slaughter'd this whole order: which my caution
Made many leaue the citie. Canst thou here
Denie, but this thy blacke designe was hindred,
That very day, by me? thy selfe clos'd in
Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not moue
Against a publique reed? when thou wert heard
To say, vpon the parting of the rest,
Thou would'st content thee, with the murder of vs,
That did remaine. Had'st thou not hope, beside,
By a surprize, by night, to take *Præneste?*
Where when thou cam'st, did'st thou not find the place
Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches?
My garrisons fortified it. Thou do'st nothing, SERGIVS,
Thou canst endeauour nothing, nay not thinke,
But I both see, and heare it; and am with thee,
By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
Call but to mind thy last nights businesse. Come,
Ile vse no circumstance: at LECCA's house,
The shop, and mint of your conspiracie,
Among your sword-men, where so many associates
Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met.
Dar'st thou denie this? wherefore art thou silent?
Speake, and this shall conuince thee: Here they are,
I see 'hem, in this *Senate*, that were with thee.
O, you immortall gods! in what clime are we?
What region doe we liue in? in what ayre?
What common-wealth, or state is this we haue?
Here, here, amongst vs, our owne number, *Fathers*,
In this most holy counsell of the world,
They are, that seeke the spoyle of me, of you,
Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
Follow the sunne, and find not their ambition.
These I behold, being *Consul*; nay, I aske
Their counsells of the state, as from good *Patriots*:
Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.
Thou wast, last night, with LECCA, CATILINE,
Your shares, of *Italie*, you there diuided;
Appointed who, and whither, each should goe;
What men should stay behind, in *Rome*, were chosen;
Your offices set downe; the parts mark'd out,
And places of the citie, for the fire;

Thy ſelfe (thou'affirmd'ſt) waſt readie to depart,
Onely, a little let there was, that ſtay'd thee,
That I yet liu'd. Vpon the word, ſtept forth
Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
Two vnder-tooke this morning, before day,
To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
Your conuent ſcarce diſmiſs'd, arm'd all my ſeruants,
Call'd both my brother, and friends, ſhut out your clients,
You ſent to viſite me; whoſe names I told
To ſome there, of good place, before they came.

CATO. Yes, I, and QVINTVS CATVLVS can affirme it.

CAES. He's loſt, and gone. His ſpirits haue forſooke him.

CIC. If this be ſo, why, CATILINE, do'ſt thou ſtay?
Goe, where thou mean'ſt. The ports are open; forth.
The campe abroad wants thee, their chiefe, too long.
Lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the citie.
Draw drie that noyſome, and pernicious ſinke,
Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.
Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once,
To ſee a wall betweene vs. Do'ſt thou ſtop
To doe that now, commanded; which before,
Of thine owne choice, thou'rt prone to? Goe. The *Conſul*
Bids thee, an enemie, to depart the citie.
Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid
Thee that. But aske my counſell, I perſwade it.
What is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a ſoule, without thine owne foule knot,
But feares, and hates thee. What domeſticke note
Of priuate filthineſſe, but is burnt in
Into thy life? What cloſe, and ſecret ſhame,
But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?
What luſt was euer abſent from thine eyes?
What leud fact from thy hands? what wickedneſſe
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawne in
Within thy nets, or catch'd vp with thy baits,
Before whoſe rage, thou haſt not borne a ſword,
And to whoſe luſts thou haſt not held a torch?
Thy latter nuptialls I let paſſe in ſilence;
Where ſinnes incredible, on ſinnes, were heap't:
Which I not name, leſt, in a ciuill ſtate,
So monſtrous facts ſhould either appeare to be,
Or not to be reueng'd. Thy fortunes, too,
I glance not at, which hang but till next *Ides*.
I come to that which is more knowne, more publike;
The life, and ſafetie of vs all, by thee

Threat-

Threatned, and ſought. Stood'ſt thou not in the field,
When LEPIDVS, and TVLLVS were our *Conſuls*,
Vpon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their liues, and our chiefe citizens?
When, not thy feare, nor conſcience chang'd thy mind,
But the meere fortune of the common-wealth
With-ſtood thy actiue malice? Speake but right.
How often haſt thou made attempt on me?
How many of thy aſſaults haue I declin'd
With ſhifting but my body (as wee'ld ſay)
Wreſted thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?
How often hath it ſalne, or ſlip't by chance?
Yet, can thy ſide not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites, 'tis ſacred of thee, I know not,
That ſtill thou mak'ſt it a neceſſitie,
To fixe it in the body of a *Conſul*.
But let me looſe this way, and ſpeake to thee,
Not as one mou'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pitty, of which none is owing thee.

CAT. No more then vnto TANTALVS, or TITYVS.

CIC. Thou cam'ſt, e're-while, into this *Senate*. Who
Of ſuch a frequency, ſo many friends,
And kindred thou haſt here, ſaluted thee?
Were not the ſeates made bare, vpon thy entrance?
Riſs' not the conſular men? and left their places,
So ſoone as thou ſat'ſt downe? and fled thy ſide,
Like to a plague, or ruine? knowing, how oft
They had beene, by thee, mark'd out for the ſhambles?
How doſt thou beare this? Surely, if my ſlaues
At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror,
That, here, thy fellow-citizens doe thee,
I ſhould ſoone quit my houſe, and thinke it need too.
Yet thou dar'ſt tarry here? Goe forth, at laſt;
Condemne thy ſelfe to flight, and ſolitude.
Diſcharge the common-wealth, of her deepe feare.
Goe; into baniſhment, if thou wait'ſt the word.
Why do'ſt thou looke? They all conſent vnto it.
Do'ſt thou expect th'authoritie of their voyces,
Whoſe ſilent wills condemne thee? While they ſit,
They approue it; while they ſuffer it, they decree it;
And while they'are ſilent to it, they proclaime it.
Proue thou there honeſt, Ile endure the enuie.
But there's no thought, thou ſhould'ſt be euer he,
Whom either ſhame ſhould call from filthineſſe,
Terror from danger, or diſcourſe from furie.

Goe; I intreat thee: yet, why doe I ſo?
When I alreadie know, they'are ſent afore,
That tarry for thee in armes, and doe expect thee
On th'AVRELIAN way. I know the day
Set downe, 'twixt thee, and MANLIVS; vnto whom
The ſiluer eagle too is ſent, before:
Which I doe hope ſhall proue, to thee as banefull,
As thou conceiu'ſt it to the common-wealth.
But, may this wiſe, and ſacred *Senate* ſay,
What mean'ſt thou MARCVS TVLLIVS? If thou know'ſt
That CATILINE be look'd for, to be chiefe
Of an inteſtine warre; that he'is the author
Of ſuch a wickedneſſe; the caller out
Of men of marke in miſchiefe, to an action
Of ſo much horror; Prince of ſuch a treaſon;
Why do'ſt thou ſend him forth? why let him ſcape?
This is, to giue him libertie, and power:
Rather, thou ſhould'ſt lay hold vpon him, ſend him
To deſeru'd death, and a iuſt puniſhment.
To theſe ſo holy voices, thus I anſwere.
If I did thinke it timely, *Conſcript Fathers*,
To puniſh him with death, I would not giue
The Fencer vſe of one ſhort houre, to breath;
But when there are in this graue order, ſome,
Who, with ſoft cenſures, ſtill doe nource his hopes;
Some, that with not beleeuing, haue confirm'd
His deſignes more, and whoſe authoritie
The weaker, as the worſt men, too, haue follow'd:
I would now ſend him, where they all ſhould ſee
Cleere, as the light, his heart ſhine; where no man
Could be ſo wickedly, or fondly ſtupide,
But ſhould cry out, he ſaw, touch'd, felt, and graſp't it.
Then, when he hath runne out himſelfe; led forth
His deſp'rate partie with him; blowne together
Aides of all kindes, both ſhipwrack'd mindes and fortunes:
Not onely the growne euill, that now is ſprung,
And ſprouted forth, would be pluck'd vp, and weeded;
But the ſtocke, roote, and ſeed of all the miſchiefes,
Choking the common-wealth. Where, ſhould we take,
Of ſuch a ſwarme of traytors, onely him,
Our cares, and feares might ſeeme a while relieu'd,
But the maine perill would bide ſtill enclos'd
Deepe, in the veines, and bowells of the ſtate.
As humane bodies, labouring with feuers,
While they are toſt with heate, if they doe take

Cold

Cold water, ſeeme for that ſhort ſpace much eas'd,
But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.
Wherefore, I ſay, let all this wicked crew
Depart, diuide themſelues from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; as I ſaid oft,
Let 'hem be ſeuer'd from vs with a wall;
Let 'hem leaue off attempts, vpon the *Conſul*,
In his owne houſe; to circle in the *Prætor*;
To girt the court with weapons; to prepare
Fire, and balls, ſwords, torches, ſulphure, brands:
In ſhort, let it be writ in each mans fore-head
What thoughts he beares the publike. I here promiſe,
Fathers Conſcript, to you, and to my ſelfe,
That diligence in vs *Conſuls*, for my honor'd
Colleague, abroad, and for my ſelfe, at home;
So great authoritie in you; ſo much
Vertue, in theſe, the gentlemen of *Rome*;
Whom I could ſcarce reſtraine to day, in zeale,
From ſeeking out the parricide, to ſlaughter;
So much conſent in all good men, and minds,
As, on the going out of this one CATILINE,
All ſhall be cleere, made plaine, oppreſs'd, reueng'd.
And, with this *omen*, goe, pernicious plague,
Out of the citie, to the wiſh'd deſtruction
Of thee, and thoſe, that, to the ruine of her,
Haue tane that bloudie, and black ſacrament.
Thou IVPITER, whom we doe call the STAYER,
Both of this citie, and this empire, wilt
(With the ſame auſpice thou didſt raiſe it firſt)
Driue from thy altars, and all other temples,
And buildings of this citie; from our walls;
Liues, ſtates, and fortunes of our citizens;
This fiend, this furie, with his complices.
And all the offence of good men (theſe knowne traytors
Vnto their countrey, theeues of *Italie*,
Ioyn'd in ſo damn'd a league of miſchiefe) thou
Wilt with perpetuall plagues, aliue, and dead,
Puniſh for *Rome*, and ſaue her innocent head.

CATI. If an oration, or high language, *Fathers*,
Could make me guiltie, here is one, hath done it:
H' has ſtroue to emulate this mornings thunder,
With his prodigious rhetoricke. But I hope,
This *Senate* is more graue, then to giue credit
Raſhly to all he vomits, 'gainſt a man
Of your owne order, a *Patrician*;

And one, whose ancestors haue more deseru'd
Of *Rome*, then this mans eloquence could vtter,
Turn'd the best way: as still, it is the worst.
CATO. His eloquence hath more deseru'd to day,
Speaking thy ill, then all thy ancestors
Did, in their good: and, that the state will find,
Which he hath sau'd. CATI. How, he? were I that enemie,
That he would make me: Il'd not wish the state
More wretched, then to need his preseruation.
What doe you make him, CATO, such a HERCVLES?
An ATLAS? A poore petty in-mate! CATO. Traytor.
CATI. He saue the state? A burgesse sonne of *Arpinum*.
The gods would rather twentie *Romes* should perish,
Then haue that contumely stucke vpon 'hem,
That he should share with them, in the preseruing
A shed, or signe-post. CATO. Peace, thou prodigie.
CATI. They would be forc'd themselues, againe, and lost
In the first, rude, and indigested heape;
Ere such a wretched name, as CICERO,
Should sound with theirs. CATV. Away, thou impudent head.
CATI. Doe you all backe him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leaue you, *Fathers*; I will goe.
He turnes sodainly on Cicero. But——my fine daintie speaker—— CIC. What now, *Furie?*
Wilt thou assault me here? (CHO. Helpe, aide the *Consul.*)
CATI. See, *Fathers*, laugh you not? who threatned him?
In vaine thou do'st conceiue, ambitious orator,
Hope of so braue a death, as by this hand.
(CATO. Out, of the court, with the pernicious traytor.)
CATI. There is no title, that this flattering *Senate*,
Nor honor, the base multitude can giue thee,
Shall make thee worthy CATILINES anger. (CATO. Stop,
Stop that portentous mouth.) CATI. Or, when it shall,
Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Will none restraine the monster?
CATV. Parricide. QVI. Butcher, traytor, leaue the *Senate.*
CATI. I am gone, to banishment, to please you, *Fathers.*
Thrust head-long forth? CATO. Still, do'st thou murmure, monster?
CATI. Since, I am thus put out, and made a—— CIC. What?
CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CATI. I will not burne
Without my funerall pile. CATO. What saies the fiend?
CATI. I will haue matter, timber. CATO. Sing out scrich-owle.
CATI. It shall be in—— CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts.
CATI. The common fire, rather then mine owne.
For fall I will with all, ere fall alone:
CRA. H'is lost, there is no hope of him. CAES. Vnlesse
He presently take armes; and giue a blow,

Before

Before the *Consuls* forces can be leui'd.
CIC. What is your pleasure, *Fathers*, shall be done?
CATV. See, that the common-wealth receiue no losse.
CATO. Commit the care thereof vnto the *Consuls*. (*Senate.*
CRA. 'Tis time. CAES. And need. CIC. Thankes to this frequent
But what decree they, vnto CVRIVS,
And FVLVIA? CATV. What the *Consul* shall thinke meete.
CIC. They must receiue reward, though 't be not knowne;
Lest when a state needs ministers, they ha' none.
CATO. Yet, MARCVS TVLLIVS, doe not I beleeue,
But CRASSVS, and this CAESAR here ring hollow.
CIC. And would appeare so, if that we durst proue 'hem.
CATO. Why dare we not? What honest act is that,
The *Roman Senate* should not dare, and doe?
CIC. Not an vnprofitable, dangerous act,
To stirre too many serpents vp at once.
CAESAR, and CRASSVS, if they be ill men,
Are mightie ones; and, we must so prouide,
That, while we take one head, from this foule *Hydra*,
There spring not twentie more. CATO. I' proue your counsell.
CIC. They shall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe
Declare them selues, I will not put 'hem out
By any question. There they stand. Ile make
My selfe no enemies, nor the state no traytors.

CATILINE, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, CVRIVS, GABINIVS, LONGINVS, STATILIVS.

FAlse to our selues? All our designes discouer'd
To this state-cat? CET. I, had I had my way,
He' had mew'd in flames, at home, not i' the *Senate*:
I' had sing'd his furres, by this time. CAT. Well, there's, now,
No time of calling backe, or standing still.
Friends, be your selues; keepe the same *Roman* hearts,
And readie minds, you' had yester-night. Prepare
To execute, what we resolu'd. And let not
Labour, or danger, or discouerie fright you.
Ile to the armie: you (the while) mature
Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aides,
That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions,
Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre.
Ile bleede a life, or winne an empire for you.
Within these few dayes, looke to see my ensignes,

Here,

Here, at the walls: Be you but firme within.
Meane time, to draw an enuy on the *Consul*,
And giue a leſſe ſuſpicion of our courſe,
Let it be giuen out, here in the citie,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,
Into *Maſſilia*, willing to giue way
To fortune, and the times; being vnable
To ſtand ſo great a faction, without troubling
The common-wealth: whoſe peace I rather ſeeke,
Then all the glory of contention,
Or the ſupport of mine owne innocence.
Farewell the noble LENTVLVS, LONGINVS,
CVRIVS, the reſt; and thou, my better Genius,
The braue CETHEGVS: when we meete againe,
Wee'll ſacrifice to libertie. CET. And reuenge.
That we may praiſe our hands once. LEN. O, you *Fates*,
Giue *Fortune* now her eyes, to ſee with whom
Shee goes along, that ſhee may ne're forſake him.
CVR. He needs not her, nor them. Goe but on, SERGIVS.
A valiant man is his owne fate, and fortune.
LON. The fate, and fortune of vs all goe with him.
GAB. STA. And euer guard him. CAT. I am all your creature.
LEN. Now friends, 'tis left with vs. I haue alreadie
Dealt, by VMBRENVS, with the ALLOBROGES,
Here reſiant in *Rome*; whoſe ſtate, I heare,
Is diſcontent with the great vſuries,
They are oppreſs'd with: and haue made complaints
Diuers, vnto the *Senate*, but all vaine.
Theſe men, I'haue thought (both for their owne oppreſſions,
As alſo that, by nature, they'are a people
Warlike, and fierce, ſtill watching after change,
And now, in preſent hatred with our ſtate)
The fitteſt, and the eaſieſt to be drawne
To our ſocietie, and to aide the warre.
The rather, for their ſeate; being next bordrers
On *Italie*; and that they'abound with horſe:
Of which one want our campe doth onely labour.
And I haue found 'hem comming. They will meete
Soone, at SEMPRONIA's houſe, where I would pray you
All to be preſent, to confirme 'hem more.
The ſight of ſuch ſpirits hurt not, nor the ſtore.
GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CVR. Nor I. CET. Would I
Had ſomewhat by my ſelfe, apart, to doe.
I'ha' no Genius to theſe many counſells.

Let

Let me kill all the *Senate*, for my ſhare,
Ile doe it at next ſitting. LEN. Worthy CAIVS,
Your preſence will adde much. CET. I ſhall marre more.

CICERO, SANGA, ALLOBROGES.

THe ſtate's beholden to you, FABIVS SANGA,
For this great care: And thoſe ALLOBROGES
Are more then wretched, if they lend a liſtning
To ſuch perſwaſion. SAN. They, moſt worthy *Conſul*,
As men employ'd here, from a grieued ſtate,
Groning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was ſmall hope of eaſe
To be expected, to their euills, from hence,
Were willing, at the firſt to giue an eare
To any thing, that ſounded libertie:
But ſince, on better thoughts, and my vrg'd reaſons,
They'are come about, and wonne, to the true ſide.
The fortune of the common-wealth hath conquer'd.
CIC. What is that ſame VMBRENVS, was the agent?
SAN. One that hath had negotiation
In *Gallia* oft, and knowne vnto their ſtate.
CIC. Are th'Ambaſſadors come with you? SAN. Yes.
CIC. Well, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honeſt,
Neuer had men the meanes ſo to deſerue
Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wiſh'd occaſion,
And thruſt into my hands, for the diſcouery,
And manifeſt conuiction of theſe traytors.
Be thank'd, ô IVPITER. My worthy lords,
Confederates of the *Senate*, you are welcome.
I vnderſtand by QVINTVS FABIVS SANGA,
Your carefull patron here, you haue beene lately
Sollicited againſt the common-wealth,
By one VMBRENVS (take a ſeate, I pray you)
From PVBLIVS LENTVLVS, to be aſſociates
In their intended warre. I could aduiſe,
That men, whoſe fortunes are yet flouriſhing,
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cauſe,
Become her enemies; and mixe themſelues
And their eſtates, with the loſt hopes of CATILINE,
Or LENTVLVS, whoſe meere deſpaire doth arme 'hem:
That were to hazard certainties, for aire,
And vnder-goe all danger, for a voice.
Beleeue me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
With halfe the eaſineſſe, that they are rais'd.

The Allobroges enter.

All

All may beginne a warre, but few can end it.
The *Senate* haue decreed, that my colleague
Shall leade their armie, against CATILINE,
And haue declar'd both him, and MANLIVS traytors.
METELLVS CELER hath alreadie giuen
Part of their troops defeate. Honors are promis'd
To all, will quit 'hem; and rewards propos'd
Euen to slaues, that can detect their courses.
Here, in the citie, I haue by the *Prætors*,
And *Tribunes*, plac'd my guards, and watches so,
That not a foote can treade, a breath can whisper,
But I haue knowledge. And be sure, the *Senate*,
And people of *Rome*, of their accustom'd greatnesse,
Will sharply, and seuerely vindicate,
Not onely any fact, but any practice,
Or purpose, 'gainst the state. Therefore, my lords,
Consult of your owne wayes, and thinke which hand
Is best to take. You, now, are present suters
For some redresse of wrongs; Ile vnder-take
Not onely that shall be assur'd you: but
What grace, or priuiledge else, *Senate*, or people,
Can cast vpon you, worthy such a seruice,
As you haue now the way, and meanes, to doe 'hem,
If but your wills consent, with my designes.

ALL. We couet nothing more, most worthy *Consul*.
And how so e're we haue beene tempted lately,
To a defection, that not makes vs guiltie:
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
For hopes, that doe precipitate themselues.

CIC. You then are wise, and honest. Doe but this, then:
(When shall you speake with LENTVLVS, and the rest?

ALL. We are to meete anone, at BRVTVS house.

CIC. Who? DECIVS BRVTVS? He is not in *Rome*.

SAN. O, but his wife SEMPRONIA. CIC. You instruct me,
Shee is a chiefe.) Well, faile not you to meete 'hem,
And to expresse the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, giue the common-wealth,
And *Senate* lost to 'hem. Promise any aides
By armes, or counsell. What they can desire,
I would haue you preuent. Onely, say this,
You haue had dispatch, in priuate, by the *Consul*,

Of

Of your affaires, and for the many feares
The ſtate's now in, you are will'd by him, this euening,
To depart *Rome*: which you, by all ſought meanes,
Will doe, of reaſon to decline ſuſpicion.
Now, for the more authoritie of the buſineſſe
They'haue truſted to you, and to giue it credit
With your owne ſtate, at home, you would deſire
Their letters to your *Senate*, and your people,
Which ſhewne, you durſt engage both life, and honor,
The reſt ſhould euery way anſwere their hopes.
Thoſe had, pretend ſodaine departure, you,
And, as you giue me notice, at what port
You will goe out, Ile ha' you intercepted,
And all the letters taken with you: So
As you ſhall be redeem'd in all opinions,
And they conuicted of their manifeſt treaſon.
Ill deedes are well turn'd backe, vpon their authors:
And 'gainſt an iniurer, the reuenge is iuſt.
This muſt be done, now. ALL. Chearefully, and firmely.
We'are they, would rather haſt to vndertake it,
Then ſtay, to ſay ſo. CIC. With that confidence, goe:
Make your ſelues happy, while you make *Rome* ſo.
By SANGA, let me haue notice from you. ALL. Yes.

SEMPRONIA, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, GABINIVS, STATILIVS, LONGINVS, VOLTVRTIVS, ALLOBROGES.

WHen come theſe creatures, the Ambaſſadors?
I would faine ſee 'hem. Are they any ſchollers? (ſurely.
LEN. I think not, madame. SEM. Ha' they no *greeke*? LEN. No
SEM. Fie, what doe I here, wayting on 'hem then?
If they be nothing but meere ſtates-men. LEN. Yes,
Your ladiſhip ſhall obſerue their grauitie,
And their reſeruedneſſe, their many cautions,
Fitting their perſons. SEM. I doe wonder much,
That ſtates, and common-wealths employ not women,
To be Ambaſſadors, ſometimes! we ſhould
Doe as good publike ſeruice, and could make
As honorable ſpies (for ſo THVCIDIDES
Calls all Ambaſſadors.) Are they come, CETHEGVS?
CET. Doe you aske me? Am I your ſcout, or baud?
LEN. O, CAIVS, it is no ſuch buſineſſe. CET. No?
What do's a woman at it then? SEM. Good ſir,
There are of vs can be as exquiſite traytors,

As

As ere a male-conſpirator of you all.
CET. I, at ſmock-treaſon, matron, I beleeue you;
And if I were your huſband; but when I
Truſt to your cob-web-boſomes any other
Let me there die a flie, and feaſt you, ſpider.
LEN. You are too ſowre, and harſh CETHEGVS. CET. You
Are kind, and courtly. Il'd be torne in pieces,
With wild HIPPOLYTVS, nay proue the death,
Euery limbe ouer, e're Il'd truſt a woman,
With wind, could I retaine it. SEM. Sir. They'll be truſted
With as good ſecrets, yet, as you haue any:
And carry 'hem too, as cloſe, and as conceal'd,
As you ſhall for your heart. CET. He not contend with you
Either in tongue, or carriage, good CALIPSO:
LON. Th'ambaſſadors are come. CET. Thanks to thee MERCVRY,
That ſo haſt reſcu'd me. LEN. How now, VOLTVRTIVS?
VOL. They doe deſire ſome ſpeech with you, in priuate.
LEN. O! 'tis about the prophecie, belike,
And promiſe of the SIBYLLS. GAB. It may be.
SEM. Shun they, to treat with me, too? GAB. No, good lady,
You may partake: I haue told 'hem, who you are.
SEM. I ſhould be loth to be left out, and here too.
CET. Can theſe, or ſuch, be any aides, to vs?
Looke they, as they were built to ſhake the world,
Or be a moment, to our enterpriſe?
A thouſand, ſuch as they are, could not make
One atome of our ſoules. They ſhould be men
Worth heauens feare, that looking vp, but thus,
Would make IOVE ſtand vpon his guard, and draw
Himſelfe within his thonder; which, amaz'd,
He ſhould diſcharge in vaine, and they vn-hurt.
Or, if they were, like CAPANEVS, at *Thebes*,
They ſhould hang dead, vpon the higheſt ſpires,
And aske the ſecond bolt, to be throwne downe.
Why, LENTVLVS, talke you ſo long? This time
Had beene enough, t'haue ſcatter'd all the ſtarres,
T'haue quench'd the ſunne, and moone, and made the world
Deſpaire of day, or any light, but ours.
LEN. How doe you like this ſpirit? In ſuch men,
Mankind doth liue. They are ſuch ſoules, as theſe,
That moue the world. SEN. I, though he beare me hard,
I, yet, muſt doe him right. He is a ſpirit
Of the right MARTIAN breed. ALL. He is a MARS!
Would we had time to liue here, and admire him.
LEN. Well, I doe ſee you would preuent the *Conſul*.

And

And I commend your care: It was but reaſon,
To aske our letters, and we had prepar'd them.
Goe in, and we will take an oath, and ſeale 'hem.
You ſhall haue letters, too, to CATILINE,
To viſite him i' the way, and to confirme
The aſſociation. This our friend, VOLTVRTIVS,
Shall goe along with you. Tell our great generall,
That we are readie here; that LVCIVS BESTIA
The *Tribune*, is prouided of a ſpeech,
To lay the enuie of the warre on CICERO;
That all but long for his approach, and perſon:
And then, you are made free-men, as our ſelues.

CICERO, FLACCVS, POMTINIVS, SANGA.

I Cannot feare the warre but to ſucceed well,
Both for the honor of the cauſe, and worth
Of him that doth command. For my colleague,
Being ſo ill affected with the gout,
Will not be able to be there in perſon;
And then PETREIVS, his lieutenant, muſt
Of need take charge o' the armie: who is much
The better ſouldier, hauing beene a *Tribune*,
Prefect, *Lieutenant*, *Prator* in the warre,
Theſe thirtie yeeres, ſo conuerſant i' the armie,
As he knowes all the ſouldiers, by their names.
FLA. They'll fight then, brauely, with him. POM. I, and he
Will lead 'hem on, as brauely. CIC. They'haue a foe
Will aske their braueries, whoſe neceſſities
Will arme him like a furie. But, how euer,
I'le truſt it to the manage, and the fortune
Of good PETREIVS, who's a worthy patriot:
METELLVS CELER, with three legions, too,
Will ſtop their courſe, for *Gallia*. How now, FABIVS?
SAN. The traine hath taken. You muſt inſtantly
Diſpoſe your guards vpon the *Miluian* bridge:
For, by that way, they meane to come. CIC. Then, thither
POMTINIVS, and FLACCVS, I muſt pray you
To lead that force you haue; and ſeize them all:
Let not a perſon ſcape. Th'ambaſſadors
Will yeeld themſelues. If there be any tumult
Ile ſend you aide. I, in meane time will call
LENTVLVS to me, GABINIVS, and CETHEGVS,
STATILIVS, CEPARIVS, and all theſe,

By ſeuerall meſſengers: who no doubt will come,
Without ſenſe, or ſuſpicion. Prodigall men
Feele not their owne ſtocke waſting. When I haue 'hem,
Ile place thoſe guards, vpon 'hem, that they ſtart not,
SAN. But what 'll you doe with SEMPRONIA? CIC. A ſtates anger
Should not take knowledge eyther of fooles, or women.
I do not know whether my ioy or care
Ought to be greater; that I haue diſcouer'd
So foule a treaſon: or muſt vndergoe
The enuie of ſo many great mens fate.
But, happen what there can, I will be iuſt,
My fortune may forſake me, not my vertue:
That ſhall goe with me, and before me, ſtill,
And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

PRAETORS, ALLOBROGES, VOLTVRTIVS.

FLA. Stand, who goes there? ALL. We are th' ALLOBROGES
And friends of *Rome*. POM. If you be ſo, then yeeld
Your ſelues vnto the *Prætors*, who in name
Of the whole *Senate*, and the people of *Rome*,
Yet, till you cleare your ſelues, charge you of practiſe
Againſt the State. VOL. Die friends, and be not taken.
FLA. What voyce is that? Downe with 'hem all. ALL: We yeeld.
POM. What's he ſtands out? Kill him there. VOL. Hold, hold, hold.
I yeeld vpon conditions. FLA. We giue none
To traytors, ſtrike him downe. VOL. My name's VOLTVRTIVS
I know POMTINIVS. POM. But he knowes not you,
While you ſtand out vpon theſe trayterous termes.
VOL. I'le yeeld vpon the ſafety of my life.
POM. If it be forfeyted, we cannot ſaue it.
VOL. Promiſe to doe your beſt. I'am not ſo guilty,
As many others, I can name; and will:
If you will grant me fauour. POM All we can
Is to deliuer you to the Conſul. Take him,
And thanke the gods, that thus haue ſaued *Rome*.

CHORVS.

NOw, do our eares, before our eyes,
Like men in miſts,
Diſcouer, who'ld the ſtate ſurpriſe,
And who reſiſts?
And, as theſe clouds doe yeeld to light,
Now, do we ſee,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which ſeem'd t' agree?

Of

Of what ſtrange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But, as new ayres our eares inuade,
Still cenſure ſo?
That now doe hope, and now doe feare,
And now enuy;
And then doe hate, and then loue deare,
But know not, why:
Or, if we doe, it is ſo late,
As our beſt mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
And emptie of good.
How haue we chang'd, and come about
In euery doome,
Since wicked CATILINE went out,
And quitted *Rome?*
One while, we thought him innocent;
And, then, w'accus'd
The *Conſul*, for his malice ſpent;
And power abus'd.
Since, that we heare, he is in armes,
We thinke not ſo:
Yet charge the *Conſul*, with our harmes,
That let him goe.
So, in our cenſure of the ſtate,
We ſtill doe wander;
And make the carefull magiſtrate
The marke of ſlander.
What age is this, where honeſt men,
Plac'd at the helme,
A ſea of ſome foule mouth, or pen,
Shall ouer-whelme?
And call their diligence, deceipt;
Their vertue, vice;
Their watchfulneſſe, but lying in wait;
And bloud, the price.
O, let vs plucke this euill ſeede
Out of our ſpirits;
And giue, to euery noble deede,
The name it merits.
Leſt we ſeeme falne (if this endures)
Into thoſe times,
To loue diſeaſe: and brooke the cures
Worſe, then the crimes.

Act V.

The Armie.

PETREIVS.

IT is my fortune, and my glorie, Souldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy *Conſul*
Kept from the honor of it, by diſeaſe:
And I am proud, to haue ſo braue a cauſe
To exerciſe your armes in. We not, now,
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th'extent, and bounds o'th'people of *Rome* ſhall be;
But to retaine what our great anceſtors,
With all their labours, counſells, arts, and actions,
For vs, were purchaſing ſo many yeeres.
The quarrell is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs, done vnto confederates,
For which, the armie of the people of *Rome*
Was wont to moue: but for your owne republique,
For the rais'd temples of th'immortall gods,
For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
For the deare ſoules of your lou'd wiues, and children,
Your parents tombes, your rites, lawes, libertie,
And, briefly, for the ſafety of the world:
Againſt ſuch men, as onely by their crimes
Are knowne; thruſt out by riot, want, or raſhneſſe.
One ſort, SYLLA's old troops, left here in *Feſulæ*,
Who ſodainely made rich, in thoſe dire times,
Are ſince, by their vn-bounded, vaſt expence,
Growne needy, and poore: and haue but left t'expect,
From CATILINE, new bills, and new proſcriptions.
Theſe men (they ſay) are valiant; yet, I thinke 'hem
Not worth your pauſe: For either their old vertue
Is, in their ſloth, and pleaſures loſt; or, if
It tarry with 'hem, ſo ill match to yours,
As they are ſhort in number, or in cauſe.
The ſecond ſort are of thoſe (city-beaſts,
Rather then citizens) who whilſt they reach
After our fortunes, haue let flie their owne;
Theſe, whelm'd in wine, ſwell'd vp with meates, and weakned
With hourely whoredomes, neuer left the ſide
Of CATILINE, in *Rome*; nor, here, are loos'd
From his embraces: ſuch, as (truſt me) neuer
In riding, or in vſing well their armes,
Watching, or other militarie labour,
Did exerciſe their youth; but learn'd to loue,

Drinke,

Drinke, dance, and ſing, make feaſts, and be fine gamſters:
And theſe will wiſh more hurt to you, then they bring you.
The reſt are a mixt kind, all ſorts of furies,
Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-lawes, theeues,
The murderers of their parents, all the ſinke,
And plague of *Italie*, met in one torrent,
To take, to day, from vs the puniſhment,
Due to their miſchiefes, for ſo many yeeres.
And who, in ſuch a cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch fiends,
Would not now wiſh himſelfe all arme, and weapon?
To cut ſuch poyſons from the earth, and let
Their bloud out, to be drawne away in cloudes,
And pour'd, on ſome inhabitable place,
Where the hot ſunne, and ſlime breeds nought but monſters?
Chiefly, when this ſure ioy ſhall crowne our ſide,
That the leaſt man, that falls vpon our partie
This day (as ſome muſt giue their happy names
To fate, and that eternall memorie
Of the beſt death, writ with it, for their countrey)
Shall walke at pleaſure, in the tents of reſt;
And ſee farre off, beneath him, all their hoſt
Tormented after life: and CATILINE, there,
Walking a wretched, and leſſe ghoſt, then he.
Ile vrge no more: Moue forward, with your eagles,
And truſt the *Senates*, and *Romes* cauſe to heauen.

ARM. To thee, great father MARS, and greater IOVE.

CÆSAR, CRASSVS.

I Euer look'd for this of LENTVLVS,
When CATILINE was gone. CRA. I gaue 'hem loſt,
Many dayes ſince. CAES. But, wherefore did you beare
Their letter to the *Conſul*, that they ſent you;
To warne you from the citie? CRA. Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could aſſure me: if they meant,
I ſhould be ſafe, among ſo many, they might
Haue come, as well as writ. CAES. There is no loſſe
In being ſecure. I haue, of late, too, ply'd him
Thicke, with intelligences, but they 'haue beene
Of things he knew before. CRA. A little ſerues
To keepe a man vpright, on theſe ſtate-bridges,
Although the paſſage were more dangerous.
Let vs now take the ſtanding part. CAES. We muſt,
And be as zealous for't, as CATO. Yet

I would faine helpe theſe wretched men. CRA. You cannot.
Who would ſaue them, that haue betraid themſelues?

CICERO, QVINTVS, CATO.

I Will not be wrought to it, brother QVINTVS.
There's no mans priuate enmitie ſhall make
Me violate the dignitie of another.
If there were proofe 'gainſt CAESAR, or who euer,
To ſpeake him guiltie, I would ſo declare him.
But QVINTVS CATVLVS, and PISO both,
Shall know, the *Conſul* will not, for their grudge,
Haue any man accus'd, or named falſly.
QVI. Not falſly: but if any circumſtance,
By the ALLOBROGES, or from VOLTVRTIVS,
Would carry it. CIC. That ſhall not be ſought by me.
If it reueale it ſelfe, I would not ſpare
You, brother, if it pointed at you, truſt me.
CATO. Good MARCVS TVLLIVS (which is more, then great)
Thou had'ſt thy education, with the gods.
CIC. Send LENTVLVS forth, and bring away the reſt.
This office, I am ſorry, ſir, to doe you.

THE SENATE.

WHat *may be happy ſtill, and fortunate*,
To Rome, and to this Senate: Pleaſe you, *Fathers*,
To breake theſe letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I feare,
I, yet, intreate, at ſuch a time, as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons hither, from CETHEGVS houſe?
PRAE. They are without. CIC. Be readie, with VOLTVRTIVS,
To bring him, when the *Senate* calls; and ſee
None of the reſt, conferre together. *Fathers*,
What doe you reade? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your feare, what you find practis'd there?
CAES. It hath a face of horror! CRA. I am amaz'd!
CATO. Looke there. SYL. Gods! Can ſuch men draw cõmon aire?
CIC. Although the greatneſſe of the miſchiefe, *Fathers*,
Hath often made my faith ſmall, in this *Senate*,
Yet, ſince my caſting CATILINE out (for now
I doe not feare the enuy of the word,
Vnleſſe the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence aliue; when thoſe I meant
Should follow him, did not) I haue ſpent both dayes,
And nights, in watching, what their fury' and rage

Was bent on, that ſo ſtaid, againſt my thought:
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,
Where, when you met their treaſon, with your eyes,
Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne ſafetie.
And, now, 'tis done. There are their hands, and ſeales.
Their perſons, too, are ſafe, thankes to the gods.
Bring in VOLTVRTIVS, and the' ALLOBROGES.
Theſe be the men, were truſted with their letters.
VOL. *Fathers*, beleeue me, I knew nothing: I
Was trauailing for *Gallia*, and am ſorry———
CIC. Quake not, VOLTVRTIVS, ſpeake the truth, and hope
Well of this *Senate*, on the *Conſuls* word.
VOL. Then, I knew all. But truely I was drawne in
But t'other day. CAES. Say, what thou know'ſt, and feare not.
Thou haſt the *Senates* faith, and *Conſuls* word,
To fortifie thee. VOL. I was ſent with letters——— *He anſweres with feare and interruptions.*
And had a meſſage too——from LENTVLVS———
To CATILINE——that he ſhould vſe all aides———
Seruants, or others——and come with his armie,
Aſſoone, vnto the citie as he could———
For they were readie, and but ſtaid for him———
To intercept thoſe, that ſhould flee the fire———
Theſe men (the ALLOBROGES) did heare it too.
ALL. Yes, *Fathers*, and they tooke an oath, to vs.
Beſides their letters, that we ſhould be free;
And vrg'd vs, for ſome preſent aide of horſe.
CIC. Nay, here be other teſtimonies, *Fathers*, *The weapons and armes are brought forth.*
CETHEGVS armourie. CRA. What, not all theſe?
CIC. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer,
That we may know the armes to all theſe weapons.
Come, my braue ſword-player, to what actiue vſe,
Was all this ſteele prouided? CET. Had you ask'd
In SYLLA's dayes, it had beene to cut throats;
But, now, it was to looke on, only: I lou'd
To ſee good blades, and feele their edge, and points.
To put a helme vpon a blocke, and cleaue it,
And, now and then, to ſtab an armour through.
CIC. Know you that paper? That will ſtab you through.
Is it your hand? Hold, ſaue the pieces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy furie? CET. I did write,
I know not what; nor care not: That foole LENTVLVS
Did dictate, and I t'other foole, did ſigne it.
CIC. Bring in STATILIVS: Do's he know his hand too?
And LENTVLVS. Reach him that letter. STA. I
Confeſſe it all. CIC. Know you that ſeale yet, PVBLIVS?

LEN.

LEN. Yes, it is mine. CIC. Whose image is that, on it?
LEN. My grand-fathers. CIC. What, that renowm'd good man,
That did so only' embrace his countrey', and lou'd
His fellow citizens! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,
So foule—— LEN. As what, impetuous CICERO?
CIC. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler.
Looke vpon these. Doe not these faces argue
Thy guilt, and impudence? LEN. What are these to me?
I know 'hem not. ALL. No PVBLIVS? we were with you,
At BRVTVS house. VOL. Last night. LEN. What did you there?
Who sent for you? ALL. Your selfe did. We had letters
From you, CETHEGVS, this STATILIVS here,
GABINIVS CIMBER, all, but from LONGINVS,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly, in person, after vs (he said)
To take the charge o' the horse, which we should leuy.
CIC. And he is fled, to CATILINE, I heare.
LEN. Spies? spies? ALL. You told vs too, o' the SIBYLLS bookes,
And how you were to be a king, this yeere,
The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitoll*.
That three CORNELII were to raigne, in *Rome*,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd CETHEGVS,
And the great spirits, were with you, in the action.
CET. These are your honorable Ambassadors,
My soueraigne lord. CAT. Peace, that too bold CETHEGVS.
ALL. Besides GABINIVS, your agent, nam'd
AVTRONIVS, SERVIVS SVLLA, VARGVNTEIVS,
And diuers others. VOL. I had letters from you,
To CATILINE, and a message, which I haue told
Vnto the *Senate*, truely, word for word:
For which, I hope, they will be gracious to me.
I was drawne in, by that same wicked CIMBER,
And thought no hurt at all. CIC. VOLTVRTIVS, peace.
Where is thy visor, or thy voyce, now, LENTVLVS?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so cleere, so plaine, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence, and impudence,
And thy ill nature, too, haue left thee, at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, GABINIVS,
The enginer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he doe know it? GAB. I know nothing. CIC. No?
GAB. No. Neyther will I know. CAT. Impudent head!
Sticke it into his throate; were I the *Consul*,
Il'd make thee eate the mischiefe, thou hast vented.

CAT.

GAB. Is there a law for't, CATO? CAT. Do'ſt thou aske
After a law, that would'ſt haue broke all lawes,
Of nature, manhood, conſcience, and religion?
GAB. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious CIMBER.
Th'inquiring after good, do's not belong
Vnto a wicked perſon. GAB. I but CATO
Do's nothing, but by law. CRA. Take him aſide.
There's proofe enough, though he confeſſe not. GAB. Stay,
I will confeſſe. All's true, your ſpies haue told you.
Make much of 'hem. CET. Yes, and reward 'hem well,
For feare you get no more ſuch. See, they doe not
Die in a ditch, and ſtinke, now you ha' done with 'hem;
Or beg, o' the bridges, here in *Rome*, whoſe arches
Their actiue induſtrie hath ſau'd. CIC. See, *Fathers*,
What mindes, and ſpirits theſe are, that, being conuicted
Of ſuch a treaſon, and by ſuch a cloud
Of witneſſes, dare yet retayne their boldneſſe?
What would their rage haue done, if they had conquer'd?
I thought, when I had thruſt out CATILINE,
Neither the ſtate, nor I, ſhould need t'haue fear'd
LENTVLVS ſleepe here, or LONGINVS fat,
Or this CETHEGVS raſhneſſe; it was he,
I onely watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one, that had the braine, the hand, the heart.
But now, we find the contrary! Where was there
A people grieu'd, or a ſtate diſcontent,
Able to make, or helpe a warre 'gainſt *Rome*,
But theſe, th'ALLOBROGES, and thoſe they found?
Whom had not the iuſt gods beene pleas'd to make
More friends vnto our ſafety, then their owne,
As it then ſeem'd, neglecting theſe mens offers,
Where had we beene? or where the common-wealth?
When their great Chiefe had beene call'd home? this man,
Their abſolute king (whoſe noble grand-father,
Arm'd in purſuit of the ſeditious GRACCHVS,
Tooke a braue wound, for deare defence of that,
Which he would ſpoile) had gather'd all his aides
Of ruffians, ſlaues, and other ſlaughter-men?
Giuen vs vp for murder, to CETHEGVS?
The' other ranke of citizens, to GABINIVS?
The citie, to be fir'd by CASSIVS?
And *Italie*, nay the world, to be laid waſt
By curſed CATILINE, and his complices?
Lay but the thought of it, before you, *Fathers*,
Thinke but with me you ſaw this glorious citie,

The light of all the earth, tower of all nations,
Sodainely falling in one flame. Imagine,
You view'd your countrey buried with the heapes
Of slaughter'd citizens, that had no graue;
This LENTVLVS here, raigning, (as he dreamp't)
And those his purple *Senate*; CATILINE come
With his fierce armie; and the eryes of matrons,
The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
Shriekes of the liuing, with the dying grones
On euery side t'inuade your sense; vntill
The bloud of *Rome*, were mixed with her ashes!
This was the spectacle these fiends intended
To please their malice. CET. I, and it would
Haue beene a braue one, *Consul*. But your part
Had not then beene so long, as now it is:
I should haue quite defeated your oration;
And slit that fine rhetoricall pipe of yours,
I'the first *Scene*. CAT. Insolent monster! CIC. *Fathers*,
Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed
Vnto some safe, but a free custodie,
Vntill the *Senate* can determine farder?
SEN. It pleaseth well. CIC. Then, MARCVS CRASSVS,
Take you charge of GABINIVS: send him home
Vnto your house. You CAESAR, of STATILIVS.
CETHEGVS shall be sent to CORNIFICIVS;
And LENTVLVS, to PVBLIVS LENTVLVS SPINTHER,
Who now is Ædile. CAT. It were best, the *Prætors*
Carryed 'hem to their houses, and deliuered 'hem.
CIC. Let it be so. Take 'hem from hence. CAES. But, first,
Let LENTVLVS put off his *Prætor*-ship.
LEN. I doe resigne it here vnto the *Senate*.
CAES. So, now, there's no offence done to religion.
CAT. CAESAR, 'twas piously, and timely vrg'd.
CIC. What doe you decree to th'ALLOBROGES?
That were the lights to this discouery?
CRA. A free grant, from the state, of all their suites.
CAES. And a reward, out of the publike treasure.
CAT. I, and the title of honest men, to crowne 'hem.
CIC. What to VOLTVRTIVS? CAES. Life, and fauour's well.
VOL. I aske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it.
Twill keepe thee honest: want made thee a knaue.
SYL. Let FLACCVS, and POMTINIVS, the *Prætors*,
Haue publike thankes, and QVINTVS FABIVS SANGA,
For their good seruice. CRA. They deserue it all.
CAT. But what doe we decree vnto the *Consul*,

Whose

Whoſe vertue, counſell, watchfulneſſe, and wiſedome,
Hath free'd the common-wealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or bloud, or ſcarce raiſing a force,
Reſcu'd vs all out of the iawes of fate?

CRA. We owe our liues vnto him, and our fortunes.

CAES. Our wiues, our children, parents, and our gods.

SYL. We all are ſaued, by his fortitude.

CATO. The common-wealth owes him a *ciuicke* gyrland.
He is the onely father of his countrey.

CAES. Let there be publike prayer, to all the gods,
Made in that name, for him. CRA. And in theſe words.
For that he hath, by his vigilance, preſerv'd
Rome *from the flame, the* Senate *from the ſword,*
And all her citizens from maſſacre.

CIC. How are my labours more then paid, graue *Fathers,*
In theſe great titles, and decreed honors!
Such, as to me, firſt, of the ciuill robe,
Of any man, ſince *Rome* was *Rome*, haue hap'ned;
And from this frequent *Senate*: which more glads me,
That I now ſee, yo'haue ſenſe of your owne ſafety.
If thoſe good dayes come no leſſe gratefull to vs,
Wherein we are preſerv'd from ſome great danger,
Then thoſe, wherein w'are borne, and brought, to light,
Becauſe the gladneſſe of our ſafetie is certaine,
But the condition of our birth not ſo;
And that we are ſau'd with pleaſure, but are borne
Without the ſenſe of ioy: why ſhould not, then,
This day, to vs, and all poſteritie
Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honor,
With that, when ROMVLVS firſt rear'd theſe walls,
When ſo much more is ſaued, then he built?

CAES. It ought. CRA. Let it be added to our *Faſti.*

CIC. What tumult's that? FLA. Here's one TARQVINIVS taken,
Going to CATILINE; and ſayes he was ſent
By MARCVS CRASSVS: whom he names, to be
Guiltie of the conſpiracy. CIC. Some lying varlet.
Take him away, to priſon. CRA. Bring him in,
And let me ſee him. CIC. He is not worth it, CRASSVS.
Keepe him vp cloſe, and hungrie, till he tell,
By whoſe pernicious counſell, he durſt ſlander
So great, and good a citizen. (CRA. By yours
I feare, 'twill proue.) SYL. Some o' the traytors, ſure,
To giue their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. CIC. I know my ſelfe,
By all the tracts, and courſes of this buſineſſe,

CRASSVS is noble, iuſt, and loues his countrey.
FLA. Here is a libell too, accuſing CAESAR,
From LVCIVS VECTIVS, and confirm'd by CVRIVS.
CIC. Away with all, throw it out o' the court.
CAES. A tricke on me, too? CIC. It is ſome mens malice.
I ſaid to CVRIVS, I did not beleeue him.
CAES. Was not that CVRIVS your ſpie, that had
Reward decreed vnto him, the laſt *Senate*,
With FVLVIA, vpon your priuate motion?
CIC. Yes. CAES. But, he has not that reward, yet? CIC. No.
Let not this trouble you, CAESAR, none beleeues it.
CAES. It ſhall not, if that he haue no reward.
But if he haue, ſure I ſhall thinke my ſelfe
Very vntimely, and vnſafely honeſt,
Where ſuch, as he is, may haue pay t'accuſe me.
CIC. You ſhall haue no wrong done you, noble CAESAR,
But all contentment. CAES. *Conſul*, I am ſilent.

The Armie.

CATILINE.

I Neuer yet knew, Souldiers, that, in fight,
Words added vertue vnto valiant men;
Or, that a generalls oration made
An armie fall, or ſtand: but how much proweſſe
Habituall, or naturall each mans breſt
Was owner of, ſo much in act it ſhew'd.
Whom neither glory' or danger can excite,
'Tis vaine t'attempt with ſpeech: for the minds feare
Keepes all braue ſounds from entring at that eare.
I, yet, would warne you ſome few things, my friends,
And giue you reaſon of my preſent counſailes.
You know, no leſſe then I, what ſtate, what point
Our affaires ſtand in; and you all haue heard,
What a calamitous miſery the ſloth,
And ſleepineſſe of LENTVLVS, hath pluck'd
Both on himſelfe, and vs: how, whilſt our aides
There, in the citie-look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into *Gallia*, too, is ſtopt.
Two armies wait vs: one from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaule-Prouinces*. And, where we are,
(Although I moſt deſire it) the great want
Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer ſtay.
So that, of need, we muſt remoue, but whither
The ſword muſt both direct, and cut the paſſage.
I onely, therefore, wiſh you, when you ſtrike,
To haue your valours, and your ſoules, about you;

And

And thinke, you carrie in your labouring hands
The things you ſeeke, glorie, and libertie,
Your countrie, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be inſtructed, by our ſwords.
If we can giue the blow, all will be ſafe to vs.
We ſhall not want prouiſion, nor ſupplies.
The colonies, and free townes will lye open.
Where, if we yeeld to feare, expect no place,
Nor friend, to ſhelter thoſe, whom their owne fortune,
And ill vs'd armes haue left without protection.
You might haue liu'd in ſeruitude, or exile,
Or ſafe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones;
But that you thought thoſe things vnfit for men.
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no man euer yet chang'd peace for warre,
But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpoſe.
There's more neceſſitie, you ſhould be ſuch,
In fighting for your ſelues, then they for others.
Hee's baſe, that truſts his feet, whoſe hands are arm'd.
Me thinkes, I ſee *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting
What we will doe; and all the heauen' at leiſure
For the great ſpectacle. Draw, then, your ſwords:
And, if our deſtinie enuie our vertue
The honor of the day, yet let vs care
To ſell our ſelues, at ſuch a price, as may
Vn-doe the world, to buy vs; and make *Fate*,
While ſhee tempts ours, feare her owne eſtate.

THE SENATE.

SEN. What meanes this haſtie calling of the *Senate*?
SEN. We ſhall know ſtraight. Wait, till the *Conſul* ſpeakes.
POM. *Fathers Conſcript*, bethinke you of your ſafeties,
And what to doe, with theſe conſpirators;
Some of their clients, their free'd men, and ſlaues
'Ginne to make head: there is one of LENTVLVS bawds
Runnes vp and downe the ſhops, through euery ſtreet,
With money to corrupt, the poore artificers,
And needie tradeſmen, to their aide. CETHEGVS
Hath ſent, too, to his ſeruants; who are many,
Choſen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
That forth-with they ſhould arme themſelues, and proue
His reſcue: All will be in inſtant vproare,
If you preuent it not, with preſent counſailes.
We haue done what we can, to meet the furie,

And will doe more. Be you good to your ſelues.
CIC. What is your pleaſure, *Fathers*, ſhall be done?
SYLLANVS, you are *Conſul* next deſign'd.
Your ſentence, of theſe men. SYL. 'Tis ſhort, and this.
Since they haue ſought to blot the name of *Rome*,
Out of the world; and raze this glorious empire
With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her ſelfe:
I thinke it fit they die. And, could my breath
Now, execute 'hem, they ſhould not enioy
An article of time, or eye of light,
Longer, to poyſon this our common ayre.
SEN. I thinke ſo too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I.
CIC. Your ſentence, CAIVS CAESAR. CAES. *Conſcript Fathers*,
In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooues
Men, that are ask'd their ſentence, to be free
From either hate, or loue, anger, or pittie:
For, where the leaſt of theſe doehinder, there
The mind not eaſily diſcernes the truth.
I ſpeake this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
For whom you ſtand; and to the preſent cauſe:
That this foule fact of LENTVLVS, and the reſt,
Weigh not more with you, then your dignitie;
And you be more indulgent to your paſſion,
Then to your honor. If there could be found
A paine, or puniſhment, equall to their crimes,
I would deuiſe, and helpe: but, if the greatneſſe
Of what they ha' done, exceed all mans inuention,
I thinke it fit, to ſtay, where our lawes doe.
Poore pettie ſtates may alter, vpon humour,
Where, if they' offend with anger, few doe know it,
Becauſe they are obſcure; their fame, and fortune
Is equall, and the ſame. But they, that are
Head of the world, and liue in that ſeene height,
All mankind knowes their actions. So wee ſee,
The greater fortune hath the leſſer licence.
They muſt nor fauour, hate, and leaſt be angrie:
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is crueltie, and pride. I know SYLLANVS,
Who ſpoke before me, a iuſt, valiant man,
A louer of the ſtate, and one that would not,
In ſuch a buſineſſe, vſe or grace, or hatred;
I know, too, well, his manners, and modeſtie:
Nor doe I thinke his ſentence cruell (for
'Gainſt ſuch delinquents, what can be too bloudie?)
But that it is abhorring from our ſtate;

Since

Since to a citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our lawes giue exile, and not death. Why then
Decrees he that? 'Twere vaine to thinke, for feare;
When, by the diligence of ſo worthy a *Conſul*,
All is made ſafe, and certaine. Is't for puniſhment?
Why, death's the end of euills, and a reſt,
Rather then torment: It diſſolues all griefes.
And beyond that, is neither care, nor ioy.
You heare, my ſentence would not haue 'hem die.
How then? ſet free, and increaſe CATILINES armie?
So will they, being but baniſh'd. No, graue *Fathers*,
I iudge 'hem, firſt, to haue their ſtates confiſcate,
Then, that their perſons remaine priſoners
I' the free townes, farre off from *Rome*, and ſeuer'd:
Where they might neither haue relation,
Hereafter, to the *Senate*, or the people.
Or, if they had, thoſe townes, then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the ſtate, that had their guard.

SEN. 'Tis good, and honorable, CAESAR, hath vtterd.

CIC. *Fathers*, I ſee your faces, and your eyes
All bent on me, to note of theſe two cenſures,
Which I incline to. Either of them are graue,
And anſwering the dignitie of the ſpeakers,
The greatneſſe of th'affaire, and both ſeuere.
One vrgeth death: and he may well remember
This ſtate hath puniſh'd wicked citizens ſo.
The other bonds: and thoſe perpetuall, which
He thinkes found out for the more ſingular plague.
Decree, which you ſhall pleaſe. You haue a *Conſul*,
Not readier to obey, then to defend,
What euer you ſhall act, for the republique;
And meet with willing ſhoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an euen face,
Though it were death: which to a valiant man
Can neuer happen foule, nor to a *Conſul*
Be immature, or to a wiſe man wretched.

SYL. *Fathers*, I ſpake, but as I thought: the needes
O' th' common-wealth requir'd. CAT. Excuſe it not.

CIC. CATO, ſpeake you your ſentence. CAT. This it is.
You here diſpute, on kinds of puniſhment,
And ſtand conſulting, what you ſhould decree
'Gainſt thoſe, of whom, you rather ſhould beware,
This miſchiefe is not like thoſe common facts,
Which, when they are done, the lawes may proſequute.
But this, if you prouide not, ere it happen,

When it is happen'd, will not wait your iudgement.
Good CAIVS CAESAR, here, hath very well,
And ſubtilly diſcours'd of life, and death,
As if he thought thoſe things, a prettie fable,
That are deliuer'd vs of hell, and furies,
Or of the diuers way, that ill men goe
From good, to filthy, darke, and vgly places.
And therefore, he would haue theſe liue; and long too;
But farre from *Rome*, and in the ſmall free townes,
Leſt, here, they might haue reſcue: As if men,
Fit for ſuch acts, were only in the citie,
And not throughout all *Italie?* or, that boldneſſe
Could not doe more, where it found leaſt reſiſtance?
'Tis a vaine counſaile, if he thinke them dangerous.
Which, if he doe not, but that he alone,
In ſo great feare of all men, ſtand vn-frighted,
He giues me cauſe, and you, more to feare him.
I am plaine, *Fathers*. Here you looke about,
One at another, doubting what to doe;
With faces, as you truſted to the gods,
That ſtill haue ſau'd you; and they can do't: But,
They are not wiſhings, or baſe womaniſh prayers,
Can draw their aides; but vigilance, counſell, action:
Which they will be aſhamed to forſake.
'Tis ſloth they hate, and cowardiſe. Here, you haue
The traytors in your houſes, yet, you ſtand,
Fearing what to doe with 'hem; Let 'hem looſe,
And ſend 'hem hence with armes, too; that your mercie
May turne your miſerie, as ſoone as't can.
O, but they, are great men, and haue offended,
But, through ambition. We would ſpare their honor:
I, if themſelues had ſpar'd it, or their fame,
Or modeſtie, or either god, or man:
Then I would ſpare 'hem. But, as things now ſtand,
Fathers, to ſpare theſe men, were to commit
A greater wickedneſſe, then you would reuenge:
If there had beene but time, and place, for you,
To haue repair'd this fault, you ſhould haue made it;
It ſhould haue beene your puniſhment, to'haue felt
Your tardie error: but neceſſitie,
Now, bids me ſay, let 'hem not liue an houre,
If you meane *Rome* ſhould liue a day. I haue done.

SEN. CATO hath ſpoken like an oracle.
CRA. Let it be ſo decreed. SEN. We are all fearefull.
SYL. And had beene baſe, had not his vertue rais'd vs.

SEN.

SEN. Goe forth, moſt worthy *Conſul*, wee'll aſſiſt you.
CAES. I am not yet chang'd in my ſentence, *Fathers*.
CAT. No matter. What be thoſe? SER. Letters, for CAESAR.
CAT. From whom? let 'hem be read, in open *Senate*;
Fathers, they come from the conſpirators.
I craue to haue 'hem read, for the republique.
CAES. CATO, reade you it. 'Tis a loue-letter,
From your deare ſiſter, to me: though you hate me.
Doe not diſcouer it. CAT. Hold thee, drunkard. *Conſul*.
Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent
This raſhneſſe, CICERO. PRAE. CAESAR ſhall repent it.
CIC. Hold friends. PRAE. Hee's ſcarce a friend vnto the publike.
CIC. No violence. CAESAR, be ſafe. Leade on:
Where are the publike executioners?
Bid 'hem wait on vs. On, to SPINTHERS houſe.
Bring LENTVLVS forth. Here, you, the ſad reuengers
Of capitall crimes, againſt the publike, take
This man vnto your iuſtice: ſtrangle him.
LEN. Thou do'ſt well, *Conſul*. 'Twas a caſt at dice,
In FORTVNES hand, not long ſince, that thy ſelfe
Should'ſt haue heard theſe, or other words as fatall.
CIC. Leade on, to QVINTVS CORNIFICIVS houſe.
Bring forth CETHEGVS. Take him to the due
Death, that he hath deſeru'd: and let it be
Said, He was once. CET. A beaſt, or, what is worſe,
A ſlaue, CETHEGVS. Let that be the name
For all that's baſe, hereafter: That would let
This worme pronounce on him; and not haue trampled
His body into—— Ha! Art thou not mou'd?
CIC. Iuſtice is neuer angrie: Take him hence.
CET. O, the whore FORTVNE! and her bawds the *Fates!*
That put theſe tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by'a ſword. Strangle me, I may ſleepe:
I ſhall grow angrie with the gods, elſe. CIC. Leade
To CAIVS CAESAR, for STATILIVS.
Bring him, and rude GABINIVS, out. Here, take 'hem
To your cold hands, and let 'hem feele death from you.
GAB. I thanke you, you doe me a pleaſure. STA. And me too.
CAT. So, MARCVS TVLLIVS, thou maiſt now ſtand vp,
And call it happy *Rome*, thou being *Conſul*.
Great parent of thy countrie, goe, and let
The old men of the citie, ere they die,
Kiſſe thee; the matrons dwell about thy necke;
The youths, and maides, lay vp, 'gainſt they are old,
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephewes,

When, ſuch a yeere, they reade, within our *Faſti*,
Thy *Conſul*-ſhip. Who's this? PETREIVS? CIC: Welcome,
Welcome, renowned ſouldier. What's the newes?
This face can bring no ill with't, vnto *Rome*.
How do's the worthy *Conſul*, my colleague?
PET. As well as victorie can make him, ſir.
He greets the *Fathers*, and to me hath truſted
The ſad relation of the ciuill ſtrife;
For, in ſuch warre, the conqueſt ſtill is black.
CIC. Shall we with-draw into the houſe of *Concord*?
CAT. No, happy *Conſul*, here; let all eares take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voyce,
To ſpread vnto the poles, and ſtrike it through
The center, to the *Antipodes*; It would aske it.
PET. The ſtreights, and needs of CATILINE being ſuch,
As he muſt fight with one of the two armies,
That then had neere enclos'd him; It pleas'd *Fate*,
To make vs th'obiect of his deſperate choiſe,
Wherein the danger almoſt paiz'd the honor:
And as he riſ's', the day grew black with him;
And *Fate* deſcended neerer to the earth,
As if ſhee meant, to hide the name of things,
Vnder her wings, and make the world her quarrie.
At this we rous'd, leſt one ſmall minutes ſtay
Had left it to be' enquir'd, what *Rome* was.
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cauſe, in forme of battaile, ſtood.
Whilſt CATILINE came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publique ruine:
His count'nance was a ciuill warre it ſelfe.
And all his hoſt had ſtanding in their lookes,
The paleneſſe of the death, that was to come.
Yet cryed they out like vultures, and vrg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor ſtaid we longer for 'hem; But himſelfe
Strooke the firſt ſtroke: And, with it, fled a life.
Which cut, it ſeem'd, a narrow necke of land,
Had broke betweene two mightie ſeas; and either
Flow'd into other; for ſo did the ſlaughter:
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yeeld. The *Furies* ſtood, on hills,
Circling the place, and trembled to ſee men
Doe more, then they: whilſt pietie left the field,
Grieu'd for that ſide, that, in ſo bad a cauſe,
They knew not, what a crime their valour was.

The

The ſunne ſtood ſtill, and was, behind the cloud
The battaile made, ſeene ſweating, to driue vp
His frighted horſe, whom ſtill the noyſe droue backward.
And now had fierce ENYO, like a flame,
Conſum'd all it could reach, and then it ſelfe;
Had not the fortune of the common-wealth
Come PALLAS-like, to euery *Romans* thought:
Which CATILINE ſeeing, and that now his troops
Couer'd that earth, they' had fought on, with their trunkes,
Ambitious of great fame, to crowne his ill,
Collected all his furie, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glorie, high as his deſpaire)
Into our battaile, like a *Lybian* lyon,
Vpon his hunters, ſcornefull of our weapons,
Careleſſe of wounds, plucking downe liues about him,
Till he had circled in himſelfe with death:
Then fell he too, t'embrace it where it lay.
And as, in that rebellion 'gainſt the gods,
MINERVA holding forth MEDVSA's head,
One of the gyant brethren felt himſelfe
Grow marble at the killing ſight, and now,
Almoſt made ſtone, began t'inquire, what flint,
What rocke it was, that crept through all his limmes,
And, ere he could thinke more, was that he fear'd;
So CATILINE, at the ſight of *Rome* in vs,
Became his tombe: yet did his looke retayne
Some of his fierceneſſe, and his hands ſtill mou'd,
As if he labour'd, yet, to graſpe the ſtate,
With thoſe rebellious parts. CAT. A braue bad death.
Had this beene honeſt now, and for his countrey,
As 'twas againſt it, who had ere fallen greater?

CIC. Honor'd PETREIVS, *Rome*, not I, muſt thanke you.
How modeſtly has he ſpoken of himſelfe!

CAT. He did the more. CIC. Thanks to the immortall gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,
My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
Your praiſes, triumphs, honors, and rewards,
Decreed to me: only the memorie
Of this glad day, if I may know it liue
Within your thoughts, ſhall much affect my conſcience,
Which I muſt alwayes ſtudie before fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And euer is ill got, without the firſt.

THE END.

This Tragoedie was first Acted, in the yeere 1611.

By the KINGS *Maiesties* SERVANTS.

The principall Tragœdians were.

RIC. BVRBADGE.	IOH. HEMINGS.
ALEX. COOKE.	HEN. CONDEL.
IOH. LOWIN.	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
WIL. OSTLER.	NIC. TOOLY.
RIC. ROBINSON.	WIL. EGLESTONE.

With the allowance of the Master of REVELLS.

EPIGRAMMES.

I.

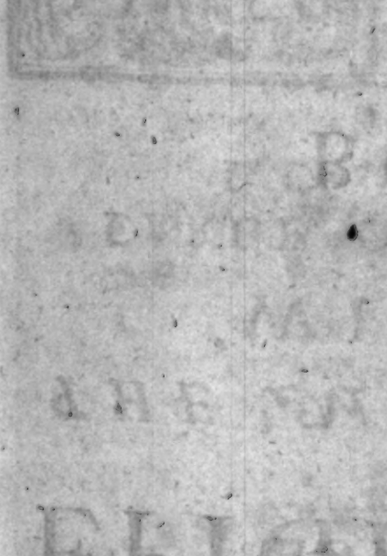
BOOKE.

The Author B. I.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

Ben Jonsons Epigrams were entered in the Stationers Register by John Stepneth, May 15th 1612.



BOOKE

TO THE GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOR AND VERTVE,

THE MOST NOBLE WILLIAM,

EARLE OF PEMBROKE, L. CHAMBERLAYNE, &c.

MY LORD. *While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: It was that made it, and not I. Vnder which name, I here offer to your Lo: the ripest of my studies, my* Epigrammes; *which, though they carry danger in the sound, doe not therefore seeke your shelter: For, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be falne into those times, wherein, for the likenesse of vice, and facts, euery one thinks anothers ill deeds obiected to him; and that in their ignorant and guiltie mouthes, the common voyce is (for their securitie)* Beware the Poet, *confessing, therein, so much loue to their diseases, as they would rather make a partie for them, then be either rid, or told of them: I must expect, at your Lo: hand, the protection of truth, and libertie,*

libertie, while you are constant to your owne goodnesse. In thankes whereof, I returne you the honor of leading forth so many good, and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posteritie. Amongst whom, if I haue prayſed, vnfortunately, any one, that doth not deſerue; or, if all anſwere not, in all numbers, the pictures I haue made of them: I hope it will be forgiuen me, that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the perſons. But I foreſee a neerer fate to my booke, then this: that the vices therein will be own'd before the vertues (though, there, I haue auoyded all particulars, as I haue done names) and that ſome will be ſo readie to diſcredit me, as they will haue the impudence to belye themſelues. For, if I meant them not, it is ſo. Nor, can I hope otherwiſe. For, why ſhould they remit any thing of their riot, their pride, their ſelfe-loue, and other inherent graces, to conſider truth or vertue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long eares againſt men they loue not: and hold their deare Mountebanke, *or* Ieſter, *in farre better condition, then all the ſtudie, or ſtudiers of* humanitie? *For ſuch, I would rather know them by their viſards, ſtill, then they ſhould publiſh their faces, at their perill, in my* Theater, *where* Cato, *if he liu'd, might enter without ſcandall.*

Your Lo: moſt faithfull honorer,

Ben. Ionson.

EPIGRAMMES.

I.

To the Reader.

PRay thee, take care, that tak'ſt my booke in hand,
To reade it well: that is, to vnderſtand.

II.

To my Booke.

IT will be look'd for, booke, when ſome but ſee
Thy title, *Epigrammes*, and nam'd of mee,
Thou ſhould'ſt be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormewood, and ſulphure, ſharpe, and tooth'd withall;
Become a petulant thing, hurle inke, and wit,
As mad-men ſtones: not caring whom they hit.
Deceiue their malice, who could wiſh it ſo.
And by thy wiſer temper, let men know
Thou art not couetous of leaſt ſelfe-fame,
Made from the hazard of anothers ſhame:
Much leſſe with lewd, prophane, and beaſtly phraſe,
To catch the worlds looſe laughter, or vaine gaze.
He that departs with his owne honeſty
For vulgar praiſe, doth it too dearely buy.

III.

To my Booke-seller.

THou, that mak'ſt gaine thy end, and wiſely well,
Call'ſt a booke good, or bad, as it doth ſell,
Vſe mine ſo, too: I giue thee leaue. But craue
For the lucks ſake, it thus much fauour haue.

To lye vpon thy ſtall, till it be ſought;
Not offer'd, as it made ſute to be bought;
Nor haue my title-leafe on poſts, or walls,
Or in cleft-ſticks, aduanced to make calls
For termers, or ſome clarke-like ſeruing-man,
Who ſcarſe can ſpell th'hard names: whoſe knight leſſe can.
If, without theſe vile arts, it will not ſell,
Send it to *Buckler ſ-bury*, there 'twill, well.

to wrap up spices, & drugs.

IIII.

To King Iames.

HOw, beſt of Kings, do'ſt thou a ſcepter beare!
How, beſt of *Poets*, do'ſt thou laurell weare!
But two things, rare, the Fates had in their ſtore,
And gaue thee both, to ſhew they could no more.
For ſuch a *Poet*, while thy dayes were greene,
Thou wert, as chiefe of them are ſaid t'haue beene.
And ſuch a Prince thou art, wee daily ſee,
As chiefe of thoſe ſtill promiſe they will bee.
Whom ſhould my *Muſe* then flie to, but the beſt
Of Kings for grace; of *Poets* for my teſt?

V.

On the Vnion.

1604.

WHen was there contract better driuen by *Fate?*
Or celebrated with more truth of ſtate?
The world the temple was, the prieſt a king,
The ſpouſed paire two realmes, the ſea the ring.

VI.

To Alchymists.

IF all you boaſt of your great art be true;
Sure, willing pouertie liues moſt in you.

VII.

On the new Hot-house.

WHere lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd vpon the dore,
Tells you it is a hot-houſe: So it ma',
And ſtill be a whore-houſe. Th'are *Synonima.*

VIII.

VIII.

On a Robbery.

RIDWAY rob'd DVNCOTE of three hundred pound,
RIDWAY was tane, arraign'd, condemn'd to dye;
But, for this money was a courtier found,
Beg'd RIDWAYES pardon: DVNCOTE, now, doth crye;
Rob'd both of money, and the lawes reliefe,
The courtier is become the greater thiefe.

IX.

To all, to whom I write.

MAy none, whose scatter'd names honor my booke,
For strict degrees of ranke, or title looke:
'Tis 'gainst the manners of an *Epigram*:
And, I a *Poet* here, no *Herald* am.

X.

To my Lord Ignorant.

THou call'st me *Poet*, as a terme of shame:
But I haue my reuenge made, in thy name.

XI.

On some-thing, that walkes some-where.

AT court I met it, in clothes braue enough,
To be a courtier; and lookes graue enough,
To seeme a statesman: as I neere it came,
It made me a great face, I ask'd the name.
A lord, it cryed, buried in flesh, and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will doe none: and as little ill,
For I will dare none. Good Lord, walke dead still.

XII.

On Lievtenant Shift.

SHIFT, here, in towne, not meaneſt among squires,
That haunt *Pickt-hatch*, *Mersh-Lambeth*, and *White-fryers*,
Keepes himselfe, with halfe a man, and defrayes
The charge of that state, with this charme, god payes.

By that one ſpell he liues, eates, drinkes, arrayes
Himſelfe: his whole reuennue is, god payes.
The quarter day is come; the hoſteſſe ſayes,
Shee muſt haue money: he returnes, god payes.
The taylor brings a ſuite home; he it 'ſſayes,
Lookes o're the bill, likes it: and ſay's, god payes.
He ſteales to ordinaries; there he playes
At dice his borrow'd money: which, god payes.
Then takes vp freſh commoditie, for dayes;
Signes to new bond, forfeits: and cryes, god payes.
That loſt, he keepes his chamber, reades *Eſſayes*,
Takes phyſick, teares the papers: ſtill god payes.
Or elſe by water goes, and ſo to playes;
Calls for his ſtoole, adornes the ſtage: god payes.
To euery cauſe he meets, this voyce he brayes:
His onely anſwere is to all, god payes.
Not his poore cocatrice but he betrayes
Thus: and for his letcherie, ſcores, god payes.
But ſee! th'old baud hath ſeru'd him in his trim,
Lent him a pockie whore. Shee hath paid him.

XIII.

To doctor Empirick.

When men a dangerous diſeaſe did ſcape,
Of old, they gaue a cock to Æscvlape;
Let me giue two: that doubly am got free,
From my diſeaſes danger, and from thee.

XIIII.

To William Camden.

Camden, moſt reuerend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know.
(How nothing's that?) to whom my countrey owes
The great renowne, and name wherewith ſhee goes.
Then thee the age ſees not that thing more graue,
More high, more holy, that ſhee more would craue.
What name, what skill, what faith haſt thou in things!
What ſight in ſearching the moſt antique ſprings!
What weight, and what authoritie in thy ſpeech!
Man ſcarſe can make that doubt, but thou canſt teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modeſtie,
Which conquers all, be once ouer-come by thee.

Many

Many of thine this better could, then I,
But for their powers, accept my pietie.

XV.

On Covrt-worme.

ALL men are wormes: But this no man. In silke
'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and white as milke;
Where, afterwards, it grew a butter-flye:
Which was a cater-piller. So t'will dye.

XVI.

To Brayne-hardie.

HArdie, thy braine is valiant, 'tis confest,
Thou more; that with it euery day, dar'st iest
Thy selfe into fresh braules: when, call'd vpon,
Scarse thy weekes swearing brings thee of, of one.
So, in short time, th'art in arrerage growne
Some hundred quarrells, yet dost thou fight none;
Nor need'st thou: for those few, by oath releast,
Make good what thou dar'st doe in all the rest.
Keepe thy selfe there, and thinke thy valure right,
He that dares damne himselfe, dares more then fight.

XVII.

To the learned Critick.

MAy others feare, flie, and traduce thy name,
As guiltie men doe magistrates: glad I,
That wish my poemes a legitimate fame,
Charge them, for crowne, to thy sole censure hye.
And, but a sprigge of bayes, giuen by thee,
Shall out-liue gyrlands, stolne from the chast tree.

XVIII.

To my meere English Censvrer.

TO thee, my way in *Epigrammes* seemes new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou saist, that cannot be: for thou hast seene
Davis, and Weever, and the best haue beene,
And mine come nothing like. I hope so. Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get:

If thou'ldst but vse thy faith, as thou didst then,
When thou wert wont t'admire, not censure men.
Pr'y thee beleeue still, and not iudge so fast,
Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX.

On Sir Cod the perfvmed.

THat Cod can get no widdow, yet a knight,
I sent the cause: Hee wooes with an ill sprite.

XX.

To the same Sir Cod.

TH'expence in odours is a most vaine sinne,
Except thou could'st, Sir Cod, weare them within.

XXI.

On reformed Gam'ster.

LOrd, how is Gam'ster chang'd! his haire close cut!
His neck fenc'd round with ruffe! his eyes halfe shut!
His clothes two fashions of, and poore! his sword
Forbidd' his side! and nothing, but the word
Quick in his lips! who hath this wonder wrought?
The late tane bastinado. So I thought.
What seuerall wayes men to their calling haue!
The bodies stripes, I see, the soule may saue.

XXII.

On my first Davghter.

HEre lyes to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet, all heauens gifts, being heauens due,
It makes the father, lesse, to rue.
At sixe moneths end, shee parted hence
With safetie of her innocence;
Whose soule heauens Queene, (whose name shee beares)
In comfort of her mothers teares,
Hath plac'd amongst her virgin-traine:
Where, while that seuer'd doth remaine,
This graue partakes the fleshly birth.
Which couer lightly, gentle earth.

XXIII.

To Iohn Donne.

DOnne, the delight of Phœbvs, and each *Muse*,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose euery worke, of thy most earely wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so, yet:
Longer a knowing, then most wits doe liue.
And which no affection praise enough can giue!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintayne a strife.
All which I meant to praise, and, yet, I would;
But leaue, because I cannot as I should!

XXIIII.

To the Parliament.

THere's reason good, that you good lawes should make:
Mens manners ne're were viler, for your sake.

XXV.

On Sir Volvptvovs Beast.

WHile Beast instructs his faire, and innocent wife,
In the past pleasures of his sensuall life,
Telling the motions of each petticote,
And how his Ganimede mou'd, and how his goate,
And now, her (hourely) her owne cucqueane makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust shee takes:
What doth he else, but say, leaue to be chast,
Iust wife, and, to change me, make womans hast.

XXVI.

On the same Beast.

THen his chast wife, though Beast now know no more,
He'adulters still: his thoughts lye with a whore.

XXVII.

On Sir Iohn Roe.

IN place of scutcheons, that should decke thy herse,
Take better ornaments, my teares, and verse.

If any ſword could ſaue from *Fates*, ROE's could;
If any *Muſe* out-liue their ſpight, his can;
If any friends teares could reſtore, his would;
If any pious life ere lifted man
To heauen; his hath: O happy ſtate! wherein
Wee, ſad for him, may glorie, and not ſinne.

XXVIII.

ON DON SVRLY.

DON SVRLY, to aſpire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the ſame,
Makes ſerious vſe of all great trade he knowes.
He ſpeakes to men with a *Rhinocerotes* noſe,
Which hee thinkes great; and ſo reades verſes, too:
And, that is done, as he ſaw great men doe.
H' has tympanies of buſineſſe, in his face,
And, can forget mens names, with a great grace.
He will both argue, and diſcourſe in oathes,
Both which are great. And laugh at ill made clothes;
That's greater, yet: to crie his owne vp neate.
He doth, at meales, alone, his pheaſant eate,
Which is maine greatneſſe. And, at his ſtill boord,
He drinkes to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keepes anothers wife, which is a ſpice
Of ſolemne greatneſſe. And he dares, at dice,
Blaſpheme god, greatly. Or ſome poore hinde beat,
That breathes in his dogs way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatneſſe ſake, he will be one
May heare my *Epigrammes*, but like of none.
SVRLY, vſe other arts, theſe only can
Stile thee a moſt great foole, but no great man.

XXIX.

TO SIR ANNVAL TILTER.

TILTER, the moſt may'admire thee, though not I:
And thou, right guiltleſſe, may'ſt plead to it, why?
For thy late ſharpe deuice. I ſay 'tis fit
All braines, at times of triumph, ſhould runne wit.
For then, our water-conduits doe runne wine;
But that's put in, thou'lt ſay. Why, ſo is thine.

XXX.

XXX.

To Person Guiltie.

GVILTIE, be wise; and though thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I taxe, yet doe not owne my rimes:
Twere madnesse in thee, to betray thy fame,
And person to the world; ere I thy name.

XXXI.

On Banck the Vsvrer.

BANCK feeles no lameneſſe of his knottie gout,
His monyes trauaile for him, in and out:
And though the ſoundeſt legs goe euery day,
He toyles to be at hell, as ſoone as they.

XXXII.

On Sir Iohn Roe.

WHat two braue perills of the priuate ſword
Could not effect, not all the furies doe,
That ſelfe-diuided *Belgia* did afford;
What not the enuie of the ſeas reach'd too,
The cold of *Moſco*, and fat *Iriſh* ayre,
His often change of clime (though not of mind)
What could not worke; at home in his repaire
Was his bleſt fate, but our hard lot to find.
Which ſhewes, where euer death doth pleaſe t'appeare,
Seas, ſerenes, ſwords, ſhot, ſickneſſe, all are there.

XXXIII.

To the same.

ILe not offend thee with a vaine teare more,
Glad-mention'd Roe: thou art but gone before,
Whither the world muſt follow. And I, now,
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.
Which if moſt gracious heauen grant like thine,
Who wets my graue, can be no friend of mine.

XXXIIII.

Of Death.

HE that feares death, or mournes it, in the iuſt,
Shewes of the reſurrection little truſt.

XXXV.

To King Iames.

WHo would not be thy ſubiect, Iames, t'obay
A Prince, that rules by'example, more than ſway?
Whoſe manners draw, more than thy powers conſtraine.
And in this ſhort time of thy happieſt raigne,
Haſt purg'd thy realmes, as we haue now no cauſe
Left vs of feare, but firſt our crimes, then lawes.
Like aydes 'gainſt treaſons who hath found before?
And than in them, how could we know god more?
Firſt thou preſerued wert, our king to bee,
And ſince, the whole land was preſeru'd for thee.

XXXVI.

To the Ghost of Martial.

MArtial, thou gau'ſt farre nobler *Epigrammes*
To thy Domitian, than I can my Iames:
But in my royall ſubiect I paſſe thee,
Thou flattered'ſt thine, mine cannot flatter'd bee.

XXXVII.

On Chev'rill the Lawyer.

NO cauſe, nor client fat, will Chev'rill leeſe,
But as they come, on both ſides he takes fees,
And pleaſeth both. For while he melts his greace
For this: that winnes, for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII.

To Person Gviltie.

GViltie, becauſe I bad you late be wiſe,
And to conceale your vlcers, did aduiſe,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man elſe, you clap your hands, and rore,
And crie good! good! This quite peruerts my ſenſe,
And lyes ſo farre from wit, 'tis impudence.
Beleeue it, Gviltie, if you looſe your ſhame,
I'le looſe my modeſtie, and tell your name.

XXXIX.

On Old Colt.

FOr all night-ſinnes, with others wiues, vnknowne,
Colt, now, doth daily penance in his owne.

XL.

On Margaret Ratcliffe.

MArble, weepe, for thou doſt couer
A dead beautie vnder-neath thee,
R ich, as nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude hand remoue her.
A ll the gazers on the skies
R ead not in faire heauens ſtorie,
E xpreſſer truth, or truer glorie,
T hen they might in her bright eyes.
Rare, as wonder, was her wit;
A nd like *Nectar* euer flowing:
T ill time, ſtrong by her beſtowing,
C onquer'd hath both life and it.
L ife, whoſe griefe was out of faſhion,
I n theſe times. Few ſo haue ru'de
F ate, in a brother. To conclude,
F or wit, feature, and true paſſion,
E arth, thou haſt not ſuch another.

XLI.

On Gypsee.

GYpsee, new baud, is turn'd phyſitian,
And gets more gold, then all the colledge can:
Such her quaint practiſe is, ſo it allures,
For what ſhee gaue, a whore; a baud, ſhee cures.

XLII.

On Giles and Ione.

VVHo ſayes that Giles and Ione at diſcord be?
Th'obſeruing neighbours no ſuch mood can ſee.
Indeed, poore Giles repents he married euer.
But that his Ione doth too. And Giles would neuer,
By his free will, be in Iones company.
No more would Ione he ſhould. Giles riſeth early,
And hauing got him out of doores is glad.
The like is Ione. But turning home, is ſad.
And ſo is Ione. Oft-times, when Giles doth find
Harſh ſights at home, Giles wiſheth he were blind.
All this doth Ione. Or that his long yearn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun. The like wiſh hath his wife.

The

The children, that he keepes, GILES ſweares are none
Of his begetting. And ſo ſweares his IONE.
In all affections ſhee concurreth ſtill.
If, now, with man and wife, to will, and nill
The ſelfe-ſame things, a note of concord be:
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII.

TO ROBERT EARLE OF SALISBVRIE.

WHat need haſt thou of me? or of my *Muſe*?
Whoſe actions ſo themſelues doe celebrate?
Which ſhould thy countries loue to ſpeake refuſe,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
'Tofore, great men were glad of *Poets*: Now,
I, not the worſt, am couetous of thee.
Yet dare not, to my thought, leſt hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my booke, men reade but CECILL's name,
And what I write thereof find farre, and free
From ſeruile flatterie (common *Poets* ſhame)
As thou ſtand'ſt cleere of the neceſſitie.

XLIIII.

ON CHVFFE, BANCKS THE VSVRER'S KINSMAN.

CHVFFE, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in iſſue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his owne funerall,
Saw all his race approch the blacker floods:
He meant they thither ſhould make ſwift repaire,
When he made him executor, might be heire.

XLV.

ON MY FIRST SONNE.

FArewell, thou child of my right hand, and ioy;
My ſinne was too much hope of thee, lou'd boy,
Seuen yeeres tho'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the iuſt day.
O, could I looſe all father, now. For why
Will man lament the ſtate he ſhould enuie?
To haue ſo ſoone ſcap'd worlds, and fleſhes rage,
And, if no other miſerie, yet age?

Reſt

Reſt in ſoft peace, and, ask'd, ſay here doth lye
BEN. IONSON his beſt piece of *poetrie.*
For whoſe ſake, hence-forth, all his vowes be ſuch,
As what he loues may neuer like too much.

XLVI.

TO SIR LVCKLESSE WOO-ALL.

IS this the *Sir*, who, ſome waſt wife to winne,
A knight-hood bought, to goe a wooing in?
'Tis LVCKLESSE he, that tooke vp one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then: Hee'll neuer pay.
Yes, now he weares his knight-hood euery day.

XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

SIr LVCKLESSE, troth, for lucks ſake paſſe by one:
Hee that wooes euery widdow, will get none.

XLVIII.

ON MVNGRIL ESQVIRE.

HIs bought armes MVNG' not lik'd; for his firſt day
Of bearing them in field, he threw'hem away:
And hath no honor loſt our Due'lliſts ſay.

XLIX.

TO PLAY-WRIGHT.

PLAY-WRIGHT me reades, and ſtill my verſes damnes,
He ſayes, I want the tongue of *Epigrammes*;
I haue no ſalt: no bawdrie he doth meane.
For wittie, in his language, is obſcene.
PLAY-WRIGHT, I loath to haue thy manners knowne
In my chaſt booke: profeſſe them in thine owne.

L.

TO SIR COD.

LEaue COD, *tabacco*-like, burnt gummes to take,
Or fumie clyſters, thy moiſt lungs to bake:
Arſenike would thee fit for ſocietie make.

LI.

To King Iames.

Vpon the happy falſe rumour of his death, the two and twentieth day of March, 1607-8.

THat we thy loſſe might know, and thou our loue,
Great heau'n did well, to giue ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but *panick* terror proue,
And farre beneath leaſt pauſe of ſuch a king,
Yet giue thy iealous ſubiects leaue to doubt:
Who this thy ſcape from rumour gratulate,
No leſſe than if from perill; and deuout,
Doe beg thy care vnto thy after-ſtate.
For we, that haue our eyes ſtill in our eares,
Looke not vpon thy dangers, but our feares.

LII.

To Censorious Covrtling.

COvrtling, I rather thou ſhould'ſt vtterly
Diſpraiſe my worke, then praiſe it froſtily:
When I am read, thou fain'ſt a weake applauſe,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dſt a cauſe.
This but thy iudgement fooles: the other way
Would both thy folly, and thy ſpite betray.

LIII.

To Old-end Gatherer.

LOng-gathering Old-end, I did feare thee wiſe,
When hauing pill'd a booke, which no man buyes,
Thou wert content the authors name to looſe:
But when (in place) thou didſt the patrons chooſe,
It was as if thou printed had'ſt an oath,
To giue the world aſſurance thou wert both;
And that, as *puritanes* at baptiſme doo,
Thou art the father, and the witneſſe too.
For, but thy ſelfe, where, out of motly, 's hee
Could ſaue that line to dedicate to thee?

LIIII.

On Chev'ril.

CHEV'RIL cryes out, my verses libells are;
And threatens the *starre-chamber*, and the barre:
What are thy petulant pleadings, CHEV'RIL, then,
That quit'st the cause so oft, and rayl'st at men?

LV.

To Francis Beavmont.

HOw I doe loue thee BEAVMONT, and thy *Muse*,
That vnto me dost such religion vse!
How I doe feare my selfe, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happie, and vnmak'st;
And giuing largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so it selfe bereaues?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceiues?
When euen there, where most thou prayses mee,
For writing better, I must enuie thee.

LVI.

On Poet-Ape.

POore POET-APE, that would be thought our chiefe,
Whose workes are eene the fripperie of wit,
From brocage is become so bold a thiefe,
As we, the rob'd, leaue rage, and pittie it.
At first he made low shifts, would picke and gleane,
Buy the reuersion of old playes; now growne
To a little wealth, and credit in the *scene*,
He takes vp all, makes each mans wit his owne.
And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor deuoures;
He markes not whose 'twas first: and after-times
May iudge it to be his, as well as ours.
Foole, as if halfe eyes will not know a fleece
From locks of wooll, or shreds from the whole peece?

LVII.

On Bavdes, And Vsvrers.

IF, as their ends, their fruits were so, the same
Baudrie, and vsurie were one kind of game.

LVIII.

To Groome Ideot.

IDEOT, last night, I pray'd thee but forbeare
To reade my verses; now I must to heare:
For offring, with thy smiles, my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpnesse thou no lesse dis-ioynts,
Then thou did'st late my sense, loosing my points.
So haue I seene at CHRIST-masse sports one lost,
And, hood-wink'd, for a man, embrace a post.

LIX.

On Spies. †

SPIES, you are lights in state, but of base stuffe,
Who, when you'haue burnt your selues downe to the snuffe,
Stinke, and are throwne away. End faire enough.

LX.

To William Lord Mounteagle.

LOe, what my countrey should haue done (haue rais'd
An obeliske, or columne to thy name,
Or, if shee would but modestly haue prais'd
Thy fact, in brasse or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here doo!
And proud, my worke shall out-last common deeds,
Durst thinke it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I doo't, so much exceeds!
My countries parents I haue many knowne;
But sauer of my countrey thee alone.

LXI.

To Foole, or Knave.

THy praise, or dispraise is to me alike,
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

LXII.

To Fine Lady Would-bee.

FIne MADAME WOULD-BEE, wherefore should you feare,
That loue to make so well, a child to beare?

The

The world reputes you barren: but I know
Your 'pothecarie, and his drug ſayes no.
Is it the paine affrights? that's ſoone forgot.
Or your complexions loſſe? you haue a pot,
That can reſtore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, yo'are thought a wholeſome creature.
What ſhould the cauſe be? Oh, you liue at court:
And there's both loſſe of time, and loſſe of ſport
In a great belly. Write, then on thy wombe,
Of the not borne, yet buried, here's the tombe.

LXIII.

To Robert Earle of Salisburie.

WHo can conſider thy right courſes run,
With what thy vertue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune; who can cleerely ſee
The iudgement of the king ſo ſhine in thee;
And that thou ſeek'ſt reward of thy each act,
Not from the publike voyce, but priuate fact;
Who can behold all enuie ſo declin'd
By conſtant ſuffring of thy equall mind;
And can to theſe be ſilent, *Salisburie*,
Without his, thine, and all times iniurie?
Curſt be his *Muſe*, that could lye dumbe, or hid
To ſo true worth, though thou thy ſelfe forbid.

LXIIII.

To the same.

Vpon the acceſſion of the Treaſurer-ſhip to him. 1608.

NOt glad, like thoſe that haue new hopes, or ſutes,
With thy new place, bring I theſe early fruits
Of loue, and what the golden age did hold
A treaſure, art: contemn'd in th'age of gold.
Nor glad as thoſe, that old dependents bee,
To ſee thy fathers rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for faſhion. Nor to ſhew a fit
Of flatterie to thy titles. Nor of wit.
But I am glad to ſee that time ſuruiue;
Where merit is not ſepulcher'd aliue.

Where good mens vertues them to honors bring,
And not to dangers. When ſo wiſe a king
Contends t'haue worth enioy, from his regard,
As her owne conſcience, ſtill, the ſame reward.
Theſe (nobleſt CECIL) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder ſee thy name hath wrought?
That whil'ſt I meant but thine to gratulate,
I haue ſung the greater fortunes of our ſtate.

LXV.

TO MY MVSE.

AWay, and leaue me, thou thing moſt abhord
That haſt betray'd me to a worthleſſe lord;
Made me commit moſt fierce idolatrie
To a great image through thy luxurie.
Be thy next maſters more vnluckie *Muſe*,
And, as thou'haſt mine, his houres, and youth abuſe.
Get him the times long grudge, the courts ill will;
And, reconcil'd, keepe him ſuſpected ſtill.
Make him looſe all his friends; and, which is worſe,
Almoſt all wayes, to any better courſe.
With me thou leau'ſt an happier *Muſe* then thee,
And which thou brought'ſt me, welcome pouertie.
Shee ſhall inſtruct my after-thoughts to write
Things manly, and not ſmelling paraſite.
But I repent me: Stay. Who e're is rais'd,
For worth he has not, He is tax'd, not prais'd.

LXVI.

TO SIR HENRIE CARY.

THat neither fame, nor loue might wanting be
To greatneſſe, CARY, I ſing that, and thee.
Whoſe houſe, if it no other honor had,
In onely thee, might be both great, and glad.
Who, to vpbraid the ſloth of this our time,
Durſt valour make, almoſt, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or thou more happie, it to iuſtifie
Againſt thy fortune: when no foe, that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Loue thy great loſſe, which a renowne hath wonne,
* To liue when *Broeck* not ſtands, nor *Roor* doth runne.

* *The Caſtle and Riuer neere where he was taken.*

Loue

Loue honors, which of beſt example bee,
When they coſt deareſt, and are done moſt free,
Though euery fortitude deſerues applauſe,
It may be much, or little, in the cauſe.
Hee's valiant'ſt, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That vertuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII.

To Thomas Earle of Svffolke.

SInce men haue left to doe praiſe-worthy things,
Moſt thinke all praiſes flatteries. But truth brings
That ſound, and that authoritie with her name,
As, to be rais'd by her, is onely fame.
Stand high, then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
High in thy bloud, thy place, but higheſt then,
When, in mens wiſhes, ſo thy vertues wrought,
As all thy honors were by them firſt ſought:
And thou deſign'd to be the ſame thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good mans heart.
Which, by no leſſe confirm'd, then thy kings choice,
Proues, that is gods, which was the peoples voice.

LXVIII.

On Play-wright.

PLay-wright conuict of publike wrongs to men,
Takes priuate beatings, and begins againe.
Two kindes of valour he doth ſhew at ones;
Actiue in's braine, and paſſiue in his bones.

LXIX.

To Pertinax Cob.

COb, thou nor ſouldier, thiefe, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liu'ſt! Th'haſt one good part.

LXX.

To William Roe.

WHen *Nature* bids vs leaue to liue, 'tis late
Then to begin, my Roe: He makes a ſtate
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true cauſes, ere they grow too old.

Delay

Delay is bad, doubt worſe, depending worſt;
Each beſt day of our life eſcapes vs, firſt.
Then, ſince we (more then many) theſe truths know:
Though life be ſhort, let vs not make it ſo.

LXXI.

On Covrt-Parrat.

TO plucke downe mine, Poll ſets vp new wits ſtill,
Still, 'tis his lucke to praiſe me 'gainſt his will.

LXXII.

To Covrt-ling.

I Grieue not, Covrtling, thou art ſtarted vp
A chamber-critick, and doſt dine, and ſup
At Madames table, where thou mak'ſt all wit
Goe high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
'Tis not thy iudgement breeds the preiudice,
Thy perſon only, Covrtling, is the vice.

LXXIII.

To Fine Grand.

WHat is't, fine Grand, makes thee my friendſhip flye,
Or take an *Epigramme* ſo fearefully:
As't were a challenge, or a borrowers letter?
The world muſt know your greatneſſe is my debter.
In-primis, Grand, you owe me for a ieſt;
I lent you, on meere acquaintance, at a feaſt.
Item, a tale or two, ſome fortnight after;
That yet maintaynes you, and your houſe in laughter.
Item, the *babylonian* ſong you ſing;
Item, a faire *greeke* poeſie for a ring:
With which a learned *Madame* you belye.
Item, a charme ſurrounding fearefully,
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one halfe drawne
In ſolemne cypres, the other cob-web-lawne.
Item, a gulling *impreſe* for you, at tilt.
Item, your miſtris *anagram*, i' your hilt.
Item, your owne, ſew'd in your miſtris ſmock.
Item, an *epitaph* on my lords cock,
In moſt vile verſes, and coſt me more paine,
Then had I made 'hem good, to fit your vaine.

Fortie

Fortie things more, deare GRAND, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly', or Ile pay you.

LXXIIII.

TO THOMAS LORD CHANCELOR.

WHil'ſt thy weigh'd iudgements, EGERTON, I heare,
And know thee, then, a iudge, not of one yeare;
Whil'ſt I behold thee liue with pureſt hands;
That no affection in thy voyce commands;
That ſtill th'art preſent to the better cauſe;
And no leſſe wiſe, then skilfull in the lawes;
Whil'ſt thou art certaine to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conſcience, which is alwayes one:
The *Virgin*, long-ſince fled from earth, I ſee,
T'our times return'd, hath made her heauen in thee.

LXXV.

ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.

I Cannot thinke there's that antipathy
'Twixt *puritanes*, and *players*, as ſome cry;
Though LIPPE, at PAVLS, ranne from his text away,
T'inueigh 'gainſt playes: what did he then but play?

LXXVI.

ON LVCY COVNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

THis morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to forme vnto my zealous *Muſe*,
What kinde of creature I could moſt deſire,
To honor, ſerue, and loue; as *Poets* vſe.
I meant to make her faire, and free, and wiſe,
Of greateſt bloud, and yet more good then great;
I meant the day-ſtarre ſhould not brighter riſe,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent ſeat.
I meant ſhee ſhould be curteous, facile, ſweet,
Hating that ſolemne vice of greatneſſe, pride;
I meant each ſofteſt vertue, there ſhould meet,
Fit in that ſofter boſome to reſide.
Onely a learned, and a manly ſoule
I purpos'd her; that ſhould, with euen powers,
The rock, the ſpindle, and the ſheeres controule
Of deſtinie, and ſpin her owne free houres.

Such

Such when I meant to faine, and wiſh'd to ſee,
My *Muſe* bad, *Bedford* write, and that was ſhee.

LXXVII.

To one that desired me not to name him.

BE ſafe, nor feare thy ſelfe ſo good a fame,
That, any way, my booke ſhould ſpeake thy name:
For, if thou ſhame, ranck'd with my friends, to goe,
I am more aſham'd to haue thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII.

To Hornet.

HOrnet, thou haſt thy wife dreſt, for the ſtall,
To draw thee cuſtome: but her ſelfe gets all.

LXXIX.

To Elizabeth Covntesse of Rvtland.

Sir P. Sidney.

THat *Poets* are far rarer births then kings,
Your nobleſt father prou'd: like whom, before,
Or then, or ſince, about our *Muſes* ſprings,
Came not that ſoule exhauſted ſo their ſtore.
Hence was it, that the *deſtinies* decreed
(Saue that moſt maſculine iſſue of his braine)
No male vnto him: who could ſo exceed
Nature, they thought, in all, that he would faine.
At which, ſhee happily diſpleas'd, made you:
On whom, if he were liuing now, to looke,
He ſhould thoſe rare, and abſolute numbers view,
As he would burne, or better farre his booke.

LXXX.

Of Life, and Death.

THe ports of death are ſinnes; of life, good deeds:
Through which, our merit leads vs to our meeds.
How wilfull blind is he then, that would ſtray,
And hath it, in his powers, to make his way!
This world deaths region is, the other lifes:
And here, it ſhould be one of our firſt ſtrifes,

So

So to front death, as men might iudge vs paſt it.
For good men but ſee death, the wicked taſt it.

LXXXI.

To Provle the Plagiary.

FOrbeare to tempt me, Provle, I will not ſhow
A line vnto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I'haue by two good ſufficient men,
To be the wealthy witneſſe of my pen:
For all thou hear'ſt, thou ſwear'ſt thy ſelfe didſt doo.
Thy wit liues by it, Provle, and belly too.
Which, if thou leaue not ſoone (though I am loth)
I muſt a libell make, and coſen both.

LXXXII.

On Cashierd Capt. Svrly.

SVrly's old whore in her new ſilkes doth ſwim:
He caſt, yet keeps her well! No, ſhee keeps him.

LXXXIII.

To a Friend.

TO put out the word, whore, thou do'ſt me woo,
Throughout my booke. 'Troth put out woman too.

LXXXIIII.

To Lvcy Covntesse of Bedford.

MAdame, I told you late how I repented,
I ask'd a lord a buck, and he denyed me;
And, ere I could aske you, I was preuented:
For your moſt noble offer had ſupply'd me.
Straight went I home; and there moſt like a *Poet*,
I fancied to my ſelfe, what wine, what wit
I would haue ſpent: how euery *Muſe* ſhould know it,
And Phœbvs-ſelfe ſhould be at eating it.
O *Madame*, if your grant did thus transferre mee,
Make it your gift. See whither that will beare mee.

LXXXV.

To Sir Henry Goodyere.

GOodyere, I am glad, and gratefull to report,
My ſelfe a witneſſe of thy few dayes ſport:

Where

Where I both learn'd, why wiſe-men hawking follow,
And why that bird was ſacred to APOLLO,
Shee doth inſtruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge ſo ſhould toure vpright,
And neuer ſtoupe, but to ſtrike ignorance:
Which if they miſſe, they yet ſhould re-aduance
To former height, and there in circle tarrie,
Till they be ſure to make the foole their quarrie.
Now, in whoſe pleaſures I haue this diſcerned,
What would his ſerious actions me haue learned?

LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

WHen I would know thee GOODYERE, my thought lookes
Vpon thy wel-made choiſe of friends, and bookes;
Then doe I loue thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends bookes, and thy bookes friends:
Now, I muſt giue thy life, and deed, the voice
Attending ſuch a ſtudie, ſuch a choice.
Where, though't be loue, that to thy praiſe doth moue
It was a knowledge, that begat that loue.

LXXXVII.

ON CAPTAINE HAZARD THE CHEATER.

TOuch'd with the ſinne of falſe play, in his punque,
HAZARD a month forſware his; and grew drunke,
Each night, to drowne his cares: But when the gaine
Of what ſhee had wrought came in, and wak'd his braine,
Vpon th'accompt, hers grew the quicker trade.
Since when, hee's ſober againe, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.

ON ENGLISH MOVNSIEVR.

WOuld you beleeue, when you this MOVNSIEVR ſee,
That his whole body ſhould ſpeake *french*, not he?
That ſo much skarfe of *France*, and hat, and fether,
And ſhooe, and tye, and garter ſhould come hether,
And land on one, whoſe face durſt neuer bee
Toward the ſea, farther then halfe-way tree?
That he, vntrauell'd, ſhould be *french* ſo much,
As *french*-men in his companie, ſhould ſeeme *dutch*?

Or

Or had his father, when he did him get,
The *french* diſeaſe, with which he labours yet?
Or hung ſome MOVNSIEVRS picture on the wall,
By which his damme conceiu'd him clothes and all?
Or is it ſome *french* ſtatue? No: 'Tdoth moue,
And ſtoupe, and cringe. O then, it needs muſt proue
The new *french*-taylors motion, monthly made,
Daily to turne in PAVLS, and helpe the trade.

LXXXIX.

TO EDWARD ALLEN.

IF *Rome* ſo great, and in her wiſeſt age,
Fear'd not to boaſt the glories of her ſtage,
As skilfull ROSCIVS, and graue ÆSOPE, men,
Yet crown'd with honors, as with riches, then;
Who had no leſſe a trumpet of their name,
Then CICERO, whoſe euery breath was fame:
How can ſo great example dye in mee,
That, ALLEN, I ſhould pauſe to publiſh thee?
Who both their graces in thy ſelfe haſt more
Out-ſtript, then they did all that went before:
And preſent worth in all doſt ſo contract,
As others ſpeake, but onely thou doſt act.
Weare this renowne. 'Tis iuſt, that who did giue
So many *Poets* life, by one ſhould liue.

XC.

ON MILL. MY LADIES WOMAN.

WHen MILL firſt came to court, the vnprofiting foole,
Vnworthy ſuch a miſtris, ſuch a ſchoole,
Was dull, and long, ere ſhee would goe to man:
At laſt, eaſe, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taſt her ladies page;
And, finding good ſecuritie in his age,
Went on: and prouing him ſtill, day by day,
Diſcern'd no difference of his yeeres, or play.
Not though that haire grew browne, which once was amber,
And he growne youth, was call'd to his ladies chamber,
Still MILL continu'd: Nay, his face growing worſe,
And he remou'd to gent'man of the horſe,
MILL was the ſame. Since, both his body and face
Blowne vp; and he (too'vnwieldie for that place)

Hath got the ſtewards chaire; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his MILL will marry.
And it is hop'd, that ſhee, like MILO, will
First bearing him a calfe, beare him a bull.

XCI.

TO SIR HORACE VERE.

WHich of thy names I take, not onely beares
A *romane* ſound, but *romane* vertue weares,
Illuſtrous VERE, or HORACE; fit to be
Sung by a HORACE, or a *Muſe* as free;
Which thou art to thy ſelfe: whoſe fame was wonne
In th'eye of *Europe*, where thy deedes were done,
When on thy trumpet ſhee did ſound a blaſt.
Whoſe relliſh to eternitie ſhall laſt.
I leaue thy acts, which ſhould I proſequute
Throughout, might flatt'rie ſeeme; and to be mute
To any one, were enuie: which would liue
Againſt my graue, and time could not forgiue.
I ſpeake thy other graces, not leſſe ſhowne,
Nor leſſe in practice; but leſſe mark'd, leſſe knowne:
Humanitie, and pietie, which are
As noble in great chiefes, as they are rare.
And beſt become the valiant man to weare,
Who more ſhould ſeeke mens reuerence, then feare.

XCII.

THE NEW CRIE.

ERe cherries ripe, and ſtraw-berries be gone,
Vnto the cryes of *London* Ile adde one;
Ripe ſtateſmen, ripe: They grow in euery ſtreet.
At ſixe and twentie, ripe. You ſhall'hem meet,
And haue'hem yeeld no ſauour, but of ſtate.
Ripe are their ruffes, their cuffes, their beards, their gate,
And graue as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the ſtates of *Chriſtendome*, not the places:
Yet haue they ſeene the maps, and bought 'hem too,
And vnderſtand 'hem, as moſt chapmen doe.
The councels, proiects, practiſes they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And vnto whom: They are the almanacks
For twelues yeeres yet to come, what each ſtate lacks.

They

They carry in their pockets TACITVS,
And the GAZETTI, or GALLO-BELGICVS:
And talke reſeru'd, look'd vp, and full of feare,
Nay, aske you, how the day goes, in your eare.
Keepe a *ſtarre*-chamber ſentence cloſe, twelue dayes:
And whiſper what a Proclamation ſayes.
They meet in ſixes, and at euery mart,
Are ſure to con the catalogue by hart;
Or, euery day, ſome one at RIMEE's looks,
Or BILS, and there he buyes the names of books.
They all get *Porta*, for the ſundrie wayes
To write in cypher, and the ſeuerall keyes,
To ope' the character. They'haue found the ſleight
With iuyce of limons, onions, piſſe, to write.
To breake vp ſeales, and cloſe 'hem. And they know,
If the *States* make peace, how it will goe
With *England*. All forbidden bookes they get.
And of the poulder-plot, they will talke yet.
At naming the *French* King, their heads they ſhake,
And at the *Pope*, and *Spaine* ſlight faces make.
Or 'gainſt the Biſhops, for the Brethren, raile,
Much like thoſe Brethren; thinking to preuaile
With ignorance on vs, as they haue done
On them: And therefore doe not onely ſhunne
Others more modeſt, but contemne vs too,
That know not ſo much ſtate, wrong, as they doo.

XCIII.

TO SIR IOHN RADCLIFFE.

HOw like a columne, RADCLIFFE, left alone
For the great marke of vertue, thoſe being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy houſe vp-beare,
Stand'ſt thou, to ſhew the times what you all were?
Two brauely in the battaile fell, and dy'd,
Vpbraiding rebells armes, and barbarous pride: *In Ireland.*
And two, that would haue ſalne as great, as they,
The *Belgick* feuer rauiſhed away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their ſpirit,
And thine owne goodneſſe to encreaſe thy merit,
Then whoſe I doe not know a whiter ſoule,
Nor could I, had I ſeene all *Natures* roule,
Thou yet remayn'ſt, vn-hurt in peace, or warre,
Though not vnprou'd: which ſhewes, thy fortunes are

Willing to expiate the fault in thee,
Wherewith, againſt thy bloud, they'offenders bee.

XCIII.

To Lvcy, Covntesse of Bedford, with Mr. Donnes Satyres.

LVcy, you brightneſſe of our ſpheare, who are
Life of the *Muſes* day, their morning-ſtarre!
If workes (not th'authors) their owne grace ſhould looke,
Whoſe poemes would not wiſh to be your booke?
But theſe, deſir'd by you, the makers ends
Crowne with their owne. Rare poemes aske rare friends.
Yet, *Satyres*, ſince the moſt of mankind bee
Their vn-auoided ſubiect, feweſt ſee:
For none ere tooke that pleaſure in ſinnes ſenſe,
But, when they heard it tax'd, tooke more offence.
They, then, that liuing where the matter is bred,
Dare for theſe poemes, yet, both aske, and read,
And like them too; muſt needfully, though few,
Be of the beſt: and 'mongſt thoſe, beſt are you.
Lvcy, you brightneſſe of our ſpheare, who are
The *Muſes* euening, as their morning-ſtarre.

XCIV.

To Sir Henrie Savile.

IF, my religion ſafe, I durſt embrace
That ſtranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I ſhould beleeue, the ſoule of Tacitvs
In thee, moſt weighty Savile, liu'd to vs:
So haſt thou rendred him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of ſenſe, and ſounds.
But when I read that ſpeciall piece, reſtor'd,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is ador'd,
To thine owne proper I aſcribe then more;
And gratulate the breach, I grieu'd before:
Which *Fate* (it ſeemes) caus'd in the hiſtorie,
Onely to boaſt thy merit in ſupply.
O, would'ſt thou adde like hand, to all the reſt!
Or, better worke! were thy glad countrey bleſt,
To haue her ſtorie wouen in thy thred;
Minervaes loome was neuer richer ſpred.

For

For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liu'st from hope, from feare, from faction free;
That hast thy breſt ſo cleere of preſent crimes,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrinke at voyce of after-times;
Whoſe knowledge claymeth at the helme to ſtand;
But, wiſely, thruſts not forth a forward hand,
No more then SALVST in the *Romane* ſtate!
As, then, his cauſe, his glorie emulate.
Although to write be leſſer then to doo,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knowes the ſeuerall graces
Of hiſtorie, and how to apt their places;
Where breuitie, where ſplendor, and where height,
Where ſweetneſſe is requir'd, and where weight;
We need a man, can ſpeake of the intents,
The councells, actions, orders, and euents
Of ſtate, and cenſure them: we need his pen
Can write the things, the cauſes, and the men.
But moſt we need his faith (and all haue you)
That dares nor write things falſe, nor hide things true.

required /

XCVI.

TO IOHN DONNE.

WHo ſhall doubt, DONNE, where I a *Poet* bee,
When I dare ſend my *Epigrammes* to thee?
That ſo alone canſt iudge, ſo alone doſt make:
And, in thy cenſures, euenly, doſt take
As free ſimplicitie, to diſ-auow,
As thou haſt beſt authoritie, t'allow.
Reade all I ſend: and, if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better ſtone,
My title's ſeal'd. Thoſe that for claps doe write,
Let pui'nees', porters', players' praiſe delight,
And, till they burſt, their backs, like aſſes load:
A man ſhould ſeeke great glorie, and not broad.

XCVII.

ON THE NEW MOTION.

SEe you yond' Motion? Not the old *Fa-ding*,
Nor Captayne POD, nor yet the *Eltham*-thing;
But one more rare, and in the caſe ſo new:
His cloke with orient veluet quite lin'd through,

His roſie tyes and garters ſo ore-blowne,
By his each glorious parcell to be knowne!
He wont was to encounter me, aloud,
Where ere he met me; now hee's dumbe, or proud.
Know you the cauſe? H'has neither land, nor leaſe,
Nor baudie ſtock, that trauells for encreaſe,
Nor office in the towne, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the beares, nor noyſe to make lords ſport.
He is no fauourites fauourite, no deare truſt
Of any *Madames*, hath neadd ſquires, and muſt.
Nor did the king of *Denmarke* him ſalute,
1606 When he was here. Nor hath he got a ſute,
Since he was gone, more then the one he weares.
Nor are the Queenes moſt honor'd maides by th'eares
About his forme. What then ſo ſwells each lim?
Onely his clothes haue ouer-leauen'd him.

XCVIII.

To Sir Thomas Roe.

THou haſt begun well, Roe, which ſtand well too,
And I know nothing more thou haſt to doo.
He that is round within himſelfe, and ſtreight,
Need ſeeke no other ſtrength, no other height;
Fortune vpon him breakes her ſelfe, if ill,
And what would hurt his vertue makes it ſtill.
That thou at once, then, nobly maiſt defend
With thine owne courſe the iudgement of thy friend,
Be alwayes to thy gather'd ſelfe the ſame:
And ſtudie conſcience, more then thou would'ſt fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worſt,
And euer is ill got without the firſt.

XCIX.

To the same.

THat thou haſt kept thy loue, encreaſt thy will,
Better'd thy truſt to letters; that thy skill;
Haſt taught thy ſelfe worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read:
How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
If time to facts, as vnto men would owe?
But much it now auailes, what's done, of whom:
The ſelfe-ſame deeds, as diuerſly they come,

From

From place, or fortune, are made high, or low,
And euen the praiſers iudgement ſuffers ſo.
Well, though thy name leſſe then our great ones bee,
Thy fact is more: let truth encourage thee.

C.

On Play-wright.

Play-wright, by chance, hearing ſome toyes I'had writ,
Cry'd to my face, they were th'*elixir* of wit:
And I muſt now beleeue him: for, to day,
Fiue of my ieſts, then ſtolne, paſt him a play.

CI.

Inviting a friend to svpper.

TO night, graue ſir, both my poore houſe, and I
Doe equally deſire your companie:
Not that we thinke vs worthy ſuch a gheſt,
But that your worth will dignifie our feaſt,
With thoſe that come; whoſe grace may make that ſeeme
Something, which, elſe, could hope for no eſteeme.
It is the faire acceptance, Sir, creates
The entertaynment perfect: not the cates.
Yet ſhall you haue, to rectifie your palate,
An oliue, capers, or ſome better ſallade
Vſhring the mutton; with a ſhort-leg'd hen,
If we can get her, full of egs, and then,
Limons, and wine for ſauce: to theſe, a coney
Is not to be deſpair'd of, for our money;
And, though fowle, now, be ſcarce, yet there are clarkes,
The skie not falling, thinke we may haue larkes.
Ile tell you of more, and lye, ſo you will come:
Of partrich, pheaſant, wood-cock, of which ſome
May yet be there; and godwit, if we can:
Knat, raile, and ruffe too. How ſo ere, my man
Shall reade a piece of Virgil, Tacitvs,
Livie, or of ſome better booke to vs,
Of which wee'll ſpeake our minds, amidſt our meate;
And Ile profeſſe no verſes to repeate:
To this, if ought appeare, which I know not of,
That will the paſtrie, not my paper, ſhow of.
Digeſtiue cheeſe, and fruit there ſure will bee;
But that, which moſt doth take my *Muſe*, and mee,

Is a pure cup of rich *Canary*-wine,
Which is the *Mermaids*, now, but ſhall be mine:
Of which had HORACE, or ANACREON taſted,
Their liues, as doe their lines, till now had laſted.
Tabacco, *Nectar*, or the *Theſpian* ſpring,
Are all but LVTHERS beere, to this I ſing.
Of this we will ſup free, but moderately,
And we will haue no *Pooly*', or *Parrot* by;
Nor ſhall our cups make any guiltie men:
But, at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No ſimple word,
That ſhall be vtter'd at our mirthfull boord,
Shall make vs ſad next morning: or affright
The libertie, that wee'll enioy to night.

CII.

TO WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

I Doe but name thee PEMBROKE, and I find
It is an *Epigramme*, on all man-kind;
Againſt the bad, but of, and to be good:
Both which are ask'd, to haue thee vnderſtood.
Nor could the age haue miſt thee, in this ſtrife
Of vice, and vertue; wherein all great life
Almoſt, is exercis'd: and ſcarſe one knowes,
To which, yet, of the ſides himſelfe he owes.
They follow vertue, for reward, to day;
To morrow vice, if ſhee giue better pay:
And are ſo good, and bad, iuſt at a price,
As nothing elſe diſcernes the vertue or vice.
But thou, whoſe noblêſſe keeps one ſtature ſtill,
And one true poſture, though beſieg'd with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raiſe;
Whoſe life, eu'n they, that enuie it, muſt praiſe;
That art ſo reuerenc'd, as thy comming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their ſinne;
Thou muſt draw more: and they, that hope to ſee
The common-wealth ſtill ſafe, muſt ſtudie thee.

CIII.

TO MARY LADY WROTH.

HOw well, faire crowne of your faire ſexe, might hee,
That but the twi-light of your ſprite did ſee,

And

And noted for what flesh such soules were fram'd,
Know you to be a SYDNEY, though vn-nam'd?
And, being nam'd, how little doth that name
Need any *Muses* praise to giue it fame?
Which is, it selfe, the *imprese* of the great,
And glorie of them all, but to repeate!
Forgiue me then, if mine but say you are
A SYDNEY: but in that extend as farre
As lowdest praisers, who perhaps would find
For euery part a character assign'd.
My praise is plaine, and where so ere profest,
Becomes none more then you, who need it least.

CIIII.

TO SVSAN COVNTESSE OF MONTGOMERY.

WEre they that nam'd you, prophets? Did they see,
Euen in the dew of grace, what you would bee?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new SVSANNA, equall to that old?
Or, because some scarce thinke that storie true,
To make those faithfull, did the *Fates* send you?
And to your *Scene* lent no lesse dignitie
Of birth, of match, of forme, of chastitie?
Or, more then borne for the comparison
Of former age, or glorie of our one,
Were you aduanced, past those times, to be
The light, and marke vnto posteritie?
Iudge they, that can: Here I haue rais'd to show
A picture, which the world for yours must know,
And like it too; if they looke equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, some should enuy.

CV.

TO MARY LADY WROTH.

MADAME, had all antiquitie beene lost,
All historie seal'd vp, and fables croft;
That we had left vs, nor by time, nor place,
Least mention of a *Nymph*, a *Muse*, a *Grace*,
But euen their names were to be made a-new,
Who could not but create them all, from you?
He, that but saw you weare the wheaten hat,
Would call you more then CERES, if not that:

And,

And, dreſt in ſhepheards tyre, who would not ſay:
You were the bright OENONE, FLORA, or *May*?
If dancing, all would cry th'*Idalian* Queene,
Were leading forth the *Graces* on the greene:
And, armed to the chaſe, ſo bare her bow
DIANA'alone, ſo hit, and hunted ſo.
There's none ſo dull, that for your ſtile would aske,
That ſaw you put on PALLAS plumed caske:
Or, keeping your due ſtate, that would not cry,
There IVNO ſate, and yet no Peacock by.
So are you *Natures Index*, and reſtore,
I'your ſelfe, all treaſure loſt of th'age before.

CVI.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.

IF men get name, for ſome one vertue: Then,
What man art thou, that art ſo many men,
All-vertuous HERBERT! on whoſe euery part
Truth might ſpend all her voyce, *Fame* all her art.
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy iudgement ſeaſoning it,
Thy ſtanding vpright to thy ſelfe, thy ends
Like ſtraight, thy pietie to God, and friends:
Their latter praiſe would ſtill the greateſt bee,
And yet, they, all together, leſſe then thee.

CVII.

TO CAPTAYNE HVNGRY.

DOe what you come for, Captayne, with your newes;
That's, ſit, and eate: doe not my eares abuſe.
I oft looke on falſe coyne, to know't from true:
Not that I loue it, more, then I will you.
Tell the groſſe *Dutch* thoſe groſſer tales of yours,
How great you were with their two Emperours;
And yet are with their Princes: Fill them full
Of your *Moravian* horſe, *Venetian* bull.
Tell them, what parts yo'haue tane, whence run away,
What States yo'haue gull'd, and which yet keepes yo'in pay.
Giue them your ſeruices, and embaſſies
In *Ireland*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, pompous lies,
In *Hungary*, and *Poland*, *Turkie* too;
What at *Ligorne*, *Rome*, *Florence* you did doe:

And,

And, in ſome yeere, all theſe together heap'd,
For which there muſt more ſea, and land be leap'd,
If but to be beleeu'd you haue the hap,
Then can a flea at twiſe skip i'the Map.
Giue your yong States-men, (that firſt make you drunke;
And then lye with you, cloſer, then a punque,
For newes) your *Ville-royes*, and *Silleries*,
Ienin's, your *Nuncio's*, and your *Tuilleries*,
Your *Arch-Dukes* Agents, and your *Beringhams*,
That are your wordes of credit. Keepe your Names
Of *Hannow*, *Shieter-huiſſen*, *Popenheim*,
Hans-ſpiegle, *Rotteinberg*, and *Bouterſheim*,
For your next meale: this you are ſure of. Why
Will you part with them, here, vnthriftely?
Nay, now you puffe, tuske, and draw vp your chin,
Twirle the poore chaine you run a feaſting in.
Come, be not angrie, you are HVNGRY; eate;
Doe what you come for, Captayne, There's your meate.

CVIII.

TO TRVE SOVLDIERS.

STrength of my Countrey, whilſt I bring to view
Such as are miſſe-call'd Captaynes, and wrong you;
And your high names: I doe deſire, that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I ſweare by your true friend, my *Muſe*, I loue
Your great profeſſion; which I onte, did proue: ✕
And did not ſhame it with my actions, then,
No more, then I dare now doe, with my pen
He that not truſts me, hauing vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captayne, ſtill: is ſuch.

See Drummond's Account.

CIX.

TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.

WHo now calls on thee, NEVIL, is a *Muſe*,
That ſerues nor fame, nor titles; but doth chuſe
Where vertue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is faire, beſide thy pedigree.
Thou art not one, ſeek'ſt miſeries with hope,
Wreſtleſt with dignities, or fain'ſt a ſcope
Of ſeruice to the publique, when the end
Is priuate gaine, which hath long guilt to friend.

Thou

Thou rather ſtriu'ſt the matter to poſſeſſe,
And elements of honor, then the dreſſe;
To make thy lent life, good againſt the *Fates*:
And firſt to know thine owne ſtate, then the States.
To be the ſame in roote, thou art in height;
And that thy ſoule ſhould giue thy fleſh her weight.
Goe on, and doubt not, what poſteritie,
Now I haue ſung thee thus, ſhall iudge of thee.
Thy deedes, vnto thy name, will proue new wombes,
Whil'ſt others toyle for titles to their tombes.

CX.

To Clement Edmonds, on his Cæsars *Commentaries obſerued, and tranſlated.*

NOt Caesars deeds, nor all his honors wonne,
In theſe weſt-parts, nor when that warre was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemie,
Cato's to boote, *Rome*, and her libertie,
All yeelding to his fortune, nor, the while,
To haue engrau'd theſe acts, with his owne ſtile,
And that ſo ſtrong and deepe, as't might be thought,
He wrote, with the ſame ſpirit that he fought,
Nor that his worke liu'd in the hands of foes,
Vn-argued then, and yet hath fame from thoſe;
Not all theſe, Edmonds, or what elſe put too,
Can ſo ſpeake Caesar, as thy labours doe.
For, where his perſon liu'd ſcarce, one iuſt age
And that, midſt enuy, and parts; then fell by rage:
His deedes too dying, but in bookes (whoſe good
How few haue read! how fewer vnderſtood?)
Thy learned hand, and true *Promethean* art
(As by a new creation) part by part,
In euery counſell, ſtratageme, deſigne,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T'all future time, not onely doth reſtore
His life, but makes, that he can dye no more.

CXI.

To the same; On the same.

WHo Edmonds, reades thy booke, and doth not ſee
What th'antique ſouldiers were, the moderne bee?

Wherein

Wherein thou ſhew'ſt, how much the latter are
Beholding, to this maſter of the warre;
And that, in action, there is nothing new,
More, then to varie what our elders knew:
Which all, but ignorant Captaynes will confeſſe:
Nor to giue CAESAR this, makes ours the leſſe.
Yet thou, perhaps, ſhalt meet ſome tongues will grutch,
That to the world thou ſhould'ſt reueale ſo much,
And thence, depraue thee, and thy worke. To thoſe
CAESAR ſtands vp, as from his vrne late roſe,
By thy great helpe: and doth proclaime by mee,
They murder him againe, that enuie thee.

CXII.

TO A WEAKE GAMSTER IN POETRY.

WIth thy ſmall ſtocke, why art thou ventring ſtill,
At this ſo ſubtile ſport: and play'ſt ſo ill?
Think'ſt thou it is meere fortune, that can win?
Or thy ranke ſetting? that thou dar'ſt put in
Thy all, at all: and what ſo ere I doe,
Art ſtill at that, and think'ſt to blow me vp too?
I cannot for the ſtage a *Drama* lay,
Tragick, or *Comick*; but thou writ'ſt the play.
I leaue thee there, and giuing way, entend
An *Epick* poeme; thou haſt the ſame end.
I modeſtly quit that, and thinke to write,
Next morne, an *Ode*: Thou mak'ſt a ſong ere night.
I paſſe to *Elegies*; Thou meet'ſt me there:
To *Satyres*; and thou doſt purſue me. Where,
Where ſhall I ſcape thee? in an *Epigramme?*
O, (thou cry'ſt out) that is thy proper game.
Troth, if it be, I pitty thy ill lucke;
That both for wit, and ſenſe, ſo oft doſt plucke,
And neuer art encounter'd, I confeſſe:
Nor ſcarce doſt colour for it, which is leſſe.
Pr'y thee, yet ſaue thy reſt; giue ore in time:
There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

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There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

CXIII.

TO SIR THOMAS OVERBVRY.

SO PHŒBVS makes me worthy of his bayes,
As but to ſpeake thee, OVERBVRY, is praiſe:

So, where thou liu'ſt, thou mak'ſt life vnderſtood!
Where, what makes others great, doth keepe thee good!
I thinke, the *Fate* of court thy comming crau'd,
That the wit there, and manners might be ſau'd:
For ſince, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
And letters, and humanitie in the ſtead!
Repent thee not of thy faire precedent,
Could make ſuch men, and ſuch a place repent:
Nor may any feare, to looſe of their degree,
Who in ſuch ambition can but follow thee.

CXIIII.

To Mrs. Philip Sydney.

I Muſt beleeue ſome miracles ſtill bee
When Sydnyes name I heare, or face I ſee:
For Cvpid, who (at firſt) tooke vaine delight,
In meere out-formes, vntill he loſt his ſight,
Hath chang'd his ſoule, and made his obiect you:
Where finding ſo much beautie met with vertue,
He hath not onely gain'd himſelfe his eyes,
But, in your loue, made all his ſeruants wiſe.

CXV.

On the Townes honest Man.

YOu wonder, who this is! and, why I name
Him not, aloud, that boaſts ſo good a fame:
Naming ſo many, too! But, this is one,
Suffers no name, but a deſcription:
Being no vitious perſon, but the vice
About the towne; and knowne too, at that price.
A ſubtle thing, that doth affections win
By ſpeaking well o' the company it's in.
Talkes loud, and baudy, has a gather'd deale
Of newes, and noyſe, to ſow out a long meale.
Can come from *Tripoly*, leape ſtooles, and winke,
Doe all, that longs to the *anarchy* of drinke,
Except the *duell*. Can ſing ſongs, and catches;
Giue euery one his doſe of mirth: and watches
Whoſe name's vn-welcome to the preſent eare,
And him it layes on; if he be not there.
Tell's of him, all the tales, it ſelfe then makes;
But, if it ſhall be queſtion'd, vnder-takes,

It will deny all; and forſweare it too:
Not that it feares, but will not haue to doo
With ſuch a one. And therein keepes it's word.
'Twill ſee it's ſiſter naked, ere a ſword.
At euery meale, where it doth dine, or ſup,
The cloth's no ſooner gone, but it gets vp
And, ſhifting of it's faces, doth play more
Parts, then th'*Italian* could doe, with his dore.
Acts old *Iniquitie*, and in the fit
Of miming, gets th'opinion of a wit.
Executes men in picture. By defect,
From friendſhip, is it's owne fames architect.
An inginer, in ſlanders, of all faſhions,
That ſeeming prayſes, are, yet accuſations.
Deſcrib'd, it's thus: Defin'd would you it haue?
Then, *The townes honeſt Man's* her errant'ſt knaue.

CXVI.

To Sir William Iephson.

Iephson, thou man of men, to whoſe lou'd name
All gentrie, yet, owe part of their beſt flame!
So did thy vertue'enforme, thy wit ſuſtaine
That age, when thou ſtood'ſt vp the maſter-braine:
Thou wert the firſt, mad'ſt merit know her ſtrength,
And thoſe that lack'd it, to ſuſpect at length,
'Twas not entayl'd on title. That ſome word
Might be found out as good, and not *my Lord*.
That *Nature* no ſuch difference had impreſt
In men, but euery braueſt was the beſt:
That bloud not mindes, but mindes did bloud adorne:
And to liue great, was better, then great borne.
Theſe were thy knowing arts: which who doth now
Vertuouſly practiſe muſt at leaſt allow
Them in, if not, from thee; or muſt commit
A deſperate ſoloeciſme in truth and wit.

CXVII.

On Groyne.

Groyne, come of age, his ſtate ſold out of hand
For his whore: Groyne doth ſtill occupy his land.

CXVIII.

On Gvt.

GVt eates all day, and lechers all the night,
So all his meate he tasteth ouer, twise:
And, striuing so to double his delight,
He makes himselfe a thorough-fare of vice.
Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX.

To Sir Raph Shelton.

NOt he that flies the court for want of clothes,
At hunting railes, hauing no guift in othes,
Cryes out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
Shuns preasse, for two maine causes, poxe, and debt,
With me can merit more, then that good man,
Whose dice not doing well, to'a pulpit ran,
No, Shelton, giue me thee, canst want all these,
But dost it out of iudgement, not disease;
Dar'st breath in any ayre; and with safe skill,
Till thou canst finde the best, choose the least ill.
That to the vulgar canst thy selfe apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And, in their errors maze, thine owne way know:
Which is to liue to conscience, not to show.
He, that, but liuing halfe his age, dyes such;
Makes, the whole longer, then 'twas giuen him, much.

CXX.

Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

WEepe with me all you that read
This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's selfe is sorry.
'Twas a child, that so did thriue
In grace, and feature,
As *Heauen* and *Nature* seem'd to striue
Which own'd the creature.

Yeeres

Yeeres he numbred ſcarſe thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd *Zodiackes* had he beene
The ſtages iewell;
And did act (what now we mone)
Old men ſo duely,
As, ſooth, the *Parca* thought him one,
He plai'd ſo truely.
So, by error, to his fate
They all conſented;
But viewing him ſince (alas, too late)
They haue repented.
And haue ſought (to giue new birth)
In bathes to ſteepe him;
But, being ſo much too good for earth,
Heauen vowes to keepe him.

CXXI.

To Beniamin Rvdyerd.

Rvdyerd, as leſſer dames, to great ones vſe,
My lighter comes, to kiſſe thy learned *Muſe*;
Whoſe better ſtudies while ſhee emulates,
Shee learnes to know long difference of their ſtates.
Yet is the office not to be deſpis'd,
If onely loue ſhould make the action pris'd:
Nor he, for friendſhip, to be thought vnfit,
That ſtriues, his manners ſhould procede his wit.

CXXII.

To the same.

If I would wiſh, for truth, and not for ſhow,
The aged Saturne's age, and rites to know;
If I would ſtriue to bring backe times, and trie
The world's pure gold, and wiſe ſimplicitie;
If I would vertue ſet, as ſhee was yong,
And heare her ſpeake with one, and her firſt tongue;
If holieſt friend-ſhip, naked to the touch,
I would reſtore, and keepe it euer ſuch;
I need no other arts, but ſtudie thee:
Who prou'ſt, all theſe were, and againe may bee.

CXXIII.

To the same.

WRiting thy ſelfe, or iudging others writ,
I know not which th'haſt moſt, candor, or wit:
But both th'haſt ſo, as who affects the ſtate
Of the beſt writer, and iudge, ſhould emulate.

CXXIIII.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

WOuld'ſt thou heare, what man can ſay
In a little? Reader, ſtay.
Vnder-neath this ſtone doth lye
As much beautie, as could dye:
Which in life did harbour giue
To more vertue, then doth liue.
If, at all, ſhee had a fault,
Leaue it buryed in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
Th'other let it ſleepe with death:
Fitter, where it dyed, to tell,
Then that it liu'd at all. Farewell.

CXXV.

To Sir William Vvedale.

VV'dale, thou piece of the firſt times, a man
Made for what *Nature* could, or *Vertue* can;
Both whoſe dimenſions, loſt, the world might finde
Reſtored in thy body, and thy minde!
Who ſees a ſoule, in ſuch a body ſet,
Might loue the treaſure for the cabinet.
But I, no child, no foole, reſpect the kinde,
The full, the flowing graces there enſhrin'd;
Which (would the world not miſ-call't flatterie)
I could adore, almoſt t'idolatrie.

CXXVI.

To his Lady, then Mrs. Cary.

REtyr'd, with purpoſe your faire worth to praiſe,
'Mongſt *Hampton* ſhades, and Phœbvs groue of bayes,

I pluc'kd

I pluck'd a branch; the iealous god did frowne,
And bad me lay th'vsurped laurell downe:
Said I wrong'd him, and (which was more) his loue.
I answer'd, DAPHNE now no paine can proue.
PHŒBVS replyed. Bold head, it is not shee:
CARY my loue is, DAPHNE but my tree.

CXXVII.

TO ESME, LORD 'AVBIGNY.

IS there a hope, that Man would thankefull bee,
If I should faile, in gratitude, to thee
To whom I am so bound, lou'd AVBIGNY?
No, I doe, therefore, call *Posteritie*
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how swallow'd vp, how dead
I, and this *Muse* had beene, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
So, all reward, or name, that growes to mee
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
And, than this same, I know no abler way
To thanke thy benefits: which is, to pay.

CXXVIII.

TO WILLIAM ROE.

ROE (and my ioy to name) th'art now, to goe
Countries, and climes, manners, and men to know,
T'extract, and choose the best of all these knowne,
And those to turne to bloud, and make thine owne:
May windes as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence; and there, may all thy ends,
As the beginnings here, proue purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle alwayes meet.
So, when we, blest with thy returne, shall see
Thy selfe, with thy first thoughts, brought home by thee,
We each to other may this voyce enspire;
This is that good ÆNEAS, past through fire,
Through seas, stormes, tempests: and imbarqu'd for hell,
Came backe vntouch'd. This man hath trauail'd well.

CXXIX.

CXXIX.

To Mime.

THat, not a paire of friends each other see,
But the first question is, when one saw thee?
That there's no iourney set, or thought vpon,
To *Braynford*, *Hackney*, *Bow*, but thou mak'st one;
That scarse the Towne designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a weeke, bespoke a guest;
That still th'art made the suppers flagge, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come:
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or, that they striue
Whose noyse shall keepe thy miming most aliue,
Whil'st thou dost rayse some Player, from the graue,
Out-dance the *Babion*, or out-boast the Braue;
Or (mounted on a stoole) thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?
O, runne not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay, Gue:
And thine owne Coriat too. But (would'st thou see)
Men loue thee not for this: They laugh at thee.

CXXX.

To Alphonso Ferrabosco, *on his Booke.*

TO vrge, my lou'd Alphonso, that bold fame,
Of building townes, and making wilde beasts tame,
Which *Musick* had; or speake her knowne effects,
That shee remoueth cares, sadnesse eiects,
Declineth anger, perswades clemencie,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten pietie,
And is t'a body, often, ill inclin'd,
No lesse a sou'raigne cure, then to the mind;
T'alledge, that greatest men were not asham'd,
Of old, euen by her practise to be fam'd;
To say, indeed, shee were the soule of heauen,
That the eight spheare, no lesse, then planets seauen,
Mou'd by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, were thence call'd harmonie:
I, yet, had vtter'd nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the Art.
But when I haue said, the proofes of all these bee
Shed in thy Songs; 'tis true: but short of thee.

CXXXI.

CXXXI.

To the same.

WHen we doe giue, Alphonso, to the light,
A worke of ours, we part with our owne right;
For, then, all mouthes will iudge, and their owne way:
The learn'd haue no more priuiledge, then the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures heare,
We ought not giue them taste, we had an eare.
For, if the hum'rous world will talke at large,
They should be fooles, for me, at their owne charge.
Say, this, or that man they to thee preferre;
Euen those for whom they doe this, know they erre:
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand vnto thy selfe, not seeke without
For fame, with breath soone kindled, soone blowne out.

CXXXII.

To Mr. Iosvah Sylvester.

IF to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy worke and merit raise:
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
And vtter stranger to all ayre of *France*)
How can I speake of thy great paines, but erre?
Since they can only iudge, that can conferre.
Behold! the reuerend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the world I publish, for him, this;
Bartas *doth wish thy* English *now were his.*
So well in that are his inuentions wrought,
As his will now be the *translation* thought,
Thine the *originall*; and *France* shall boast,
No more, those mayden glories shee hath lost.

CXXXIII.

On the famovs Voyage.

NO more let *Greece* her bolder fables tell
Of Hercvles, or Thesevs going to *hell*,
Orpheus, Vlysses: or the *Latine Muse*,
With tales of *Troyes* iust knight, our faiths abuse:

We

We haue a SHELTON, and a HEYDEN got,
Had power to act, what they to faine had not.
All, that they boaſt of STYX, of ACHERON,
COCYTVS, PHLEGETON, our haue prou'd in one;
The filth, ſtench, noyſe: ſaue only what was there
Subtly diſtinguiſh'd, was confuſed here.
Their wherry had no ſaile, too; ours had none:
And in it, two more horride knaues, then CHARON.
Arſes were heard to croake, in ſtead of frogs;
And for one CERBERVS, the whole coaſt was dogs.
Furies there wanted not: each ſcold was ten.
And, for the cryes of *Ghoſts*, women, and men,
Laden with plague-ſores, and their ſinnes, were heard,
Laſh'd by their conſciences, to die, affeard.
Then let the former age, with this content her,
Shee brought the *Poets* forth, but ours th'aduenter.

THE VOYAGE IT SELFE.

I Sing the braue aduenture of two wights,
And pitty 'tis, I cannot call 'hem knights:
One was; and he, for brawne, and braine, right able
To haue beene ſtiled of King ARTHVRS table.
The other was a ſquire, of faire degree;
But, in the action, greater man then hee:
Who gaue, to take at his returne from *Hell*,
His three for one. Now, lordings, liſten well.
It was the day, what time the powerfull *Moone*
Makes thee poore *Banck-ſide* creature wet it'ſhoone,
In it'owne hall; when theſe (in worthy ſcorne
Of thoſe, that put out moneyes, on returne
From *Venice*, *Paris*, or ſome in-land paſſage
Of ſixe times to, and fro, without embaſſage,
Or him that backward went to *Berwicke*, or which
Did dance the famous Morriſſe, vnto *Norwich*)
At *Bread-ſtreets* Mermaid, hauing din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to goe to *Hol'borne* in a wherry:
A harder taſque, then either his to *Briſto'*,
Or his to *Antwerpe*. Therefore, once more, liſt ho'.
A *Docke* there is, that called is AVERNVS,
Of ſome *Bride-well*, and may, in time, concernevs
All, that are readers: but, me thinkes 'tis od,
That all this while I haue forgot ſome *god*,

Or

Or *goddesse* to inuoke, to stuffe my verse;
And with both bombard-stile, and phrase, rehearse
The many perills of this *Port*, and how,
Sans helpe of SYBIL, or a golden bough,
Or magick sacrifice, they past along!
ALCIDES, be thou succouring to my song.
Thou hast seene *hell* (some say) and know'st all nookes there,
Canst tell me best, how euery *Furie* lookes there,
And art a *god*, if *Fame* thee not abuses,
Alwayes at hand, to aide the merry *Muses*.
Great *Club-fist*, though thy backe, and bones be sore,
Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a braue worke, call it thy last aduentry:
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose:
'Tis but light paines: Indeede this *Dock's* no rose.
In the first iawes appear'd that vgly monster,
Ycleped *Mud*, which, when their oares did once stirre,
Belch'd forth an ayre, as hot, as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts doe cluster,
Who shall discharge first his merd-vrinous load:
Thorough her wombe they make their famous road,
Betweene two walls; where, on one side, to scar men,
Were seene your vgly *Centaures*, yee call Car-men,
Gorgonian scolds, and *Harpyes*: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and sorrowes many a dosen,
The least of which was to the plague a cosen.
But they vnfrighted passe, though many a priuie
Spake to'hem louder, then the oxe in LIVIE;
And many a sinke pour'd out her rage anenst'hem;
But still their valour, and their vertue fenc't'hem,
And, on they went, like CASTOR braue, and POLLVX:
Ploughing the mayne. When, see (the worst of all lucks)
They met the second Prodigie, would feare a
Man, that had neuer heard of a *Chimera*.
One said, it was bold BRIAREVS, or the beadle,
(Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle)
The other thought it HYDRA, or the rock
Made of the trull, that cut her fathers lock:
But, comming neere, they found it but a liter,
So huge, it seem'd, they could by no meanes quite her.
Backe, cry'd their brace of CHARONS: they cry'd, no,
No going backe; on still you rogues, and row.

How

How hight the place? a voyce was heard, COCYTVS.
Row cloſe then ſlaues. Alas, they will beſhite vs.
No matter, ſtinkards, row. What croaking ſound
Is this we heare? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
Ouer your heads: Well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report it ſelfe, as if a cloud
Had burſt with ſtorme, and downe fell, *ab excelſis*,
Poore MERCVRY, crying out on PARACELSVS,
And all his followers, that had ſo abus'd him:
And, in ſo ſhitten ſort, ſo long had vs'd him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,
And ſubtiltie of mettalls) they diſpenſe
His ſpirits, now, in pills, and eeke in potions,
Suppoſitories, cataplaſmes, and lotions.
But many Moones there ſhall not wane (quoth hee)
(In the meane time, let 'hem impriſon mee)
But I will ſpeake (and know I ſhall be heard)
Touching this cauſe, where they will be affeard
To anſwere me. And ſure, it was th'intent
Of the graue fart, late let in parliament,
Had it beene ſeconded, and not in fume
Vaniſh'd away: as you muſt all preſume
Their MERCVRY did now. By this, the ſtemme
Of the hulke touch'd, and, as by POLYPHEME
The ſlie VLYSSES ſtole in a ſheepes-skin,
The well-greas'd wherry now had got betweene,
And bad her *fare-well ſough*, vnto the lurden:
Neuer did bottome more betray her burden;
The meate-boate of Beares colledge, *Paris-garden*,
Stunke not ſo ill; nor, when ſhee kiſt, KATE ARDEN.
Yet, one day in the yeere, for ſweet'tis voyc't
And that is when it is the Lord *Maiors* foiſt.
By this time had they reach'd the *Stygian* poole,
By which the *Maſters* ſweare, when, on the ſtoole
Of worſhip, they their nodding chinnes doe hit
Againſt their breaſts. Here, ſeu'rall ghoſts did flit
About the ſhore, of farts, but late departed,
White, black, blew, greene, and in more formes out-ſtarted,
Then all thoſe *Atomi* ridiculous,
Whereof old DEMOCRITE, and HILL NICHOLAS,
One ſaid, the other ſwore, the world conſiſts.
Theſe be the cauſe of thoſe thicke frequent miſts
Ariſing in that place, through which, who goes,
Muſt trie the vn-vſed valour of a noſe:

And that ours did. For, yet, no nare was tainted,
Nor thumbe, nor finger to the ſtop acquainted,
But open, and vn-arm'd encounter'd all:
Whether it languiſhing ſtucke vpon the wall,
Or were precipitated downe the jakes,
And, after, ſwom abroad in ample flakes,
Or, that it lay, heap'd like an vſurers maſſe,
All was to them the ſame, they were to paſſe,
And ſo they did, from STIX, to ACHERON:
The euer-boyling floud. Whoſe bankes vpon
Your *Fleet*-lane *Furies*; and hot cookes doe dwell,
That, with ſtill-ſcalding ſteemes, make the place *hell*.
The ſinkes ran greaſe, and haire of meazled hogs,
The heads, houghs, entrailes, and the hides of dogs:
For, to ſay truth, what ſcullion is ſo naſtie,
To put the skins, and offall in a paſtie?
Cats there lay diuers had beene flead, and roſted,
And, after mouldie growne, againe were toſted,
Then, ſelling not, a diſh was tane to mince 'hem,
But ſtill, it ſeem'd, the rankneſſe did conuince 'hem.
For, here they were throwne in with 'the melted pewter,
Yet drown'd they not. They had fiue liues in future.
But, 'mong'ſt theſe *Tiberts*, who do 'you thinke there was?
Old BANKES the iuggler, our PYTHAGORAS,
Graue tutor to the learned horſe. Both which,
Being, beyond ſea, burned for one witch:
Their ſpirits tranſmigrated to a cat:
And, now, aboue the poole, a face right fat
With great gray eyes, are lifted vp, and mew'd;
Thriſe did it ſpit: thriſe diu'd. At laſt, it view'd
Our braue *Heroes* with a milder glare,
And, in a pittious tune, began. How dare
Your daintie noſtrills (in ſo hot a ſeaſon,
When euery clerke eates artichokes, and peaſon,
Laxatiue lettuce, and ſuch windie meate)
Tempt ſuch a paſſage? when each priuies ſeate
Is fill'd with buttock? And the walls doe ſweate
Vrine, and plaiſters? when the noiſe doth beate
Vpon your eares, of diſcords ſo vn-ſweet?
And out-cryes of the damned in the *Fleet?*
Cannot the *Plague*-bill keepe you backe? nor bells
Of loud SEPVLCHRES with their hourely knells,
But you will viſit griſly PLVTO's hall?
Behold where CERBERVS, rear'd on the wall

Of *Hol'borne* (three ſergeants heads) lookes ore,
And ſtayes but till you come vnto the dore!
Tempt not his furie, PLVTO is away:
And MADAME CAESAR, great PROSERPINA,
Is now from home. You loſe your labours quite,
Were you IOVE's ſonnes, or had ALCIDES might.
They cry'd out PVSSE. He told them he was BANKES,
That had, ſo often, ſhew'd 'hem merry prankes.
They laugh't, at his laugh-worthy fate. And paſt
The tripple head without a ſop. At laſt,
Calling for RADAMANTHVS, that dwelt by,
A ſope-boyler; and ÆACVS him nigh,
Who kept an ale-houſe; with my little MINOS,
An ancient pur-blinde fletcher, with a high noſe;
They tooke 'hem all to witneſſe of their action:
And ſo went brauely backe, without protraction.
In memorie of which moſt liquid deed,
The citie ſince hath rais'd a Pyramide.
And I could wiſh for their eterniz'd ſakes,
My *Muſe* had plough'd with his, that ſung A-IAX.

THE

THE FORREST.

I.

WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

SOme act of *Loue's* bound to reherſe,
I thought to binde him, in my verſe:
Which when he felt, Away (quoth hee)
Can Poets hope to fetter mee?
It is enough, they once did get
MARS, and my *Mother*, in their net:
I weare not theſe my wings in vaine.
With which he fled me: and againe,
Into my ri'mes could ne're be got
By any arte. Then wonder not,
That ſince, my numbers are ſo cold,
When *Loue* is fled, and I grow old.

II.

TO PENSHVRST.

THou art not, PENSHVRST, built to enuious ſhow,
Of touch, or marble; nor canſt boaſt a row
Of poliſh'd pillars, or a roofe of gold:
Thou haſt no lantherne, whereof tales are told;
Or ſtayre, or courts; but ſtand'ſt an ancient pile,
And theſe grudg'd at, art reuerenc'd the while.
Thou ioy'ſt in better markes, of ſoyle, of ayre,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art faire.
Thou haſt thy walkes for health, as well as ſport:
Thy *Mount*, to which the *Dryads* doe reſort,
Where PAN, and BACCHVS their high feaſts haue made,
Beneath the broad beech, and the cheſt-nut ſhade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was ſet,
At his great birth, where all the *Muſes* met.

There, in the writhed barke, are cut the names
Of many a SYLVANE, taken with his flames.
And thence, the ruddy *Satyres* oft prouoke
The lighter *Faunes*, to reach thy *Ladies oke*.
Thy copp's, too, nam'd of GAMAGE, thou haſt there,
That neuer failes to ſerue thee ſeaſon'd deere,
When thou would'ſt feaſt, or exerciſe thy friends.
The lower land, that to the riuer bends,
Thy ſheepe, thy bullocks, kine, and calues doe feed:
The middle grounds thy mares, and horſes breed.
Each banke doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps
Fertile of wood, ASHORE, and SYDNEY'S copp's,
To crowne thy open table, doth prouide
The purpled pheaſant, with the ſpeckled ſide:
The painted partrich lyes in euery field,
And, for thy meſſe, is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high ſwolne *Medway* faile thy diſh,
Thou haſt thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fiſh,
Fat, aged carps, that runne into thy net.
And pikes, now weary their owne kinde to eat,
As loth, the ſecond draught, or caſt to ſtay,
Officiouſly, at firſt, themſelues betray.
Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fiſher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Freſh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The earely cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The bluſhing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that euery child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the countrey ſtone,
They'are rear'd with no mans ruine, no mans grone,
There's none, that dwell about them, wiſh them downe;
But all come in, the farmer, and the clowne:
And no one empty-handed, to ſalute
Thy lord, and lady, though they haue no ſute.
Some bring a capon, ſome a rurall cake,
Some nuts, ſome apples; ſome that thinke they make
The better cheeſes, bring 'hem; or elſe ſend
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to huſbands; and whoſe baskets beare
An embleme of themſelues, in plum, or peare.
But what can this (more then expreſſe their loue)
Adde to thy free prouiſions, farre aboue

The neede of ſuch? whoſe liberall boord doth flow,
With all, that hoſpitalitie doth know!
Where comes no gueſt, but is allow'd to eate,
Without his feare, and of thy lords owne meate:
Where the ſame beere, and bread, and ſelfe-ſame wine,
That is his Lordſhips, ſhall be alſo mine.
And I not faine to ſit (as ſome, this day,
At great mens tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, ſtanding by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony enuy:
But giues me what I call, and lets me eate,
He knowes, below, he ſhall finde plentie of meate,
Thy tables hoord not vp for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or liuorie: all is there;
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I raign'd here:
There's nothing I can wiſh, for which I ſtay.
That found King IAMES, when hunting late, this way,
With his braue ſonne, the Prince, they ſaw thy fires
Shine bright on euery harth as the defires
Of thy *Penates* had beene ſet on flame,
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale, to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not ſay, but) ſodayne cheare
Did'ſt thou, then, make 'hem! and what praiſe was heap'd
On thy good lady, then! who, therein, reap'd
The iuſt reward of her high huſwifery;
To haue her linnen, plate, and all things nigh,
When ſhee was farre: and not a roome, but dreſt,
As if it had expected ſuch a gueſt!
Theſe, PENSHVRST, are thy praiſe, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaſte withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne:
A fortune, in this age, but rarely knowne.
They are, and haue beene taught religion: Thence
Their gentler ſpirits haue ſuck'd innocence.
Each morne, and euen, they are taught to pray,
With the whole houſhold, and may, euery day,
Reade, in their vertuous parents noble parts,
The myſteries of manners, armes, and arts.
Now, PENSHVRST, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they ſee
Thoſe proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing elſe,
May ſay, their lords haue built, but thy lord dwells.

III.

To Sir Robert Wroth.

HOw bleſt art thou, canſt loue the countrey, Wroth,
Whether by choice, or fate, or both;
And, though ſo neere the citie, and the court,
Art tane with neithers vice, nor ſport:
That at great times, art no ambitious gueſt
Of Sheriffes dinner, or Maiors feaſt.
Nor com'ſt to view the better cloth of ſtate;
The richer hangings, or crowne-plate;
Nor throng'ſt (when maſquing is) to haue a ſight
Of the ſhort brauerie of the night;
To view the iewells, ſtuffes, the paines, the wit
There waſted, ſome not paid for yet!
But canſt, at home, in thy ſecurer reſt,
Liue, with vn-bought prouiſion bleſt;
Free from proud porches, or their guilded roofes,
'Mongſt loughing heards, and ſolide hooſes:
Along'ſt the curled woods, and painted meades,
Through which a ſerpent riuer leades
To ſome coole, courteous ſhade, which he calls his,
And makes ſleepe ſofter then it is!
Or, if thou liſt the night in watch to breake,
A-bed canſt heare the loud ſtag ſpeake,
In ſpring, oft rouſed for thy maſters ſport,
Who, for it, makes thy houſe his court;
Or with thy friends; the heart of all the yeere,
Diuid'ſt, vpon the leſſer Deere;
In autumne, at the Partrich makes a flight,
And giu'ſt thy gladder gueſts the ſight;
And, in the winter, hunt'ſt the flying hare,
More for thy exerciſe, then fare;
While all, that follow, their glad eares apply
To the full greatneſſe of the cry:
Or hauking at the riuer, or the buſh,
Or ſhooting at the greedie thruſh,
Thou doſt with ſome delight the day out-weare,
Although the coldeſt of the yeere!
The whil'ſt, the ſeuerall ſeaſons thou haſt ſeene
Of flowrie fields, of cop'ces greene,
The mowed meddowes, with the fleeced ſheepe,
And feaſts, that either ſhearers keepe;

The

The ripened eares, yet humble in their height,
And furrowes laden with their weight;
The apple-harueſt, that doth longer laſt;
The hogs return'd home fat from maſt;
The trees cut out in log; and thoſe boughes made
A fire now, that lend a ſhade!
Thus PAN, and SYLVANE, hauing had their rites,
COMVS puts in, for new delights;
And fills thy open hall with mirth, and cheere,
As if in SATVRNES raigne it were;
APOLLO'S harpe, and HERMES lyre reſound,
Nor are the *Muſes* ſtrangers found:
The rout of rurall folke come thronging in,
(Their rudeneſſe then is thought no ſinne)
Thy nobleſt ſpouſe affords them welcome grace;
And the great *Heroes*, of her race,
Sit mixt with loſſe of ſtate, or reuerence.
Freedome doth with degree diſpenſe.
The iolly waſſall walkes the often round,
And in their cups, their cares are drown'd:
They thinke not, then, which ſide the cauſe ſhall leeſe,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such, and no other was that age, of old,
Which boaſts t'haue had the head of gold.
And ſuch ſince thou canſt make thine owne content,
Striue, WROTH, to liue long innocent.
Let others watch in guiltie armes, and ſtand
The furie of a raſh command,
Goe enter breaches, meet the cannons rage,
That they may ſleepe with ſcarres in age.
And ſhew their feathers ſhot, and cullors torne,
And brag, that they were therefore borne.
Let this man ſweat, and wrangle at the barre,
For euery price, in euery iarre,
And change poſſeſſions, oftner with his breath,
Then either money, warre, or death:
Let him, then hardeſt ſires, more diſinherit,
And each where boaſt it as his merit,
To blow vp orphanes, widdowes, and their ſtates;
And thinke his power doth equall *Fates*.
Let that goe heape a maſſe of wretched wealth,
Purchas'd by rapine, worſe then ſtealth,
And brooding o're it ſit, with broadeſt eyes,
Not doing good, ſcarce when he dyes.

Let

Let thouſands more goe flatter vice, and winne,
By being organes to great ſinne,
Get place, and honor, and be glad to keepe
The ſecrets, that ſhall breake their ſleepe:
And, ſo they ride in purple, eate in plate,
Though poyſon, thinke it a great fate.
But thou, my WROTH, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this enuy:
Thy peace is made; and, when man's ſtate is well,
'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
God wiſheth, none ſhould wracke on a ſtrange ſhelfe:
To him, man's dearer, then t'himſelfe.
And, howſoeuer we may thinke things ſweet,
He alwayes giues what he knowes meet;
Which who can vſe is happy: Such be thou.
Thy morning's, and thy euening's vow
Be thankes to him, and earneſt prayer, to finde
A body ſound, with ſounder minde;
To doe thy countrey ſeruice, thy ſelfe right;
That neither want doe thee affright,
Nor death; but when thy lateſt ſand is ſpent,
Thou maiſt thinke life, a thing but lent.

IIII.

TO THE WORLD.

A farewell for a Gentle-woman, vertuous and noble.

FAlſe world, good-night: ſince thou haſt brought
That houre vpon my morne of age,
Hence-forth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy ſtage.
Doe not once hope, that thou canſt tempt
A ſpirit ſo reſolu'd to tread
Vpon thy throate, and liue exempt
From all the nets that thou canſt ſpread.
I know thy formes are ſtudyed arts,
Thy ſubtle wayes, be narrow ſtraits;
Thy curteſie but ſodaine ſtarts,
And what thou call'ſt thy gifts are baits.

I know

I know too, though thou ſtrut, and paint,
Yet art thou both ſhrunke vp, and old,
That onely fooles make thee a ſaint,
And all thy good is to be ſold.
I know thou whole art but a ſhop
Of toyes, and trifles, traps, and ſnares,
To take the weake, or make them ſtop:
Yet art thou falſer then thy wares.
And, knowing this, ſhould I yet ſtay,
Like ſuch as blow away their liues,
And neuer will redeeme a day,
Enamor'd of their golden gyues?
Or, hauing ſcap'd, ſhall I returne,
And thruſt my necke into the nooſe,
From whence, ſo lately, I did burne,
With all my powers, my ſelfe to looſe?
What bird, or beaſt, is knowne ſo dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chaine,
And taſting ayre, and freedome, wull
Render his head in there againe?
If theſe, who haue but ſenſe, can ſhun
The engines, that haue them annoy'd;
Little, for me, had reaſon done,
If I could not thy ginnes auoyd.
Yes, threaten, doe. Alas I feare
As little, as I hope from thee:
I know thou canſt nor ſhew, nor beare
More hatred, then thou haſt to mee.
My tender, firſt, and ſimple yeeres
Thou did'ſt abuſe, and then betray;
Since ſtird'ſt vp iealouſies and feares,
When all the cauſes were away.
Then, in a ſoile haſt planted me,
Where breathe the baſeſt of thy fooles;
Where enuious arts profeſſed be,
And pride, and ignorance the ſchooles,
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But, as 'tis rumor'd, ſo beleeu'd:
Where euery freedome is betray'd,
And euery goodneſſe tax'd, or grieu'd.
But, what we'are borne for, we muſt beare:
Our fraile condition it is ſuch,
That, what to all may happen here,
If 't chance to me, I muſt not grutch.

Elſe,

Elſe, I my ſtate ſhould much miſtake,
To harbour a diuided thought
From all my kinde: that, for my ſake,
There ſhould a miracle be wrought.
No, I doe know, that I was borne
To age, misfortune, ſickneſſe, griefe:
But I will beare theſe, with that ſcorne,
As ſhall not need thy falſe reliefe.
Nor for my peace will I goe farre,
As wandrers doe, that ſtill doe rome,
But make my ſtrengths, ſuch as they are,
Here in my boſome, and at home.

v.

Song.

To Celia.

COme my Celia, let vs proue,
While we may, the ſports of loue;
Time will not be ours, for euer:
He, at length, our good will ſeuer.
Spend not then his guifts in vaine.
Sunnes, that ſet, may riſe againe:
But if once we looſe this light,
'Tis, with vs, perpetuall night.
Why ſhould we deferre our ioyes?
Fame, and rumor are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore houſhold ſpyes?
Or his eaſier eares beguile,
So remoued by our wile?
'Tis no ſinne, loues fruit to ſteale,
But the ſweet theft to reueale:
To be taken, to be ſeene,
Theſe haue crimes accounted beene.

vi.

To the same.

KIſſe me, ſweet: The warie louer
Can your fauours keepe, and couer,
When the common courting iay
All your bounties will betray.

Kiſſe

Kiſſe againe: no creature comes.
Kiſſe, and ſcore vp wealthy ſummes
On my lips, thus hardly ſundred,
While you breath. Firſt giue a hundred,
Then a thouſand, then another
Hundred, then vnto the tother
Adde a thouſand, and ſo more:
Till you equall with the ſtore,
All the graſſe that *Rumney* yeelds,
Or the ſands in *Chelſey* fields,
Or the drops in ſiluer *Thames*,
Or the ſtarres, that guild his ſtreames,
In the ſilent ſommer-nights,
When youths ply their ſtolne delights.
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'hem, as thy flow,
And the enuious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd.

VII.

Song.

THAT WOMEN ARE BVT MENS SHADDOWES.

FOllow a ſhaddow, it ſtill flies you;
Seeme to flye it, it will purſue:
So court a miſtris, ſhee denyes you;
Let her alone, ſhee will court you.
Say, are not women truely, then,
Stil'd but the ſhaddowes of vs men?
At morne, and euen, ſhades are longeſt;
At noone, they are or ſhort, or none:
So men at weakeſt, they are ſtrongeſt,
But grant vs perfect, they're not knowne.
Say, are not women truely, then,
Stil'd but the ſhaddowes of vs men?

VIII.

TO SICKNESSE.

WHy, *Diſeaſe*, doſt thou moleſt
Ladies? and of them the beſt?
Doe not men, ynow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights

Spent

Spent in ſurfets: and their dayes,
And nights too, in worſer wayes?
Take heed, *Sickneſſe*, what you doe,
I ſhall feare, you'll ſurfet too.
Liue not we, as, all thy ſtalls,
Spittles, peſt-houſe, hoſpitalls,
Scarce will take our preſent ſtore?
And this age will build no more:
'Pray thee, feed contented, then,
Sickneſſe; onely on vs men.
Or if needs thy luſt will taſt
Woman-kinde; deuoure the waſt
Liuers, round about the towne.
But, forgiue me, with thy crowne
They maintayne the trueſt trade,
And haue more diſeaſes made.
What ſhould, yet, thy pallat pleaſe?
Daintineſſe, and ſofter eaſe,
Sleeked limmes, and fineſt blood?
If thy leaneneſſe loue ſuch food,
There are thoſe, that, for thy ſake,
Doe enough; and who would take
Any paines; yea, thinke it price,
To become thy ſacrifice.
That diſtill their huſbands land
In decoctions; and are mann'd
With ten Emp'ricks, in their chamber,
Lying for the ſpirit of amber.
That for th'oyle of *Talke*, dare ſpend
More then citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That, to make all pleaſure theirs,
Will by coach, and water goe,
Euery ſtew in towne to know;
Dare entayle their loues on any,
Bald, or blinde, or nere ſo many:
And, for thee, at common game,
Play away, health, wealth, and fame.
Theſe, *diſeaſe*, will thee deſerue:
And will, long ere thou ſhould'ſt ſtarue
On their beds, moſt proſtitute,
Moue it, as their humbleſt ſute,
In thy iuſtice to moleſt
None but them, and leaue the reſt.

IX.

IX.

Song.

To Celia.

DRrinke to me, onely, with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leaue a kiſſe but in the cup,
And Ile not looke for wine.
The thirſt, that from the ſoule doth riſe,
Doth aske a drinke diuine:
But might I of Iove's *Nectar* ſup,
I would not change for thine.
I ſent thee, late, a roſie wreath,
Not ſo much honoring thee,
As giuing it a hope, that there
It could not withered bee.
But thou thereon did'ſt onely breath,
And ſent'ſt it backe to mee:
Since when it growes, and ſmells, I ſweare,
Not of it ſelfe, but thee.

X.

AND muſt I ſing? what ſubiect ſhall I chuſe?
Or whoſe great name in *Poets* heauen vſe?
For the more countenance to my actiue *Muſe?*

Hercvles? alas his bones are yet ſore,
With his old earthly labours. T'exact more,
Of his dull god-head, were ſinne. Ile implore

Phœbvs. No? tend thy cart ſtill. Enuious day
Shall not giue out, that I haue made thee ſtay,
And foundred thy hot teame, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, *Lord of the vine,*
To raiſe my ſpirits with thy coniuring wine,
In the greene circle of thy Iuy twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankinde maid,
That, at thy birth, mad'ſt the poore Smith affraid,
Who, with his axe, thy fathers mid-wife plaid.

Goe, crampe dull MARS, light VENVS, when he ſnorts,
Or, with thy *Tribade* trine, inuent new ſports,
Thou, nor thy looſeneſſe with my making ſorts.

Let the *old boy*, your ſonne, ply his old taske,
Turne the ſtale prologue to ſome painted maske,
His abſence in my verſe, is all I aske.

HERMES, the cheater, ſhall not mixe with vs,
Though he would ſteale his ſiſters PAGASVS,
And riffle him: or pawne his PETASVS.

Nor all the ladies of the *Theſſian lake*,
(Though they were cruſht into one forme) could make
A beautie of that merit, that ſhould take

My *Muſe* vp by *commiſsion*: No, I bring
My owne true fire. Now my thought takes wing,
And now an *Epode* to deepe eares I ſing.

XI.

EPODE.

NOt to know vice at all, and keepe true ſtate,
Is vertue, and not *Fate*:
Next, to that vertue, is to know vice well,
And her blacke ſpight expell.
Which to effect (ſince no breſt is ſo ſure,
Or ſafe, but ſhee'll procure
Some way of entrance) we muſt plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch, and ward
At th'eye and eare (the ports vnto the minde)
That no ſtrange, or vnkinde
Obiect arriue there, but the heart (our ſpie)
Giue knowledge inſtantly,
To wakefull reaſon, our affections king:
Who (in th'examining)
Will quickly taſte the treaſon, and commit
Cloſe, the cloſe cauſe of it.
Tis the ſecureſt policie we haue,
To make our ſenſe our ſlaue.
But this true courſe is not embrac'd by many:
By many? ſcarſe by any.

For

For either our affections doe rebell,
Or elſe the ſentinell
(That ſhould ring larum to the heart) doth ſleepe,
Or ſome great thought doth keepe
Backe the intelligence, and falſely ſweares,
Th'are baſe, and idle feares
Whereof the loyall conſcience ſo complaines.
Thus, by theſe ſubtle traines,
Doe ſeuerall paſſions inuade the minde,
And ſtrike our reaſon blinde.
Of which vſurping rancke, ſome haue thought loue
The firſt; as prone to moue
Moſt frequent tumults, horrors, and vnreſts,
In our enflamed breſts:
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we ouer-blow.
The thing, they here call Loue, is blinde Deſire,
Arm'd with bow, ſhafts, and fire;
Inconſtant, like the ſea, of whence 'tis borne,
Rough, ſwelling, like a ſtorme:
With whom who ſailes, rides on the ſurge of feare,
And boyles, as if he were
In a continuall tempeſt. Now, true Loue
No ſuch effects doth proue;
That is an eſſence, farre more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay diuine;
It is a golden chaine let downe from heauen,
Whoſe linkes are bright, and euen.
That falls like ſleepe on louers, and combines
The ſoft, and ſweeteſt mindes
In equall knots: This beares no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts,
But, in a calme, and god-like vnitie,
Preſerues communitie.
O, who is he, that (in this peace) enioyes
Th'*Elixir* of all ioyes?
A forme more freſh, then are the *Eden* bowers
And laſting, as her flowers:
Richer then *Time*, and as *Time's* vertue, rare.
Sober, as ſaddeſt care:
A fixed thought, an eye vn-taught to glance;
Who (bleſt with ſuch high chance)
Would, at ſuggeſtion of a ſteepe deſire,
Caſt himſelfe from the ſpire

Of all his happineſſe? But ſoft: I heare
Some vicious foole draw neare,
That cryes, we dreame, and ſweares, there's no ſuch thing,
As this chaſte loue we ſing.
Peace Luxurie, thou art like one of thoſe
Who, being at ſea, ſuppoſe,
Becauſe they moue, the continent doth ſo:
No, vice, we let thee know,
Though thy wild thoughts with ſparrowes wings doe flye,
Turtles can chaſtly dye;
And yet (in this t'expreſſe our ſelues more cleare)
We doe not number, here,
Such ſpirits as are onely continent,
Becauſe luſt's meanes are ſpent:
Or thoſe, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place, and name,
Cannot ſo ſafely ſinne. Their chaſtitie
Is meere neceſſitie.
Nor meane we thoſe, whom vowes and conſcience
Haue fill'd with abſtinence:
Though we acknowledge, who can ſo abſtayne,
Makes a moſt bleſſed gayne.
He that for loue of goodneſſe hateth ill,
Is more crowne-worthy ſtill,
Then he, which for ſinnes penaltie forbeares.
His heart ſinnes, though he feares.
But we propoſe a perſon like our Doue,
Grac'd with a Phœnix loue;
A beautie of that cleere, and ſparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turne the blackeſt ſorrowes to bright ioyes:
Whoſe od'rous breath deſtroyes
All taſte of bitterneſſe, and makes the ayre
As ſweet, as ſhee is fayre.
A body ſo harmoniouſly compos'd,
As if *Nature* diſclos'd
All her beſt ſymmetrie in that one feature!
O, ſo diuine a creature
Who could be falſe to? chiefly, when he knowes
How onely ſhee beſtowes
The wealthy treaſure of her loue on him;
Making his fortunes ſwim
In the full floud of her admir'd perfection?
What ſauage, brute affection,

Would

Would not be fearefull to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble, and right generous mind
(To vertuous moods inclin'd)
That knowes the waight of guilt: He will refraine
From thoughts of such a straine.
And to his sense obiect this sentence euer,
Man may securely sinne, but safely neuer.

XII.

Epistle

TO ELIZABETH COVNTESSE OF RVTLAND.

MADAME,

WHil'st that, for which, all vertue now is sold,
And almost euery vice, almightie gold,
That which, to boote with hell, is thought worth heauen,
And, for it, life, conscience, yea, soules are giuen,
Toyles, by graue custome, vp and downe the court,
To euery squire, or groome, that will report
Well, or ill, onely, all the following yeere,
Iust to the waight their this dayes-presents beare;
While it makes huishers seruiceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted, then,
Though neuer after; whiles it gaynes the voyce
Of some grand peere, whose ayre doth make reioyce
The foole that gaue it; who will want, and weepe,
When his proud patrons fauours are asleepe;
While thus it buyes great grace, and hunts poore fame;
Runs betweene man, and man; 'tweene dame, and dame;
Solders crackt friendship; makes loue last a day;
Or perhaps lesse: whil'st gold beares all this sway,
I, that haue none (to send you) send you verse.
A present, which (if elder writs reherse
The truth of times) was once of more esteeme,
Then this, our guilt, nor golden age can deeme,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throtes,
Or put to flight ASTREA, when her ingots
Were yet vnfound, and better plac'd in earth,
Then, here, to giue pride fame, and peasants birth.
But let this drosse carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them still,

Turne, vpon ſcorned verſe, their quarter-face:
With you, I know, my offring will find grace.
For what a ſinne 'gainſt your great fathers ſpirit,
Were it to thinke, that you ſhould not inherit
His loue vnto the *Muſes*, when his skill
Almoſt you haue, or may haue, when you will?
Wherein wiſe *Nature* you a dowrie gaue,
Worth an eſtate, treble to that you haue.
Beautie, I know, is good, and bloud is more;
Riches thought moſt: But, *Madame*, thinke what ſtore
The world hath ſeene, which all theſe had in truſt,
And now lye loſt in their forgotten duſt.
It is the *Muſe*, alone, can raiſe to heauen,
And, at her ſtrong armes end, hold vp, and euen,
The ſoules, ſhee loues. Thoſe other glorious notes,
Inſcrib'd in touch or marble, or the cotes
Painted, or caru'd vpon our great-mens tombs,
Or in their windowes; doe but proue the wombs,
That bred them, graues: when they were borne, they di'd,
That had no *Muſe* to make their fame abide.
How many equall with the *Argiue* Queene,
Haue beautie knowne, yet none ſo famous ſeene?
ACHILLES was not firſt, that valiant was,
Or, in an armies head, that, lockt in braſſe,
Gaue killing ſtrokes. There were braue men, before
AIAX, or IDOMEN, or all the ſtore,
That HOMER brought to *Troy*; yet none ſo liue:
Becauſe they lack'd the ſacred pen, could giue
Like life vnto 'hem. Who heau'd HERCVLES
Vnto the ſtarres? or the *Tyndarides*?
Who placed IASONS ARGO in the skie?
Or ſet bright ARIADNES crowne ſo high?
Who made a lampe of BERENICES hayre?
Or lifted CASSIOPEA in her chayre?
But onely *Poets*, rapt with rage diuine?
And ſuch, or my hopes faile, ſhall make you ſhine.
You, and that other ſtarre, that pureſt light,
Of all LVCINA's traine; LVCY the bright.
Then which, a nobler heauen it ſelfe knowes not.
Who, though ſhee haue a better verſer got,
(Or *Poet*, in the court account) then I,
And, who doth me (though I not him) enuy,
Yet, for the timely fauours ſhee hath done,
To my leſſe ſanguine *Muſe*, wherein ſhe'hath wonne

My

My gratefull ſoule, the ſubiect of her powers,
I haue already vs'd ſome happy houres,
To her remembrance; which when time ſhall bring
To curious light, to notes, I then ſhall ſing,
Will proue old ORPHEVS act no tale to be:
For I ſhall moue ſtocks, ſtones, no leſſe then he.
Then all, that haue but done my *Muſe* leaſt grace,
Shall thronging come, and boaſt the happy place
They hold in my ſtrange *poems*, which, as yet,
Had not their forme touch'd by an Engliſh wit.
There like a rich, and golden *pyramede*,
Borne vp by ſtatues, ſhall I reare your head,
Aboue your vnder-carued ornaments,
And ſhow, how, to the life, my ſoule preſents
Your forme impreſt there: not with tickling rimes,
Or common places, filch'd, that take theſe times,
But high, and noble matter, ſuch as flies
From braines entranc'd, and fill'd with extaſies;
Moodes, which the god-like SYDNEY oft did proue,
And your braue friend, and mine ſo well did loue.
Who whereſoere he be .....

The reſt is loſt.

XIII.

Epiſtle.

TO KATHERINE, LADY AVBIGNY.

'TIs growne almoſt a danger to ſpeake true
Of any good minde, now: There are ſo few.
The bad, by number, are ſo fortified,
As what th'haue loſt t'expect, they dare deride.
So both the prais'd, and praiſers ſuffer: Yet,
For others ill, ought none their good forget.
I, therefore, who profeſſe my ſelfe in loue
With euery vertue, whereſoere it moue,
And howſoeuer; as I am at fewd
With ſinne and vice, though with a throne endew'd;
And, in this name, am giuen out dangerous
By arts, and practiſe of the vicious,
Such as ſuſpect them-ſelues, and thinke it fit
For their owne cap'tall crimes, t'indite my wit;
I, that haue ſuffer'd this; and, though forſooke
Of *Fortune*, haue not alter'd yet my looke,

Or

Or ſo my ſelfe abandon'd, as becauſe
Men are not iuſt, or keepe no holy lawes
Of nature, and ſocietie, I ſhould faint;
Or feare to draw true lines, 'cauſe others paint:
I, *Madame*, am become your praiſer. Where,
If it may ſtand with your ſoft bluſh to heare,
Your ſelfe but told vnto your ſelfe, and ſee
In my character, what your features bee,
You will not from the paper ſlightly paſſe:
No lady, but, at ſome time, loues her glaſſe.
And this ſhall be no falſe one, but as much
Remou'd, as you from need to haue it ſuch.
Looke then, and ſee your ſelfe. I will not ſay
Your beautie; for you ſee that euery day:
And ſo doe many more. All which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and naturall,
Not taken vp o'th'doctors, but as well
As I, can ſay, and ſee it doth excell.
That askes but to be cenſur'd by the eyes:
And, in thoſe outward formes, all fooles are wiſe.
Nor that your beautie wanted not a dower, ...
Doe I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cos'ning farmer of the cuſtomes ſo,
T'aduance his doubtfull iſſue, and ore-flow
A Princes fortune: Theſe are gifts of chance,
And raiſe not vertue; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more ſubtile, cleere, refin'd,
And takes, and giues the beauties of the mind.
Though it reiect not thoſe of FORTVNE: ſuch
As bloud, and match. Wherein, how more then much
Are you engaged to your happy fate,
For ſuch a lot! that mixt you with a ſtate
Of ſo great title, birth, but vertue moſt,
Without which, all the reſt were ſounds, or loſt.
'Tis onely that can time, and chance defeat:
For he, that once is good, is euer great.
Wherewith, then, *Madame*, can you better pay
This bleſſing of your ſtarres, then by that way
Of vertue, which you tread? what if alone?
Without companions? 'Tis ſafe to haue none.
In ſingle paths, dangers with eaſe are watch'd:
Contagion in the preaſe is ſooneſt catch'd.
This makes, that wiſely you decline your life,
Farre from the maze of cuſtome, error, ſtrife,

And

And keepe an euen, and vnalter'd gaite;
Not looking by, or backe (like thoſe, that waite
Times, and occaſions, to ſtart forth, and ſeeme)
Which though the turning world may diſ-eſteeme,
Becauſe that ſtudies ſpectacles, and ſhowes,
And after varyed, as freſh obiects goes,
Giddie with change, and therefore cannot ſee
Right, the right way: yet muſt your comfort bee
Your conſcience, and not wonder, if none askes
For truthes complexion, where they all weare maskes.
Let who will follow faſhions, and attyres,
Maintayne their liedgers forth, for forraine wyres,
Melt downe their huſbands land, to poure away
On the cloſe groome, and page, on new-yeeres day,
And almoſt, all dayes after, while they liue;
(They finde it both ſo wittie, and ſafe to giue.)
Let 'hem on poulders, oyles, and paintings, ſpend,
Till that no vſurer, nor his bawds dare lend
Them, or their officers: and no man know,
Whether it be a face they weare, or no.
Let 'hem waſte body, and ſtate; and after all,
When their owne Paraſites laugh at their fall,
May they haue nothing left, whereof they can
Boaſt, but how oft they haue gone wrong to man:
And call it their braue ſinne. For ſuch there be
That doe ſinne onely for the infamie:
And neuer thinke, how vice doth euery houre,
Eate on her clients, and ſome one deuoure.
You, *Madame*, yong haue learn'd to ſhunne theſe ſhelues,
Whereon the moſt of mankinde wracke themſelues,
And, keeping a iuſt courſe, haue earely put
Into your harbor, and all paſſage ſhut
'Gainſt ſtormes, or pyrats, that might charge your peace;
For which you worthy are the glad encreaſe
Of your bleſt wombe, made fruitfull from aboue,
To pay your lord the pledges of chaſt loue:
And raiſe a noble ſtemme, to giue the fame,
To CLIFTON'S bloud, that is deny'd their name.
Grow, grow, faire tree, and as thy branches ſhoote,
Heare, what the *Muſes* ſing about thy roote,
Byme, their prieſt (if they can ought diuine)
Before the moones haue fill'd their tripple trine,
To crowne the burthen which you goe withall,
It ſhall a ripe and timely iſſue fall,

T expect

T'expect the honors of great 'Avbigny:
And greater rites, yet writ in myſterie,
But which the *Fates* forbid me to reueale.
Onely, thus much, out of a rauiſh'd zeale,
Vnto your name, and goodneſſe of your life,
They ſpeake; ſince you are truely that rare wife,
Other great wiues may bluſh at: when they ſee
What your try'd manners are, what theirs ſhould bee.
How you loue one, and him you ſhould; how ſtill
You are depending on his word, and will;
Not faſhion'd for the court, or ſtrangers eyes;
But to pleaſe him, who is the dearer priſe
Vnto himſelfe, by being ſo deare to you.
This makes, that your affections ſtill be new,
And that your ſoules conſpire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Liue that one, ſtill; and as long yeeres doe paſſe,
Madame, be bold to vſe this trueſt glaſſe:
Wherein, your forme, you ſtill the ſame ſhall finde?
Becauſe nor it can change, nor ſuch a minde.

XIIII.

Ode.

To Sir William Sydney, on his Birth-day.

NOw that the harth is crown'd with ſmiling fire,
And ſome doe drinke, and ſome doe dance.
Some ring,
Some ſing,
And all doe ſtriue t'aduance
The gladneſſe higher:
Wherefore ſhould I
Stand ſilent by.
Who not the leaſt,
Both loue the cauſe, and authors of the feaſt?
Giue me my cup, but from the *Theſpian* well,
That I may tell to Sydney, what
This day
Doth ſay,
And he may thinke on that
Which I doe tell:

When

When all the noyſe
Of theſe forc'd ioyes,
Are fled and gone,
And he, with his beſt *Genius* left alone.
This day ſayes, then, the number of glad yeeres
Are iuſtly ſumm'd, that make you man;
Your vow
Muſt now
Striue all right wayes it can,
T'out-ſtrip your peeres:
Since he doth lacke
Of going backe
Little, whoſe will
Doth vrge him to runne wrong, or to ſtand ſtill.
Nor can a little of the common ſtore,
Of nobles vertue, ſhew in you;
Your blood
So good
And great, muſt ſeeke for new,
And ſtudie more:
Not weary, reſt
On what's deceaſt.
For they, that ſwell
With duſt of anceſtors, in graues but dwell.
'Twill be exacted of your name, whoſe ſonne,
Whoſe nephew, whoſe grand-child you are;
And men
Will, then,
Say you haue follow'd farre,
When well begunne:
Which muſt be now,
They teach you, how.
And he that ſtayes
To liue vntill to morrow 'hath loſt two dayes.
So may you liue in honor, as in name,
If with this truth you be inſpir'd,
So may
This day
Be more, and long deſir'd:
And with the flame
Of loue be bright,
As with the light
Of bone-fires. Then
The Birth-day ſhines, when logs not burne, but men.

XV.

To Heaven.

GOod, and great God, can I not thinke of thee,
But it muſt, ſtraight, my melancholy bee?
Is it interpreted in me diſeaſe,
That, laden with my ſinnes, I ſeeke for eaſe?
O, be thou witneſſe, that the reynes doſt know,
And hearts of all, if I be ſad for ſhow,
And iudge me after: if I dare pretend
To ought but grace, or ayme at other end.
As thou art all, ſo be thou all to mee,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, conuerted one, and three;
My faith, my hope, my loue: and in this ſtate,
My iudge, my witneſſe, and my aduocate.
Where haue I beene this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rap'd, now thou but ſtoup'ſt to mee?
Dwell, dwell here ſtill: O, being euery-where,
How can I doubt to finde thee euer, here?
I know my ſtate, both full of ſhame, and ſcorne,
Conceiu'd in ſinne, and vnto labour borne,
Standing with feare, and muſt with horror fall,
And deſtin'd vnto iudgement after all.
I feele my griefes too, and there ſcarce is ground,
Vpon my fleſh t'inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complaine, or wiſh for death
With holy Paul, leſt it be thought the breath
Of diſcontent; or that theſe prayers bee
For wearineſſe of life, not loue of thee.

THE END.

PART OF THE KINGS ENTERTAINMENT IN PASSING TO his Coronation.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Quando magis dignos licuit ſpectare triumphos!

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

PART OF THE
KING'S
ENTERTAINMENT
IN PASSING TO
his
CORONATION.

The Author B. J.

MART.

Quando magis dignos Fecit Deus triumphos!

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

At Fen-Church.

THe *Scene* presented it selfe in a square and flat vpright, like to the side of a Citie: the top thereof, aboue the Vent, and Creſt, adorn'd with houſes, towres, and ſteeples, ſet off in proſpectiue. Vpon the battlements in a great capitall letter was inſcribed,

LONDINIVM:

According to TACITVS: *At* SVETONIVS *mirâ conſtantiâ, medios inter hoſteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniæ non inſigne, ſed copiâ Negotiatorum, & commeatu maxime celebre.* Beneath that, in a leſſe and different character, was written *Annal.l.14.*

CAMERA REGIA,

Which title immediately after the *Norman* conqueſt it began to haue; and by the indulgence of ſucceeding Princes, hath beene hitherto continued. *Camd.Brit.374.* In the Freeze ouer the gate, it ſeemeth to ſpeake this verſe:

PAR DOMVS HÆC COELO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO.

Taken out of MARTIAL, and implying, that though this citie (for the ſtate, and magnificence) might (by *Hyperbole*) be ſaid to touch the ſtarres, and reach vp to heauen, yet was it farre inferior to the maſter thereof, who was his Maieſtie; and in that reſpect vnworthy to receiue him. The higheſt perſon aduanc'd therein, was *Lib.8.Epig.36.*

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA,

and fitly: applying to the aboue mentioned title of the citie, THE KINGS CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper ſeate of the empire: for, ſo the glorie and light of our kingdome M. CAMDEN, ſpeaking of *London*, ſaith, ſhee is, *totius Britanniæ Epitome, Britannicíq; Imperij ſedes, Regumq; Angliæ Camera, tantum inter omneis eminet, quantum (vt ait ille) inter viburna Cupreſſus.* Shee was a woman, richly attyr'd, in cloth of gold *Brit.3.*

and tiſſue; a rich mantle; ouer her ſtate two crownes hanging, with penſile ſhields thorow them; the one lim'd with the particular coate of *England*, the other of *Scotland*: on either ſide alſo a crowne, with the like Scutchions, and peculiar coates of *France*, and *Ireland*. In her hand ſhee holds a ſcepter; on her head a fillet of gold, inter-wouen with palme and lawrell; her hayre bound into foure ſeuerall points, deſcending from her crownes; and in her lap a little globe, inſcrib'd vpon

ORBIS BRITANNICVS.

And beneath, the word

DIVISVS AB ORBE.

To ſhew, that this empire is a world diuided from the world, and alluding to that of * CLAV.

De mally Theodor. conſ. Panegyri.

——Et noſtro diducta Britannia mundo.

Eclog. 1. And VIRG.

——Et penitus toto diuiſos orbe Britannos.

The wreathe denotes victorie and happineſſe. The ſcepter and crownes ſoueraignetie. The ſhields the precedency of the countries, and their diſtinctions. At her feet was ſet

THEOSOPHIA,

or *diuine Wiſedome*, all in white, a blue mantle ſeeded with ſtarres, a crowne of ſtarres on her head. Her garments figur'd truth, innocence, and cleerenеſſe. Shee was alwayes looking vp; in her one hand ſhee ſuſtayned a doue, in the other a ſerpent: the laſt to ſhew her ſubtiltie, the firſt her ſimplicitie; alluding to that text of Scripture, *Eſtote ergo prudentes ſicut ſerpentes, & ſimplices ſicut columbæ.* Her word,

Matth. 10. 16.

Prou. 8. 15. *PER ME REGES REGNANT.*

Intimating, how by her, all kings doe gouerne, and that ſhe is the foundation and ſtrength of kingdomes, to which end, ſhee was here placed, vpon a cube, at the foot of the Monarchie, as her baſe and ſtay. Directly beneath her ſtood

GENIVS VRBIS,

Antiqui Genium omnium gignendarum rerũ exiſtimarunt Deum: & tam vrbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum, Lil. Gre. Gy. in Synt. deor. 15. & Roſin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2. c. 14

A perſon attyr'd rich, reuerend, and antique: his haire long and white, crowned with a wreathe of Plane tree, which is ſaid to be *Arbor genialis*; his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: He held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to ſignifie increaſe and indulgence. His word

HIS ARMIS:

pointing to the two that ſupported him, whereof the one on the right hand, was

BOVLEVTES.

Figuring the councell of the citie, and was ſuted in blacke and purple; a wreathe

wreathe of * oke vpon his head; sustayning for his ensignes, on his left arme a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the [a] Fasces, as tokens of magistracie, with this inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

* *Ciuica corona fit è fronde querna, quoniam cibus, victusq; antiquissimus quercus capi solitus sit,*

Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27. [a] *Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic, vt ferrum in summo fascis extaret,* Ros. l. 7. c. 3. *Vbi notandum est, non debere precipitem, & solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, & cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ soluuntur, identidem consilium mutanit deplectendo. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod reuocari valet, immendabile secures precidunt,* Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

The other on the left hand.

POLEMIVS,

The warlike force of the citie, in an antique coate, or armour, with a target and sword; his helme on, and crowned with lawrell, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the citie, with this word,

EXTINGVERE ET HOSTEIS.

Expressing by those seuerall mots, connexed, that with those armes of councel and strength, the *Genius* was able to extinguish the kings enemies, and preserue his citizens, alluding to those verses in SENECA,

Extinguere hostem, maxima est virtus Ducis. *Octa. Act. 2.*
Seruare Ciues, maior est patriæ, patri.

Vnder-neath these, in an Aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS.

The riuer, as running along the side of the citie; in a skin-coate made like flesh, naked, and blue. His mantle of sea-greene or water colour, thin, and bolne out like a sayle; bracelets about his wrests, of willow and sedge, a crowne of sedge and reede vpon his head, mixt with water-lillies; alluding to VIRGILS description of *Tyber*;

——Deus ipse loci, fluuio Tyberinus amœno, *Æn. lib. 8.*
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, & crineis vmbrosa tegebat Arundo.

His beard, and hayre long, and ouer-growne. He leanes his arme vpon an earthen pot, out of which, water, with liue fishes, are seene to runne forth, and play about him. His word,

FLVMINA SENSERVNT IPSA.

A hemistich of OVIDS: The rest of the verse being, *Amor. l. 3. el 5.*

——quid esset amor

Affirming, that riuers themselues, and such inanimate creatures, haue heretofore beene made sensible of passions, and affections; and that hee now, no lesse pertooke the ioy of his maiesties gratefull approch to this citie, than any of those persons, to whom hee pointed, which were the daughters of the *Genius*, and sixe in number: who, in a

ſpreading aſcent, vpon ſeuerall grices, helpe to beautifie both the ſides. The firſt,

EVPHROSYNE,

or *Gladneſſe*: was ſuted in greene, a mantle of diuers colours, embroydred with all varietie of flowres: on her head a gyrland of myrtle, in her right hand a cryſtall cruze fill'd with wine, in the left a cup of gold: at her feet a tymbrell, harpe, and other inſtruments, all enſignes of gladneſſe,

Natis in vſum latitiæ ſcyphis, &c.

Hor. Car. 1. Ode 27. And in another place,

Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulſanda Tellus, &c.

Et Ode. 37. Her word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES.

Stat Syl. 4. Epu. Domit. As if this were the firſt houre of her life, and the minute wherein ſhee began to be; beholding ſo long coueted, and look'd for a preſence. The ſecond.

SEBASIS,

or *Veneratio*, was varied in an aſh-colour'd ſute, and darke mantle, a vayle ouer her head of aſh colour: her hands croſt before her, and her eyes halfe cloſde. Her word,

MIHI SEMPER DEVS.

Virg. Ecl. 1. Implying both her office of reuerence, and the dignitie of her obiect, who being as god on earth, ſhould neuer be leſſe in her thought. The third.

PROTHYMIA,

or *Promptitude*, was attyr'd in a ſhort tuck't garment of flame-colour, wings at her backe; her haire bright, and bound vp with ribands; her breſt open, *virago*-like; her buskins ſo ribanded: Shee was crowned with a chaplet of *trifoly*, to expreſſe readineſſe, and openneſſe euery way; in her right hand ſhee held a ſquirrell, as being the creature moſt full of life and quickneſſe: in the left a cloſe round cenſor, with the perfume ſodainely to be vented forth at the ſides. Her word,

QVA DATA PORTA.

Æne. 1. Taken from an other place in VIRGIL, where EOLVS at the command of IVNO, lets forth the winde;

Æne. 1. *——ac venti velut agmine facto*
Quâ data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.

And ſhew'd that ſhee was no leſſe prepar'd with promptitude, and alacritie, then the windes were, vpon the leaſt gate that ſhall be opened to his high command. The fourth.

AGRYPNIA,

or *Vigilance*, in yellow, a ſable mantle, ſeeded with waking eyes, and ſiluer fringe: her chaplet of *Heliotropium*, or turneſole; in her one hand a lampe,

or

or cresset, in her other a bell. The lampe signified search and sight, the bell warning. The *Heliotropium* care; and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECVLAMVR IN OMNEIS.

Alluding to that of OVID, where he describes the office of ARGVS.

——*Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen*
Occupat, vnde sedens partes speculatur in omneis. *Met. 1.*

and implying the like ducty of care and vigilance in her selfe. The fifth,

AGAPE,

Or louing affection, in crimson fringed with golde, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her hand a flaming heart: The flame expressed zeale, the red and white roses, a mixture of simplicity with loue: her robes freshnes and feruency. Her word,

NON SIC EXCVBIÆ.

Out of CLAVDIAN, in following. *De 4. Cons. Honor. Panegyri.*

——*Nec circumstantia pcila*
Quam tutatur amor.

Inferring, that though her sister before had protested watchfulnesse, and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate, or person of a Prince, as the loue and naturall affection of his subiects: which she in the cities behalfe promised. The sixt,

OMOTHYMIA,

Or vnanimity in blew, her roabe blew, and buskins. A chaplet of blew lillies, shewing one trueth and intirenesse of minde. In her lappe lies a sheafe of arrowes bound together, and she her selfe sittes weauing certaine small siluer twists. Her word,

FIRMA CONSENSVS FACIT.

Auxilia humilia firma, &c. *Pub. Syr. Mi.*

Intimating, that euen the smallest and weakest aydes, by consent, are made strong: herselfe personating the vnanimity, or consent of soule, in all inhabitants of the city to his seruice.

¶ These are all the personages, or liue figures, whereof only two were speakers (GENIVS and TAMESIS) the rest were mutes. Other dumbe complements there were, as the armes of the kingdome on the one side, with this inscription.

HIS VIREAS.

With these maist thou flourish.

On the other side the armes of the citie, with

HIS VINCAS.

With these maist thou conquer.

In

In the centre, or midſt of the Pegme, there was an Aback, or Square wherein this Elogie was written:

MAXIMVS HIC REX EST, ET LVCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QVAE TALEM CERNIT IN VRBE DVCEM;
CVIVS FORTVNAM SVPERAT SIC VNICA VIRTVS,
VNVS VT IS RELIQVOS VINCIT VTRAQVE VIROS.
PRAECEPTIS ALII POPVLOS, MVLTAQVE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SVO.
CVIQVE FRVI TOTA FAS EST VXORE MARITO,
ET SVA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE VBI PIGNORIBVS CIRCVMSTIPATA CORVSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR ANNA VIRO.
HAVD METVS EST, REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMVS HAERES,
NEV SVCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SVVM.

This, and the whole frame, was couered with a curtaine of ſilke, painted like a thicke cloud, and at the approach of the K. was inſtantly to be drawne. The Allegorie being, that thoſe clouds were gathered vpon the face of the Citie, through their long want of his moſt wiſhed ſight: but now, as at the riſing of the Sunne, all miſts were diſperſed and fled. When ſodainely, vpon ſilence made to the Muſickes, a voyce was heard to vtter this verſe;

Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 3. *Totus adeſt oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,*

Signifying, that he now was really obiected to their eyes, who before had beene onely, but ſtill, preſent in their minds.

¶ Thus farre the complementall part of the firſt; wherein was not onely labored the expreſſion of ſtate and magnificence (as proper to a triumphall Arch) but the very ſite, fabricke, ſtrength, policie, dignitie, and affections of the Citie were all laid downe to life: The nature and propertie of theſe Deuices being, to preſent alwaies ſome one entire bodie, or figure, conſiſting of diſtinct members, and each of thoſe expreſſing it ſelfe, in the owne actiue ſpheare, yet all, with that generall harmonie ſo connexed, and diſpoſed, as no one little part can be miſſing to the illuſtration of the whole: where alſo is to be noted, that the *Symboles* vſed, are not, neither ought to be, ſimply *Hieroglyphickes*, *Emblemes*, or *Impreſes*, but a mixed character, partaking ſomewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to theſe more magnificent Inuentions: wherein, the garments and enſignes deliuer the nature of the perſon, and the word the preſent office. Neither was it becomming, or could it ſtand with the dignitie of theſe ſhewes (after the moſt miſerable and deſperate ſhift of the Puppits) to require a Truch-man, or (with the ignorant Painter) one to write, *This is a Dog*; or, *This is a Hare:* but ſo to be preſented, as vpon the view, they might, without cloud, or obſcuritie, declare themſelues to the ſharpe and learned:

ned: And for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded iudgements did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.

The Speeches of Gratulation.

GENIVS.

TIme, Fate, and Fortune haue at length conspir'd,
To giue our Age the day so much desir'd.
What all the minutes, hours, weekes, months, and yeares,
That hang in file vpon these siluer haires,
Could not produce, beneath the [a] Britaine stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman [b] yoke,
This point of Time hath done. Now London reare
Thy forehead high, and on it striue to weare
Thy choisest gems; teach thy steepe Towres to rise
Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windowes; and in euery street,
Let thronging ioy, loue, and amazement meet.
Cleane all the ayre with showtes, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and vniuersally,
As thunder; for, thou now art blist to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be.
When [c] BRVTVS plough first gaue thee infant bounds,
And I, thy GENIVS walk't auspicious rounds
In euery [d] furrow; then did I forelooke,
And saw this day [e] mark't white in [f] CLOTHO's booke.
The seuerall [g] circles, both of change and sway,
Within this *Isle*, there also figur'd lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happinesse we taste.

a As being the first free and naturall gouernment of this Iland, after it came to ciuilitie.

b In respect they were all Conquests, and the obedience of the subiect more enforced.

c Rather then the Citie should want a Founder, we choose to follow the receiued storie of *Brute*, whether fabulous, or true, and not altogether vnwarranted in Poetrie: since it is a fauor of Antiquitie to few Cities, to let them know

their first Authors. Besides, a learned Poet of our time, in a most elegant worke of his *Con. Tam. & Isi*, celebrating *London*, hath this verse of her: *Æmula materna tollens sua lumina Troiæ.*
Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of Cities, which was, to giue them their bounds with a plough, according to *Virg. Æn. li.* 10. *Interea Aeneas vrbem designat Aratro.* And *Isidore, lib.*15. *cap.* 2. *Vrbs vocata ab orbe, quod antiquæ ciuitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab vrbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, vnde est illud. Optauitque locum regno & concludere sulco.* d *Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condenda noua vrbe, tauro & vacca designationis causa imprimitur*; Hitherto respects that of *Camd. Brit.* 368. speaking of this Citie, *Quicunque autem condiderit, vitali genio, constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.* e For so all happie dayes were. *Plin. cap.*40. *lib.*7. *Nat. Hist.* To which *Horace* alludes, *lib.*1. *Ode* 36. *Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ.* And the other *Plin. epist.*11. *lib.*6. *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo.* With many other in many places. *Mart. lib.*8. *epi.*45. *lib.*9. *epi.*53. *lib.*10. 38. *lib.*11. 37. *Stat. lib.*4. *Syl.*8. *Pers. sat.*2 *Catull. epig.*69. &c. f The *Parcæ*, or *Fates*, *Martianus* calls them *scribas ac librarias superûm*; whereof *Clotho* is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latine *Euocatio.* g Those before mentioned of the Britaine, Roman, Saxon, &c. and to this Register of the fates allude those verses of *Ouid. Met.*15. —— *Cernes illic molimine vasto. Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro:*
Quæ neque concussum cæli, neque fulminis Iram, Nec metuunt vllas tuta atque æterna ruinas.
Inuenies illis incisa adamante perenni Fata &c. ——

Why

Why keepe you ſilence daughters? What dull peace
Is this inhabites you? Shall office ceaſe
Vpon th'aſpect of him, to whom you owe
More then you are, or can be? Shall TIME know
That article, wherein your flame ſtood ſtill,
And not aſpi'rd? Now heauen auert an ill
Of that blacke looke. Ere pauſe poſſeſſe your breſts
I wiſh you more of plagues: "Zeale when it reſts,
Leaues to be zeale. Vp thou tame RIVER, wake;
And from the liquid limbes this ſlumber ſhake:
Thou drown'ſt thy ſelfe in inofficious ſleepe;
And the ſe thy ſluggiſh waters ſeeme to creepe,
Rather than flow. Vp, riſe, and ſwell with pride
Aboue thy bankes. "Now is not euery tyde.

TAMESIS.

TO what vaine end ſhould I contend to ſhow
My weaker powers, when ſeas of pompe o'reflow
The cities face: and couer all the ſhore
With ſands more rich than [a] TAGVS wealthy ore?
When in the flood of ioy, that comes with him,
He drownes the world; yet makes it liue and ſwimme,
And ſpring with gladneſſe: not my fiſhes heere,
Though they be dumbe, but doe expreſſe the cheere
Of theſe bright ſtreames. No leſſe may [b] theſe, and I
Boaſt our delights, albe't we ſilent lie.

GENIVS.

INdeede, true gladneſſe doth not alwayes ſpeake:
"Ioy bred, and borne but in the tongue, is weake.
Yet (leſt the feruor of ſo pure a flame
As this my citie beares, might loſe the name,
Without the apt cuenting of her heate)
Know greateſt IAMES (and no leſſe good, than great.)
In the behalfe of all my vertuous ſonnes,
Whereof my [a] eldeſt there, thy pompe forerunnes,
(A man without my flattering, or his pride,
As worthy, as he's [b] bleſt to be thy guide)
In his graue name, and all his brethrens right,
(Who thirſt to drinke the nectar of thy ſight)
The councell, commoners, and multitude;
(Glad, that this day ſo long deny'd, is view'd)

a A riuer diuiding *Spaine* & *Portugal*, and by the conſent of Poets ſti'ld *aurifer*.

b Vnderſtanding *Euphroſyne*, *Sebaſis*, *Protbumia*, &c.

a The lord Maior, who for his yeere, hath ſenior place of the reſt, & for the day was chiefe ſerieant to the king.

b Aboue the bleſſing of his preſent office, the word had ſome particular alluſion to his Name, which is *Benet*, and hath (no doubt) in time bin the contraction of *Benedict*.

I tender

I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet
That euer king had to his [c] empires seate:
Neuer came man, more long'd for, more desir'd:
And being come, more reuerenc'd, lou'd, admir'd;
Heare, and record it: "In a prince it is
"No little vertue, to know who are his.
[d] With like deuotions, doe I stoope t'embrace
This springing glory of thy [e] godlike race;
His countries wonder, hope, loue, ioy and pride:
How well dooth he become the royall side
Of this erected, and broade spreading Tree,
Vnder whose shade, may *Brittaine* euer be.
And from this branch, may thousand branches more
Shoote o're the maine, and knit with euery shore
In bonds of marriage, kinred, and increase;
And stile this land, the [f] nauill of their peace.
This is your seruants wish, your cities vow,
Which still shall propagate it selfe, with you;
And free from spurres of hope, that slow minds moue:
"He seekes no hire, that owes his life to loue.
[g] And heere she comes that is no lesse a part
In this dayes greatnesse, then in my glad heart.
Glory of queenes, and [h] glory of your name,
Whose graces doe as farre out-speake your fame,
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You [i] daughter, sister, wife of seuerall kings:
Besides alliance, and the stile of mother,
In which one title you drowne all your other.
Instance, be [k] that faire shoote, is gone before,
Your eldest ioy, and top of all your store,
With * those, whose sight to vs is yet deni'd,
But not our zeale to them, or ought beside
This citie can to you: For whose estate
Shee hopes you will be still good aduocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortall are,
No taste of sowre mortalitie once dare
Approch your house; nor fortune greete your grace
But comming on, and with a forward face.

c The citie which title is touch't before.
d To the prince.
e An attribute giuen to great persons, fitly aboue other, humanity, and in frequent vse with all the greeke Poets, especially *Homer. Iliad. a*
—— Δῖος Ἀχιλλεύς.
And in the same booke.
—— χὰρτι θεὸν Πολυφημον.
f As *Lucatius* calls *Parnassus*, *Vmbilicum terræ*.
g To the queene.
h An emphatical speech, & well re-enforcing her greatnes; being by this match, more than either her brother, father, &c.
i Daughter to *Frederick* secõd king of *Denmarke*, and *Norway*, sister to *Christierne* the fourth now there reigning, & wife to *Iames* our Soueraigne.
k The prince *Henrie Frederike*,
* *Charles* duke of *Rothsey*, and the Lady *Elizabeth*.

THE

The other at Temple-barre.

CArried the frontiſpice of a temple, the walls of which and gates were braſſe; the pillars ſiluer, their capitalls and baſes gold: in the higheſt point of all was erected a IANVS head, & ouer it written,

IANO QVADRIFRONTI SACRVM.

Baſſus apud Macro. l. 1. Satur. cap. 9.

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is ſaid to be giuen him, as he reſpecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the world with his maieſtie: which MARTIAL would ſeeme to allude vnto in that *Hendicaſillable*,

Lib. 8. Epiſt. 2.

Et linguâ pariter locutus omni.

Others haue thought it by reaſon of the foure elements, which brake out of him, being CHAOS: for OVID is not afraid to make CHAOS and IANVS the ſame, in thoſe verſes

Faſt. lib. 1.

Me Chaos antiqui (nam ſum res priſca) vocabant
Adſpice, &c.

* *Lege Marlianum, l. 4. cap. 8. Alb. in deorum.*

But we rather follow (and that more particularly) the opinion of the *ancients, who haue entitled him *Quadrifrons*, in regard of the yeere (which vnder his ſway is diuided into foure ſeaſons, *ſpring, ſummer, autumne, winter*, and aſcribe vnto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic.

a *De nat. deorum, lib. 2.*
b *Quaſi Ianus.*

a *Cumq; in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima & extrema, principem in ſacrificando* IANVM *eſſe voluerunt, quod* b *ab eundo nomen eſt deductum: ex quo tranſitiones peruiæ* IANI, *foreſq; in liminibus profanarum ædium, Ianus nominatur, &c.* As alſo the charge and cuſtodie of the whole world, by OVID:

Faſt. Ibid.

Quicquid vbiq; vides cœlum, mare, nubila, terras.
Omnia ſunt noſtra clauſa patentq; manu:
Me penes eſt vnum vaſti cuſtodia mundi.
Et ius vertendi cardinis omne meum eſt.

About his foure heads he had a wreathe of gold, in which was grauen this verſe,

Mart. l. 8. Epiſt. 2.

TOT VULTVS MIHI NEC SATIS PVTAVI.

Signifying, that though he had foure faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatneſſe and glorie of that day: beneath vnder the head was written,

Ouid. Faſt. 1.

ET MODO SACRIFICO CLVSIVS ORE VOCOR.

For being open he was ſtil'd PATVLCIVS, but then vpon the comming of his maieſtie, being to be ſhut, he was to be called CLVSIVS. Vpon the outmoſt front of the building was placed the intire armes of the kingdom with the garter, crowne, and ſupporters, cut forth as faire and great as the life, with an *Hexaſtich* written vnder-neath, all expreſſing the dignitie, and power of him that ſhould cloſe that temple.

QVI

QVI DVDVM ANGVSTIS TANTVM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQVE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRAEBVIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (VT NVLLA DEESSET
VIRTVTI FORTVNA) SVO FELICITER VNI
IVNCTA SIMVL SENSIT: FAS VT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON IAM SANGVINEA FRVITVROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great freeze, below, that ranne quite along the bredth of the building, were written these two verses out of HORACE.

Lib. 2. Epist. 1. ad Aug.

IVRANDASQVE SVVM PER NOMEN PONIMVS ARAS,
NIL ORITVRVM ALIAS, NIL ORTVM TALE FATENTES.

The first and principall person in the temple, was

IRENE,

or *Peace*, shee was placed aloft in a *Cant*, her attyre white, semined with starres, her haire loose and large: a wreathe of oliue on her head, on her shoulder a siluer doue: in her left hand, shee held forth an oliue branch, with a handfull of ripe eares, in the other a crowne of lawrell, as notes of victorie and plentie. By her stood

PLVTVS,

or *Wealth*, a little boy, bare headed, his locks curled, and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, sauing some rich robe cast ouer him; in his armes a heape of gold Ingots to expresse riches, whereof hee is the god. Beneath her feet lay

So *Cephisiodotus* hath fained him. See *Paus. in Baoti. & Phil. in Imag.* contrary to *Aristop. Theogn. Lucian* and others, that make him blind and deformed.

ENYALIVS,

or MARS, groueling, his armour scattered vpon him in seuerall pieces, and sundrie sorts of weapons broken about him, her word to all was

VNA TRIVMPHIS INNVMERIS POTIOR.

Sil. Ital.

pax optima rerum
Quæ homini nouisse datum est, pax vna Triumphis
Innumeris potior.

signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coueted then innumerable triumphs, besides, vpon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a *Hemicycle* was seated

ESYCHIA,

or *Quiet*, the first hand-maid of peace; a woman of a graue and venerable aspect, attyred in black, vpon her head an artificiall nest, out of which appeared storkes heads to manifest a sweet repose. Her feete were placed vpon a cube, to shew stabilitie, and in her lap shee held a perpendicular or leuell, as the ensigne of *euenneſſe* and *rest*: on the top of it sate a *Halcion* or kings-fisher. Shee had lying at her feet

TARACHE,

or *Tumult*, in a garment of diuers, but darke colours, her haire wilde, and disordered, a foule and troubled face, about her lay staues, swords, ropes, chaines, hammers, stones, and such like to expresse Turmoile. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQVILLA POTESTAS.

De Malii. Theo. cons. Paneg.

Claud. *Quod violenta nequit: mandataq; fortius vrget*
Imperiosa quies.

To shew the benefits of a calme and facile power, being able to effect in a state that, which no violence can. On the other side the second hand-maide was

ELEVTHERIA,

or *Libertie*, her dressing white, and some-what antique, but loose and free: her haire flowing downe her backe, and shoulders: In her right hand shee bare a club, on her left a hat, the *Characters* of freedome, and power: At her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting, and expressing libertie. She trode on

DOVLOSIS,

or *Seruitude*, a woman in old and worne garments, leane and meager, bearing fetters on her feet, and hands, about her necke a yoake to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC VNQVAM GRATIOR.

Alluding to that other of *Claud.*

De laud. stil. li. 3.

Nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub Rege pio.

And intimated, that libertie could neuer appeare more gracefull, and louely, then now vnder so good a prince. The third hand-maid was

SOTERIA,

or *Safetie*, a damsell in carnation, the colour signifying cheare, and life, shee sat high: vpon her head she wore an antique helme, and in her right hand a speare for defence, in her left a cup for Medicine: at her feet was set a pedestall vpon which a serpent rowld vp did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

or *Danger*, a woman dispoiled, and almost naked, the little garment shee hath left her, of seuerall colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and a sword broken (the instruments of her furie) with a net and wolues skinne (the ensignes of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METVS.

Lib. 12. Epist. 6. Borrowed from *Mart.* and implying that now all feares haue turnd their backes,

backes, and our safetie might become securitie, danger being so wholly depreſt, and vnfurniſht of all meanes to hurt. The fourth attendant is,

EVDAIMONIA,

or *Felicity*, varied on the second hand, and apparelled richly; in an embroidered robe, and mantle: a faire golden tresse. In her right hand a *Caduceus*, the note of peacefull wisedome: in her left, a *Cornucopia* fill'd onely with flowers, as a signe of florishing blessednesse; and crownd with a garland of the same. At her feet,

DYSPRAGIA,

or *Vnhappinesse*, a woman bareheaded, her necke, armes, brest, and feete naked, her looke hollow and pale; she holds a *Cornucopia* turned downward with all the flowers falne out and scattered, vpon her sits a rauen, as the augury of ill fortune: and the soule was

REDEVNT SATVRNIA REGNA.

Out of *Virgil*, to shew that now those golden times were returned againe, wherein *Peace* was with vs so aduanced, *Rest* receiued, *Libertie* restored, *Safetie* assured, and all *Blessednesse* appearing in euery of these vertues her particular triumph ouer her opposite euill. This is the dumbe argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of *Virgil*, written in the vnder freeze. *Eclog 4.*

NVLLA SALVS BELLO:
PACEM TE POSCIMVS OMNES. *Æneid. lib. 11.*

The speaking part was performed, as within the temple where there was erected an altar, to which at the approch of the king appeares the *Flamen*

*MARTIALIS.

And to him,

GENIVS VRBIS.

The *Genius* we attired before: To the *Flamen* we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witnesse his nobilitie, his typpet and sleeues white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of golde with a traine to expresse the dignitie of his function. Vpon his head a [c] hat of delicate wooll, whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called *Apex*, according to that of *Lucan. lib. 1.*

Attollensq; Apicem generoso vertice Flamen.

This *Apex* was couered with a [d] fine net of yearne which they named *Apiculum*, and was sustained with a [e] bowd twigge of *Pomegranat* tree, it was also in the hot time of *Summer* to be bound with ribands, and throwne behind them as [f] *Scaliger* teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censor with perfume, and censing about the altar (hauing first kindled his fire on the toppe) is interrupted by the *Genius*.

* One of the three *Flamines* that as some thinke *Numa Pompilius* first institutted, but we rather with *Varro* take him of *Romulus* institutiõ, wherof there were only two, *Hee*, and *Dialis*: to whom he was next in dignitie. He was alwayes created out of the Nobility, and did performe the rites to *Mars*, who was thought the Father of *Romulus*.

c *Scaliger in coniect. in Varr*: saith *Totus Pilleus, vel potiùs velamenta, Flammeum dicebatur. vnde Flamines dicti.* d To this lookes that other coniecture of *Varro. lib. 4. de lingua Latina. Flamines, quod lucio in capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, Flamines dicti.* e Which in their attire was called *Stroppus*, in their wiues *Inarculum.* f *Scal. Ibid. in con. Ponè enim regerebant apicem, ne grauis esset summis æstatis caloribus. Amentis enim, qua offendices dicebantur sub mentum adductis, religabant; vt cum vellent, regererent, & ponè pendere permitterent.*

GENIVS.

STay, what art thou, that in this ſtrange attire,
Dar'ſt kindle ſtranger, and vn-hallowed fire
Vpon this altar? FL. Rather what art thou
That dar'ſt ſo rudely interrupt my vow?
My habit ſpeakes my name. GE. A Flamin? FL. Yes,
And [a] MARTIALIS call'd. GE. I ſo did gheſſe
By my ſhort view, but whence didſt thou aſcend
Hither? or how? or to what miſtick end?
FL. The noiſe, and preſent tumult of this day,
Rowſd me from ſleepe, and ſilence, where I lay
Obſcur'd from light; which when I wakt to ſee,
I wondring thought what this great pompe might bee.
When (looking in my Kalender) I found
The [b] *Ides* of *March* were entred, and I bound
With theſe, to celebrate the *geniall* feaſt
Of [c] ANNA ſtil'd PERENNA, [d] MARS his gueſt
Who, in this moneth of his, is yeerely call'd
To banquet at his altars; and inſtal'd
[e] A *goddeſſe* with him, ſince ſhee fills the yeare,
And [f] knits the oblique ſcarfe that girts the ſpheare.
Whileſt foure-fac't IANVS turnes his [g] vernall looke
Vpon their meeting houres, as if he tooke
High pride and pleaſure. GE. Sure thou ſtill doſt dreame,
And both thy tongue, and thought rides on the ſtreame
Of phantaſie: Behold here *hee* nor *ſhee*,
Haue any altar, fane, or deitie.
Stoope: reade but this [h] inſcription: and then view
To whom the place is conſecrate. 'Tis true
That this is IANVS temple, and that now
He turnes vpon the yeere his freſheſt brow:
That this is MARS his moneth; and theſe the *Ides*,
Wherein his ANNE was honor'd; both the tides,
Titles, and place, we know: but theſe dead rites
Are long ſince buryed, and new power excites

a Of *Mars* whoſe rites (as we haue toucht before) this *Flamin* did ſpecially celebrate.

b With vs the 15. of *March*, which was the preſent day of this triumph: and on which the great feaſt of *Anna Perenna* (among the *Romans*) was yeerely, and with ſuch ſolemnitie remembred, *Ouid. Faſt. 3. Idibus eſt Annæ feſtum geniale Perenne, Haud procul à ripis, &c.*

c Who this *Anna* ſhould be (with the *Romans* themſelues) hath beene no trifeling controuerſie. Some haue thought her fabulouſly the ſiſter of *Dido*, ſome a Nymph of *Numicius*, ſome *Io*, ſome *Themis*. Others an old woman of *Bouillæ*, that fed the ſeditious multitude, in *Monte ſacro*, with wafers, and fine cakes, in time of their penurie: To whom, afterward (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordaynd this feaſt. Yet, they that haue thought neereſt, haue miſt all theſe, and directly imagined her the Moone. And that ſhee was called ANNA, *Quia menſibus impleat annum, Ouid ibid.* To which, the vow that they vſed in her rites, ſomewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, *vt Annare, & Perennare commodè liceret, Macr. Sat. lib. 1. cap. 12.* d So *Ouid. ibid. Faſt.* makes *Mars* ſpeaking to her, *Menſe meo coleris, iunxi mea tempora tecum.* e *Nuper erat dea facta, &c. ibid. Ouid.* f Where is vnderſtood the meeting of the Zodiack in *March*, the moneth wherein ſhee is celebrated. g That face wherewith he beholds the Spring. h Written vpon the Altar, for which we referre you to the page 859.

More

More high and heartie flames. Loe, there is hee,
Who brings with him a [b] greater ANNA then ſhee:
Whoſe ſtrong and potent vertues haue [c] defac'd
Sterne MARS his ſtatues, and vpon them plac'd
His, [d] and the worlds bleſt bleſſings: This hath brought
Sweet peace to ſit in that bright ſtate ſhee ought
Vnbloudie, or vntroubled; hath forc'd hence
All tumults, feares, or other darke portents
That might inuade weake minds; hath made men ſee
Once more the face of welcome libertie:
And doth (in all his preſent acts) reſtore
That firſt pure world, made of the better ore.
Now innocence ſhall ceaſe to be the ſpoyle
Of rauenous greatneſſe, or to ſteepe the ſoyle
Of rayſed peſantrie with teares, and bloud;
No more ſhall rich men (for their little good)
Suſpect to be made guiltie; or vile ſpies
Enioy the luſt of their ſo murdring eyes:
Men ſhall put off their yron minds, and hearts;
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remayne
Of what was thought the former ages ſtayne.
Back, FLAMIN, with thy ſuperſtitious fumes,
And cenſe not here; Thy ignorance preſumes
Too much, in acting any Ethnick rite
In this tranſlated temple: here no wight,
To ſacrifice, ſaue my deuotion comes,
That brings in ſtead of thoſe thy [e] maſculine gums.
My cities heart; which ſhall for euer burne
Vpon this altar, and no time ſhall turne
The ſame to aſhes: here I fixe it faſt,
Flame bright, flame high, and may it euer laſt.
Whileſt I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire; and giue it quick increaſe
With prayers, wiſhes, vowes; whereof be theſe
The leaſt, and weakeſt: that no age may leeſe
The memorie of this ſo rich a day;
But rather, that it henceforth yeerely may

b The Queen: to anſwere which in our inſcription we ſpake to the King *MARTE MAIORI.*

c The Temple of *Janus* we apprehend to be both the houſe of War, and Peace: of warre, when it is open, of peace when it is ſhut: And that there, each ouer the other is interchangeably placed, to the viciſſitude of Times.

d Which are Peace, Reſt, Libertie, Safetie, &c. and were his actiuely, but the worlds paſſiuely.

e Somewhat a ſtrange Epithite, in our tongue, but proper to the thing: for they were only *Maſculine* odors, which were efferd to the Altars, *Vir. Ecl.* 8. *Verbenaſq; adole pinguis, & maſcula Tura.* And *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib.* 12. *cap.* 14. ſpeaking of theſe, hath *Quod ex eo rotunditate gutiæ pependit, Maſculum vocamus, cum alias non ſere mas vocetur, vbi non ſit fœmina: religioni tributum ne ſexus alter vſurparetur. Maſculum aliqui putant à ſpecie teſtium dictum.* See him alſo, *lib.* 34. *cap.* 11. And, *Arnob. lib.* 7. *aduerſ. Gent. Non ſi mille tu pondera maſculi Turis incendas, &c.*

Begin our ſpring, and with our ſpring the prime,
And [f] firſt accompt of yeeres, of months, [g] of time:
And may theſe *Ides* as fortunate appeare
To thee, as they to [h] CAESAR fatall were.
Be all thy thoughts borne perfect, and thy hopes
In their euents ſtill crown'd beyond their ſcopes.
Let not wide heauen that ſecret bleſſing know
To giue, which ſhee on thee will not beſtow.
Blind *Fortune* be thy ſlaue; and may her ſtore
(The leſſe thou ſeek'ſt it) follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but ſee, theſe brazen gates
Make haſte to cloſe, as vrged by thy fates;
Here ends my cities office, here it breakes:
Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, ſhee ſpeakes
A ſhort farewell; and lower then thy feet,
With feruent thankes, thy royall paynes doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptneſſe breed diſeaſe;
„ He merits not t'offend, that haſtes to pleaſe.

f According to *Romulus* his inſtitution, who made *March* the firſt month, and conſecrated it to his father, of whom it was called *Martius*, *Varr. Feſt. in Frag. Martius menſis initiũ anni fuit, & in Latio, & poſt Romam conditam, &c.* And *Ouid. Faſt.* 3. *A te principium Romano dicimus anno: Primus de patrio nomine menſis erit. Vox rata ſit, &c.* See *Macr. lib.* 1. *Sat. cap.* 12. and *Solin. in Poly. hiſt. cap.* 2. *Quòd hoc menſe mercedes exoluerint magiſtris, quas completus annus deberi fecẽſſet, &c.* g Some, to whom we haue read this, haue taken it for a *Tautologie*, thinking *Time* ynough expreſs'd before in *yeeres*, and *moneths*. For whoſe ignorant ſakes we muſt confeſſe to haue taken the better part of this trauaile in noting, a thing not vſuall, neither affected of vs, but where there is neceſſitie, as here, to auoid their dull cenſures: where in *yeeres* and *moneths* we alluded to that is obſerued in our former note: but by *Time* we vnderſtand the preſent, and that from this inſtant, we ſhould begin to reckon, and make this the firſt, of our time. Which is alſo to be helpt by *emphaſis*. h In which he was ſlaine in the *Senate*.

Ouer

Ouer the Altar was written *this Inscription:*

D. I. O. M.
BRITANNIARVM. IMP. PACIS.
VINDICI. MARTE. MAIORI. P. P. F. S.
AVGVSTO. NOVO. GENTIVM. CONIVNCTARVM. NVMINI. TVTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ. DEABVSQVE. VNIVERSIS. OPTATIORI. SVI FORTVNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI. PVLCHERIMÆ. AVGVSTISSIMÆ.

ET

H. F. P.

FILIO. SVO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTVM. AD VRBEM. HANC. SVAM. EXPECTATISSIMVM. GRATISSIMVM. CELEBRATISSIMVM. CVIVS. NON. RADII. SED SOLES. POTIVS. FVNESSIMAM. NVPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARVNT

S. P. Q. L.

VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

L. M.

HANC. ARAM.

P.

And vpon the Gate, being shut,

IMP. IACOBVS MAX.
CÆSAR AVG. P. P.
PACE POPVLO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQVE PARTA
IANVM CLVSIT. S.C.

In the Strand.

THe Inuention was a Raine-bow, the Moone, Sunne, and thoſe ſeuen ſtarres, which antiquitie hath ſtyl'd the *Pleiades*, or *Vergiliæ*, aduanced betweene two magnificent Pyramid's, of 70. foot in height, on which were drawne his Maieſties ſeuerall pedigrees *Eng.* and *Scot.* To which bodie (being fram'd before) we were to apt our ſoule. And finding that one of theſe ſeuen lights, *Electra*, is rarely or not at all to be ſeene, (as *Ouid. lib.* 4. *Faſt.* affirmeth.

Pleiades incipient humeros relenare paternos:
Quæ ſeptem dici, ſex tamen eſſe ſolent.

And by and by after,

Siue quòd Electra Troiæ ſpectare ruinas
Non tulit: antè oculos oppoſuitq; manum.

Paraph. in Arat. Phænom. And *Feſtus Auien.*

Fama vetus ſeptem memorat genitore creatas
Longæuo: ſex ſe rutila inter ſidera tantùm
Suſtollunt, &c.

And beneath

—cerni ſex ſolas carmine Mynthes
Aſſerit: Electram cælo abſceſsiſſe profundo, &c.)

We ventred to follow this authoritie; and made her the ſpeaker: preſenting her hanging in the ayre, in figure of a Comet; according to *Anonymus. Electra non ſuſtinens videre caſum pronepotum fugerit; vnde & illam diſſolutis crinibus propter luctum ire aſſerunt, & propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.*

THE SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

THe long [a] laments I ſpent for ruin'd *Troy*,
Are dried; and now mine eyes run teares of ioy.
No more ſhall men ſuppoſe ELECTRA dead,
Though from the conſort of her ſiſters fled
Vnto the [b] Arctick circle, here to grace,
And gild this day with her [c] ſereneſt face:

a *Feſt. Aui. paraph. Pars ait Ideæ deflentem incendia Troiæ, Et numeroſa ſuæ lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetris mœſtum dare nubibus orbem.* Beſides the reference to antiquitie, this ſpeech might be vnderſtood by Allegorie of the Towne here, that had beene ſo ruined with ſickneſſe, &c. b *Hyginus. Sed poſtquam Troia fuit capta, & Progenies eius quæ à Dardano fuit euerſa, dolore permotam ab his ſe remouiſſe, & in circulo qui Arcticus dicitur conſtitiſſe, &c.* c *Electra* ſignifies Serenitie it ſelfe, and is compounded of ἥλιος, which is the Sunne, and ἄεθριος, that ſignifies ſerene. She is mentioned to be *Anima ſphæræ ſolis*, by *Proclus. Com. in Heſiod.*

And

And ſee, my [d] daughter *Iris* haſts to throw
Her roſeat wings, in compaſſe of a bow,
About our ſtate, as [e] ſigne of my approach:
Attracting to her ſeate from [f] *Mithras* coach,
A thouſand different, and particular hiewes,
Which ſhe throughout her body doth diffuſe.
The *Sunne*, as loth to part from this *halfe ſpheare*,
Stands ſtill; and *Phœbe* labors to appeare
In all as bright (if not as rich) as he:
And, for a note of more ſerenety,
My fixe [g] faire ſiſters hither ſhift their lights;
To do this hower the vtmoſt of her rites.
Where left the captious, or prophane might doubt,
How theſe cleere heauenly bodies come about
All to be ſeene at once; yet neithers light
Eclips'd, or ſhadow'd by the others ſight:
Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,
And doth admit no night; but all doe ſhine
As well nocturnall, as diurnall fires,
To adde vnto the flame of our deſires.
Which are (now thou haſt cloſd vp [h] IANVS gates,
And giu'n ſo generall peace to all eſtates)
That no offenſiue miſt, or cloudie ſtaine
May mixe with ſplendor of thy golden raigne;
But, as th'aſt free'd thy [i] *Chamber*, from the noyſe
Of warre and tumult; thou wilt powre thoſe ioyes
Vpon [k] this place, which claimes to be [l] the ſeate
Of all the kingly race: the cabinet
To all thy counſels; and the iudging chayre
To this thy ſpeciall kingdome. Who ſo faire
And wholſome lawes, in euery court, ſhall ſtriue
By Æquitie, and their firſt innocence to thriue;
The baſe and guiltie bribes of guiltier men
Shall be throwne backe, and iuſtice looke, as when
She lou'd the earth, and feard not to be ſold
For that, [m] which worketh all things to it, gold.
The dam of other euils auarice
Shall here locke downe her iawes, and that rude vice
Of ignorant, and pittied greatneſſe, pride,
Decline with ſhame; ambition now ſhall hide
Her face in duſt, as dedicate to ſleepe,
That in great portalls wont her watch to keepe.

d She is alſo faind to be the mother of the rainebow. *Naſcitur enim Iris ex aqua & ſerenitate, & refractione radiorum ſcilicet. Ariſt. in Meteorol.*

e *Val. Flac. Argonaut. 1.* makes the rainbow *indicem ſerenitatis. Emicuit reſerata dies, cœlumq; reſoluit. Arcus, & in ſummos redierunt nubila montes.*

f A name of the ſunne. *Stat. Theb. lib. 1. ter quenten cornua Mithræ.* And *Martian. Capel. lib 3. de nup. Mer. & Phil. Te Serapim Nilus, Memphis veneratur Oſirin; Diſſona ſæua Mithræ, &c.*

g *Alcyone, Celæno, Taygete, Aſterope, Merope, Maia.* which are alſo ſaid to be the ſoules of the other ſphæres, as *Electra* of the ſunne. *Proclus ibi. in com. Alcyone Veneris. Celæno Saturni. Taygete Lunæ. Aſterop Iouis. Merope Martis. Maia Mercurij.*

h Alluding backe to that of our temple.

i *London.*

k His citie of Weſtminſter, in whoſe name,

and at whoſe charge, together with the duchie of Lancaſter this arch was erected.

l Since here, they not onely ſate being crowned, but alſo firſt receiued their crownes.

m *Hor. Car. lib. 4. Ode 9. Diuentis ad ſe cuncta pecunia.*

All

All ills shall flie the light: Thy court be free
No lesse from enuie, then from flatterie;
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturbe the musique of thy peace:
The querulous nature shall no longer find
Roome for his thoughts: One pure consent of mind
Shall flow in euery brest, and not the ayre,
Sunne, moone, or starres shine more serenely faire.
This from that loud, blest *Oracle*, I sing,
Who here, and first, pronounc'd, thee *Brittaines* king
Long maist thou liue, and see me thus appeare,
As omenous [n] a comet, from my spheare,
Vnto thy raigne; as that [o] did auspicate
So lasting glory to AVGVSTVS state.

n For our more authoritie to induce her thus, See *Fest. Auien. paraph. in Arat.* speaking of *Electra*, *Non nunquam Oceani tamen istam surgere ab vndis, In conuexa poli, sed sede exrere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam. Germanosq; choros sobolis lachrymare ruinas, Diffusamq; comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie, &c.*

o All comets were not fatall, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we haue *Plinies* testimonie. *Nat. Histo. lib. 2 cap. 25. Cometes in vno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum faustus* Diuo Augusto *indicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat* Veneri *Genetrici, non multò post obitum patris Cæsaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namq; his verbis id gaudium prodidit.* Iisipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sydus crinitum per septem dies in regione Cœli, quæ sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa vndecimam horam diei, clarumque & omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sydere significari vulgus credidit, *Cæsaris* animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis eius, quod mox in foro consecranimus adiectum est. *Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum seq; in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit.*

THE END.

A PANEGYRE, ON THE HAPPIE ENTRANCE OF IAMES, OVR SOVERAIGNE,

TO

His first high Sesion of PARLIAMENT in this his Kingdome, the 19. of March, 1603–4.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

A PANEGYRE

ON

THE HAPPIE ENTRANCE OF IAMES, OVR SOVERAIGNE,

TO

His first high Session of PARLIAMENT in this his Kingdome, the 19. of March, 1603.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Dicet tota nunc Helicone frui.

THE END.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

A PANEGYRE.

HEau'n now not ſtriues, alone, our breſts to fill
With ioyes: but vrgeth his full fauors ſtill.
Againe, the glory of our Weſterne world
Vnfolds himſelf: & from his eyes are hoorl'd
(To day) a thouſand radiãt lights, that ſtream
To euery nooke and angle of his realme.
His former rayes did onely cleare the skie;
But theſe his ſearching beams are caſt, to prie
Into thoſe darke and deepe concealed vaults,
Where men commit blacke inceſt with their faults;
And ſnore ſupinely in the ſtall of ſin:
Where *Murder*, *Rapine*, *Luſt*, doe ſit within,
Carowſing humane bloud in yron bowles,
And make their denne the ſlaughter-houſe of ſoules:
From whoſe foule reeking cauernes firſt ariſe
Thoſe dampes, that ſo offend all good mens eyes;
And would (if not diſpers'd) infect the Crowne,
And in their vapor her bright mettall drowne.
To this ſo cleare and ſanctified an end,
I ſaw, when reuerend THEMIS did deſcend
Vpon his ſtate; let downe in that rich chaine,
That faſtneth heauenly power to earthly raigne:
Beſide her, ſtoup't on either hand, a maid,
Faire DICE, and EVNOMIA; who were ſaid
To be her daughters: and but faintly knowne
On earth, till now, they came to grace his throne.
Her third, IRENE, help'd to beare his traine;
And in her office vow'd ſhe would remaine,
Till forraine malice, or vnnaturall ſpight
(Which Fates auert) ſhould force her from her right.
With theſe he paſs'd, and with his peoples hearts
Breath'd in his way; and ſoules (their better parts)
Haſting to follow forth in ſhouts, and cryes.
Vpon his face all threw their couetous eyes,
As on a wonder: ſome amazed ſtood,
As if they felt, but had not knowne their good:

Others would faine haue ſhew'ne it in their words:
But, when their ſpeech ſo poore a helpe affords
Vnto their zeales expreſſion; they are mute:
And only with red ſilence him ſalute.
Some cry from tops of houſes, thinking noiſe
The fitteſt herald to proclaime true ioyes:
Others on ground runne gazing by his ſide,
All, as vnwearied, as vnſatisfied:
And euery windore grieu'd it could not moue
Along with him, and the ſame trouble proue.
They that had ſeene, but foure ſhort daies before,
His gladding looke, now long'd to ſee it more.
And as of late, when he through *London* went,
The amorous Citie ſpar'd no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but ſo dreſt,
As our ambitious dames, when they make feaſt,
And would be courted: ſo this Towne put on
Her brighteſt tyre; and, in it, equall ſhone
To her great ſiſter: ſaue that modeſtie,
Her place, and yeares, gaue her precedencie.
The ioy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor ſex, ſo weake, or ſtrongly dull,
That did not beare a part in this conſent
Of hearts, and voices. All the aire was rent,
As with the murmure of a mouing wood;
The ground beneath did ſeeme a mouing floud:
Walls, windores, roofes, towers, ſteeples, all were ſet
With ſeuerall eyes, that in this obiect met.
Old men were glad, their fates till now did laſt;
And infants, that the houres had made ſuch haſt
To bring them forth: Whil'ſt riper ag'd, and apt
To vnderſtand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the peoples loue, with which did ſtriue
The Nobles zeale, yet either kept aliue
The others flame, as doth the wike and waxe,
That friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
Meane while, the reuerend THEMIS drawes aſide
The Kings obeying will, from taking pride
In theſe vaine ſtirres, and to his mind ſuggeſts
How he may triumph in his ſubiects breſts,
„ With better pompe. She tells him firſt, that Kings
„ Are here on earth the moſt conſpicuous things:
„ That they, by Heauen, are plac'd vpon his throne,
„ To rule like Heauen; and haue no more, their owne,

„ As

„As they are men, then men. That all they doe
„Though hid at home, abroad is ſearch'd into:
„And, being once found out, diſcouer'd lies
„Vnto as many enuies, there, as eyes.
„That princes, ſince they know it is their fate,
„Oft-times, to haue the ſecrets of their ſtate
„Betraid to fame, ſhould take more care, and feare
„In publique acts what face and forme they beare.
„She then remembred to his thought the place
„Where he was going; and the vpward race
„Of kings, præceding him in that high court;
„Their lawes, their endes; the men ſhe did report:
„And all ſo iuſtly, as his eare was ioy'd
„To heare the truth, from ſpight, or flattery voyd.
„She ſhewd him, who made wiſe, who honeſt acts;
„Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts,
„And thriuing ſtatutes ſhe could promptly note;
„The bloody, baſe, and barbarous ſhe did quote;
„Where lawes were made to ſerue the tyran'will;
„Where ſleeping they could ſaue, and waking kill;
„Where acts gaue licence to impetuous luſt
„To bury churches, in forgotten duſt,
„And with their ruines raiſe the panders bowers:
„When, publique iuſtice borrow'd all her powers
„From priuate chambers; that could then create
„Lawes, iudges, conſellors, yea prince, and ſtate.
„All this ſhe told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
„For *Right* is as compaſſionate as wiſe.
Nor did he ſeeme their vices ſo to loue,
As once defend, what THEMIS did reproue.
For though by right, and benefite of *Times*,
He ownde their crownes, he would not ſo their crimes.
He knew that princes, who had ſold their fame
To their voluptuous luſtes, had loſt their name;
And that no wretch was more vnbleſt then he,
Whoſe neceſſary good t'was now to be
An euill king: And ſo muſt ſuch be ſtill,
Who once haue got the habit to doe ill.
One wickedneſſe another muſt defend;
For vice is ſafe, while ſhe hath vice to friend.
He knew, that thoſe, who would, with loue, command,
Muſt with a tender (yet a ſtedfaſt) hand
Suſtaine the reynes, and in the checke forbeare
To offer cauſe of iniurie, or feare.

That kings, by their example, more doe ſway
Then by their power; and men doe more obay
When they are led, then when they are compell'd.
In all theſe knowing artes our prince excell'd.
And now the dame had dried her dropping eyne,
When, like an April *Iris*, flew her ſhine
About the ſtreets, as it would force a ſpring
From out the ſtones, to gratulate the king.
She bleſt the people, that in ſhoales did ſwim
To heare her ſpeech; which ſtill began in him
And ceas'd in them. She told them, what a fate
Was gently falne from heauen vpon this ſtate;
How deare a father they did now enioy
That came to ſaue, what diſcord would deſtroy:
And entring with the power of a king,
The temp'rance of a priuate man did bring,
That wan affections, ere his ſteps wan ground;
And was not hot, or couetous to be crown'd
Before mens hearts had crown'd him. Who (vnlike
Thoſe greater bodies of the sky, that ſtrike
The leſſer fiers dim) in his acceſſe
Brighter then all, hath yet made no one leſſe;
Though many greater: and the moſt, the beſt.
Wherein, his choice was happie with the reſt
Of his great actions, firſt to ſee, and do
What all mens wiſhes did aſpire vnto.
Hereat, the people could no longer hold
Their burſting ioyes; but through the ayre was rol'd
The length'ned ſhowt, as when th'artillery
Of heauen is diſcharg'd along the skie:
And this confeſsion flew from euery voyce:
Neuer had land more reaſon to reioyce.
Nor to her bliſſe, could ought now added bee,
Saue, that ſhee might the ſame perpetuall ſee.
Which when time, nature, and the fates deny'd,
With a twice louder ſhoute againe they cry'd,
Yet, let bleſt Brittaine *aske (without your wrong)*
Still to haue ſuch a king, and this king long.

Solus Rex, & Poeta non quotannis naſcitur.

A PARTICVLAR ENTERTAINMENT OF THE QVEENE AND PRINCE THEIR HIGHNESSE AT ALTHROPE,

AT

The Right Honourable the Lord SPENCERS,

on Satturday being the 25. of *Iune* 1603. as they came first into the Kingdome;

Written by the same Authour, and not before published.

The Author B. I.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

A
PARTICULAR
ENTERTAINMENT
OF
THE QUEENS AND PRINCE
THEIR HIGHNESSE AT
ALTHROPE,
AT
The Right Honourable the Lord BRENCERS,
on Saturday being the 25. of June 1603. as
they came first into the Kingdome;
Written by the same Author, and not
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The Author B. I.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVII.

A SATYRE.

THe inuention was, to haue a Satyre lodged in a little Spinet, by which her Maieſtie, and the Prince were to come, who (at the report of certayne Cornets that were diuided in ſeuerall places of the Parke, to ſignifie her approch) aduanced his head aboue the top of the wood, wondring, and (with his pipe in his hand) began as followeth.

SATYRE.

HEre? there? and euery where?
Some ſolemnities are neere,
That theſe changes ſtrike mine eare.
My pipe and I a part ſhall beare.

And after a ſhort ſtraine with his pipe; againe.

Looke, ſee; (beſhrew this tree,)
What may all this wonder bee?
Pipe it, who that liſt for mee:
I'le flie out abroade, and ſee.

There he leaped downe, and gazing the Queene and Prince in the face, went forward.

That is CYPARISSVS face!
And the dame hath SYRINX grace!
O that PAN were now in place,
Sure, they are of heauenly race.

Here he ranne into the wood againe, and hid himſelfe whilſt to the ſound of excellent ſoft Muſique, that was there conceald in the thicket; there came tripping vp the lawne, a beny of Faeries, *attending on* MAB *their Queene, who falling*

falling into an artificiall ring, that was there cut in the path, began to dance a round, whilst their Mistris spake as followeth.

FAERIE.

Haile, and welcome worthiest Queene,
Ioy had neuer perfect beene,
To the Nymphs that haunt this greene,
Had they not this euening seene.

Now they print it on the ground
With their feete in figures round,
Markes that will be euer found,
To remember this glad stound.

The Satyre peeping out of the bush, said,

Trust her not, you bonny-bell,
Shee will fortie leasings tell,
I doe know her pranks right well.

FAERIE.

Satyre, we must haue a spell,
For your tongue, it runnes too fleet.

SATYRE.

Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the creame-bowles sweet,
You, and all your *Elues* doe meet.

Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himselfe with the Faeries skipped in, out, and about their circle, while the Elues made many offers to catch at him.

This is MAB the mistris-Faerie,
That doth nightly rob the dayrie,
And can hurt, or helpe the cherning,
(As shee please) without discerning.

ELFE. PVG, you will anon take warning?
Shee, that pinches countrey wenches,
If they rub not cleane their benches,
And with sharper nayles remembers,
When they rake not vp their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shooe shee drops a tester.

ELFE. Shall we strip the skipping iester?
This is shee, that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Traynes forth mid-wiues in their slumber,
With a siue the holes to number.
And then leads them, from her borroughs
Home through ponds, and water furrowes.

ELFE.

ELFE. Shall not all this mocking ſtirre vs?
Shee can ſtart our FRANKLINS daughters,
In their ſleepe, with ſhrikes, and laughters,
And on ſweet Saint ANNE's night,
Feed them with a promis'd ſight,
Some of husbands, ſome of louers,
Which an emptie dreame diſcouers.

ELFE. *Satyre*, vengeance neere you houers,
And in hope that you would come here
Yeſter-eue the lady *Summer,
Shee inuited to a banquet:
But (in ſooth) I con you thanke yet,
That you could ſo well deceiue her
Of the pride which gan vp-heaue her:
And (by this) would ſo haue blowne her,
As no wood-god ſhould haue knowne her.

*For ſhee was expected here on Mid-ſummer day at night, but came not till the day following.

Here he skipped into the wood.

ELFE. Miſtris, this is onely ſpight:
For you would not yeſter-night
Kiſſe him in the cock-ſhout light.

And came againe.

SATYRE.

By PAN, and thou haſt hit it right.

There they laid hold on him, and nipt him.

FAERY.

Fayries, pinch him black and blue,
Now you haue him, make him rue.

SATYRE.

O, hold, MAB: I ſue.

ELFE. Nay, the deuill ſhall haue his due.

There he ranne quite away and left them in a confuſion, while the Faery began againe.

SATYRE.

Pardon lady this wild ſtrayne,
Common with the SYLVAN trayne,
That doe skip about this plaine:
Elues, apply your gyre againe.

And whilſt ſome doe hop the ring,
Some ſhall play, and ſome ſhall ſing,
Weele expreſſe in euery thing,
* ORANAS well-comming.

* *Quaſi Oriens* ANNA.

SONG.

SONG.

THis is ſhee,
This is ſhee,
In whoſe world of grace
Euery ſeaſon, perſon, place,
That receiue her, happy be,
For with no leſſe,
Then * a kingdomes happineſſe,
Doth ſhee priuate b *Lares* bleſſe,
And ours aboue the reſt:
By how much we deſerue it leaſt.
Long liue ORIANA
To exceed (whom ſhee ſucceeds) our late DIANA.

* Bringing with her the Prince, which is the greateſt felicitie of kingdomes.
b For houſeholds.

FAERY.

Madame, now an end to make,
Deigne a ſimple gift to take:
Only for the Faeries ſake,
Who about you ſtill ſhall wake.

'Tis done only to ſupply,
His ſuſpected courteſie,
Who (ſince THAMYRA did dye)
Hath not brookt a ladies eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the female race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chaſe.

For which bountie to vs lent,
Of him vnknowledgde, or vnſent,
We prepar'd this * *complement*,
And as farre from cheape intent,

In particular to feed,
Any hope that ſhould ſucceed.
Or our glorie by the deed,
As your ſelfe are from the need.

Vtter not; we you implore,
Who did giue it, nor wherefore.
And when euer you reſtore
Your ſelfe to vs, you ſhall haue more.

Higheſt, happyeſt Queene farewell,
But beware you doe not tell.

* A iewell was giuen her.

Here

Here the Faeries *hopt away in a fantaſtique dance, when on a ſodaine the* Satyre *diſcouered himſelfe againe and came forth.*

SATYRE.

Not tell? Ha, ha, I could ſmile,
At this old, and toothleſſe wile.
Ladie, I haue beene no ſleeper,
Shee belyes the noble *keeper*.
Say, that here he like the groues:
And purſue no forraine loues,
Is he therefore to be deemed,
Rude, or ſauage? or eſteemed,
But a ſorry entertayner,
'Cauſe he is no common ſtrayner:
After painted Nymphs for fauours,
Or that in his garbe he ſauours
Little of the nicety,
In the ſprucer courtiery;
As the roſarie of kiſſes,
With the oath that neuer miſſes,
This, *beleeue me on the breſt*,
And then telling ſome mans ieſt,
Thinking to preferre his wit,
Equall with his ſuite by it;
I meane his clothes: No, no, no,
Here doth no ſuch humour flow.
He can neither bribe a grace,
Nor encounter my lords face
With a plyant ſmile, and flatter,
Though this lately were ſome matter
To the making of a courtier.
Now he hopes he ſhall reſort there,
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath gouernance,
That hath giuen thoſe cuſtomes chaſe,
And hath brought his owne in place.
O that now a wiſh could bring,
The god-like perſon of a king,
Then ſhould euen Enuy find,
Cauſe of wonder at the mind
Of our wood-man: but loe, where
His kingly image doth appeare,
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon (lord) you are reſpected

Deepe

Deepe as is the Keepers hart,
And as deare in euery part.
See, for inſtance where he ſends
His ſon, his heire; who humbly bends
Low, as is his fathers earth,
To the wombe that gaue you birth:
So he was directed firſt,
Next to you, of whom the thirſt
Of ſeeing takes away the vſe
Of that part, ſhould plead excuſe
For his boldneſſe, which is leſſe
By his comly ſhamefac'tneſſe.
Riſe vp, ſir, I will betray,
All I thinke you haue to ſay;
That your father giues you here,
(Freely as to him you were)
To the ſeruice of this Prince:
And with you theſe inſtruments
Of his wild and *Syluan* trade,
Better not ACTEON had.
The bow was PHŒBBS, and the horne,
By ORION often worne:
The dog of *Sparta* breed, and good,
As can ring within a wood;
Thence his name is: you ſhall try
How he hunteth inſtantly.
But perhaps the Queene your mother,
Rather doth affect ſome other
Sport, as courſing: we will proue
Which her highneſſe moſt doth loue.
Satyres let the woods reſound,
They ſhall haue their welcome crown'd,
With a brace of bucks to ground.

Here the *Satyre* fetcht out of the wood, the Lord *Spencers* eldeſt ſonne, attyr'd and appointed like a huntſman.

At that, the whole wood and place reſounded with the noyſe of cornets, hornes, and other hunting muſique, and a brace of choiſe Deere put out, and as fortunately kill'd, as they were meant to be; euen in the ſight of her Maieſtie.

This was the firſt nights ſhew. Where the next day being Sunday, ſheereſted, and on Munday, till after dinner; where there was a ſpeech ſodainly thought on, to induce a morriſe of the clownes thereabout, who moſt officiouſly preſented themſelues, but by reaſon of the throng of the countrey that came in, their ſpeaker could not be heard, who was in the perſon of No-body, *to deliuer this following ſpeech, and attyred in a paire of breeches which were made to come vp to his neck, with his armes out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.*

If

IF my outſide moue your laughter,
Pray IOVE, my inſide be thereafter.

Queene, Prince, Duke, Earles,
Counteſſes; you courtly Pearles:
(And, I hope no mortall ſinne,
If I put leſſe Ladies in)
Faire ſaluted be you all.
At this time it doth befall,
We are the Huiſher to a Morriſe,
(A kind of Maſque) whereof good ſtore is
In the countrey hereabout,
But this, the choiſe of all the rout.
Who, becauſe that no man ſent them,
Haue got NO-BODIE to preſent them.
Theſe are things haue no ſuſpition
Of their ill doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the Pipe
Shall inſpire them, meane to skip.
They come to ſee, and to be ſeene,
And though they dance afore the Queene,
Ther's none of theſe doth hope to come by
Wealth, to build another *Halmby*:
All thoſe dauncing dayes, are done,
Men muſt now haue more then one
Grace, to build their fortunes on,
Elſe our ſoles would ſure haue gone,
All by this time to our feete.
I not deny, where Graces meete
In a man, that qualitie
Is a graceſull propertie:
But when dauncing is his beſt,
(Beſhrew me) I ſuſpect the reſt.
But I am NO-BODIE, and my breath
(Soone as it is borne) hath death.
Come on clownes, forſake your dumps,
And beſtirre your hob-nail'd ſtumps,
Doe your worſt, Ile vndertake,
Not a ierke you haue ſhall make
Any Ladie here in loue.
Perhaps your Foole, or ſo, may moue
Some Ladies woman with a trick,
And vpon it ſhe may pick
A paire of reuelling legs, or two,
Out of you, with much adoe.

But ſee, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.
Foole, it muſt be your lot,
To ſupply his want with faces,
And ſome other Buffon graces,
You know how; Piper play,
And let no bodie hence away.

There was alſo another parting Speech; which was to haue beene preſented in the perſon of a youth, and accompanied with diuers gentlemens younger ſonnes of the countrey: but by reaſon of the multitudinous preſſe, was alſo hindred. And which we haue here adioyned.

AND will you then, *Mirror of Queenes*, depart?
Shall nothing ſtay you? not my Maſters heart?
That pants to leeſe the comfort of your light,
And ſee his Day ere it be old grow Night?
You are a Goddeſſe, and your will be done:
Yet this our laſt hope is, that as the Sunne
Cheeres obiects farre remou'd, as well as neere;
So, where ſo'ere you ſhine, you'le ſparkle here.
And you deare Lord, on whom my couetous eye
Doth feed it ſelfe, but cannot ſatisfie,
O ſhoot vp faſt in ſpirit, as in yeares;
That when vpon her head proud *Europe* weares
Her ſtatelieſt tire, you may appeare thereon
The richeſt gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the Artick ſtarre:
And when ſlow Time hath made you fit for warre,
Looke ouer the ſtrict Ocean, and thinke where
You may but lead vs forth, that grow vp here
Againſt a day, when our officious ſwords
Shall ſpeake our action better then our words.
Till then, all good euent conſpire to crowne
Your parents hopes, our zeale, and your renowne.
Peace vſher now your ſteps, and where you come,
Be *Enuie* ſtill ſtrooke blind, and *Flatterie* dumbe.

A PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT of the KING and QVEENE, on May-day in the Morning,

At Sir WILLIAM CORNVVALLEIS his house, at High-gate. 1604.

By the same Author.

THe king, and queene being entred in at the gate, the PENATES, or household-gods receiued them, attir'd after the antique manner, with iauelines in their hands, standing on each side of the porch, with this speech.

PENATES.

1.

LEape light hearts in euery breſt,
Ioy is now the fitteſt paſſion;
Double maieſtie hath bleſt
All the place, with that high grace,
Exceedeth admiration!

2.

Welcome, monarch of this Iſle,
Europes enuie, and her merror;
Great in each part of thy ſtile:
Englands wiſh, and *Scotlands* bliſſe,
Both *France*, and *Irelands* terror.

1.

Welcome, are you; and no leſſe,
Your admired queene: the glory
Both of ſtate, and comelineſſe.
Euery line of her diuine
Forme, is a beautious ſtorie.

2.

High in fortune, as in blood,
So are both; and blood renowned
By oft falls, that make a flood
In your veines: yet, all theſe ſtreines
Are in your vertues drowned.

1.

Houſe, be proud; For of earth's ſtore
Theſe two, onely, are the wonder:
In them ſhee's rich, and in no more.
Zeale is bound their prayſe to ſound
As loud as fame, or thunder.

2.

Note, but how the ayre, the ſpring
Concurre in their deuotions;
Payres of Turtles ſit, and ſing
On each tree, ore-ioy'd to ſee
In them like loue, like motions.

1.

Enter ſir, this longing dore,
Whoſe glad lord nought could haue bleſſed
Equally; (I'am ſure not more)
Then this ſight: ſaue' of your right,
When you were firſt poſſeſſed.

2.

That, indeed, tranſcended this.
Since which houre, wherein you gayn'd it.
For this grace, both he and his,
Euery day, haue learn'd to pray,
And, now, they haue obtayn'd it.

Here the PENATES *lead them in, through the houſe, into the garden, where* MERCVRY, *with a ſecond ſpeech, receiued them, walking before them.*

MER. Retyre, you houſhold-gods, and leaue theſe excellent creatures to be entertayned by a more eminent deitie. Hayle King, and Queene of the Iſlands, call'd truely fortunate, and by you made ſo; To tell you, who I am, and weare all theſe notable, and ſpeaking enſignes about me, were to challenge you of moſt impoſſible ignorance, and accuſe my ſelfe of as palpable glorie: It is inough that you know me here, and come with the licence of my father IOVE, who is the bountie of heauen, to giue you early welcome to the bower of my mother MAIA, no leſſe the goodneſſe of earth. And may it pleaſe you to walke, I will tell you no wonderfull ſtorie. This place, whereon you are now aduanced (by the mightie power of *Poetrie*, and the helpe of a faith, that can remoue mountaynes) is the *Arcadian* hill CYLLENE, the place, where my ſelfe was both begot, and borne; and of which I am frequently call'd CYLLENIVS: Vnder yond' purſlane tree ſtood ſometime my cradle. Where, now, behold my mother MAIA, ſitting in the pride of her plentie, gladding the aire with her breath, and cheering the ſpring with her ſmiles. At her feet, the bluſhing AVRORA, who, with her roſie hand, caſteth her honie dewes on thoſe ſweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle winde, FAVONIVS, whoſe ſubtile ſpirit, in the breathing forth, FLORA makes into flowers, and ſticks them in the graſſe, as if ſhee contended to haue the imbroyderie of the earth,

earth, richer then the cope of the skie. Here, for her moneth, the yeerely delicate *May* keepes state; and from this *Mount*, takes pleasure to display these valleyes, yon'd lesser hills, those statelier edifices, and towers, that seeme enamour'd so farre off, and are rear'd on end, to behold her, as if their vtmost obiect were her beauties. Hither the *Dryads* of the valley, and *Nymphs* of the great riuer come euery morning, to taste of her fauors; and depart away with laps fill'd with her bounties. But, see! vpon your approch their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hush'd, ZEPHYRE is still, the MORNE forbeares her office, FLORA is dumbe, and herselfe amazed, to behold two such maruailes, that doe more adorne place, then shee can time; Pardon, your Maiestie, the fault, for it is that hath caus'd it; and till they can collect their spirits, thinke silence, and wonder the best adoration.

Here, AVRORA, ZEPHYRVS, *and* FLORA, *began this song in three parts.*

SONG.

SEe, see, ô see, who here is come a Maying!
The master of the Ocean;
And his beautious ORIAN:
Why left we off our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that gods no lesse then men amaze.
Vp *Nightingale*, and sing
Iug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise *Larke* thy note, and wing,
All birds their musique bring,
Sweet *Robin*, *Linet*, *Thrush*,
Record, from euery bush,
The welcome of the King;
And Queene:
Whose like were neuer seene,
For good, for faire.
Nor can be; though fresh *May*,
Should euery day
Inuite a seuerall paire,
No, though shee should inuite a seuerall paire.

Which ended: MAIA *(seated in her bower, with all those personages about her, as before deserib'd) began to raise her selfe, and, then declining, spake.*

MAI. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of eu'ry flower, in euery field,

And all that HIBLA hiues do yeild
Were into one broad mazor fild;
If, thereto, added all the gummes,
And ſpice, that from PANCHAIA comes,
The odour, that HYDASPES lends
Or PHŒNIX proues, before ſhe ends;
If all the Ayre, my FLORA drew,
Or ſpirit, that ZEPHYRE euer blew;
Were put therein; and and all the dew
That euer roſy *Morning* knew;
Yet, all diffus'd vpon this bower,
To make one ſweet detayning houre,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honor, you vouchſafe the place.
But, if you pleaſe to come againe,
We vow, we will not then, with vaine,
And empty paſſe-times entertayne,
Your ſo deſir'd, though grieued payne.
For, we will haue the wanton fawnes,
That frisking skip, about the lawnes,
The *Paniskes*, and the *Siluanes* rude,
Satyres, and all that multitude,
To daunce their wilder rounds about,
And cleaue the ayre, with many a ſhout,
As they would hunt poore *Echo* out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their ruſticke noyſe. To viſite whome
You ſhall behold whole bruies come
Of gaudy *Nymphes*, who tender calls
Well tun'd (vnto the many falls
Of ſweete, and ſeuerall sliding rills,
That ſtreame from tops of thoſe leſſe hills)
Sound like ſo many ſiluer quills
When ZEPHYRE them with muſique fills.
For theſe, FAVONIVS here ſhall blow
New flowers, which you ſhall ſee to grow,
Of which, each hand a part ſhall take,
And, for your heads, freſh garlands make.
Wherewith, whilſt they your temples round,
An ayre of ſeuerall birds ſhall ſound
An *Iō pæan*, that ſhall drowne
The acclamations, at your crowne.

All this, and more then I haue gift of ſaying,
MAY *vowes, ſo you will oft come here a Maying.*

MEL.

MER. And MERCVRY, her ſonne, ſhall venture the diſpleaſure of his father, with the whole bench of *Heauen*, that day, but he will doe his mothers intents all ſeruiceable aſſiſtance. Till then, and euer, liue high and happy, you, and your other you; both enuied for your fortunes, lou'd for your graces, and admired for your vertues.

This was the mornings entertaynment; after dinner, the King, and Queene comming againe into the garden, MERCVRY *the ſecond time actoſted them.*

MER. Againe, great payre, I ſalute you; and with leaue of all the gods: whoſe high pleaſure it is, that MERCVRY make this your holy-day. May all the bleſſings both of earth, and heauen, concurre to thanke you: For till this dayes ſunne, I haue faintly inioy'd a minutes reſt to my creation. Now, I do, and acknowledge it you ſole, and no leſſe the diuine benefit. If my deſire to delight you, might not diuert to your trouble, I would intreat your eyes to a new, and ſtrange ſpectacle; a certaine ſonne of mine, whom the *Arcadians* call a god, howſoeuer the reſt of the world receiue him: It is the horned PAN, whom in the tranſlated figure of a goate I begot on the faire *Spartan* PENELOPE; MAY, let both your eares, and lookes forgiue it: Theſe are but the lighteſt eſcapes of our Deities. And, it is better in me, to preuent his ruſticke impudence, by my bluſhing acknowledgement, then, anon, by his rude, and not inſolent clayme, be enforced to confeſſe him. Yonder hee keepes, and with him the wood *Nymphes*, whoſe leader he is in rounds, and daunces, to this *Syluane* muſique. The place, about which they skip, is the fount of laughter, or BACCHVS ſpring; whoſe ſtatue is aduanced on the top; and from whoſe pipes, at an obſeru'd howre of the day, there flowes a luſtie liquor, that hath the preſent vertue to expell ſadneſſe; and within certaine minutes after it is taſted, force all the myrth of the ſpleene into the face. Of this is PAN the Guardian. Loe! the fountain begins to run, but the Nymphes at your ſight are fled. PAN, and his *Satyres* wildly ſtand at gaze. I will approach, and queſtion him: vouchſafe your eare, and forgiue his behauiour, which (euen to me, that am his parent) will no doubt be rude ynough, though otherwiſe full of ſalt, which, except my preſence did temper, might turne to be gall, and bitterneſſe; but that ſhall charme him.

PAN. O, it is MERCVRY! Hollow 'hem, agen,
What be all theſe, father? gods, or men?

MER. All humane. Onely, theſe two are deities on earth, but ſuch, as the greateſt powers of heauen may reſigne to.

PAN. Why did our Nymphes run away? can you tell?
Here be ſweet beauties loue MERCVRY well?
I ſee by their lookes. How ſay you? great maſter?
Will you pleaſe to heere? Shall I be your taſter?

MER.

MER. PAN, you are too rude. PAN. It is but a glaſſe,
By my beard, and my hornes, tis a health, and ſhall paſſe.
Were he a king, and his miſtreſſe a queene
This draught ſhall make him a petulant ſpleene.
But, trow, is he looſe, or coſtiue of laughter?
I'ld know, to fill him his glaſſe, thereafter,
Sure, either my skill, or my ſight doth mock,
Or this lordings looke ſhould not care for the ſmock;
And yet he ſhould loue both a horſe and a hound,
And not reſt till he ſaw his game on the ground:
Well, looke to him, Dame; beſhrow me were I
'Mongſt theſe bonny-bells, you ſhould need a good eye.
Here miſtreſſe; all out. Since a god is your skinker:
By my hand, I beleeue you were borne a good drinker.
They are things of no ſpirit, their blood is aſleepe,
That, when it is offred 'hem do not drinke deepe.
Come, who is next? Our liquour here cooles.
Ladies, I'am ſure, you all ha' not fooles
At home to laugh at. A little of this,
Tane downe here in priuate, were not amiſſe.
Beleeue it, ſhe drinkes like a wench, that had ſtore
Of lord for her laughter, will you haue more?
What anſwere you, lordings? will you any, or none?
Laugh, and be fat, ſir, your penance is knowne.
They that loue mirth, let 'hem heartily drinke,
'Tis the only receipt, to make ſorrow ſinke.
The yong Nymph, that's troubled with an old man,
Let her laugh him away, as faſt as he can.
Nay drinke, and not pauſe, as who would ſay muſt you?
But laugh at the wench, that next doth truſt you.
To you, ſweet beauty; nay, 'pray you come hether:
Ere you ſit out, yow'le laugh at a fether.
Ile neuer feare you, for being too wittie,
You ſip, ſo like a forſooth of the citie.
Lords, for your ſelues, your owne cups crowne,
The ladies, ifaith, elſe will laugh you downe.
Goe to, little bluſhet, for this, anan,
Yow'le ſteale forth a laugh in the ſhade of your fan.
This, and another thing, I can tell you,
Will breed a laughter, as low as your belly
Of ſuch ſullen pieces, IOVE ſend vs not many,
They muſt be tickled, before they will any.
What haue we done? They that want, let 'hem call,
Gallants, of both ſides, you ſee here is all.

PAN'S

PAN's entertaynment: Looke for no more.
Only, good faces, I reed you, make ſtore
Of your amorous Knights, and Squiers hereafter,
They are excellent ſponges, to drinke vp your laughter.
Farewell, I muſt ſeeke out my *Nymphs*, that you frighted;
Thanke HERMES, my father, if ought' haue delighted.

MER. I am ſure, thy laſt rudeneſſe cannot; for it makes me ſeriouſly aſham'd. I will not labor his excuſe, ſince I know you more readie to pardon, then he to treſpaſſe: but, for your ſingular patience, tender you all aboundance of thankes; and, mixing with the Maſter of the place, in his wiſhes, make them my diuinations: That your loues be euer flouriſhing as May, and your houſe as fruitfull: That your acts exceed the beſt, and your yeares the longeſt of your predeceſſors: That no bad fortune touch you, nor good change you. But ſtill, that you triumph, in this facilitie, ouer the ridiculous pride of other Princes; and for euer liue ſafe in the loue, rather, then the feare of your ſubiects.

And thus it ended.

BEN. IONSON.

The entertainment of the two Kings of Great BRITAINE and DENMARKE at THEOBALDS, Iuly 24. 1606.

THE Kings being entred the inner Court; aboue, ouer the porch, ſate the three Howers, *vpon clouds, as at the ports of Heauen; crown'd with ſeuerall flowers: of which, one bore a Sunne-diall; the other, a Clock; the third, an Hower-glaſſe; ſignifying as by their names, Law, Iuſtice, and Peace. And for thoſe faculties choſen to gratulate their comming with this ſpeech.*

ENter, ô long'd for Princes, bleſſe theſe bowers,
And vs, the three, by you made happie, *Howers:*
We that include all Time, yet neuer knew
Minute like this, or obiect like to you.
Two Kings, the worlds prime honors, whoſe acceſſe
Shewes eithers greatneſſe, yet makes neither leſſe:
Vouchſafe your thouſand welcomes in this ſhewer;
The Maſter vowes, not SYBILL's leaues were truer.

Ex-

Expreſs'd to the King of DENMARKE thus.

Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo Reges pace coïre pares,
Nos tempeſtiuas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quòd bona ſub nobis omnia proueniant.
Vnum ad lætitiæ cumulum triſtatur abeſſe,
Quòd nequeat ſignis lætitiam exprimere.
Sed, quia res ſolùm ingentes hâc parte laborant
Vtcunq; expreſſam credidit eſſe ſatis.
At, quod non potuit Dominus, ſupplenit abundè
Frondoſo tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quàm grati veniant quos terra ſalutat!
Verior his foliis nulla SYBILLA *fuit.*

The Inſcriptions on the walls were,

DATE VENIAM SVBITIS.
DEBENTVR QVÆ SVNT QVÆQ; FVTVRA.

EPIGRAMMES *hung vp.*

Ad Reges Sereniſsimos.

SÆpè THEOBALDAE *(ſortis bonitate beata)*
Excepêre ſuos ſub pia tecta deos;
Hunc ſimul at geminos: ſed enim potuiſſe negabant:
Nec fas eſt tales poſſe putare duos.
Fortunata antehâc, ſed nunc domus vndique felix,
At Dominus quantò (ſi licet vſque) magis!
Et licet, ô MAGNI, *foliis ſi fiditis iſtis,*
Quêis HORAE *ſummam contribuere fidem.*

Ad Sereniſsimum IACOBVM.

Miraris, cur hoſpitio te accepimus HORAE,
Cuius ad obſequium non ſatis annus erat?
Nempè quòd adueniant ingentia gaudia raro,
Et quando adueniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Sereniſsimum CHRISTIANVM.

Miraris, cur hoſpitio te accepimus HORAE,
Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab aduentu veſtro lux fulſit in ædeis,
Vt Dominus ſolem crederet eſſe nouum.

Others,

Others, at their departure.

Ad Sereniſsimum IACOBVM.

HOſpitio qui te capit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nullâ concomitante ſinit;
Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas
Sed diſcedendi nulla minuta probat.

Ad Sereniſsimum CHRISTIANVM.

Te veniente, nouo domus hæc frondebat amictu;
Te diſceſſuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, ſub acceſſu ſolis, nouus incipit Annus,
Et, ſub diſceſſu, ſqualida ſæuit Hyems.

The Author B. I.

An Entertainment of King IAMES and Queene ANNE, at THEOBALDS, When the Houſe was deliuered vp, with the poſſeſſion, to the QVEENE, by the Earle of SALISBVRIE, 22. of MAY, 1607.

The Prince IANVILE, brother to the Duke of GVISE, being then preſent.

THE King, and Queene, with the Princes of Wales, and Lorraine, and the Nobilitie, being entred into the gallerie, after dinner; there was ſeene nothing but a trauerſe of white, acroſſe the roome: which ſodainely drawne, was diſcouered a gloomie obſcure place, hung all with black ſilkes, and in it only one light, which the GENIVS *of the houſe held, ſadly attir'd; his* Cornucopia *readie to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of this penſiue poſture, after ſome little pauſe, he brake, and began.*

GENIVS.

LEt not your glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her GENIVS here, ſo ſad;
Who, by bold Rumor, haue beene lately told,
That I muſt change the loued Lord, I had.
And he, now, in the twy-light of ſere age,
Begin to ſeeke a habitation new;

And,

And all his fortunes, and himſelfe engage
Vnto a ſeat, his fathers neuer knew.
And I, vncertaine what I muſt endure,
Since all the ends of deſt'ny' are obſcure.

Here a voice was heard, from behind the darkneſſe, which bade him,

MERCVRIE.

Deſpaire not, GENIVS, thou ſhalt know thy fate.

And withall, the black vaniſhing, was diſcouered a glorious place, figuring the Lararium, *or ſeat of the houſehold-gods, where both the* Lares, *and* Penates, *were painted, in copper colours; erected with Columnes and Architrabe, Freeze, and Coronice, in which were placed diuers Diaphanall glaſſes, fill'd with ſeuerall waters, that ſhew'd like ſo many ſtones, of orient and tranſparent hiewes. Within, as farder off, in* Landtſchap, *were ſeene clouds riding, and in one corner, a boy figuring* Good Euent, *attyred in white, houering in the ayre, with wings diſplayed, hauing nothing ſeene to ſuſtaine him by, all the time the Shew laſted: At the other corner, a* MERCVRIE *deſcended, in a flying poſture, with his* Caduceus *on his hand, who ſpake to the three* PARCAE, *that ſate low in a grate, with an yron roofe, the one holding the rocke, the other the ſpindle, and the third the ſheeres, with a booke of Adamant lying open before them. But firſt, the* GENIVS *ſurpriz'd by wonder, vrg'd this doubt, by queſtion.*

GENIVS.

WHat ſight is this, ſo ſtrange! and full of ſtate!
The ſonne of MAIA, making his deſcent
Vnto the fates, and met with good *Enent*.

MERCVRIE.

Daughters of night, and ſecrecie, attend;
You, that draw out the chayne of *Deſtinie*,
Vpon whoſe threds, both liues and times depend,
And all the periods of mortalitie.
The will of IOVE is, that you ſtreight doe looke
The change, and fate vnto this houſe decreed,
And ſpeaking from your Adamantine booke,
Vnto the GENIVS of the place it read;
That he may know, and knowing, bleſſe his lot,
That ſuch a grace, beyond his hopes, hath got.

CLOTHO.

When, vnderneath thy roofe, is ſeene
The greateſt King, and faireſt Queene,
With Princes an vnmatched payre,
One, hope of all the earth, their heyre;
The other ſtyled of *Lorraine*,
Their bloud; and ſprung from CHARLEMAINE:

When

When all these Glories iointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat diuine,
And these reflected, doe beget
A splendent Sunne, shall neuer set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, GENIVS, is thy period come,
To change thy Lord: Thus, Fates doe doome.

GENIVS.

But is my Patron with this lot content,
So to forsake his fathers moniment?
Or, is it gaine, or else necessitie,
Or will to raise a house of better frame,
That makes him shut forth his posteritie
Out of his patrimonie, with his name?

MERCVRIE.

Nor gaine, nor need; much lesse a vaine desire,
To frame new roofes, or build his dwelling higher;
He hath, with mortar, busied beene too much,
That his affections should continue such.

GENIVS.

Doe men take ioy in labors, not t'enioy?
Or doth their businesse all their likings spend?
Haue they more pleasure in a tedious way,
Then to repose them at their iourneys end?

MERCVRIE.

GENIVS, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your vertue: and such powers as you,
Should make religion of offending fate,
Whose doomes are iust, and whose designes are true.

LACHESIS.

The person, for whose royall sake,
Thou must a change so happie make,
Is he, that gouernes with his smile,
This lesser world, this greatest Isle.
His Ladies seruant thou must be;
Whose second would great NATVRE see,
Or FORTVNE, after all their paine,
They might despaire to make againe.

ATROPOS.

She is the grace of all, that are:
And as ELISA, now a starre,

Vnto her crowne, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls (at first) did raise,
By vertue of her best Aspect;
So shall BEL-ANNA them protect:
And this is all, the *Fates* can say;
Which first beleeue, and then obay.

GENIVS.

Mourn'd I before? Could I commit a sinne
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A ioy, to which I should haue rauish'd beene,
And neuer shall be happie, till I act?
Vouchsafe, faire Queene, my Patrons zeale in mee;
Who flye with feruor, as my fate commands,
To yeeld these keyes: and wish, that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—But ô.
My ioyes like waues each other ouercome!
And Gladnesse drownes where it begins to flow.
Some greater Powers speake out, for mine are dumbe.

At this, was the place fill'd with rare and choise Musique, to which was heard the following Song, deliuer'd by an excellent voice, and the burden maintain'd by the whole Quire.

SONG.

O blessed change!
And no lesse glad, then strange!
Where, wee, that loose, haue wunne;
And, for a beame, enioy a Sunne.

CHO. { So, little sparkes become great fires,
{ And high rewards crowne low desires.

Was neuer blisse
More full, or cleare, then this!
The present month of May
Ne're look'd so fresh, as doth this day.

CHO. { So, gentle winds breed happie springs,
{ And dutie thriues by breath of Kings.

The Author B. I.

MASQVES AT COVRT.

The Author B. I.

OVID.

——Salue feſta dies, meliorq; reuertere ſemper.

LONDON,

M. DC. XVI.

MASQUERADE COURT.

The Author B. L.

OVID.

——Salve festa dies, meliorq; renovare favore.

LONDON,

M, DC, XVI.

THE QVEENES MASQVES.

The first, OF BLACKNESSE:

Personated at the Court, at WHITE-HALL, *on the Twelu'th night,* 1605.

THE honor, and splendor of these *spectacles* was such in the performance, as could those houres haue lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most vnprofitable worke. But (when it is the fate, euen of the greatest, and most absolute births, to need, and borrow a life of posteritie) little had beene done to the studie of *magnificence* in these, if presently with the rage of the people, who (as a part of greatnesse) are priuiledged by custome, to deface their *carkasses*, the *spirits* had also perished. In dutie, therefore, to that *Maiestie*, who gaue them their authoritie, and grace; and, no lesse then the most royall of predecessors, deserues eminent celebration for these-solemnities: I adde this later hand, to redeeme them as well from Ignorance, as Enuie, two common euills, the one of *censure*, the other of *oblivion*.

[a] PLINY, [b] SOLINVS, [c] PTOLOMEY, and of late LEO [d] the *African*, remember vnto vs a riuer in *Æthiopia*, famous by the name of *Niger*; of which the people were called *Nigritæ*, now *Negro's*: and are the blackest nation of the world. This [e] riuer taketh spring out of a certaine *lake*, east-ward; and after a long race, falleth into the westerne *Ocean*. Hence (because it was her Maiesties will, to haue them *Black-mores* at first) the inuention was deriued by me, and presented thus.

First, for the *Scene*, was drawne a Landtschap, consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place fill'd with huntings; which falling, an artificiall sea was seene to shoote forth, as if it flowed to the land, raysed with waues, which seemed to moue, and in some places the billow to breake,

a *Natu. Hist. l. 5 cap. 8.*
b *Poly. hist. cap. 40. & 43.*
c *Lib 4. cap. 5.*
d *Descrip. Afric.*
e Some take it to be the same with *Nilus*, which is by *Lucan* called *Melas*, signifying *Niger*. Howsoeuer, *Plinie*, in the place aboue noted, hath this: *Nigri fluuio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calamum, papyrum, & easdem gignit animantes*. See *Solin.* aboue mentioned.

breake, as imitating that orderly diſorder, which is common in nature. In front of this ſea were placed ſixe [f] *Tritons*, in mouing, and ſprightly actions, their vpper parts humane, ſaue that their haires were blue, as partaking of the ſea-colour: their deſinent parts, fiſh, mounted aboue their heads, and all varied in diſpoſition. From their backs were borne out certaine light pieces of taffata, as if carryed by the winde, and their muſique made out of wreathed ſhells. Behind theſe, a paire of *Sea-maides*, for ſong, were as conſpicuouſly ſeated; betweene which, two great *Sea-horſes* (as bigge as the life) put forth themſelues; the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other, which ſeemed to ſinke forwards; ſo intended for variation, and that the figure behind, might come off better: [g] vpon their backs, OCEANVS and NIGER were aduanced.

OCEANVS, preſented in a humane forme, the colour of his fleſh, blue; and ſhaddowed with a robe of ſea-greene; his head grey; and [h] horned; as he is deſcribed by the *Ancients*: his beard of the like mixt colour: hee was gyrlonded with *Alga*, or ſea-graſſe; and in his hand a *Trident*.

NIGER, in forme and colour of an *Æthiope*; his haire, and rare beard curled, ſhaddowed with a blue, and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wriſts adorned with pearle, and crowned, with an artificiall wreathe of cane, and paper-ruſh.

Theſe induced the *Maſquers*, which were twelue *Nymphs*, *Negro's*; and the daughters of NIGER; attended by ſo many of the OCIANAE, which were their *light-bearers*.

The *Maſquers* were placed in a great concaue ſhell, like mother of pearle, curiouſly made to moue on thoſe waters, and riſe with the billow; the top thereof was ſtuck with a *chev'ron* of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the ſhell, ſtrooke a glorious beame vpon them, as they were ſeated, one aboue another: ſo that they were all ſeene, but in an extrauagant order.

On ſides of the ſhell, did ſwim ſixe huge *Sea-monſters*, varyed in their ſhapes, and diſpoſitions, bearing on their backs the twelue *torch-bearers*; who were planted there in ſeuerall graces; ſo as the backs of ſome were ſeene; ſome in *purfle*, or ſide; others in face; and all hauing their lights burning out of *whelks*, or *murex* ſhells.

The attyre of *Maſquers* was alike, in all, without difference: the colours, *azure*, and *ſiluer*; but returned on the top with a ſcroll and antique dreſſing of feathers, and iewells interlaced with ropes of pearle. And, for the front, eare, neck, and wriſts, the ornament was of the moſt choiſe and orient pearle; beſt ſetting off from the black.

For the *light-bearers*, *ſea-greene*, waued about the skirts with gold and ſiluer; their haire looſe, and flowing, gyrlanded with ſea-graſſe, and that ſtuck with branches of corall.

Theſe thus preſented, the *Scene* behind, ſeemed a vaſt ſea (and vnited with this that flowed forth) from the termination, or *horizon* of which (being the leuell of the *State*, which was placed in the vpper end of the hall)

[f] The forme of theſe *Tritons*, with their trumpets, you may read liuely deſcrib'd, in *Ouid. Metamor. l.* 1. *Cæruleum Tritona vocat, &c.* and in *Virgil. Æneid. l.*10. *Hunc vebit immanis Triton. & ſequent.*

[g] *Lucian. in* PHTOP. Δίδασ. preſents *Nilus* ſo *Equo fluuiatili inſidentem.* And *Statius* Neptune, *in Theb.*

[h] The ancients induc'd *Oceanus* alwayes with a Bulls head: *propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, & impellitur: vel quia Tauris ſimilem fremitum emittat, vel quia tanquam Taurus furibundus, in littora feratur*, Euripid. *in* Oreſte. Ὠκεανος ὃν ταυρόχρανος ἀγκάλαις ἑλίσσων, κυκλεῖ χθόνα. And riuers ſomtimes were ſo called. Looke *Virg. de Tiberi, & Eridano. Geor.* 4. *Æneid.* 8. *Hor. Car. l.*4. *Ode.*14. and *Eurip. in Ione.*

[i] The daughters of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, See *Heſiod. in Theogon. Orphe. in Hym.* and *Virgil. in Georg.*

hall) was drawne, by the lines of *Prospective*, the whole worke shooting downewards, from the eye; which *decorum* made it more conspicious, and caught the eye a farre off with a wandring beauty. To which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set of. So much for the bodily part. Which was of master YNIGO IONES his designe, and act.

By this, one of the *Tritons*, with the two *Sea-Maids*, began to sing to the others lowd musique, their voyces being a *tenor*, and two *trebles*.

SONG.

SOund, sound aloud
The welcome of the *Orient* floud,
Into the *West*;
Fayre, NIGER, [k] sonne to great OCEANVS,
Now honord, thus,
With all his beautious race:
Who, though but blacke in face,
Yet, are they bright,
And full of life, and light.
To proue that beauty best,
Which not the colour, but the feature
Assures vnto the creature.

OCEANVS.

BE silent, now the ceremonies done,
And NIGER, say, how comes it, louely sonne,
That thou, the ÆTHIOPES riuer, so farre *East*,
Art seene to fall into th' extremest *West*
Of me, the king of floods, OCEANVS,
And, in mine empires heart, salute me thus?
My ceaseless current, now, amazed stands!
To see thy labour, through so many lands,
[l] Mixe thy fresh billow, with my brackish streame;
And, in the sweetnesse, stretch thy diademe,
To these farre distant, and vn-equall'd skies
This squared Circle of cœlestiall bodies.

NIGER.

DIuine OCEANVS, tis not strange at all,
That (since the immortall soules of creatures mortall,
Mixe with their bodies, yet reserue for euer
A power of separation) I should seuer
My fresh streames, from thy brackish (like things fixed)
Though, with thy powerfull saltnesse, thus far mixed.
„ Vertue, though chain'd to earth, will still liue free;
„ And hell it selfe must yeeld to industrie.

OCE-

k All riuers are held to be the sons of the *Ocean*: for, as the Ancients thought, out of the vapours, exhaled by the heat of the *Sunne*, riuers, and fountaines were begotten. And both by *Orph. in Hymn.* & *Homer Iliad.* ξ *Oceanus* is celebrated *tanquam pater, & origo, dijs, & rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.*

l There wants not inough, in nature, to authorize this part of our fiction; in separating *Niger*, from the *Ocean*, (beside the fable of *Alpheus*, and that, to which *Virgil* alludes of *Arethusa* in his 10. *Eclog. Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos, Doris amara suam non intermisceat vndam*) examples of *Nilus, Iordan*, and others wherof see *Nican. lib. 1. de flumin.* & *Plut. in vita Sillæ* euen of this our riuer (as some thinke) by the name of *Melo*.

OGEANVS.

BVt, what's the end of thy *Herculean* labors,
Extended to these calme, and blessed shores?

NIGER.

TO do a kind, and carefull fathers part,
In satisfying euery pensiue heart
Of these my *Daughters*, my most loued birth:
Who though they were the [m] first form'd dames of earth,
And in whose sparckling, and refulgent eyes,
The glorious *Sunne* did still delight to rise;
Though he (the best iudge, and most formall cause
Of all dames beauties) in their firme hiewes, drawes
Signes of his feruent'st loue; and thereby shewes
That, in their black, the perfectst beauty growes;
Since the fix't colour of their curled haire,
(Which is the highest grace of dames most faire)
No cares, no age can change; or there display
The fearefull tincture of abhorred *Gray*;
Since *Death* her selfe (her selfe being pale and blue)
Can neuer alter their most faithfull hiew;
All which are arguments, to proue, how far
Their beauties conquer, in great beauties warre;
And more, how neere *Diuinitie* they be,
That stand from passion, or decay so free.
Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few
Poore brain-sicke men, stil'd *Poets*, here with you,
Haue, with such enuie of their graces, sung
The painted *Beauties*, other *Empires* sprung;
Letting their loose, and winged fictions flie
To infect all clymates, yea our puritie;
As of one [n] PHAETON, that fir'd the world
And, that, before his heedlesse flames were hurld
About the *Globe*, the *Æthiopes* were as faire,
As other *Dames*; now blacke, with blacke dispaire:
And in respect of their complections chang'd,
Are eachwhere, since, for [o] luckless creatures rang'd.
Which, when my *Daughters* heard, (as women are
Most ielous of their beauties) feare, and care
Possess'd them whole; yea, and beleeuing [p] *them*,
They wept such ceaseless teares, into my streame,
That it hath, thus far, ouerflow'd his shore
To seeke them patience: who haue since, ere more
As the *Sunne* riseth, [q] chardg'd his burning throne
With volleys of reuilings; cause he shone

m Read *Diod. Sicul. lib.* 3. It is a coniecture of the old *Ethnicks*, that they which dwell vnder the *South*, were the first begotten of the earth.

n *Notissima fabula.* Ouid. *Met. lib.* 2.

o Alluding to that of *Iuuenal*, *Satir.* 5. *Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere nocte.*

p The *Poets.*

q A custome of the *Aethiopes*, notable in *Herod.* and *Diod. Sic.* See *Plinie. Nat. Hist. lib.* 5. *cap.* 8.

On

On their scorch'd cheekes, with such intemperate fires,
And other *Dames*, made queenes of all desires.
To frustrate which strange error, oft, I sought,
(Though most in vaine, against a setled thought
As womens are) till they confirm'd at length
By miracle, what I, with so much strength
Of argument resisted; els they fain'd:
For in the *Lake*, where their first spring they gain'd,
As they sate, cooling their soft Limmes, one night,
Appear'd a face, all circumfus'd with light;
(And sure they saw't, for *Æthiopes* [r] neuer dreame)
Wherein they might decipher through the streame,
These words.

That they a Land *must forthwith seeke,*
Whose termination (of the Greeke*)*
Sounds TANIA; *where bright* Sol, *that heat*
Their blouds, doth neuer [s] *rise, or set,*
But in his Iourney passeth by,
And leaues that Clymat *of the sky,*
To comfort of a greater Light,
Who formes all beauty, with his sight.

In search of this, haue we three *Princedomes* past,
That speake out *Tania*, in their accents last;
Blacke *Mauritania*, first; and secondly,
Swarth *Lusitania*; next, we did descry
Rich *Aquitania*: and, yet, cannot find
The place vnto these longing Nymphes design'd.
Instruct, and ayde me, great OCEANVS,
What land is this, that now appeares to vs?

OCEANVS.

This *Land*, that lifts into the temperate ayre
His snowy cliffe, is [t] *Albion* the faire;
So call'd of [u] Neptunes son, who ruleth here:
For whose deare guard, my selfe, (foure thousand yeere)
Since old *Deucalion's* daies, haue walk'd the round
About his empire, proud, to see him crown'd
About my waues.

At this, the Moone *was discouered in the vpper part of the house, triumphant in a* Siluer *throne, made in figure of a* Pyramis. *Her garments* White, *and* Siluer, *the dressing of her head antique; & crown'd with a* Luminarie, *or* Sphere *of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightned with* Siluer, *reflected as naturall*

r *Plin. ibid.*

s Consult with *Tacitus, in vita Agric.* and the *Panegyr. ad Constant.*

t Orpheus in his *Argonaut.* calls it Λευκᾶιον χέρσον.

u Alluding to the *rite* of stiling princes, after the name of their princedomes: so is he still *Albion*, and *Neptunes* sonne that gouernes. As also his being deare to *Neptune*, in being so imbrac'd by him.

rall clouds doe by the splendor of the Moone. *The heauen, about her, was vaulted with blue silke, and set with starres of* Siluer *which had in them their seuerall lights burning. The suddaine sight of which, made* NIGER *to interrupt* OCEANVS *with this present passion.*

NIGER.

——O see, our siluer *Starre*!
Whose pure, auspicious light greetes vs, thus farre!
Great *Æthiopia*, Goddesse of our shore,
Since, with particular worship we adore
Thy generall brightnesse, let particular grace
Shyne on my zealous *Daughters*: Shew the place,
Which, long, their longings vrdg'd their eyes to see.
Beautifie them, which long haue Deified thee.

The *Aethiopians* worshipd the *Moone*, by that surname, See *Stepha. περὶ πόλεων. in voce* ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ and his *reasons.*

ÆTHIOPIA.

NIGER, be glad: Resume the natiue cheare.
Thy *Daughters* labors haue their period here,
And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the *Lake*, in which thy *Race*
Read mysticke lines; (which skill PITHAGORAS
First taught to men, by a reuerberate glasse)
This blessed Isle doth with that TANIA end,
Which there they saw inscrib'd, and shall extend
Wish'd satisfaction to their best desires.
BRITANIA, which the triple world admires
This Isle hath now recouered for her name;
Where raigne those beauties, that with so much fame
The sacred MVSES sonnes haue honored,
And from bright HESPERVS to EOVS spred.
With that great name BRITANIA, this blest Isle
Hath wonne her ancient dignitie, and stile,
A world, diuided from the world: and tri'd
The abstract of it, in his generall pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,
BRITANIA (whose new name makes all tongues sing)
Might be a Diamant worthy to inchase it,
Rul'd by a SVNNE, that to this height doth grace it:
Whose beames shine day, and night, and are of force
To blanch an ÆTHIOPE, and reuiue a *Cor's.*
His light scientiall is, and (past more nature)
Can salue the rude defects of euery creature.
Call forth thy honor'd *Daughters*, then;
And let them, 'fore the *Brittaine* men,

Indent

Indent the *Land*, with those pure traces
They flow with, in their natiue graces.
Inuite them, boldly, to the shore,
Their beauties shall be scorch'd no more:
This *sunne* is temperate, and refines
All things, on which his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons *sounded, and they danced on shore, euery couple (as they aduanced) seuerally presenting their fans: in one of which were inscribed their mixt* Names, *in the other a mute* Hieroglyphick, *expressing their mixed qualities. Which manner of* Symbole *I rather chose, then* Impresse, *as well for strangenesse, as relishing of antiquitie, and more applying to that originall doctrine of sculpture, which the* Ægyptians *are said, first, to haue brought from the* Æthiopians. Diod. Sicul. Herod.

	The Names.		*The Symboles.*
The Queene. *Co. of Bedford.*	1. EVPHORIS. AGLAIA.	1.	A golden tree, laden with fruit.
La. Herbert. *Co. of Derby.*	2. DIAPHANE. EVCAMPSE.	2.	The figure *Isocaedron* of crystall.
La. Rich. *Co. of Suffolke.*	3. OCYTE. KATHARE.	3.	A payre of naked feet, in a riuer.
La. Beuill. *La. Effingham.*	4. NOTIS. PSYCHROTE.	4.	The SALAMANDER simple.
La. El. Howard. *La. Suf. Vere.*	5. GLYCYTE. MALACIA.	5.	A clowd full of raine, dropping.
La. Wroth. *La. Walsingham.*	6. BARYTE. PERIPHERE.	6.	An vrne' spheard with wine.

The names of the OCEANIÆ *were.* *Hesiod. in Theog.*

DORIS.	CYDIPPE.	BEROE.	IANTHE.
PETRAEA.	GLAVCE.	AGASTE.	LYCORYS.
OCYRHOE.	TYCHE.	CLYTIA.	PLEXAVRE.

Their owne single dance *ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: One, from the sea, was heard to call hem with this* charme, *sung by a* tenor *voyce.*

SONG.

COme away, come away,
We grow icalous of your stay:
If you doe not stop your care,
We shall haue more cause to feare

Syrens

Syrens of the land, then they
To doubt the *Syrens* of the sea.

Here they danc'd with their men, seuerall measures, *and* corranto's. *All which ended, they were againe accited to sea, with a* song *of two* trebles, *whose cadences were iterated by a double* eccho, *from seuerall parts of the land.*

SONG.

DAughters of the subtle floud,
Doe not let earth longer intertayne you;
1. *Ecch.* Let earth longer intertayne you.
2. *Ecch.* Longer intertayne you.

'Tis to them, inough of good,
That you giue this little hope, to gayne you.
1. *Ecch.* Giue this little hope, to gayne you.
2. *Ecch.* Little hope, to gayne you.

If they loue,
You shall quickly see;
For when to flight you moue,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1. *Ecch.* Follow you, the more you flee.
2. *Ecch.* The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to others matter;
They are but earth, and what you vow'd was water.
1. *Ecch.* But earth. 2. *Ecch.* Earth.
1. *Ecch.* And what you vow'd was water.
2. *Ecch.* You vow'd was water.

ÆTHIOPIA.

INough, bright *Nymphs*, the night growes old,
And we are grieu'd, we cannot hold
You longer light: But comfort take.
Your father, onely, to the *lake*
Shall make returne: Your selues, with feasts,
Must here remayne the *Ocean's* guests.
Nor shall this vaile, the *sunne* hath cast
Aboue your bloud, more summers last.
For which, you shall obserue these *rites*.
Thirteene times thrise, on thirteene nights,
(So often as I fill my *sphære*
With glorious light, throughout the yeere)
You shall (when all things else doe sleepe
Saue your chast thoughts) with reuerence, steepe
Your bodies in that purer brine,
And wholsome dew, call'd *Ros-marine:*

Then

Then with that ſoft, and gentler ſome,
Of which, the *Ocean* yet yeelds ſome,
Whereof bright VENVS, BEAVTIES Queene,
Is ſaid to haue begotten beene,
You ſhall your gentler limmes ore-laue,
And for your paines, perfection haue.
So that, this night, the yeare gone round,
You doe againe ſalute this ground;
And, in the beames of yond' bright *Sunne*,
Your faces dry, and all is done.

At which, in a Daunce *they returned to the Sea, where they tooke their Shell; and, with this full* Song, *went out.*

SONG.

NOw DIAN, with her burning face,
Declines apace:
By which our Waters know
To ebbe, that late did flow.
Back *Seas*, back *Nymphs*; but, with a forward grace,
Keepe, ſtill, your reuerence to the place:
And ſhout with ioy of fauor, you haue wonne,
In ſight of *Albion*, NEPTVNES ſonne.

So ended the firſt Maſque: *which (beſide the ſingular grace of* Muſicke *and* Daunces) *had that ſucceſſe in the nobilitie of performance, as nothing needes to the illuſtration, but the memorie by whom it was perſonated.*

THE SECOND MASQVE.

Which was of BEAVTIE;

Was preſented in the ſame Court, at WHITE-HALL, on the Sunday night after the *Twelfth Night.* 1608.

TWo yeares being now paſt, that her Maieſtie had intermitted theſe delights, and the third almoſt come; it was her Highneſſe pleaſure, againe to glorifie the Court, and command, that I ſhould thinke on ſome fit preſentment, which ſhould anſwere the former, ſtill keeping them the ſame perſons, the daughters of NIGER, but their beauties varied, according to promiſe, and their time of abſence excus'd, with foure more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my inuention, and being to bring newes of them from the Sea, I induc'd *Boreas*, one of the winds, as my fittest Messenger; presenting him thus.

In a robe of Russet and White mixt, full, and bagg'd; his haire and beard rough, and horride; his wings gray, and full of snow, and ycicles: his mantle borne from him with wyres, and in seuerall puffes; his feet [a] ending in Serpents tayles; and in his hand a leaue-lesse Branch, laden with ycicles.

But before, in midst of the Hall, to keepe the state of the Feast, and Season, I had placed [b] *Ianuarie*, in a throne of siluer; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with siluer; a white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a Lawrell bough; vpon his head an *Anademe* of Lawrell, fronted with the signe *Aquarius*, and the *Character*. Who, as *Boreas* blusterd forth, discouer'd himselfe.

a So *Paus. in Eliacis* reports him to haue, *as he was carued in arcâ Cipselli.*

b See *Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa.*

BOREAS.

WHich, among these, is ALBION, NEPTVNES sonne?

IANVARIVS.

WHat ignorance dares make that question?
Would any aske, who MARS were, in the wars?
Or, which is HESPERVS, among the starres?
Of the bright *Planets*, which is SOL? Or can
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is Man?
Behold, whose eyes doe dart *Promethean* fire
Throughout this all; whose precepts do inspire
The rest with dutie; yet commanding, cheare:
And are obeyed, more with loue, then feare.

BOREAS.

WHat Power art thou, that thus informest me?

IANVARIVS.

DO'st thou not know me? I too well know thee
By thy [a] rude voice, that doth so hoarcely blow;
Thy haire, thy beard, thy wings, ore-hil'd with snow,
Thy serpent feet, to be that rough *North-wind*,
BOREAS, that to my raigne art still vnkind.
I am the Prince of Months, call'd IANVARIE;
Because by me [b] IANVS the yeare doth varie,
Shutting vp warres, proclayming peace, and feasts,
Freedome, and triumphs; making Kings his guests.

a *Ouid. Metam. lib. 6.* neere the end see — *horridus irâ, quæ solita est illi, minimumque domestica, vento, &c.*

b See the offices and power of *Ianus, Ouid. Fast. 1.*

BOREAS.

TO thee then, thus, and by thee, to that King,
That doth thee present honors, doe I bring

Present

Present remembrance of twelue *Æthiope* Dames:
Who, guided hither by the *Moones* bright flames,
To see his brighter light, were to the Sea
Enioyn'd againe, and (thence assign'd a day
For their returne) were in the waues to leaue
Their *blackneſſe*, and true *beautie* to receiue.

IANVARIVS.

WHich they receiu'd, but broke their day: and yet
Haue not return'd a looke of grace for it,
Shewing a course, and most vnfit neglect.
Twice haue I come, in pompe here, to expect
Their presence; Twice deluded, haue beene faine
With [c] other *Rites* my Feasts to entertaine:
And, now the third time, turn'd about the yeare,
Since they were look'd for; and, yet, are not here.

c Two marriages; the one of the Earle of *Essex*, 1606. the other of the Lord *Hay*, 1607.

BOREAS.

IT was nor Will, nor Sloth, that caus'd their stay;
For they were all prepared by their day,
And, with religion, forward on their way:
When PROTEVS, [d] the gray *Prophet* of the Sea,
Met them, and made report, how other foure
Of their blacke kind (whereof their Syre had store)
Faithfull to that great wonder, so late done
Vpon their Sisters, by bright *Albion*,
Had followed them to seeke BRITANIA forth,
And there to hope like fauor, as like worth.
Which NIGHT enui'd, as done [e] in her despight,
And (mad to see an *Æthiope* washed white)
Thought to preuent in these; lest men should deeme
Her colour, if thus chang'd, of small esteeme.
And so, by malice, and her magicke, tost
The *Nymphes* at sea, as they were almost lost,
Till, on an Iland, they by chance arriu'd,
That [f] floted in the mayne; where, yet, she'had giu'd
Them so, in charmes of darkneſſe, as no might
Should loose them thence, but their chang'd Sisters sight.
Whereat the *Twelue* (in pietie mou'd, and kind)
Streight put themselues in act, the place to find;
Which was the NIGHTS sole trust they so will doe,
That she, with labor, might confound them too.
For euer since with error hath she held
Them wandring in the *Ocean*, and so quell'd

d Read his description, with *Virg. Geor. 4. Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.*

e Because they were before of her complexion.

f To giue authoritie to this part of our fiction, *Plinie* hath a *chap. 95.* of his 2. booke. *Nat. Hist. de Insulis fluctuantibus.* & *Card. lib. 1. de rerum vari.* & *cap. 7.* reports one to be in his time knowne, in the Lake of *Loumond*, in *Scotland*. To let passe that of *Delos*, &c.

Their hopes beneath their toyle, as (desperat now
Of any least successe vnto their vow;
Nor knowing to returne to expresse the grace,
Wherewith they labor to this Prince, and place)
One of them, meeting me at sea, did pray,
That for the loue of my [a] ORYTHYIA,
(Whose verie name did heat my frostie brest,
And make me shake my snow-fill'd wings and crest)
To beare this sad report I would be wonne,
And frame their iust excuse; which here I haue done.

a The daughter of *Erectheus*, King of *Athens*, whome *Boreas* rauish'd away, into *Thrace*, as she was playing with other virgins by the floud *Ilissus*: or (as some will) by the fountaine *Cephisus*.

IANVARIVS.

WOuld thou had'st not begun, vnluckie *Wind*,
That neuer yet blew'st goodnesse to mankind;
But with thy bitter, and too piercing breath,
Strik'st [b] horrors through the ayre, as sharpe as death.

b The violẽce of *Boreas*, *Ouid* excellently describes in the place aboue quoted. *Hãc nubila pello, hãc freta concutio, nodosaq́, robora verto, Induroq́, niues, & terras grandine pulso.*

Here a second Wind came in, VVLTVRNVS, *in a blue coloured robe and mantle, pufft as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face blacke, and on his* [c] *head a red* Sunne, *shewing he came from the* East: *his wings of seuerall colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.*

c According to that of *Vir.* ——*Denuntiat igneus Eurus.*

VVLTVRNVS.

ALl horrors vanish, and all name of *Death*,
Be all things here as calme as is my breath.
A gentler *Wind*, VVLTVRNVS, brings you newes
The *Ile* is found, and that the *Nymphs* now vse
Their rest, and ioy. The *Nights* black charmes are flowne.
For, being made vnto their *Goddesse* knowne,
Bright ÆTHIOPIA, the siluer *Moone*,
As she was [a] HECATE, she brake them soone:
And now by vertue of their light, and grace,
The glorious *Isle*, wherein they rest, takes place
Of all the earth for Beautie. [b] There, their *Queene*
Hath raised them a *Throne*, that still is seene
To turne vnto the motion of the World;
Wherein they sit, and are, like Heauen, whirl'd
About the Earth; whil'st, to them contrarie,
(Following those nobler torches of the Skie)
A world of little *Loues*, and chast *Desires*,
Doe light their beauties, with still mouing fires.
And who to *Heauens* consent can better moue,
Then those that are so like it, *Beautie* and *Loue?*
Hither, as to their new *Elysium*,
The spirits of the antique *Greekes* are come,

a She is call'd φωσφόρ' Ἑκάτη, by *Eurip. in Helena*, which is *Lucifera*, to which name we here presently allude.

b For the more full and cleare vnderstanding of that which followes, haue recourse to the succeeding pages; where the *Scene* presents it selfe.

Poets,

Poets and *Singes*, *Linus*, *Orpheus*, all
That haue excell'd in [c] knowledge muſicall;
Where, ſet in arbors made of myrtle, and gold,
They liue, againe, theſe beauties to behold.
And thence in flowry mazes walking forth,
Sing hymnes in celebration of their worth.
Whilſt, to their ſongs, two fountaines flow, one height
Of *laſting Youth*, the other *chaſt Delight*,
That at the cloſes, from their bottomes ſpring,
And ſtrike the ayre to *eccho* what they ſing.
But, why doe I deſcribe what all muſt ſee?
By this time, neere the coaſt, they floating be;
For, ſo their vertuous *Goddeſſe*, the chaſt *Moone*,
Told them, the fate of th'*Iland* ſhould, and ſoone
Would fixe it ſelfe vnto thy *continent*,
As being the place, by deſtiny fore-ment,
Where they ſhould flow forth, dreſt in her attyres:
And, that the influence of thoſe holy fires,
(Firſt rapt from hence) being multiplied vpon
The other *foure*, ſhould make their beauties one.
Which now expect to ſee, great *Neptunes* ſonne,
And loue the miracle, which thy ſelfe haſt done.

[c] So *Terence* and the Ancients calld *Poeſy*, *Artem muſicam*.

Here, a curtaine was drawne (in which the Night *was painted,) and the* Scene *diſcouer'd, which (becauſe the former was* marine, *and theſe, yet of neceſſitie, to come frõ the ſea) I deuiſed, ſhould be a* Iſland *floting on a calme water. In the middeſt thereof was a ſeate of ſtate, call'd the* throne of beautie, *erected: diuided into eight* ſquares, *and diſtinguiſh'd by ſo many* Ionick pilaſters. *In theſe* Squares *the ſixteene* Maſquers *were plac'd by couples: behind them, in the center of the* Throne *was a tralucent* Pillar, *ſhining with ſeuerall colour'd lights, that reflected on their backes. From the top of which* Pillar *went ſeuerall arches to the* Pilaſters, *that ſuſtained the roofe of the* Throne, *which was likewiſe adorn'd with lights, and gyrlonds; And betweene the* Pilaſters, *in front, little* Cupids *in flying poſture, wauing of wreathes, and lights, bore vp the* Coronice: *ouer which were placed eight* Figures, *repreſenting the* Elements *of* Beauty; *which aduanced vpon the* Ionick, *and being* females, *had the* Corinthian *order. The firſt was*

SPLENDOR.

In a robe of *flame* colour, naked breſted; her bright hayre looſe flowing: She was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face, and body breaking through; and in her hand a branch, with two [a] *Roſes*, a *white*, and a *red*. The next to her was

[a] The *Roſe* is call'd, elegantlie, by *Achil. Tat. lib. 2.* φυτῶν ἀγλάισμα, *the ſplendor of Plants*, and is euery where taken for the *Hieroglyphick* of Splendor.

SERENITAS.

In a garment of bright *skie*-colour, a long treſſe, and waued with a vaile

of diuers colours, ſuch as the golden skie ſometimes ſhewes: vpon her head a cleare, and faire *Sunne* ſhining, with rayes of gold ſtriking downe to the feet of the figure. In her hand a [b] *Chriſtall*, cut with ſeuerall angles, and ſhadow'd with diuers colours, as cauſed by refraction. The third

b As this of *Serenity*, applying to the *Opticks* reaſon of the *Rainbow*, & the *Mythologiſts* making her the Daughter of *Electra*.

GERMINATIO.

IN greene; with a *Zone* of gold about her Waſt, crowned with *Myrtle*, her haire likewiſe flowing, but not of ſo bright a colour: In her hand, a branch of [c] *Myrtle*. Her ſockes of greene, and gold. The fourth was

c So *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 4.* makes it the enſigne of the *Spring*.

Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, aut flore, terræ quem ferunt ſolutæ, &c.

LÆTITIA.

IN a veſture of diuers colours, and all ſorts of flowers embroidered thereon. Her ſockes ſo fitted. A [d] *Gyrland* of flowers in her hand; her eyes turning vp, and ſmiling, her haire flowing, and ſtuck with flowers. The fift

d They are euery where the tokens of gladneſſe, at al feaſts, ſports.

TEMPERIES.

IN a garment of *Gold*, *Siluer*, and colours weaued: In one hand ſhee held a [e] burning *Steele*, in the other, an *Vrne* with water. On her head a gyrland of flowers, Corne, Vine-leaues, and Oliue branches, enterwouen. Her ſockes, as her garment. The ſixth

e The ſigne of temperature, as alſo her girland mixed of the foure *Seaſons*.

VENVSTAS.

IN a *Siluer* robe, with a thinne ſubtile vaile ouer her haire, and it: [f] Pearle about her neck, and forehead. Her ſockes wrought with pearle. In her hand ſhe bore ſeuerall colour'd [g] *Lillies*. The ſeuenth was

f *Pearles*, with the *ancients*, were the ſpeciall *Hieroglyphicks* of *louelineſſe*, in *quibus nitor tantùm & leuor expetebantur*.

g So was the *Lillie*, of which the moſt delicate Citie of the *Perſians* was called *Suſa*: ſignifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

DIGNITAS.

IN a dreſſing of ſtate, the haire bound vp with fillets of golde, the garments rich, and ſet with iewels, and gold; likewiſe her buskins, and in her hand a [h] *Golden rod*. The eight

h The ſigne of *honor*, and dignitie.

PERFECTIO.

IN a Veſture of pure *Golde*, a wreath of *Gold* vpon her head. About her bodie the [i] *Zodiacke*, with the *Signes*: In her hand a *Compaſſe* of golde, drawing a *circle*.

i Both that, & the *Compaſſe* are known enſignes of *perfection*.

On the top of all the *Throne*, (as being made out of all theſe) ſtood

HARMONIA.

A Perſonage, whoſe dreſſing had ſomething of all the others, and had her robe painted full of *Figures*. Her head was compaſs'd with a crowne of *Gold*, hauing in it [k] ſeuen iewels equally ſet. In her hand a *Lyra*, whereon ſhe reſted.

k She is ſo deſcrib'd in *Iconolog. di Ceſare Ripa*, his reaſon of 7. iewels, in the crown, alludes to *Pythagoras* his comment, with *Mac. lib. 2. Som. Sci.* of the ſeuen *Planets* and their *Spheares*.

This

This was the Ornament of the *Throne*. The aſcent to which, conſiſting of ſixe ſteps, was couered with a [l] multitude of *Cupids* (choſen out of the beſt, and moſt ingenious youth of the *Kingdome*, noble, and others) that were the *Torch-bearers*; and all armed, with *Bowes*, *Quiuers*, *Wings*, and other *Enſignes* of *Loue*. On the ſides of the *Throne*, were curious, and elegant *Arbors* appointed: and behinde, in the backe part of the *Ile*, a *Groue*, of growne trees laden with golden fruit, which other litle *Cupids* plucked, and threw each at other, whilſt on the ground [m] *Leuerets* pick'd vp the bruiſed apples, and left them halfe eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a ſubtle indented *Maze*: And, in the two formoſt angles, were two *Fountaines*, that ran continually, the one [n] *Hebe's*, the other [o] *Hedone's*: In the *Arbors*, were plac'd the *Muſicians*, who repreſented the *Shades* of the olde *Poets*, and were attir'd in a *Prieſt*-like habit of *Crimſon*, and *Purple*, with *Laurell* gyrlonds.

The colours of the *Maſquers* were varied; the one halfe in *Orenge-tawny*, and *Siluer*: the other in *Sea-greene*, and *Siluer*. The bodies and ſhort skirts on *White*, and *Gold*, to both.

The habite, and dreſſing (for the faſhion) was moſt curious, and ſo exceeding in riches, as the *Throne* whereon they ſat, ſeem'd to be a Mine of light, ſtroake from their iewels, and their garments.

This *Throne*, (as the whole *Iland* mou'd forward, on the water,) had a circular motion of it owne, imitating that which wee call *Motum mundi*, from the *Eaſt* to the *Weſt*, or the right to the left ſide. For ſo *Hom. Ilia. M.* vnderſtands by ἀξιὰ, *Orientalia mundi*: by ἀριστερὰ, *Occidentalia*. The ſteps, whereon the *Cupids* ſate, had a motion contrary, with *Analogy*, *ad motum Planetarum*, from the *Weſt* to the *Eaſt*: both which turned with their ſeuerall lights. And with theſe three varied *Motions*, at once, the whole *Scene* [p]*io*, ſhot it ſelfe to the land.

Aboue which, the *Moone* was ſeene in a *Siluer* Chariot, drawne by *Virgins*, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the *Signe Scor-* and the *Character*, plac'd before her.

The order of this *Scene* was carefully, and ingeniouſly diſpos'd; and as happily put in act (for the *Motions*) by the *Kings* Maſter Carpenter. The Painters, I muſt needs ſay, (not to belie them) lent ſmall colour to any, to attribute much of the ſpirit of theſe things to their pen'cills. But that muſt not bee imputed a crime either to the inuention, or deſigne.

Here the loud *Muſique* ceas'd; and the *Muſicians*, which were placed in the *Arbors*, came forth through the *Mazes*, to the other Land: ſinging this full *Song*, iterated in the cloſes by two *Eccho's*, riſing out of the Fountaines.

l The inducing of many *Cupids* wants not defence, with the beſt and moſt receiued of the *Ancients*, beſides *Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll.* eſpecially *Phil. in Icon. Amor* whom I haue particularly followed, in this deſcription.

m They were the notes of *Louelineſſe* and ſacred to *Venus*. See *Phil.* in that place, mentioned.

n Of youth.

o Of pleaſure.

SONG.

WHen *Loue*, at firſt, did mooue
From [o] out of *Chaos*, brightned
So was the world, and lightned,

p So is he faind by *Orpheus*, to haue appear'd firſt of all the *Gods*: awakened by *Clotho*: and is therfore call'd *Phanes*, both by him, and *Lactantius*.

As now! *Eccho.* As now! *Ecch.* As now!
Yeeld *Night*, then, to the light,
As *Blackneſſe* hath to *Beautie*;
Which is but the ſame ducty.
It was o for *Beauty*, that the World was made,
And where ſhe raignes, p *Loues* lights admit no ſhade.
Ecch. Loues lights admit no ſhade.
Eccho. Admit no ſhade.

o An agreeing opinion, both with *Diuines* and *Philoſophers*, that the great *Artificer* in loue with his owne *Idea*, did, therefore, frame the world. h Alluding to his name of *Himerus*, and his ſignification in the name, which is *Deſiderium poſt aſpectum*: and more then *Eros*, which is onely *Cupido, ex aſpectu amare*.

Which ended, *Vulturnus* the Wind ſpake to the Riuer *Thameſis*, that lay along betweene the ſhores, leaning vpon his Vrne (that flow'd with water,) and crown'd with flowers: with a blue cloth of *Siluer* robe about him: and was perſonated by Maſter THOMAS GILES, who made the *Daunces*.

VVLTVRNVS.

RIſe aged *Thames*, and by the hand
Receiue theſe *Nymphes*, within the land:
And, in thoſe curious *Squares*, and *Rounds*,
Where with thou flow'ſt betwixt the grounds
Of fruitfull *Kent*, and *Eſſex* faire,
That lend thee gyrlands for thy hayre;
Inſtruct their ſiluer feete to tread,
Whilſt we, againe to ſea, are fled.

With which the *Windes* departed; and the *Riuer* receiu'd them into the *Land*, by *couples* and *foures*, their *Cupids* comming before them.

Their Perſons were.

The QVEENE.	La. ANNE WINTER.
La. ARABELLA.	La. WINSORE.
Co. of ARVNDEL.	La. ANNE CLIFFORD.
Co. of DERBY.	La. MARY NEVILL.
Co. of BEDFORD.	La. ELIZ. HATTON.
Co. of MONTGOMERY.	La. ELIZ. GARRARD.
La. ELIZA. GILFORD.	La. CHICHESTER.
L. KAT. PETER.	La. WALSINGHAM.

Theſe dauncing foorth a moſt curious *Daunce*, full of excellent deuice, and change, ended it in the figure of a *Diamant*, and ſo, ſtanding ſtill, were by the *Muſicians*, with a ſecond *Song* (ſung by a loud *Tenor*) celebrated.

SONG.

SONG.

SO beautie on the waters stood,
(When *loue* had *seuer'd earth, from flood!*
So when he parted ayre, from fire;
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a *motion* he them taught,
That elder then himselfe was thought.
Which thought was, yet, [a] the child of earth,
For *loue* is elder then his birth.

* As, in the creation, he is said, by the *ancients*, to haue done.

a That it, borne since the world, and, out of those duller apprehensions that did not thinke hee was before.

The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle, and full of change, then the former; and so exquisitely performed; as the Kings maiestie incited first (by his owne liking, to that which all others, there present wish'd) requir'd them both againe, after some time of dancing with the Lords. Which time, to giue them respite, was intermitted with song; first by a treble voyce, in this manner,

SONG.

IF all these CVPIDS, now, were blind
As is * their wanton *brother*;
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another:
What prettie battaile they would make,
If they their obiects should mistake
And each one wound his *mother!*

* I make these different from him, which they sayne, *cæcum cupidine*, or *petulantem*, as I expresse beneath in the third song, *parui.*

these being chaste *Loues*, that attend a more diuine beautie, then that of *Loues* commune

Which was seconded by another treble; thus,

IT was no politie of court,
Albee' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest, or in sport,
So many *Loues* in, armed.
For say, the *Dames* should, with their eyes,
Vpon the hearts, here, meane surprize;
Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answer'd.

SONG.

YEs, were the *Loues* or false, or straying;
Or *beauties* not their beautie waighing:
But here, no such deceipt is mix'd,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd:
They doe not warre, with different darts,
But strike a musique of like harts.

After which songs, they danc'd galliards, *and* coranto's; *and with those excellent graces, that the musique, appointed to celebrate them, shew'd it could be silent no longer: but by the first tenor, admir'd them thus,*

SONG.

HAd those, that dwell in error foule,
And hold * that women haue no soule,
But seene these moue; they would haue, then
Said, *Women were the soules of men.*
So they doe moue each heart, and eye
With the a *worlds soule*, true *harmony.*

* There hath beene such a profane *paradoxe* published.
a The *Platonicks* opinion. See also *Mac. lib.* 1. and 2. *Som. Scip.*

Here, they danc'd a third most elegant, and curious dance, and not to be describ'd againe, by any art, but that of their owne footing: which, ending in the figure, that was to produce the fourth, IANVARY *from his state saluted them thus,*

IANVARIVS.

YOur grace is great, as is your beautie, *Dames*;
Inough my *feasts* haue prou'd your thankfull flames.
Now vse your seate: that seate which was, before,
Thought stray'ing, vncertayne, floting to each shore,
And to whose hauing * euery *clime* laid clayme,
Each *land*, and *nation* vrged as the ayme
Of their ambition, *beauties* perfect *throne*,
Now made peculiar, to this place, alone;
And that, by'impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractiue beames, that lights these skies:
Who (though with th'*Ocean* compass'd) neuer wets
His bayre therein, nor weares a beame that sets.
Long may his light adorne these happy *rites*
As I renew them; and your gracious sights
Enioy that happinesse, eu'en to enuy, as when
Beautie, at large, brake forth, and conquer'd men.

* For what countrey is it thinks not her owne beautie fayrest, yet?

At which they danc'd their last dance, into their Throne againe: and that turning, the scene *clos'd with this full song.*

SONG.

STill turne, and imitate the heauen
In motion swift and euen;
And as his Planets goe,
Your brighter lights doe so:
May *youth* and *pleasure* euer flow.
But let your state, the while,
Be fixed as the Isle.
CHO. {So all that see your *beauties* sphære,
{May know the *Elysian* fields are here.
Ecch. Th'*Elysian* fields are here.
Ecch. *Elysian* fields are here.

HY-

HYMENÆI,
OR
The ſolemnities of Maſque and Barriers at a *Marriage*.

IT is a noble and iuſt aduantage, that the things ſubiected to *vnderſtanding* haue of thoſe which are obiected to *ſenſe*, that the one ſort are but momentarie, and meerely taking; the other impreſſing, and laſting: Elſe the glorie of all theſe *ſolemnities* had periſh'd like a blaze, and gone out, in the *beholders* eyes. So ſhort-liu'd are the *bodies* of all things, in compariſon of their *ſoules*. And, though *bodies* oft-times haue the ill luck to be ſenſually preferr'd, they find afterwards, the good fortune (when *ſoules* liue) to be vtterly forgotten. This it is hath made the moſt royall *Princes*, and greateſt *perſons* (who are commonly the *perſonaters* of theſe *actions*) not onely ſtudious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration, or ſhew; (which rightly becomes them) but curious after the moſt high, and heartie *inuentions*, to furniſh the inward parts: (and thoſe grounded vpon *antiquitie*, and ſolide *learnings*) which, though their *voyce* be taught to ſound to preſent occaſions, their *ſenſe*, or doth, or ſhould alwayes lay hold on more remou'd *myſteries*. And, howſoeuer ſome may ſquemiſhly crie out, that all endeuour of *learning*, and *ſharpneſſe* in theſe tranſitorie *deuices* eſpecially, where it ſteps beyond their little, or (let me not wrong 'hem) no braine at all is ſuperfluous; I am contented, theſe faſtidious *ſtomachs* ſhould leaue my full tables, and enioy at home, their cleane emptie trenchers, fitteſt for ſuch ayrie taſts: where perhaps a few *Italian* herbs, pick'd vp, and made into a *ſallade*, may find ſweeter acceptance, than all, the moſt nouriſhing, and ſound meates of the world.

For theſe mens palates, let not me anſwere, O *Muſes*. It is not my fault, if I fill them out *Nectar*, and they runne to *Metheglin*.

Vaticana bibant, ſi delectentur.

All the curteſie I can doe them, is to crie, againe;

Pra-

Pratereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum.

As I will, from the thought of them, to my better subiect.

On the night of the Masques *(which were two, one of Men, the other of Women) the* scene *being drawne, there was first discouered an Altar; vpon which was inscribed, in letters of gold.*

* Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

VNIONI SACR.

To this Altar entred fiue Pages, attyr'd in white, bearing [a] fiue tapers of virgin waxe; behind them, one representing a *bridegroome*: His [b] haire short, and bound with partie-coloured ribbands, and gold twist: His garments purple, and white.

On the other hand, entred HYMEN (the god of *marriage*) in a saffron-coloured robe, his vnder-vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his head crowned with *Roses*, and [c] *Marioram*, in his right hand a *torch* of [d] *pine tree*.

After him [e] a *youth*, attyred in white, bearing another light, of *white thorne*; vnder his arme, a little wicker *flasket*, shut: behind him two others, in white, the one bearing a *distoffe*, the other a *spindle*. Betwixt these a personated *Bride*, supported, her hayre flowing, and loose, sprinckled with grey; on her head a *gyrland* of *Roses*, like a turret; her garments white: and, on her back, a weathers fleece hanging downe: Her *zone*, or girdle about her waste of white wooll, fastned with the *Herculean* knot.

In the midst went the [f] *auspices*; after them, two that sung, in seuerall coloured silks. Of which, one bore the water, the other the fire: last of all the [g] Musicians, diuersly attyred, all crowned with Roses; and, with this song began.

* Mystically implying, that both it, the *place*, and all the succeeding *ceremonies* were sacred to *marriage*, or *Vnion*; ouer which *Iuno* was President: to whom there was the like *Altar* erected, at *Rome*, as shee was called *Iuga Iuno*, in the street, which thence, was named *Jugarius*. See *Fest.* and, at which *Altar*, the *rite* was to ioyne the marryed payre with bands of silke, in signe of future *concord*.

a Those were the *Quinque Cerei*, which *Plutarch* in his *Quæst. Roman.* mentions to be vsed in *nuptialls*.

b The dressing of the *Bridegroome* (with the Ancients) was chiefly noted in that, *Quòd tonderetur, Iu Sat.* * *Iamq; à Tonsore magistro Pecteris.* And, *Lucan l.2.* where he makes *Cato* negligent of the *ceremonies* in marriage, saith, *Ille nec horrificam sancto dimouit ab ore Cæsariem.*

c See how hee is called out, by *Catullus in Nupt. Iul. & Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Suaue olentis amaraci, &c.*

d For so I preserue the *reading*, there, in *Catull. Pineam quate tædam*, rather than to change it *Spineam*; and moued by the authoritie of *Virg. in Ciri*, where he sayes, *Pronuba nec castos incendet Pinus amores*, and *Ouid. Fast. lib. 2. Expectet puras pinea tæda dies.* Though I deny not, there was also *Spinea tæda*, which *Plinie* calls *Nuptiarum facibus auspicatissimam, Nat. Hist. l. 16. c. 18.* and whereof *Sextus Pompeius Fest.* hath left so particular testimonie. For, which, see the following note.

e This (by the Ancients) was called *Camillus, quasi Minister* (for so that signified in the *Hetrurian* tongue) and was one of the three, which by *Sex Pompei.* were said to be *Patrimi & Matrimi, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: Vnus, qui facem præfert ex spinâ albâ, Duo qui tenent nubentem.* To which conferre that of *Var. l. 6. de lingua Lat. Dicitur in nuptys Camillus, qui Cumerum fert:* as also that of *Fest. l. 3. Cumeram vocabant Antiqui vas quoddam, quod apertum in Nuptys ferebant, in quo erant nubentis vtensilia, quod & Camillum dicebant: eò quod sacrorum Ministrum κατ' ἐξοχὴν appellabant.*

f *Auspices* were those that hand-fasted the marryed couple: that wished them *good lucke*: that tooke care for the *dowrie*: and heard them professe that they came together, *for the cause of children, Iuuen. Sat. 10. Veniet cum signatoribus Auspex.* And, *Lucan l. 2. Junguntur taciti, contentiq; Auspice Bruto.* They were also stil'd *Pronubi, Præsentes, Paranymphi.*

g The custome of Musike at Nuptialls, is cleere in all antiquitie, *Ter. Adel. Act. 5. Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, & Hymenæum qui cantent.* And *Claud. in Epithal. Ducant pernigiles carmina Tibiæ, &c.*

SONG.

SONG.

BId all profane away;
None here may stay
To view our *mysteries*,
But, who themselues haue beene,
Or will, in time, be seene
The selfe-same *sacrifice*.
For VNION, *Mistris* of these *rites*,
Will be obseru'd with eyes,
As simple as her nights.

CHORVS. { Flie then, all prophane, away,
Flie farre off, as hath the *Day*;
Night her cortine doth display,
And this is HYMENS *holiday*.

The song being ended, HYMEN *presented himselfe formost; and, after some signe of admiration, began to speake.*

HYMEN.

WHat more then vsuall light
(Throughout the place extended)
Makes IVNO's *fane* so bright!
Is there some greater *deitie* descended?

Or raigne, on earth, those *powers*
So rich, as with their beames
Grace VNION more then our's;
And bound her *influence* in their happier streames?

'Tis so: this same is he,
The *king*, and *priest of peace!*
And that his *Empresse*, she,
That sits so crowned with her owne increase!

O you, whose better blisses
Haue proou'd the strict embrace
Of VNION, with chast kisses,
And seene it flow so in your happie *race*;

That know, how well it binds
The fighting *seedes of things*,
Winnes *natures*, *sexes*, *minds*,
And eu'rie discord in true musique brings:

Sit now propitious *Aides*,
To *Rites*, so duely priz'd;
And view two noble *Maides*,
Of different sexe, to VNION sacrific'd.
In honour of that blest *Estate*,
Which all good *minds* should celebrate.

Here out of a Microcosme, *or* Globe, *(figuring Man) with a kind of contentious Musique, issued forth the first* Masque, *of eight men.*

These represented the foure [a] Humors, *and foure* Affections, *all gloriously attired, distinguisht only by their seuerall* Ensignes *and* Colours; *and, dauncing out on the Stage, in their returne, at the end of their daunce, drew all their swords, offered to encompasse the* Altar, *and disturbe the* Ceremonies. *At which,* HYMEN *troubled, spake:*

a That they were personated in men, hath (alreadie) come vnder some *Grammaticall* exception. But there is more then *Grammar* to release it. For, besides that *Humores* and *Affectus* are both *Masculine in Genere*, not one of the *Specialls*, but in some Language is knowne by a *masculine* word: Againe, when their *influences* are common to both *Sexes*, and more generally impetuous in the *Male*, I see not, why they should not, so, be more properly presented. And, for the *Allegorie*, though here it be very cleare, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some, must complaine of darkenesse, that haue but thicke eyes, I am contented to hold them this Light. First, as in *naturall bodies*, so likewise in *minds*, there is no disease, or distemperature, but is caused either by some abounding *humor*, or peruerse *affection*; after the same maner, in *politick bodies* (where *Order, Ceremony, State, Reuerence, Deuotion*, are parts of the *Mind*) by the difference, or prædominant will of what we *(metaphorically)* call *Humors*, and *Affections*, all things are troubled and confused. These, therefore, were *tropically* brought in, before *Marriage*, as disturbers of that *mysticall bodie*, and the *rites*, which were *soule* vnto it; that afterwards, in *Marriage*, being dutifully tempered by her *power*, they might more fully celebrate the happinesse of such as liue in that sweet *vnion*, to the harmonious lawes of Nature and Reason.

HYMEN.

SAue, saue the *virgins*; keepe your hallow'd lights
Vntouch'd; and with their flame defend our *Rites*.
The foure vntemp'red *Humors* are broke out,
And, with their wild *affections*, goe about
To rauish all Religion. If there be
A Power, like REASON, left in that huge Bodie,
Or little *world of Man*, from whence these came,
Looke forth, and with thy bright and [a] numerous flame
Instruct their darkenesse, make them know, and see,
In wronging these, they haue rebell'd 'gainst thee.

a Alluding to that opinion of *Pythagoras*; who held, all *Reason*, all *Knowledge*, all *Discourse* of the *Soule* to be meere *Number*. See *Plut. de Plac. Phil.*

Hereat, REASON, *seated in the top of the* Globe *(as in the braine, or highest part of* Man*) figur'd in a venerable* personage, *her haire white, and trayling to her waste, crowned with lights, her garments blue, and semined with starres, girded vnto her with a white bend, fill'd with* Arithmeticall *figures, in one hand bearing a Lampe, in the other a bright Sword, descended, and spake:*

REA-

REASON.

FOrbeare your rude attempt; what ignorance
Could yeeld you so prophane, as to aduance
One thought in act, against these *mysteries?*
Are VNION'S [a] *orgies* of so slender price?
She that makes *soules*, with *bodies*, mixe in loue,
Contracts the *world* in one, and therein IOVE;
Is [b] *spring*, and *end* of all things: yet, most strange!
Her selfe nor suffers *spring*, nor *end*, nor *change*.
No wonder, they were you, that were so bold;
For none but *Humors* and *Affections* would
Haue dar'd so rash a venture. You will say
It was your zeale, that gaue your powers the sway;
And vrge the *masqued*, and disguis'd pretence,
Of sauing bloud, and succ'ring innocence?
So want of *knowledge*, still begetteth iarres,
When *humorous* earthlings will controll the starres.
Informe your selues, with safer reuerence,
To these mysterious *rites*, whose mysticke sence,
REASON (which all things, but it selfe, confounds)
Shall cleare vnto you, from th'authentique grounds.

a Ὄργια, with the *Greekes* value the same, that *Ceremonie* with the *Latines*; and imply all sorts of *rites*: howsoeuer (abusiuely) they haue bin made particular to *Bacchus*. See *Serv.* to that of *Virg. Æneid. 4. Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.*

b *Mac. in som. Scipion. lib. 1.*

At this, the Humors *and* Affections *sheathed their swords, and retired amazed to the sides of the stage, while* HYMEN *began to ranke the* Persons, *and order the* Ceremonies: *And* REASON *proceeded to speake.*

REASON.

THe Paire, which doe each other side,
Though (yet) some space doth them diuide,
This happie *Night* must both make one
Blest *sacrifice*, to VNION.
Nor is this *Altar* but a signe
Of one more soft, and more diuine.
The [a] *Geniall bed*, where HYMEN keepes
The solemne *Orgies*, void of sleepes:
And wildest CVPID, waking, houers
With adoration 'twixt the *louers*.
The *Tead* of white and blooming Thorne,
In token of encrease is borne:
As [b] also, with the ominous light,
To fright all malice from the *Night*.
Like are the [c] *fire*, and *water*, set;
That, eu'n as *moisture*, mixt with *heat*,
Helpes euerie naturall birth, to life;
So, for their *Race*, ioyne *man* and *wife*.

a Properly that, which was made readie for the new-married *Bride*, and was call'd *Genialis, à Generandis liberis. Ser. in 6. Æneid.*

b See *Ouid. Fast. lib. 6. Sic fatus, spinam, quâ tristes pellere posset A soribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.*

c *Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.* and *Var. lib. 4. de ling. Lat.*

The [d] blushing *veyle* shewes shamefastnesse
Th'ingenious *virgin* should professe
At meeting with the *man:* Her haire,
That [e] flowes so liberall, and so faire,
Is shed with grey, to intimate,
She entreth to a *Matrons* state.
For which those [f] *vtensils* are borne.
And, that she should not labour scorne,
Her selfe a [g] *snowie fleece* doth weare,
And these her [h] *rocke* and *spindle* beare,
To shew, that nothing, which is good,
Giues checke vnto the highest blood.
The [i] *Zone* of wooll about her waste,
Which, in contrarie circles cast,
Doth meet in one [k] *strong knot*, that binds,
Tells you, so should all married minds.
And lastly, these fiue *waxen lights*,
Imply *perfection* in the *rites*;
For [l] *fiue* the speciall *number* is,
Whence hallow'd VNION claymes her blisse.
As being all the summe, that growes
From the vnited strengths, of those
Which [m] *male* and *female* numbers wee
Doe style, and are *first two*, and *three*.
Which, ioyned thus, you cannot seuer
In equall parts, but one will euer
Remaine as common; so we see
The binding force of *Vnitie:*
For which alone, the peacefull *gods*
In number, alwaies, loue the odds;
And euen parts as much despise,
Since out of them all discords rise.

d *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 21. cap. 8.*

e *Pomp. Fest. Briss. Hotto. de Rit. Nup.*

f *Var. lib. 6. de ling. Lat.* and *Fest. in Frag.*

g *Fest. ibid.*

h *Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom. & in Romul.*

i *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 8. cap. 48.*

k That was *Nodus Herculeanus*, which the *husband*, at night, vntied in signe of good fortune, that he might be happie in propagation of issue, as *Hercules* was, who left seuentie children. See *Fest. in voc. Cingul.*

l *Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.*

m See *Mart. Capel. lib. 6. de Nupt. Phil. & Mer. in numero Pentade.*

Here, the vpper part of the Scene, *which was all of Clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the Racke, began to open; and, the ayre clearing, in the top thereof was discouered* [n] IVNO, *sitting in a Throne, supported by two beautifull* [o] Peacockes; *her attyre rich, and like a* [p] *Queene, a* [q] *white Diademe on her head, from whence descended a Veyle, and that bound with a* [r] Fascia, *of seuerall coloured silkes, set with all sorts of iewels, and raysed in the top with* [s] Lillies *and* Roses; *in her right hand she held a Scepter, in the*

n With the *Greekes, Juno* was interpreted to be the *ayre* it selfe. And so *Macr. de som. Scipio. li. 1. c. 17.* calls her. *Mar. Cap.* surnames her *Aeria*, of reigning there.

o They were sacred to *Iuno*, in respect of their colours, and temper, so like the *Aire. Ouid. de Arte Amand. Laudatas ostendit aues Iunonia pennas.* And *Met. li. 2. Habili Saturnia curru Ingreditur liquidum pauonibus aethera pictis.*

p She was call'd *Regina Iuno* with the *Latines*, because she was *Soror & Coniux Iouis, Deorum & hominum Regis.*

q Reade *Apul.* describing her, in his 10. of the *Asse.*

r After the manner of the antique *Bend*, the varied colours implying the seuerall mutations of the *Ayre*, as showres, dewes, serenitie, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, haile, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her Timbrell: the faculty of causing these, being ascribed to her by *Virg. Aeneid. lib. 4.* where he makes her say, *His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum Desuper infundam, & tonitru cœlum omne ciebo.*

s *Lillies* were sacred to *Iuno*, as being made white with her milke, that fell vpon the earth, when *Ioue* tooke *Hercules* away, whom by stealth he had layd to her brest: the *Rose* was also call'd *Iunonia.*

other

other a timbrell, at her golden feete the [a] hide of a lyon was placed: round about her sate the spirites of the ayre, in seuerall colours, making musique: Aboue her the *region of fire*, with a continuall motion, was seene to whirle circularly, and IVPITER standing in the toppe (figuring the *heauen*) brandishing his thunder: Beneath her the *rainebowe*, IRIS, and, on the two sides eight ladies, attired richly, and alike in the most celestiall colours, who represented her *powers*, as shee is the [b] *gouernesse* of *marriage*, and made the second *masque*. All which, vpon the discouerie, REASON made narration of.

a So was she figur'd at *Arges*, as a *Step-mother* insulting on the spoyles of her two *Primigni*, *Bacchus* and *Hercules*.

b See *Virg. Aeneid. lib. 4.* Iunoni *ante omnes cui vincla iugalia curæ*: and in another place, *Dant signum prima & Tellus, & Pronuba Iuno*: And *Ouid. in Phill. Epist.* Iunonemque *terrà quæ præsidet alma Maritis.*

REASON.

AND see, where IVNO, whose great name
Is VNIO, in the *anagram*,
Displayes her glistering state, and chaire,
As she enlightned all the *ayre*!
Harke how the charming tunes doe beate
In sacred concords 'bout her seate!
And loe! to grace what these intend.
Eight of her noblest *powers* descend,
Which are [c] enstil'd her *faculties*,
That gouerne nuptiall mysteries;
And weare those masques before their faces,
Lest, dazeling *mortalls* with their graces
As they approach them, all *mankind*
Should be, like CVPID, strooken blind.
These ORDER waites for, on the ground,
To keepe, that you should not confound
Their measur'd steppes, which onely moue
About th'harmonious sphære of LOVE.

c They were all eight call'd by particular *surnames* of *Iuno*, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in *marriage*, as somewhere after is more fitly declared.

Their descent was made in two great cloudes, that put foorth themselues seuerally, and (with one measure of time) were seene to stoupe, and fall gently downe vpon the earth. The maner of their habites, came after some statues *of* IVNO, *no lesse airy, then glorious. The dressings of their heads, rare; so likewise of their feete: and all full of splendor, soueraignety, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this* song *was sung at the altar.*

SONG.

THese, these are they,
Whom *humour* and *affection* must obey;

Who come to decke the *geniall Bower*,
And bring, with them, the gratefull *Hower*
That crownes such meetings, and excites
The *married Paire* to fresh delights:
As *Courtings*, *Kissings*, *Coyings*, *Othes*, and *Vowes*,
Soft *Whisperings*, *Embracements*, all the *Ioyes*,
And *melting Toyes*,
That chaster LOVE *allowes*.
CHO. Haste, haste, for HESPERVS his head downe bowes.

The Song ended, they daunced forth in paires, and each paire with a varied and noble grace; to a rare and full musique of twelue Lutes: led on by ORDER, the seruant of REASON, who was, there, rather a Person of *Ceremony*, than *Vse*. His vnder-Garment was blue, his vpper white, and painted full of *Arithmeticall*, and *Geometricall* Figures; his Hayre, and Beard long, a Starre on his forehead, and in his hand a *Geometricall Staffe*: To whom, after the Daunce, REASON spake.

REASON.

COnuey them, ORDER, to their places,
And ranke them so, in seuerall traces,
As they may set their mixed *Powers*
Vnto the Musique of the *Howers*;
And THESE, by ioyning with them, know
In better temper how to flow:
Whilst I (from their abstracted *Names*)
Report the vertues of the *Dames*.
First [a] CVRIS comes to decke the *Brides* faire Tresse.
Care of the oyntments [b] VNXIA doth professe.
[c] IVGA, her office to make one of twaine:
[d] GAMELIA sees that they should so remaine.

a This *Surname Iuno* receiu'd of the *Sabines*; from them, the *Romanes* gaue it her: of the Speare, which (in the *Sabine tongue*) was called *Curis*, and was that, which they nam'd *Hasta Cælibaris*, which had stuck in the body of a slain *Sword-player*, and wherewith the *Brides* head was dresst, wherof *Fest. in Voce Celibar*, giues these reasons, *Vt quemadmodum illa coniuncta fuerit cum corpore Gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit; vel quia Matrona Iunonis Curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur à ferenda hasta: vel quòd fortes viros genituras ominetur; vel quod nuptiali iure imperio viri subycitur Nubens, quia Hasta summa armorum, & impery est, &c.* To most of which *Plutarch* in his *Quæst. Rom.* consents, but addes a better in *Romul.* That when they diuided the *Brides* haire with the poynt of the Speare, συμβολον ἔτναι τὰ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῶς τὸν πρῶτον γάμον γενέσθαι, *it meted their first Nuptialles (with the Sabines) were contracted by force*, and *as with enemies*. Howsoeuer, that it was a *Custome* with them, this of *Ouid. Fast lib. 2.* confirmes. *Comat Virgineas hasta recurua comas.* b For the *Surname of* Vnxia, we haue *Mart. Capel.* his testimony, *De Nupt. Phil. & Mercu. lib. 2. quòd vnctionibus præest*: As also *Seruius, libro quarto Æneid.* where they both report it a fashion with the *Romanes*, that before the new-married *Brides* entred the houses of their *Husbands*, they adorned the postes of the gates with wollen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oyles, or the fat of wolues, and bores; being superstitiously possest, that such oyntments had the vertue of expelling euills from the familie: and thence were they called *Vxores, quasi Vnxores*. c She was named *Iuga, propter Iugum*, (as *Seruius* sayes) for the yoke which was impos'd, in *Matrimony*, on those that were maried, or (with *Sex. Pomp. Fest.*) *quòd Iuges sunt eiusdem Iugi Pares, vnde & Coniuges*. or in respect of the *Altar* (to which I haue declar'd before) sacred to *Iuno, in Vico Iugario*. d As shee was *Gamelia*, in sacrificing to her, they tooke away the gall, and threw it behind the *Altar*; insimating, that (after marriage, there should be knowne, no bitternesse, nor hatred betweene the ioyned couple, which might diuide, or separate them: See *Plutarch. Connub. Præ.* This *Rite* I haue somewhere following touch't at.

Faire

Faire [e] ITERDVCA leades the *Bride* her way;
And [f] DOMIDVCA home her steppes doth stay;
[g] CINXIA the *maid*, quit of her *Zone*, defends;
[h] TELIA (for HYMEN) perfects all, and ends.

[e] The title of *Iterduca* shee had amongst them, *quòd ad sponsi ædes, sponsas comitabatur*; or was a Protectresse of their iourney. *Mart. Capel. De Nupt. Philolo & Mercur. libro secundo.*

[f] The like of *Domiduca*, *quòd ad optatas domus duceret. Mart. ibid.* [g] *Cinxia*, the same *Author* giues vnto her, as the *Defendresse* of *Maides*, when they had put off their girdle, in the *Bridall chamber*; To which, *Festus. Cinxiæ Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in Nuptijs, quòd initio Coniugij solutio erat Cinguli, quo noua Nupta erat cincta.* And *Arnobius*, a man most learned in their *Ceremonies*, *lib. 3. ad vers. Gent.* saith, *Vnctionibus supereſt Vnxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.* [h] *Telia* signifies *Perfecta*, or, as some translate it, *Perfectrix*; with *Iul. Pol. li. 3. Onomast.* τέλεια valewes *Iunoi Præses Nuptiarum*: who saith, the *Attribute* descends of τέλειος, which (with the *Ancients*) signified Mariage, and thence, were they calld τέλειοι that entred into the state. *Strabo* interprets it the same with *Gamela*, *Æneid. 4 ad verb. Et Iunone secundâ*: But it implies much more, as including the facultie too mature and perfect; See the Greeke *Scholiaste* on *Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyeum Vlie filium Argi.* τέλειος δὲ ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ καλλωπίζειν τὴν τελειότητα τοῦ βίου: that is, *Nuptialls are therefore calld* τέλειοι, *because they effect Perfection of life*, and do note that maturity which should be in Matrimony. For before *Nuptialls*, she is called *Iuno παρθένος*, that is, *Virgo*; after *Nuptialls*, τέλεια, which is *adulta*, or *Perfecta*.

By this time, the Ladies were payre with the Men; and the whole Sixteene *rank'd foorth, in order, to daunce: and were with the song prouok'd.*

SONG.

NOw, now, beginne to set
Your spirits in actiue heate;
And, since your hands are met,
Instruct your nimble feete,
In motions, swift, and meete,
The happy ground to beate:
CHORVS. Whilst all this *Roofe* doth ring,
And each discording string,
With euery varied voyce,
In VNION doth reioyce.

Here, they daunced forth a most neate and curious measure, full of Subtilty *and* Deuice; *which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that* Spirit *from the* Inuention, *which the* Inuention *gaue to it: and left it doubtfull, whether the* Formes *flow'd more perfectly from the* Authors *braine, or their feete. The straines were all notably different, some of them formed into* Letters, *very signifying to the name of the* Bridegrome, *and ended in manner of a chaine, linking hands: To which, this was spoken.*

REASON.

SVch was [i] the *Golden Chaine* let downe from *Heauen*;
And not those linkes more euen,

[i] Mentioned by *Homer Ilia. 8.* which many haue interpreted diuersely: al Allegorically, *Pla. in Theteto*, vnderstands it to be the *Sunne*, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe, and preserued: others vary it. *Macrob* (to whose interpretation, I am specially affected in my Allusion) cõsiders it thus: *in Som. Scip. libr. 1. cap. 14. Ergo cùm ex summo Deo mens, ex mente anima sit; anima vitâ & condat, & vita compleat omnia quæ sequuntur, cunctaque hic vnius fulgor illuminet, & in vniuersis appareat, vt in multis speculis, per ordinem positis, vultus vnus; Cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meant: inuenietur profectus instituenti à summo Deo vsque ad vltimam rerum facem vna mutuis se vinculis religans, & nusquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de cœlo in terras Deum iussisse commemorat.* To which strength and euennesse of connexion, I haue not absurdly likened this vniting of *Humours*, and *Affections*, by the sacred *Powers* of *Marriage*.

Then

Then these: so sweetly temper'd, so combin'd
By VNION, and refin'd.
Here no *contention, envy, griefe, deceit,*
Feare, *jealousie* haue weight;
But all is *peace*, and *loue*, and *faith*, and *blisse*:
What *harmony* like this?
The gall, behinde the *altar* quite is throwne;
This *sacrifice* hath none.
Now no *affections* rage, nor *humors* swell;
But all composed dwell.
O IVNO, HYMEN, HYMEN, IVNO! who
Can merit with you two?
Without your presence, VENVS can doe nought,
Saue what with shame is bought;
No father can himselfe a *parent* show,
Nor any *house* with prospe'rous issue grow.
O then! What *deities* will dare
With HYMEN, or with IVNO to compare?

The speach being ended, they dissolu'd: and all tooke forth other persons, (men, *and* women,) *to daunce other* measures, galliards, *and* corranto's; *the whilst this* song *importun'd them to a fit rembembrance of the time.*

SONG.

THinke, yet, how *night* doth wast,
How much of time is past,
What more then winged hast
Your selues would take,
If you were but to tast
The ioy, the night doth cast
(O might it euer last)
On this bright *virgin*, and her happy *make.*

Their Daunces yet lasting, they were the second time importun'd, by speach.

REASON.

SEe, see! the bright * *Idalian* starre,
That lighteth *louers* to their warre,
Complaynes, that you her influence loose;
While thus the night-sports you abuse.

* *Stella Veneris*, or *Venus*, which when it goes before the *Sunne*, is call'd *Phosphorus*, or *Lucifer*; when it followes, *Hesperus*, or *Noctifer* (as *Cat.* translates it.) See *Cic. 2. de Nat. Deor. Mar. cap. de Nup. Phi. & Mer. l. 8.* The nature of this starre *Pythagoras* first found out: and the present office *Clau.* expresseth in *Fescen. Attollens thalamis Idalium iubar dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.*

HYMEN.

HYMEN.

THe longing *bridegroome*, * in the porch,
Shewes you againe, the bated torch;
And thrice hath IVNO [a] mixt her *ayre*
With *fire*, to summon your repayre.

* It was a custome for the *man* to stand there, expecting the approch of his *Bride*. See *Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.*

a Alluding to that of *Virgil. Æneid.* 4. *Prima & Tellus, & Pronuba* Iuno *Dant signum: fulsere ignes, & conscius æther Connubij, &c.*

REASON.

SEe, now shee cleane with-drawes her light;
And (as you should) giues place to *night*,
That spreades her broad, and blackest wing
Vpon the world, and comes to bring
A * thousand seuerall colour'd *loues*,
Some like sparrowes, some like doues,
That hop about the *nuptiall-roome*,
And flutt'ring there (against you come)
Warme the chaste *bowre*, which [b] CYPRIA strowes,
With many a lilly, many a rose.

* *Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosq; dea, tenerum premit agmen Amorum.* And *Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemq; vocauit vmbra, iacent.* Both which, proue the Ancients fayned many *Cupids*. Reade also *Prop. Ele.* 29. *l.* 2.

b *Venus* is so induced by *Stat. Claud.* and others, to celebrate nuptialls.

HYMEN.

HAste therefore, haste, and call, away:
The gentle *night* is prest to pay
The vsurie of long delights,
Shee owes to these protracted *rites*.

At this (the whole scene *being drawne againe, and all couer'd with cloudes, as a* night) *they left off their entermixed* dances, *and return'd to their first places; where, as they were but beginning to moue, this song, the third time, vrg'd them.*

SONG.

O Know to end, as to beginne:
A minutes losse, in *loue*, is sinne.
These *humours* will the night out-weare
In their owne pastimes here;
You doe our *rites* much wrong,
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The *night* hath other treasures
Then these (though long conceal'd)
Ere day, to be reueal'd.
Then, know to end, as to beginne;
A minutes losse, in *loue*, is sinne.

Here

Here they danc'd their last dances, *full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter straine, fell into a faire* orbe, *or* circle; REASON *standing in the midst, and speaking.*

REASON.

HEre stay, and let your sports be crown'd:
The perfect'st *figure* is the *round.*
Nor fell you in it by aduenter,
When REASON was your guide, and *center.*
This, this that beauteous * CESTON is
Of *louers* many-colour'd blisse.
Come HYMEN, make an inner ring,
And let the *sacrificers* sing;
Cheere vp the faint, and trembling *Bride,*
That quakes to touch her *Bridegroom's* side:
Tell her, what IVNO is to IOVE,
The same shall shee be to her *loue;*
His *wife*: which we doe rather measure
[a] A name of *dignitie*, then *pleasure.*
Vp *youths*, hold vp your lights in ayre,
And shake abroad [b] their flaming hayre.
Now moue vnited, and, in gate,
As you (in paires) doe front the *state,*
With gratefull *honors*, thanke his *grace*
That hath so glorified the place:
And as, in *circle*, you depart
Link'd *hand in hand*; So, *heart in heart,*
May all those *bodies* still remayne
Whom he (with so much sacred payne)
No lesse hath bound within his realmes
Then they are with the OCEANS streames.
Long may his VNION find increase
As he, to ours, hath deign'd his peace.

* *Venus* girdle, mentioned by *Homer. Il. Ξ.* which was fain'd to be variously wrought with the needle; and in it wouen *Loue, Desire, Sweetnesse, Soft Parlee, Gracefulnesse, Perswasion,* and all the *Powers* of *Venus.*

a See the wordes of *Ælius verus, in Spartian.*

b So *Cat. in Nupt. Iul. & Manlij* hath it. *Viden', vt faces splendidas quatiunt comas?* and by and by after, *aureas quatiunt comas.*

With this, to a soft strayne of musique, *they pac'd once about, in their* ring, *euery payre making their honors, as they came before the state: and then dissoluing, went downe in couples, led on by* HYMEN, *the* Bride, *and* Auspices *following, as to the* nuptiall bower. *After them, the* musicians *with this song, of which, then, onely one* staffe *was sung; but because I made it both in* forme, *and* matter *to emulate that kind of* poeme, *which was call'd* * Epithalamium, *and (by the ancients) vs'd to be sung, when the* Bride *was led into her chamber, I haue here set it downe whole: and doe heartily forgiue their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please. Hoping, that* nemo doctus me iubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.

* It had the name *à Thalamo, dictum est autem, θάλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, παρὰ τὸ θάλειν ἅμα, quod est simul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.*

E-

EPITHALAMION.

GLad *time* is at his point arriu'd,
For which *loues* hopes were so long-liu'd.
Lead HYMEN, lead away;
And let no obiect stay,
Nor banquets (but sweet kisses)
The *turtles* from their blisses.
* 'Tis CVPID calls to arme;
And this his last *alarme*.
Shrinke not, soft *Virgin*, you will loue,
Anon, what you so feare to proue.
This is no killing warre,
To which you pressed are;
But fayre and gentle strife
Which *louers* call their *life*.
'Tis CVPID cryes to arme;
And this his last *alarme*.
Helpe *youths*, and *virgins*, helpe to sing
The prize, which HYMEN here doth bring,
And did so lately [a] rap
From forth the *mothers lap*,
To place her by that side
Where shee must long abide.
On HYMEN, HYMEN call,
This night is HYMEN's all.
See, HESPERVS is yet in view!
What *starre* can so deserue of you?
Whose light doth still adorne
Your *Bride*, that, ere the *morne*,
Shall farre more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When [b] (like to him) her *name*
Is chang'd, but not her flame.
Haste, tender *lady*, and aduenter;
The couetous *house* would haue you enter,
That it might wealthy bee,
And you, her [c] mistris see:
Haste your owne good to meet;
And [d] lift your golden feet
Aboue the *threshold*, high,
With prosperous *augury*.
Now, *youths*, let goe your pretty armes;
The place within chant's other charmes.

Whole

*This *Poeme* had for the most part *Versum intercalarem*, or *Carmen Amœbeum*: yet that not alwaies one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same *song*, as in ours you shall finde obserued.

a The *Bride* was alwayes fain'd, to be rauish'd, *ex gremio matris*: or (if shee were wanting) *ex proximâ necessitudine*, because that had succeeded well to *Romulus*, who, by force gat wiues for him, and his, from the *Sabines*. See *Fest.* and that of *Catul. Qui rapis teneram ad virũ virginem.*

b When he is *Phosphorus*, yet the same starre, as I haue noted before.

c At the entrance of the *Bride*, the custome was to giue her the keyes, to signifie that shee was absolute *Mistris* of the place, and the whole disposition of the *family* at her care, *Fest.*

d This was also another *rite*: that she might not touch the *threshold* as shee entred, but was lifted ouer it. *Seruius* saith, because it was sacred to *Vesta*, *Plut. in Quæst. Rom.* remembers diuers causes. But that, which I take to come neerest the truth, was onely the auoyding of *Sorcerous* drugs, vs'd by Witches to be bury'd vnder that place, to the destroying of *marriage*-Amitie, or the Power of generation, See *Alexand. in Genialibus.* and *Christ. Landus* vpon *Catul.*

Whole showers of *roses* flow;
And *violets* seeme to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As VENVS meade it were.
On HYMEN, HYMEN call,
This *night* is HYMEN's all.

Good *Matrops*, that so well are knowne
To aged *husbands* of your owne,
Place you our *Bride* to night;
And * snatch away the *light*:
That [a] shee not hide it dead
Beneath her *spouse's* bed;
Nor [b] he reserue the same
To helpe the *funerall flame*.

So, now you may admit him in;
The act he couets, is no sin,
But chaste, and holy loue,
Which HYMEN doth approue:
Without whose hallowing fires
All aymes are base desires.
On HYMEN, HYMEN call,
This night is HYMEN's all.

Now, free from *vulgar* spight, or noyse,
May you enioy your mutuall ioyes;
Now, you no feare controules,
But lips may mingle *soules*;
And soft embraces bind,
To each, the others mind:
Which may no power vntie,
Till one, or both must die.

And, looke, before you yeeld to slumber,
That your delights be drawne past number;
" Ioyes, got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace;
But keepe the *Brides* fayre eyes
Awake, with her owne cryes,
Which are but *mayden*-teares:
And kisses drie such teares.

Then, coyne them, twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not *cockles* closer meet;
Nor may your murmuring *tones*
Be drown'd by * CYPRIS *doues*:
Let *iuy* not so bind
As when your armes are twin'd:

That

* For this, looke *Fest. in Voc. Rapi.*

a b *Quo utroq; mors propinqua alterius vltrius captari putatur, Fest. ibid.*

* A frequent *surname* of *Ven*' not of the place, as *Cypria*: but *quòd parere faciat*, ἢ τὸ κεῖσθαι παρέχειν, *Theop. Phurnut.* and the *Grammarians* vpon *Homer*, See them.

That you may both, e're day,
Riſe perfect euerie way.
And IVNO, whoſe great *powers* protect
The *marriage-bed*, with good effect
The labour of this *night*
Bleſſe thou, for future light:
And, thou, thy happie charge,
Glad [a] GENIVS, enlarge;
That they may both, e're day,
Riſe perfect euerie way.
And [b] VENVS, thou, with timely ſeed
(Which may their after-comforts breed)
Informe the gentle wombe;
Nor, let it proue a tombe:
But, e're ten *moones* be waſted,
The *birth*, by CYNTHIA haſted.
So may they both, e're day,
Riſe perfect euerie way.
And, when the *babe* to light is ſhowne,
Let it be like each *parent* knowne;
Much of the *fathers* face,
More of the *mothers* grace;
And either *grandſires* ſpirit,
And fame let it inherit.
That men may bleſſe th'*embraces*,
That ioyned to ſuch *races*.
Ceaſe *youths*, and *virgins*, you haue done;
Shut faſt the dore: And, as they ſoone
To their *perfection* haſt,
So may their ardors laſt.
So eithers ſtrength out-liue
All loſſe that *Age* can giue:
And, though full yeares be told,
Their formes grow ſlowly old.

a *Deus Natura, ſiue gignendi.* And is the ſame in the male, as *Iuno* in the female. Hence *Genialis Lectus, qui nuptys ſternitur, in honorem Geny. Feſt. Genius meus, quia me genuit.*

b She hath this faculty giuen her, by all the Ancients. See *Hom. Iliad. 8. Lucret. in prim. Vir. in 2. Georg. &c.*

HItherto extended the firſt nights *Solemnitie*, whoſe grace in the execution, left not where to adde vnto it, with wiſhing: I meane, (nor doe I court them) in thoſe, that ſuſtain'd the *nobler* parts. Such was the exquiſit performance, as (beſide the *pompe*, *ſplendor*, or what we may call *apparrelling* of ſuch *Preſentments*) that alone (had all elſe beene abſent) was of power to ſurprize with delight, and ſteale away the *ſpectators* from themſelues. Nor was there wanting whatſoeuer might giue to the *furniture*, or *complement*; eyther in *riches*, or ſtrangeneſſe of the *habites*, delicacie of *daunces*, magnificence of the *ſcene*, or diuine rapture of *muſique*. Onely the enuie was, that it laſted not ſtill, or (now it is paſt) cannot by imagination,

much leſſe deſcription, be recouered to a part of that *ſpirit* it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not vtterly defraud the *Reader* of his hope, I am drawne to giue it thoſe briefe touches, which may leaue behind ſome ſhadow of what it was: And firſt of the *Attyres*.

That, of the Lords, had part of it (for the faſhion) taken from the *antique Greeke* ſtatue; mixed with ſome *moderne* additions: which made it both gracefull, and ſtrange. On their heads they wore *Perſick* crownes, that were with ſcroles of *gold-plate* turn'd outward, and wreath'd about with a *carnation* and *ſiluer* net-lawne; the one end of which hung careleſly on the left ſhoulder; the other was trick'd vp before, in ſeuerall degrees of foulds, betweene the plates, and ſet with rich iewels, and great pearle. Their bodies were of *carnation* cloth of ſiluer, richly wrought, and cut to expreſſe the *naked*, in manner of the *Greeke Thorax*; girt vnder the breſts with a broad *belt* of cloth of gold, imbrodered, and faſtened before with iewels: Their Labels were of *white* cloth of ſiluer, lac'd, and wrought curiouſly betweene, ſutable to the vpper halfe of their ſleeues; whoſe nether parts, with their baſes, were of *watchet* cloth of ſiluer, chev'rond all ouer with lace. Their Mantills were of ſeuerall colour'd ſilkes, diſtinguiſhing their qualities, as they were coupled in payres; the firſt, *skie colour*; the ſecond, *pearle colour*; the third, *flame colour*; the fourth, *tawnie*: and theſe cut in leaues, which were ſubtilly tack'd vp, and imbrodered with *Oo's*, and betweene euerie ranke of leaues, a broad ſiluer lace. They were faſtened on the right ſhoulder, and fell compaſſe downe the back in gracious folds, and were againe tyed with a round knot, to the faſtning of their ſwords. Vpon their legges they wore *ſiluer* Greaues, anſwering in worke to their Labells; and theſe were their *accoutrements*.

The Ladies *attyre* was wholly new, for the inuention, and full of glorie; as hauing in it the moſt true impreſſion of a *celeſtiall* figure: the vpper part of *white* cloth of ſiluer, wrought with IVNOES *birds* and *fruits*; a looſe vnder-garment, full gather'd, of *carnation*, ſtrip't with *ſiluer*, and parted with a golden *Zone*: beneath that, another flowing garment, of *watchet* cloth of ſiluer, lac'd with gold; through all which, though they were round, and ſwelling, there yet appeared ſome touch of their delicate *lineaments*, preſeruing the ſweetneſſe of *proportion*, and expreſſing it ſelfe beyond expreſſion. The *attyre* of their heads did anſwer, if not exceed; their haire being careleſly (but yet with more art, then if more affected) bound vnder the circle of a rare and rich *Coronet*, adorn'd with all varietie, and choiſe of iewels; from the top of which, flow'd a tranſparent *veile*, downe to the ground; whoſe verge, returning vp, was faſtened to either ſide in moſt ſprightly manner. Their ſhooes were *Azure*, and gold, ſet with Rubies and Diamonds; ſo were all their garments; and euerie part abounding in ornament.

No leſſe to be admir'd, for the grace, and greatneſſe, was the whole *Machine* of the *Spectacle*, from whence they came: the firſt part of which

was

was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or *Globe*, fill'd with *Countreys*, and those gilded; where the *Sea* was expreſt, heightned with ſiluer waues. This ſtood, or rather hung (for no *Axell* was ſeene to ſupport it) and turning ſoftly, diſcouered the firſt *Maſque* (as wee haue before, but too runningly declared) which was of the *men*, ſitting in faire *compoſition*, within a *mine* of ſeuerall metalls: To which, the lights were ſo placed, as no one was ſeene; but ſeemed, as if onely REASON, with the ſplendor of her crowne, illumin'd the whole Grot.

On the ſides of this (which began the other part) were placed two great *Statues*, fayned of gold, one of ATLAS, the other of HERCVLES, in varied poſtures, bearing vp the Clouds, which were of *Releue*, embоſſed, and tralucent, as Naturalls: To theſe, a cortine of painted clouds ioyned, which reach'd to the vpmoſt roofe of the Hall; and ſodainely opening, reueal'd the three *Regions* of *Ayre*: In the higheſt of which, ſate IVNO, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with *Comets*, and fierie *Meteors*, engendred in that hot and drie *Region*; her feet reaching to the loweſt: where, was made a *Rainebow*, and within it, *Muſicians* ſeated, figuring *airie* ſpirits, their habits various, and reſembling the ſeuerall colours, cauſed in that part of the *aire* by reflexion. The midſt was all of darke and condenſed clouds, as being the proper place, where *Raine*, *Haile*, and other watrie *Meteors* are made; out of which, two concaue clouds, from the reſt, thruſt forth themſelues (in nature of thoſe *Nimbi*, wherein, by *Homer*, *Virgil*, &c. the *gods* are fain'd to deſcend) and theſe carried the eight *Ladies*, ouer the heads of the two [a] *Termes*; who (as the engine mou'd) ſeem'd alſo to bow themſelues (by vertue of their ſhadowes) and diſcharge their ſhoulders of their glorious burden: when, hauing ſet them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themſelues vp againe, with ſome rapture of the *beholders*.

[a] *Atlas*, and *Hercules*, the Figures mentioned before.

But that, which (as aboue in place, ſo in the beautie) was moſt taking in the *Spectacle*, was the *ſphere* of *fire*, in the top of all, encompaſſing the *ayre*, and imitated with ſuch art and induſtrie, as the *ſpectators* might diſcerne the Motion (all the time the *Shewes* laſted) without any Mouer; and that ſo ſwift, as no eye could diſtinguiſh any colour of the light, but might forme to it ſelfe fiue hundred ſeuerall hiewes, out of the tralucent bodie of the *ayre*, obiected betwixt it, and them.

And this was crown'd with a ſtatue of IVPITER, the *Thunderer*.

ON the next *Night*, whoſe *ſolemnitie* was of *Barriers* (all mention of the former being vtterly remoued and taken away) there appeared, at the lower end of the *Hall*, a Miſt made of delicate perfumes; out of which (a battaile being ſounded vnder the ſtage) did ſeeme to break forth two *Ladies*, the one repreſenting *Truth*, the other *Opinion*; but both ſo alike attired, as they could by no note be diſtinguiſh'd. The colour of their garments were blue, their ſocks white; they were crown'd with wreaths of Palme, & in their hands ech of thē ſuſtain'd a Palm-bough. Theſe, after the Miſt was vaniſht,

began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approching the state, the one expostulated the other in this manner.

TRVTH.

WHo art thou, thus that imitat'st my grace,
In steps, in habite, and resembled face?

OPINION.

Graue [a]*time*, and *industry* my parents are;
My name is TRVTH, who through the sounds of *warre*
(Which figure the wise minds discursiue sight)
In mists by *nature* wrapt, salute the light.

[a] *Truth* is fained to be the daughter of *Saturne*: who, indeed, with the Ancients, was no other then *Time*, and so his name alludes, Κρόνος, *Plut. in Quest.* To which conferre the *Greeke Adage*, ἄγει δὲ πρὸς φῶς τὴν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.

TRVTH.

I am that TRVTH, thou some illusiue spright;
Whom to my likenesse, the black sorceresse *night*
Hath of these drie, and empty fumes created.

OPINION.

Best *Herald* of thine owne birth, well related:
Put me and mine to proofe of words, and facts,
In any question this faire *houre* exacts.

TRVTH.

I challenge thee, and fit this time of *loue*,
With this *position*, which TRVTH comes to proue;
That the most honor'd state of *man* and *wife*,
Doth farre exceede th'insociate *virgin*-life.

OPINION.

I take the aduerse part; and she that best
Defends her side, be TRVTH by all confest.

TRVTH.

It is confirm'd. With what an equall brow
To TRVTH, [b]OPINIONS confident! and how,
Like TRVTH, her habite shewes to sensuall eyes!
But whosoe're thou be, in this disguise,
Cleare TRVTH, anon, shall strip thee to the heart;
And shew how mere *phantastical* thou art.
Know then, the first *production* of things,
Required *two*, from mere *one* nothing springs:
Without that knot, the *theame* thou glorie'st in,
(Th'vnprofitable *virgin*) had not bin.
The golden tree of *marriage* began
In *paradise*, and bore the fruit of *man*;

[b] *Hippocrat.* in a certaine epistle to *Philopæm.* describeth her, *Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, sed audacior aspectu & concitatior.* To which, *Cæsare Ripa* in his *Iconolog.* alludeth, in these words, *Faccia, ne bella, ne dispiacevole, &c.*

On

On whoſe ſweet branches *angells* ſate, and ſung,
And from whoſe firme roote all *ſociety* ſprung.
LOVE (whoſe ſtrong vertue wrapt *heau'ns* ſoule in *earth*,
And made a *woman* glory in his birth)
In *marriage*, opens his inflamed breſt;
And, leſt in him *nature* ſhould ſtifled reſt,
His *geniall* fire about the world he darts;
Which lippes with lippes combines, and hearts with hearts.
Marriage LOVES obiect is; at whoſe bright eyes
He lights his torches, and call's them his *skies*.
For her, he wings his ſhoulders; and doth flie
To her white boſome, as his *ſanctuary*:
In which no luſtfull finger can profane him,
Nor any earth, with blacke *eclipſes* wane him.
She makes him ſmile in ſorrowes, and doth ſtand
Twixt him, and all wants, with her ſiluer hand.
In her ſoft lockes, his tender feet are tied;
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as *geometricians* haue approou'd
That *lines*, and *ſuperficies* are not moou'd
By their owne forces, but doe follow ſtill
Their *bodies* motions; ſo the ſelfe-lou'd will
Of man, or woman ſhould not rule in them,
But each with other weare the *anademe*.
Mirrors, though deckt with diamants, are nought worth,
If the like formes of things they ſet not forth;
So *men*, or *women* are worth nothing, neither,
If eithers eyes and hearts preſent not either.

OPINION.

Vntouch'd *virginitie*, Laugh out; to ſee
Freedome in fetters plac'd, and vrg'd 'gainſt thee.
What griefes lie groning on the *nuptiall* bed?
What dull ſocietie? In what ſheets of lead
Tumble, and toſſe the reſtleſſe *married paire*,
Each, oft, offended with the others aire?
From whence ſprings all-deuouring auarice,
But from the cares, which out of *wedlocke* riſe?
And, where there is in *lifes* beſt-tempred fires
An end, ſet in it ſelfe to all deſires,
A ſettled quiet, freedome neuer checkt;
How farre are *married liues* from this effect?
[c] EVRIPVS, that beares ſhippes, in all their pride,
Gainſt rougheſt windes, with violence of his tide,
And ebbes, and flowes, ſeuen times in euery day,
To yles not more turbulent, or fierce then they.

[c] A narrow ſea, betweene *Aulis*, a port of *Baotia*, and the Iſle *Eubœa*. See Pom. Melalib. 2.

And then, what rules *husbands* præscribe their *wiues*!
In their eyes circles, they must bound their liues.
The *moone*, when fartheſt from the *ſunne* ſhe ſhines,
Is moſt refulgent; neereſt, moſt declines:
But your poore *wiues* farre off muſt neuer rome,
But waſt their beauties, neere their *lords* at home:
And when their *lords* range out, at home muſt hide
(Like to beg'd *monopolies*) all their pride.
When their *lords* lift to feed a ſerious fit
They muſt be ſerious; when to ſhew their wit
In ieſts, and laughter, they muſt laugh and ieſt;
When they wake, wake; and when they reſt, muſt reſt.
And to their *wiues men* giue ſuch narrow ſcopes,
As if they meant to make them walke on ropes:
No tumblers bide more perill of their neckes
In all their trickes; then *wiues* in *husbands* checkes.
Where *virgins*, in their ſweet, and peacefull ſtate
Haue all things perfect; ſpinne their owne free *fate*;
Depend on no proud *ſecond*; are their owne
Center, and *circle*; Now, and alwayes one.
To whoſe example, we doe ſtill heare nam'd
One *god*, one *nature*, and but one *world* fram'd,
One *ſunne*, one *moone*, one element of *fire*,
So, of the reſt; one *king*, that doth inſpire
Soule, to all *bodies*, in their royall ſpheare:

TRVTH.

And where is *marriage* more declar'd, then there?
Is there a band more ſtrict, then that doth tie
The *ſoule*, and *body* in ſuch vnity?
Subiects to *ſoueraignes*? doth one mind diſplay
In th'ones obedience, and the others ſway?
Beleeue it, *marriage* ſuffers no compare,
When both eſtates are valew'd, as they are.
The *virgin* were a ſtrange, and ſtubborne thing,
Would longer ſtay a *virgin*, then to bring
Her ſelfe fit vſe, and profit in a *make*.

OPINION.

How ſhe doth erre! and the whole heau'n miſtake!
Looke, how a flower, that cloſe in cloſes growes,
Hid from rude cattell, bruiſed with no ploughes,
Which th'*ayre* doth ſtroke, *ſun* ſtrengthē, *ſhowres* ſhoot higher,
It many *youths*, and many *maydes* deſire;
The ſame, when cropt by cruell hand is wither'd,
No *youths* at all, no *maydens* haue deſir'd:

So

So a *virgin*, while vntouch'd ſhe doth remaine,
Is deare to hers; but when with bodies ſtaine
Her chaſter flower is loſt, ſhe leaues to appeare
Or ſweet to *young men*, or to *maydens* deare.
That conqueſt then may crowne me in this warre,
Virgins, O *virgins*, flie from HYMEN farre.

TRVTH.

Virgins, O *virgins*, to ſweet HYMEN yeeld,
For as a lone vine, in a naked field,
Neuer extolls her branches, neuer beares
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heauineſſe weares
Her tender body, and her higheſt ſproote
Is quickly leuell'd with her fading roote;
By whom no *husbandmen*, no *youths* will dwell;
But if, by fortune, ſhe be married well
To th'elme, her *husband*, many *husbandmen*,
And many *youths* inhabit by her, then:
So whilſt a *virgin* doth, vntouch't, abide
All vnmanur'd, ſhe growes old, with her pride;
But when to equall *wedlocke*, in fit time,
Her fortune, and endeuor lets her clime,
Deare to her *loue*, and *parents* ſhe is held.
Virgins, O *virgins*, to ſweet HYMEN yeeld.

OPINION.

Theſe are but words; haſt thou a knight will trie
(By ſtroke of armes) the ſimple *veritie?*

TRVTH.

To that high proofe I would haue dared thee.
Ile ſtrait fetch *champions* for the *bride* and *me.*

OPINION.

The like will I doe for *Virginity.*

Here, they both deſcended the hall, *where at the lower end, a march being ſounded with drummes and phifes, there entred (led foorth by the* Earle *of* Nottingham, *who was* lord high Conſtable *for that night, and the* Earle *of* Worc'ſter, Earle Marſhall) *ſixteene knights, armed, with pikes, and ſwords; their plumes, and colours,* carnation *and* white, *all richly accoutred, and making their honors to the* ſtate, *as they march'd by in paires, were all rank'd on one ſide of the hall. They plac'd ſixteene others like accoutred for riches, and armes, onely that their colours were varied to* watchet, *and* white; *were by the ſame* Earles *led vp, and paſſing in like manner, by the* ſtate, *plac'd on the oppoſite ſide.*

By this time, the barre being brought vp, TRVTH *proceeded.*

TRVTH.

TRVTH.

Now ioyne; and if this varied triall faile,
To make my TRVTH in *wedlockes* praise preuaile,
I will retire, and in more power appeare;
To cease this strife, and make our question cleare.

whereat OPINION *insulting, followed her with this speach.*

OPINION.

I, doe: it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speakes thy *name*, with shame to quit thy side.

Heere the champions *on both sides addrest themselues for fight, first single; after three to three: and performed it with that alacrity, and vigor, as if* MARS *himselfe had beene to triumph before* VENVS, *and inuented a new* masque. *When on a suddaine, (the last sixe hauing scarcely ended) a striking light seem'd to fill all the hall, and out of it an* angell or messenger of glory *appearing.*

ANGEL.

PRinces, attend a tale of height, and wonder.
TRVTH is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greete you, with iudiciall state,
To grace the *nuptiall* part in this debate;
And end with reconciled hands these warres.
Vpon her head she weares a crowne of starres,
Through which her orient hayre waues to her wast,
By which beleeuing *mortalls* hold her fast,
And in those golden chordes are carried euen,
Till with her breath she blowes them vp to heauen.
She weares a robe enchas'd with eagles eyes,
To signifie her sight in *mysteries*;
Vpon each shoulder sits a milke-white doue,
And at her feet doe witty serpents moue:
Her spacious armes doe reach from *East* to *West*,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast.
Her right hand holds a *sunne* with burning rayes,
Her left a curious bunch of golden kayes,
With which *heauen* gates she locketh, and displayes.
A christall mirror hangeth at her brest,
By which mens consciences are search'd, and drest:
On her coach-wheeles *hypocrisie* lies rackt;
And squint-eyd *slander*, with *vaine-glory* backt
Her bright eyes burne to dust: in which shines fate.
An *angell* vshers her triumphant gate,

Whilst

Whilſt with her fingers fans of ſtarres ſhee twiſts,
And with them beates backe *Error*, clad in miſts.
Eternall *Vnitie* behind her ſhines
That *fire*, and *water*, *earth*, and *ayre* combines.
Her voyce is like a trumpet lowd, and ſhrill,
Which bids all ſounds in *earth*, and *heau'n* be ſtill.
And ſee! deſcended from her chariot now,
In this related pompe ſhee viſits you.

TRVTH.

HOnor to all, that honor *nuptialls*,
To whoſe faire lot, in iuſtice, now it falls,
That this my *counterfeit* be here diſclos'd,
Who, for *virginitie* hath her ſelfe oppos'd.
Nor, though my brightneſſe doe vn-doe her *charmes*,
Let theſe her *knights* thinke, that their equall armes
Are wrong'd therein. "For valure wins applauſe
"That dares, but to maintayne the weaker cauſe.
And Princes, ſee, 'tis meere OPINION,
That in TRVTH's forced robe, for TRVTH hath gone!
Her gaudie *colours*, piec'd, with many folds,
Shew what vncertainties ſhee euer holds:
Vaniſh adult'rate TRVTH, and neuer dare
With proud *maydes* praiſe, to preaſe where *nuptialls* are.
And *champions*, ſince you ſee the *Truth* I held,
To *ſacred* HYMEN, reconciled, yeeld:
Nor (ſo to yeeld) thinke it the leaſt *deſpight*.
"It is a conqueſt to ſubmit a *right*.
This *royall Iudge* of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I haue vnder-gone;
To whoſe right *ſacred highneſſe* I reſigne
Low, at his feet, this *ſtarrie crowne* of mine,
To ſhew, his rule, and iudgement is diuine;
Theſe *doues* to him I conſecrate withall,
To note his innocence, without ſpot, or gall;
Theſe *ſerpents*, for his wiſedome: and theſe *rayes*,
To ſhew his piercing ſplendor; theſe bright *keyes*,
Deſigning power to ope the ported skyes,
And ſpeake their glories to his ſubiects eyes.
Laſtly, this *heart*, with which all hearts be true:
And TRVTH in him make *treaſon* euer rue.

With this, they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled, as in triumph: and thus the ſolemnities ended.

Viuite concordes, & noſtrum diſcite munus.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MASQVE.

With the Nuptiall songs.

At the Lord Vicount HADINGTONS marriage at Court.

On the Shroue-tuesday at night. 1608.

THe worthy custome of honouring worthy *marriages*, with these noble *solemnities*, hath, of late yeeres, aduanc'd it selfe frequently with vs; to the reputation no lesse of our *court*, then *nobles*: expressing besides (through the difficulties of expence, and trauell, with the cheerefulnesse of vnder-taking) a most reall affection in the *personaters*, to those, for whose sake they would sustayne these *persons*. It behoues then vs, that are trusted with a part of their honor, in these *celebrations*, to doe nothing in them, beneath the dignitie of either. With this proposed part of iudgement, I aduenture to giue that abroad, which in my first conception I intended honorably fit: and (though it hath labour'd since, vnder censure) I, that know *Truth* to be alwayes of one stature, and so like a rule, as who bends it the least way, must needes doe an iniurie to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an *artificer*) and giue themselues a peremptorie licence to iudge, who haue neuer touch'd so much as to the barke, or vtter shell of any *knowledge*. But, their daring dwell, with them. They haue found a place, to powre out their follies, and I a seate, to sleepe out the passage.

The *scene* to this *Masque*, was a high, steepe, red cliffe, aduancing it selfe into the cloudes, figuring the place, from whence (as I haue beene, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the RADCLIFFES first tooke their name (*à clino rubro*) and is to be written with that *Orthography*; as I haue obseru'd out of M. CAMDEN, in his mention of the *Earles* of *Sussex*. This cliffe was also a note of *height*, *greatnesse*, and *antiquitie*; before which, on the two sides, were erected two *pilasters*, chardg'd with spoiles and *trophees*, of *loue*, and his *mother*, consecrate to *marriage*: amongst which were old and yong persons figur'd, bound with *roses*, the wedding gar-

ments,

ments, rocks, and ſpindles, hearts transfixt with arrowes, others flaming, *virgins* girdles, gyrlonds, and worlds of ſuch like; all wrought round and bold: and ouer-head two perſonages, *triumph* and *victorie*, in flying poſtures, and twiſe ſo big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a gyrlond of *myrtle* for the key. All which, with the *pillars*, ſeem'd to be of burniſhed gold, and emboſs'd out of the mettall. Beyond the cliffe was ſeene nothing but cloudes, thick, and obſcure; till on the ſodaine, with a ſolemne muſique, a bright skie breaking forth; there were diſcouered, firſt two * *doues*, then two * *ſwannes* with ſiluer geeres, drawing forth a triumphant chariot; in which VENVS ſate, crowned with her *ſtarre*, and beneath her the three *Graces*, or *Charites*, AGLAIA, THALIA, EVPHROSYNE, all attyr'd according to their antique figures. Theſe, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliffe, and deſcending by certayne abrupt and winding paſſages, VENVS hauing left her *ſtarre*, onely, flaming in her ſeate, came to the earth, the *Graces* throwing gyrlonds all the way, and began to ſpeake.

* Both *doues*, and *ſwannes* were ſacred to this *goddeſſe*, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induc'd by *Ouid. l.* 10. and 11. *Metamor.*

VENVS.

IT is no common cauſe, yee will conceiue,
My louely *Graces*, makes your *goddeſſe* leaue
Her ſtate in *heauen*, to night, to viſit *earth*.
Loue late is fled away, my eldeſt birth,
CVPID, whom I did ioy to call my ſonne;
And, whom long abſent, VENVS is vndone.
Spie, if you can, his foot-ſteps on this greene;
For here (as I am told) he late hath beene.
With * diuers of his brethren, lending light
From their beſt flames, to guild a glorious night;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her,
Whoſe honors, to mine owne, I ſtill prefer.
But he, not yet returning, I am in feare,
Some gentle *grace*, or innocent *beautie* here,
Be taken with him: or he hath ſurpris'd
A ſecond PSYCHE, and liues here diſguis'd.
Find yee no tract of his ſtray'd feet? GR. 1. Not I.
GR. 2. Nor I. GR. 3. Nor I. VE. Stay *nymphs*, we then will trie
A neerer way. Looke all theſe ladies eyes,
And ſee if there he not concealed lyes;
Or in their boſomes, 'twixt their ſwelling breſts:
(The *wag* affects to make himſelfe ſuch neſts)
Perchance, he'hath got ſome ſimple heart, to hide
His ſubtle ſhape in: I will haue him cry'd.
And all his vertues told. That, when they know
What ſpright he is, ſhee ſoone may let him goe,

* Alluding to the *loues*, in the *Queens Maſque* before.

That

That guards him now; and thinke her ſelfe right bleſt,
To be ſo timely rid of ſuch a gueſt.
Begin ſoft GRACES, and proclaime reward
To her that brings him in. Speake, to be heard.

1. GRACE.

Beauties, haue yee ſeene this toy,
Called * *loue*, a little boy,
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind,
Cruell now; and then as kind?
If he be amongſt yee, ſay;
He is VENVS run-away.

* In this *loue*, I expreſſe *Cupid*, as he is *Veneris filius*, and owner of the following qualities, aſcrib'd him by the antique and later *Poets*.

2. GRACE.

Shee, that will but now diſcouer
Where the winged *wag* doth houer,
Shall, to night, receiue a kiſſe,
How, or where her ſelfe would wiſh:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall haue that kiſſe, and another.

3. GRACE.

H'hath of markes about him plentie:
You ſhall know him, among twentie.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being ſhot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

1. GRACE.

At his ſight, the * *ſunne* hath turned,
NEPTVNE in the waters, burned;
a *Hell* hath felt a greater heate:
IOVE himſelfe forſooke his ſeate:
From the *center*, to the *skie*,
Are his b *trophæes* reared hie.

* See *Lucian. Dial. Deor.*

a And *Claud. in raptu Proſerp.*

b Such was the power aſcribd him, by all the *ancients*: whereof there is extant an elegant greeke *Epigram*, *Phil. Poë.* wherein hee makes all the other *deities* diſpoyld by him, of their enſignes. *Ioue* of his thunder, *Phœbus* of his arrowes, *Hercules* of his club, &c.

2. GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip, to lip,
Ouer liuer, lights, and heart,
But not ſtay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow miſſes,
He will ſhoot himſelfe, in kiſſes.

3. GRACE.

3. GRACE.

He doth beare a golden Bow
And a Quiuer, hanging low,
Full of arrowes, that out-braue
DIAN's shafts: where, if he haue
Any head more sharpe then other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1. GRACE.

Still the faireſt are his fuell.
When his daies are to be cruell,
Louers hearts are all his food;
And his bathes their warmeſt bloud:
Nought but wounds his hand doth ſeaſon;
And he hates none like to *Reaſon*.

2. GRACE.

Truſt him not: his words, though ſweet,
Seldome with his heart doe meet.
All his practiſe is deceit;
Euerie gift it is a bait;
Not a kiſſe, but poyſon beares;
And moſt treaſon in his teares.

3. GRACE.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then, the ſtraggler makes his gaine,
By preſenting maids with toyes,
And would haue yee thinke 'hem ioyes:
'Tis the ambition of the elfe,
To 'haue all childiſh, as himſelfe.

1. GRACE.

If by theſe yee pleaſe to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but ſhow him.

2. GRACE.

Though yee had a will, to hide him,
Now, we hope, yee'le not abide him.

3. GRACE.

Since yee heare his falſer play;
And that he is VENVS Run-away.

At this, from behind the Trophæes, CVPID *discouered himselfe, and came forth armed; attended with twelue* boyes, *most antickly attyr'd, that represented the sports, and prettie lightnesses, that accompanie* Loue, *vnder the titles of* IOCI, *and* RISVS; *and are said to wait on* VENVS, *as she is* Præfect *of* Mariage. *Which* HORAT. *consents to* * Car. lib. 1. Ode 2.

* --Erycina ridens, Quam Iocus circumvolat, & Cupido.

CVPID.

COme my little iocound sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: This same night
Is CVPID's day. Aduance your light.
With your *Reuell* fill the roome,
That our triumphs be not dumbe.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle capriccious Daunce, *to an odde a* Musique, *each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antique faces, with other varietie of ridiculous gesture, which gaue much occasion of mirth, and delight, to the* spectators. *The* Daunce *ended,* CVPID *went forward.*

CVPID.

WEll done *Antiques:* Now, my Bow,
And my Quiuer beare to show;
That these *Beauties*, here, may know,
By what armes this feat was done,
That hath so much honor wonne,
Vnto VENVS, and her *Sonne.*

At which, his Mother *apprehended him: and circling him in, with the* GRACES, *began to demand.*

VENVS.

WHat feat, what honor is it, that you boast,
My little straggler? I had giuen you lost,
With all your *games*, here. CVP. *Mother?* VEN. Yes sir, she.
What might your glorious cause of triumph be?
Ha'you shot [a] MINERVA, or the *Thespian* dames?
Heat aged [b] OPS againe, with youthfull flames?
Or haue you made the colder *Moone* to visit
Once more, a sheepe-cote? Say, what conquest is it
Can make you hope such a renowne to winne?
Is there a second HERCVLES brought to spinne?
Or, for some new disguise, leaues IOVE his thunder?

a She vrges these as miracles, because *Pallas*, and the *Muses* are most contrarie to *Cupid*. See *Luc. Dialog. Ven. & Cupid.*

b *Rhea*, the mother of the gods, whom *Lucian*, in that place makes, to haue falne frantikely in loue, by *Cupids* meanes, with *Attys*. So of the Moone, with *Endymion*, *Hercules*, &c.

CVPID.

CVPID.

NOr that, nor thoſe, and yet no leſſe a wonder;
Which to tell, I may not ſtay:
* HYMEN's preſence bids away; { And there ſlips from her.
'Tis, alreadie, at his night,
He can giue you farther light.
You, my *ſports* may here abide,
Till I call, to light the *Bride*.

* Here *Hymen*, the god of *mariage*, entred; and was ſo induc'd here, as you haue him deſcrib'd in my *Hymenæi*.

HYMEN.

VENVS, is this a time to quit your carre?
To ſtoope to earth? to leaue, alone, your ſtarre,
Without your influence? and, [a] on ſuch a night,
Which ſhould be crown'd with your moſt chearing ſight?
As you were ignorant of what were done
By CVPIDS hand, your *all-triumphing Sonne?*
Looke on this ſtate; and if you yet not know,
What Crowne there ſhines, whoſe Scepter here doth grow;
Thinke on thy lou'd [b] ÆNEAS, and what name,
MARO, the golden trumpet of his fame,
Gaue him, read thou in this. A Prince, that drawes
By example more, then others doe by lawes:
That is ſo iuſt to his great act, and thought,
To doe, not what Kings may, but what Kings ought.
Who, out of pietie, vnto peace, is vow'd;
To ſpare his ſubiects, yet to quell the proud,
And dares eſteeme it the firſt fortitude,
To haue his paſſions, foes at home, ſubdued.
That was reſeru'd, vntill the *Parcæ* ſpunne
Their whiteſt wooll; and then, his thred begun.
Which thred, when [c] Treaſon would haue burſt, a *ſoule*
(To day renown'd, and added to my roule)
Oppos'd; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honor, to [d] be *Sauer of his King*.
This *King*, whoſe worth (if gods for vertue loue)
Should VENVS with the ſame affections moue,
As her ÆNEAS; and no leſſe endeare
Her loue to his ſafetie, then when ſhe did chearc,
([e] After a tempeſt) long afflicted *Troy*,
Vpon the *Lybian* ſhore; and brought them ioy.

a When ſhe is *Nuptijs Præfecta*, with *Iuno*, *Suadela*, *Diana*, and *Iupiter* himſelfe. *Pauſ. in Meſſeniac. & Plut. in problem.*

b *Aeneas*, the ſonne of *Venus*, *Virgil* makes through-out, the moſt exquiſit patterne of *Pietie*, *Iuſtice*, *Prudence*, and all other Princely vertues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I conferre my ſoueraigne, applying, in his deſcription, his owne *word*, vſurped of that *Poets*. *Parcere ſubiectis, & debellare ſuperbos.*

c In that monſtrous conſpiracie of *E. Gowrie*.

d *Titulo tunc creſcere poſſes, nunc per te titulus.*

e *Virg. Aeneid. lib. 1.*

VENVS.

I Loue, and know his vertues, and doe boast
Mine owne renowne, when I renowne him most.
My CVPID's absence I forgiue, and praise,
That me to such a present grace could raise.
His champion shall, hereafter, be my care;
But speake his bride, and what her vertues are.

HYMEN.

SHe is a noble virgin, styl'd the *maid*
Of the *Red-cliffe*, and hath her dowrie waigh'd;
No lesse in *vertue*, *bloud*, and *forme*, then gold.
Thence, where my *Pillar's* rear'd, you may behold,
(Fill'd with *Loues* Trophæes) doth she take her name.
Those *Pillars* did vxorious [a] VVLCAN frame,
Against this day, and vnderneath that hill,
He, and his *Cyclopes*, are forging still
Some strange, and curious peece, t'adorne the night,
And giue these graced *Nuptials* greater light.

a The ancient *Poets*, whensoeuer they would intend any thing to be done, with great *Masterie*, or excellent Art, made *Vulcan* the artificer, as *Hom. Iliad.* Σ. in the forging of *Achilles* his armour: and *Virg.* for *Aeneas*, *Aeneid.* 8. He is also said to be the god of *fire*, and *light*. Sometime taken for the purest *beame*: and by *Orph. in Hym.* celebrated for the *Sunne* and *Moone*. But more specially, by *Eurip.* in *Troad.* he is made *Faciser in nuptijs*. Which present office we giue him here, as being *calor naturæ*, and *præses luminis*. See *Plato in Cratyl.* For his description, read *Pausa. in Elid.*

Here VVLCAN *presented himselfe (as ouer-hearing* HYMEN*) attyr'd in a cassocke girt to him; with bare armes; his haire and beard rough; his hat of blue, and ending in a* Cone: *In his hand, a hammer, and tongs; as comming from the Forge.*

VVLCAN.

WHich I haue done; the best of all my life:
And haue my end, if it but please my wife,
And she commend it, to the labor'd worth.
Cleaue solid Rock, and bring the wonder forth.

At which, with a lowd and full musique, the Cliffe parted in the midst, and discouered an illustrious Concaue, *fill'd with an ample and glistering light, in which, an artificiall* Sphere *was made of siluer, eighteene foot in the* Diameter, *that turned perpetually: the* Coluri *were heightned with gold; so were the* Arctick *and* Antarctick *circles, the* Tropicks, *the* Æquinoctiall, *the* Meridian, *and* Horizon; *onely the* Zodiake *was of pure gold: in which, the* Masquers, *vnder the* Characters *of the twelue* Signes, *were plac'd, answering them in number; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned,* VVLCAN *went forward, to describe.*

VVL-

VVLCAN.

IT is a *sphеare*, I'haue formed round, and euen,
In due proportion to the *sphеare* of heauen,
With all his *lines*, and *circles*; that compose
The perfect'st forme, and aptly doe disclose
The *heauen of marriage*: which I title it.
Within whose *Zodiack*, I haue made to sit,
In order of the *signes*, twelue sacred powers,
That are præsiding at all *nuptiall* howers:
1. The first, in ARIES place, respecteth pride
Of *youth*; and *beauty*; graces in the *bride*.
2. In TAVRVS, he loues *strength*, and *manlinesse*;
The vertues, which the *bridegrome* should professe.
3. In GEMINI, that noble power is shown,
That *twins* their *hearts*; and doth, of two, make one.
4. In CANCER, he that bids the *wife* giue way
With backward yeelding, to her *husbands* sway.
5. In LEO, he that doth instill the *heate*
Into the man: which, from the following seate,
6. Is tempred so, as he that lookes from thence
Sees, yet, they keepe a VIRGIN *innocence*.
7. In LIBRA's roome, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet æquality.
8. The SCORPIONS place he fills, that make the *iarres*,
And *stings* in wedlocke; little *strifes*, and *warres*:
9. Which he, in th' ARCHERS throne, doth soone remoue
By making, with his shafts, new wounds of *loue*.
10. And those the *follower*, with more heate, inspires,
As, in the GOATE, the *sun* renewes his fires.
11. In wet AQVARIVS stead, reignes he, that showres
Fertilitie vpon the *geniall* bowres.
12. Last, in the FISHES place, sits he, doth say;
In married ioyes, all should be dumbe, as they.
And this hath VVLCAN, for his VENVS, done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her *sonne*.

VENVS.

AND for this gift, will I to heauen returne,
And vowe, for euer, that my lampe shall burne
With pure and chaseſt fire; or [a] neuer shine,
But when it mixeth with thy *sphеare*, and mine.

a As *Catul.* hath it in *nup. Iul.* and *Manl.* without *Hymen*, which is marriage: *Nil potest* Venus, *fama quod bona comprobet, &c.*

Here VENVS *returnd to her chariot with the* graces: *while* VVLCAN *calling out the* priests *of* HYMEN *who were the musicians, was interrupted by* Py-

racmon, *one of the* Cyclops; *of whom with the other two,* Brontes, *and* Steropes, *see* [b] Vir. Æneid.

[b] *Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro, Brontesq; Steropesq; & nudus membra Pyracmon, &c.*

VVLCAN.

Sing then yee *priests.*

PYRACMON.

——Stay VVLCAN, shall not these
Come foorth and daunce?

VVLCAN.

Yes, my *Pyracmon,* please
The eyes of these *spectators,* with [c] our art.

[c] As when *Hom. Iliad.* Σ makes *Thetis* for her sonne *Achilles,* to visit *Vulcans* house, he fains that *Vulcan* had made twenty *Tripodes* or stooles with golden wheeles, to mooue of themselues, miraculously, and goe out, and returne fitly. To which, the inuention of our daunce alludes, & is in the *Poet* a most elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.

PYRACMON.

COme here then, BRONTES, beare a CYCLOPS part,
And STEROPES, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time vnto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces
In *musicall,* and sweet proportion'd graces;
While I vpon the worke, and frame attend,
And HYMENS *priests* forth, at their seasons, send
To chaunt their hymnes; and make this *square* admire
Our great *artificer,* the *god of fire.*

Here, the musicians *attir'd in yellow, with wreathes of* marioram, *and veiles, like* HYMENS priests, *sung the first staffe of the following* Epithalamion: *which, because it was sung in pieces, betweene the* daunces, *shew'd to be so many seuerall* songs; *but was made to be read an intire* Poeme. *After the* song, *they came forth (descending in an oblique motion) from the* Zodiack, *and daunc'd their first* daunce; *Then,* musique *interpos'd (but varied with voyces, onely keeping the same* Chorus) *they daunc'd their second* daunce. *So after, their third, and fourth* daunces; *which were all full of elegancy, and curious deuice. The two latter were made by* M. THO. GILES, *the two first by* M. HIE. HERNE: *who, in the persons of the two* Cyclopes, *beat a time to them, with their hammers. The tunes were* M. ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO'S. *The deuice and act of the* scene, M. YNIGO IONES *his, with addition of the* Trophæes. *For the inuention of the whole and the verses,* Assertor qui dicat esse meos, Imponet plagiario pudorem.

The attire of the masquers, *throughout, was most gracefull, and noble; partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colours* carnation, *and* siluer, *enrich'd both with embrodery, and lace. The dressing of their heads,* fethers, *and* iewels; *and so excellently order'd, to the rest of the habite, as all would suffer vn-*

der

der any description, after the shew. Their performance of all so magnificent, & illustrous, that nothing can adde to the seale of it, but the subscription of their names.

The *Duke* of LENOX.	Lo. of WALDEN.
Earle of ARVNDELL.	Lo. HEY.
Ear. of PEMBROKE.	Lo. SANKRE.
Ear. of MONTGOMERY.	Sir. RO. RICHE.
Lo. D'AVBIGNY.	Sir. IO. KENNETHIE.

Mr. ERSSKINS.

EPITHALAMION.

VP *youthes* and *virgins*, vp, and praise
The *god*, whose nights out-shine his daies;
HYMEN, whose hallowed *rites*
Could neuer boast of brighter lights:
Whose bands passe libertee.
Two of your troope, that, with the morne were free,
Are, now, wag'd to his warre.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Your selues must be.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth, thou wished *starre*.

What ioy, or honors can compare
With holy *nuptialls*, when they are
Made out of equall parts
Of yeeres, of states, of hands, of hearts?
When, in the happy choyce,
The *spouse*, and *spoused* haue the formost voyce!
Such, glad of HYMENS warre;
Liue what they are,
And long perfection see:
And such ours bee.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth thou wished *starre*.

The solemne state of this one night
Were fit to last an ages light;
But there are *rites* behind
Haue lesse of state, but more of kind:
Loues wealthy croppe of kisses,
And fruitfull harueft of his *mothers* blisses.
Sound then to HYMENS warre:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May haste to bee.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth thou wished *starre*.

Loues

Loues common wealth consists of toyes;
His councell are those *antique* boyes,
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must giue way,
For now their raigne beginnes, and lasts till day.
They sweeten HYMENS warre,
And, in that iarre,
Make all, that married bee,
Perfection see.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth thou wished *starre.*

Why stayes the *Bride-grome* to inuade
Her, that would be a matron made?
Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a *virgin*, say:
To morrow, rise the same
Your [a] *mother* is, and vse a *nobler* name.
Speed well in HYMEN's warre,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, wee
And all may see.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth thou wished *starre.*

a A wife, or matron: which is a name of more dignity, then *Virgin. D. Heins. in Nup. Ottonis Heurnij. Cras matri similis tuæ redibis.*

To night is VENVS *vigil* kept.
This night no *Bride-grome* euer slept;
And if the faire *Bride* doo,
The married say, 'tis his fault, too.
Wake then; and let your lights
Wake too: for they'l tell nothing of your nights:
But, that in HYMENS warre,
You perfect are.
And such perfection, wee
Doe pray, should bee.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth thou wished *starre.*

That, ere the rosy-fingerd *morne*
Behold nine moones, there may be borne
A babe, t'vphold the fame
Of RADCLIFFES blood, and RAMSEY's name:
That may, in his great seed,
Weare the long honors of his *fathers* deed.
Such fruits of HYMENS warre
Most perfect are;
And all perfection, wee
Wish, you should see.
Shine HESPERVS, shine forth, thou wished *starre.*

The

THE MASQVE OF QVEENES,

Celebrated

From the house of FAME:

By the QVEENE *of great* BRITAINE, with her Ladies.

AT WHITE-HALL.

Febr. 2. 1609.



IT increasing, now, to the third time of my being vs'd in these seruices to her *Maiesties* personall presentations, with the *Ladies* whom shee pleaseth to honor; it was my first and speciall regard, to see that the nobilitie of the inuention should bee answerable to the dignitie of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument, to bee, *A celebration of honorable, and true fame, bred out of vertue:* obseruing that rule of the *best artist, to suffer no obiect of delight to passe without his mixture of profit and example. And because her *Maiestie* (best knowing, that a principall part of life, in these *spectacles*, lay in their varietie) had commanded me to thinke on some *dance*, or shew, that might precede hers, and haue the place of a foile or false *Masque:* I was carefull to decline, not only from others, but mine owne steps in that kind, since the [a] last yeere, I had an *anti-masque* of boyes: and therefore now, deuis'd, that twelue women, in the habit of *hags*, or *witches*, sustayning the persons of *ignorance, suspition, credulitie, &c.* the opposites to good *Fame*, should fill that part; not as a *Masque*, but a *spectacle* of strangenesse, producing multiplicitie of gesture, and not vnaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the deuice.

* *Hor. in Art. Poetic.*

[a] In the *Masque* at my *L. Hadding.* wedding.

His *Maiestie*, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the *scene* which first presented it selfe, was an vgly *Hell:* which flaming beneath, smoked vnto the top of the roofe. And in respect all *euills* are, *morally*, said to come from *hell*; as also from that obseruation of TORRENTIVS vpon HORACE his CANIDIA, [b] *que tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit:* These witches, with a kind of

[b] *Vid. Lauin. Tor. Comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. Ode. 5.*

of hollow and infernall musique, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleuen; all differently attyr'd: some with rats on their head; some on their shoulders; others with ointment pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other *venefical* instruments, making a confused noyse, with strange gestures. The deuice of their attyre was Master IONES his, with the inuention, and *architecture* of the whole *scene*, and *machine*. Onely, I prescrib'd them their *properties* of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, rootes, and other ensignes of their *magick*, out of the authoritie of ancient and late *writers*, wherein the faults are mine, if there be any found; and for that cause I confesse them.

These eleuen witches beginning to dance (which is an vsuall * *ceremonie* at their *conuents*, or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded, and masqu'd) on the sodayne, one of them missed their *chiefe*, and interrupted the rest, with this speech.

* See the *Kings Maiesties* book, (our *Soueraign*) of *Dæmonologie*, *Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mal. Maleſi.* And a world of others, in the generall: But let vs follow particulars.

Sisters, stay, we want our * *Dame*;
Call vpon her by her name,
And the *charme* we vse to say,
That shee quickly [a] anoynt, and come away.

* Amongst our vulgar witches, the honor of *Dame* (for so I translate it) is giuen with a kinde of preeminence to some speciall one at their meetings: which *Delrio* insinuates, *Disquis. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 5.* quoting that of *Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam caupona, Regina Sagarum.* And addes, *vt scias etiam tum quasdam ab vs hoc titulo honoratas.* Which title *M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagia, quæst. 10.* doth also remember. [a] When they are to be transported from place to place, they vse to anoynt themselues, and sometimes, the things they ride on. Beside, *Apul.* testimonie, See these later, *Remig. Dæmonolatriæ, l. 1. c. 14. Delrio. Disquis. Mag. l. 2. quæst. 16. Bodin. Dæmonoman. l. 2. c. 4. Barthol. de Spina. quæst. de Strigib. Philippo. Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10. Paracelsus in magn. & occul. Philosophia,* teacheth the confection. *Vnguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, & cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaueris, Solanum, Cicuta, &c.* And *Ioa. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2. Mag. Natur. cap. 26.*

I. CHARME.

DAME, DAME, the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
* From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caues,
From the church-yards, from the graues,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are wee.

* These places in their owne nature dire, and dismall, are reckon'd vp, as the fittest from whence such persons should come: and were notably obserued by that excellent *Lucan*, in the description of his *Erictho lib. 6.* To which we may adde this corollarie out of *Agrip. de occult. Philosop. l. 1. c. 48. Saturno correspondent loca quæuis fœtida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa & funesta, vt cœmiteria, busta, & hominibus deserta habitacula, & vetustate caduca, loca obscura, & horrenda, & solitaria antra, cauernæ, putei: Præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, & eiusmodi.* And in *lib. 3. cap. 42.* speaking of the like, and in *lib. 4.* about the end, *Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumq; incursionum & consimilium phantasmatum, vt cœmiteria, & in quibus fieri solent executio & criminalis iudicij, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel vbi occisorum cadauera, nec dũ expiata, nec rite sepulta, recentioribus annis subbumata sunt.*

Comes shee not yet?
Strike another heate.

2. CHARME.

2. CHARME.

THe weather is fayre, the wind is good,
Vp DAME, o'your *horse of wood:
Or else, tucke vp your gray frock,
And saddle your [a] goate, or your greene [b] cock,
And make his bridle a bottome of thrid,
To rowle vp how many miles you haue rid.
Quickly come away;
For we, all, stay.

* *Delr'o Disq. Mag. l.2. quæst.6.* has a storie out of *Trierius* of this horse of wood: but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broome-staffe, sometime a reede, sometime a distaffe. See *Remig. Dæmonol. l.1.c.14. Bodin. l.2. cap.4. &c.*

a The goat is the deuill himselfe, vpon whom they ride often to their solemnities, as appeares by their confessions in *Rem.* and *Bodin. ibid.* His *Maiestie* also remembers the storie of the deuills appearance to those of *Calicut*, in that forme, *Dæmonol. l.2.c.3.* b Of the greene cock, we haue no other ground (to confesse ingeniously) than a vulgar fable of a witch, that with a cock of that colour, and a bottome of blue thred, would transport her selfe through the ayre; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of iustice. It was a tale when I went to schoole, and somewhat there is like it, in *Mar. Delr. Disqui. Mag. lib.2.quæst.6.* of one *Zyti*, a *Bohemian*, that, among other his dexterities, *aliquoties equis rhedarijs vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad Epirrhedium suum alligatis, subsequebatur.*

Nor yet? Nay, then,
Wee'll trie her agen.

3. CHARME.

THe owle is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountayne,
The ant, and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peepes out o' the fountayne;
The dogs, they doe bay, and the timbrels play,
The *spindle is now a turning;
The moone it is red, and the starres are fled,
But all the skie is a burning:
The [a] ditch is made, and our nayles the spade,
With pictures full, of waxe, and of wooll;
Their liuers I sticke, with needles quicke;
There lacks but the bloud, to make vp the floud.
Quickly DAME, then, bring your part in,
Spurre, spurre, vpon little [b] MARTIN,

* All this is but a *periphrasis* of the night, in their charme, and their applying themselues to it with their instruments, whereof the spindle in *antiquitie*, was the chiefe: and beside the testimonie of *Theocritus, in Pharmaceutria* (who only va'd it in amorous affaires) was of speciall act to the troubling of the moone. To which *Martiall* alludes, *l.9. ep. 30. Quæ nunc Thessalico lunam deducere rhombo, &c.* And *l.12. Epig.57. Cum stella Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.*

a This *rite* also of making a ditch with their nailes, is frequent with our witches; whereof see *Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus, Mal-Godelman, l.2. de lamijs*, as also the antiquitie of it most viuely expresst by *Hor. Satir 8. l.1.* where he mentions the pictures, and the bloud of a black lamb: All which are yet in vse with our moderne witches aft. *Scalpere terram* (speaking of *Canidia*, and *Sagana*) *Vnguibus, & pullam diuellere mordicus agnam Cœperunt: Cruor in fossam confusus, vt inde Manes eliceret animas responsa daturas. Lanea & effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.* And then, by and by, *Serpentes atq; videres Infernas errare canes, Lunamq; rubentem, Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.* Of this ditch *Homer* makes mention in *Circes* speech to *Vlysses. Odiss. K.* about the end, Βόθρον ὀρύξαι, &c. And *Ouid. Metam. l.7.* in *Medeas* magick, *Haud procul egestâ scrobibus tellure duabus Sacra facit, cultrosq; in gutture velleris atri Conijcit, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.* And of the waxen images, in *Hypsipyles* epistle to *Iason*, where he expresseth that mischiefe also of the needles. *Deuouet absentes, simulacraq; cerea fingit. Et miserum tenues in iecur vrget acus, Bodin. Dæmon. l.2. c.8.* hath (beside the knowne storie of king *Duffe* out of *Hector Boetius*) much of the witches later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a *french Ambassadors*, out of *England*, of certayne pictures of waxe found in a dunghill, neere *Islington*, of our late *Queenes*, which rumor I my selfe (being then very yong) can yet remember to haue been current. b Their little *Martin* is he that cals them to their conuenticles, which is done in a humane voice, but comming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, vpon whom they ride to their meetings, *Delr. Disq. Mag. q.16. l.2.* And *Rod Dæmon. l.2. c.4.* haue both the same relation from *Paulus Grillandus*, of a witch. *Adueniente nocte, & hora euocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, alias Magistrum Martinettum siue Martinellum. Quæ sic euocata, mox sumebat pyxidem vnctionis, & liniebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus & membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, & inueniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, & applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crineis, & statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, & breuissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, &c.*

Merrily,

Merrily, merrily, make him saile,
A worme in his mouth, and a thorne in's taile,
Fire aboue, and fire below,
With a whip i'your hand, to make him goe.

O, now shee's come!
Let all be dumbe.

At this, the *DAME *enter'd to them, naked-arm'd, bare-footed, her frock tuck'd, her hayre knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead mans arme, lighted; girded with a snake. To whom they all did reuerence, and shee spake, vttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came: which if it had beene done either before, or otherwise, had not beene so naturall. For, to haue made themselues, their owne decypherers, and each one to haue told, vpon their entrance,* what they were, and whither they would, *had beene a most pitious hearing, and vtterly vnworthy any qualitie of a* poeme: *wherin a* writer *should alwayes trust somewhat to the capacitie of the* spectator, *especially, at these* spectacles; *where men, beside inquiring eyes, are vnderstood to bring quicke eares, and not those sluggish ones of* porters, *and* mechanicks, *that must bee bor'd through, at euery* act, *with* narrations.

* This *Dame* I make to beare the person of *Ate*, or mischiefe (for so I interpret it) out of *Homers* description of her, *Iliad.* 1. wher he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet, and *Iliad.* T. walking vpon mẽs heads, in both places vsing one, and the same phrase to signifie her power, Βλαπτει ἀνθρώπους. *Ladens bemines.* I present her bare-footed, and her frock tuck'd, to make her seeme more expedite, by *Horace* his authoritie, *Sat.* 8. *lib.* 1. *Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoq; capello.* But for her hayre, I rather respect another place of his, *Epod. lib. Ode.* 5. where shee appeares *Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crines, & incomptum caput.* And that of *Lucan, lib.* 6. Speaking of *Erictho's* attyre. *Discolor, & vario Furialis cultus amictu Induitur, vultuq; aperitur crine remoto, Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.* For her torch, See *Remig. lib.* 2. *cap.* 3.

DAME, HAGS.

* In the chayning of these *vices*, I make, as if one linke produc'd another, and the *Dame* were borne out of them all. so, as they might say to her, *Solatenes scelerum, quicquid possedimus omnes.* Nor will it appeare much violenc'd, if their *Series* be considered, when the opposition to all *vertue* begins out of *ignorance*. That *Ignorance* begets *Suspition* (for knowledge is euer open, and charitable.) That *Suspition Credulitie*, as it is a vice: for being a vertue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are iealous of themselues, doe easily credit any thing of others whom they hate. Out of this *Credulity* springs *Falshood*, which begets *Murmure*: and that *Murmure* presently growes *Malice*, which begets *Impudence*: and that *Impudence Slander*: that *Slander Execration*: *Execration Bitternesse*: *Bitternesse Fury*: and *Fury Mischiefe*. Now, for the personall presentation of them, the authoritie in *Poetry* is vniuersall. But in the absolute *Claudian*, there is a particular and eminent place, where the *Poet* not onely produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose, *in Ruf. lib* 1. where *Alecto*, enuious of the times, *infernas ad limina tetra sorores, Concilium deforme vocat, glomerantur in vnum Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascunq; siniſtro Nox genuit fortis matrix Discordia belli, Imperiosa Fames, leto vicina Senectus, Impatiensq; sui Morbus, Liuorq; secundis Anxius & scisso mœrens velamine Luctus, Et Timor, & cæco præceps Audacia vultu*: with many others, fit to disturbe the world, as ours the night.

WEll done, my HAGS. And, come we fraught with spight,
To ouerthrow the glorie of this night?
Holds our great purpose? HAG. Yes. DAM. But want's there none
Of our iust number? HAG. Call vs one, by one,
And then our DAME shall see. DAM. *First, then, aduance
My drowsie seruant, stupide IGNORANCE,
Knowne by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearefull sister, wild SVSPITION,
Whose eyes doe neuer sleepe; Let her knit hands
With quick CREDVLITY, that next her stands,

Who

Who hath but one eare, and that alwaies ope;
Two-faced FALSEHOOD follow in the rope;
And lead on MVRMVRE, with the cheekes deepe hung;
She MALICE, whetting of her forked tongue;
And MALICE, IMPVDENCE, whose forhead's lost;
Let IMPVDENCE lead SLANDER on, to boast
Her oblique looke; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd EXECRATION, stand apply'd;
Draw to thee BITTERNESSE, whose pores sweat gall;
She flame-ey'd RAGE; RAGE, MISCHIEFE. HAG. Here we are all.
DAM. [a] Ioyne now our hearts, we faithfull opposites
To FAME, and GLORIE. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus, to offend our eyes;
Shew our selues truly enuious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: Doe what may beseeme
Such names, and natures; VERTVE else will deeme
Our powers decreas'd, and thinke vs banish'd earth,
No lesse then heauen. All her antique birth,
As IVSTICE, FAITH, she will restore; and, bold
Vpon our sloth, retriue her *Age of gold*.
We must not let our natiue manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill liues not, but in vs.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the pietie giues it such increase.
Let vs disturbe it then, [b] and blast the light;
Mixe Hell with Heauen, and make *Nature* fight
Within her selfe; loose the whole henge of things;
And cause the ends runne backe, into their springs.
HAG. What our *Dame* bids vs doo,
We are readie for. DAM. Then fall too.
[c] But first relate me, what you haue sought,
Where you haue beene, and what you haue brought.

a Here againe, by way of irritation, I make the *Dame* pursue the purpose of their comming, and discouer their natures more largely: which had bin nothing, if not done as doing another thing, but *Moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem*. Then which, the *Poet* cannot know a greater vice; he being that kind of artificer, to whose worke is required so much exactnesse, as indifferencie is not tolerable.

b These powers of troubling *Nature*, are frequently ascrib'd to Witches, and chaleng'd by themselues, where euer they are induc'd, by *Homer, Ouid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian.* to whose authorities I shall referre more anone. For the present, heare *Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo, lib. 1.* describing *Meroë* the witch. *Saga, & Diuinipotens cœlum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, Manes sublimare, Deos insimare, Sydera extinguere, Tartarum ipsum illuminare:* and *lib. 2. Byrrhena* to *Lucius* of *Pamphile*. *Maga primi nominis, & omnis carminis sepulcralis Magistra creditur, quæ furculis & lapillis, & id genus friuolis inbalatis omnem istam lucem mundi syderalis, imis Tartari, & in vetustum Chaos mergit:* as also this later of *Remigius*, in his most elegant arguments, before his *Dæmonolatri, & in vetustum Chaos mergit:* as also this later of *Remigius*, in his most elegant arguments, before his *Dæmonolatri*. *Quà possint euertere funditùs orbem, Et Manes superis miscere, hac vnica cura est.* And *Lucan. Quarum, quicquid non creditur, ars est.* c This is also solemne in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the *Diuell*, or their *Dame*, at their meetings, of what mischiefe they haue done; and what they can conferre to a future hurt. See *M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, lib. Quæst.* 10. But *Remigius*, in the very forme, *lib. 1. Dæmonolat, cap. 22. Quemadmodum solent Heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitiem negligentiamq; durius castigare; Ita Dæmon, in suis comitys, quod tempus examinandis cuiusq; rebus atq; actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessimè habere consueuit, qui nihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitys cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conuentu nullo se scelere nouo obstruxerint; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet, in alium, nouum aliquod facinus fecisse:* and this doth exceedingly solicite them all, at such times, lest they should come vnprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular vse; whereby, also, we take occasion, not alone to expresse the things (as vapours, liquors, hearbs, bones, flesh, bloud, fat, and such like, which are call'd *Media magica*) but the *Rites* of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling (as neere as we can) the practice of *Antiquitie* to the *Neoterick*, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

HAGGES.

I.

I Haue beene, all day, looking after
A Rauen, feeding vpon a quarter;
And, soone, as she turn'd her beake to the *South*,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

1. For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, *Cor. Agrip. de occul. Philosop. lib. 3. cap. 42.* and *lib. 4. cap. vlt.* obserues, that the vse was to call vp *ghosts* & *spirits*, with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carkasses) which I make my witch, here, not to cut her selfe, but to watch the *Rauen*, as *Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6. Et quodcunq; iacet nuda tellure cadauer, Ante feras volucresq; sedet: nec carpere membra Vult ferro manibusq; suis, morsuq; luporum Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.* As if that piece were sweeter which the Wolfe had bitten, or the Rauen had pick'd, and more effectuous: and to doe it, at her turning to the *South*, as with the prædiction of a storme. Which, though they be but minutes in *Ceremonie*, being obseru'd, make the act more darke and full of horror.

2.

I Haue beene gathering Wolues haires,
The mad Dogges foame, and the Adders eares;
The spurging of a dead mans eyes,
And all since the *euening starre* did rise.

2. *Spuma canum, Lupi crines, nodus Hyenæ, oculi Draconum, Serpentis membrana, Aspidis aures*, are all mention'd by the *Ancients*, in witchcraft. And *Lucan* particularly, *lib. 6. Hue quicquid fœtu genuit Natura siniſtro Miſcetur, non ſpuma canum, quibus vnda timori eſt, Viſcera non Lyncis, non duræ nodus Hyenæ Deſuit, &c.* And *Ouid. Metamorphoſ. lib. 7.* reckons vp others. But for the spurging of the eyes, let vs returne to *Lucan*, in the same booke, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height. *Aſt vbi ſeruantur ſaxis, quibus intimus humor Ducitur, & tracta durescunt tabe medullæ Corpora, tunc omneis auidè deſauit in artus, Immerſitq; manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos Effodiſſe orbeis, & ſicca pallida rodit Excrementa manus.*

3.

I, Last night, lay all alone
O'the ground, to heare the *Mandrake* grone;
And pluckt him vp, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the *Cocke* did crow.

3. *Plinie* writing of the *Mandrake*, *Nat. Hist. lib. 25. cap. 13.* and of the digging it vp, hath this ceremonie, *Cauens effoſſuri contrarium ventum, & tribus circulis antè gladio circumſcribunt, poſtea fodiunt ad occaſum ſpectantes.* But we haue later tradition, that the forcing of it vp is so fatally dangerous, as the grone kills, and therefore they doe it with dogges, which I thinke but borrowed from *Iosephus* his report of the root *Baaras, lib. 7. de Bel. Iudaic.* Howsoeuer, it being so principall an ingredient in their *Magick*, it was fit she should boast, to be the plucker vp of it her selfe. And, that *the Cock did crow*, alludes to a prime circumstance in their worke: For they all confesse, that nothing is so crosse, or balefull to them, in their nights, as that the Cock should crow before they haue done. Which makes, that their little *Masters*, or *Martinets*, of whom I haue mention'd before, vse this forme, in dismissing their conuentions. *Eia, faceſſite properè hinc omnes, nam iam galli canere incipiunt.* Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrarie to their acts of darknesse. See *Remig. Damonolat. lib. 1. cap. 4.* where he quotes that of *Appollonius, de vmbra Achillis, Philoſtr. lib. 4. cap. 5.* And *Euseb. Caſarienſ. in confutat. contra Hierocl. 4. de Gallicinio.*

4.

AND I ha' beene choosing out this scull,
From Charnell houses, that were full;
From priuate Grots, and publike Pits,
And frighted a Sexten out of his wits.

4. I haue touch'd at this before, in my note vpō the first, of the vse of gathering flesh, bones, and sculs: to which I now bring that piece of *Apuleius, lib. 3. de Aſino aureo*, of *Pamphile. Priuſq; apparatu ſolito inſtruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, & ignorabiliter laminis literatis, & infœlicium nauium durantibus clauis defletorum, ſepulcrorum etiam, cadauerum expoſitis multis admodum membris, hic nares, & digiti, illic carnoſi claui pendentium, alibi trucidatorum ſeruatus cruor, & extorta dentibus ferarum truncæ caluariæ.* And, for such places, *Lucan* makes his witch to inhabit them, *lib. 6. Deſertaq; buſta Incolit, & tumulos expulſis obtinet vmbris.*

Vnder

5.

VNder a cradle I did creepe,
By day; and, when the child was asleepe,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding Nurse by the nose.

5. For this rite, see *Barthol. de spina. Quæst. de Strigibus, cap. 8. Mall. Malefica. Tom. 2.* where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking, both their spirits, and the bloud, calling them *Striges*: which *Godelman. lib. de Lamijs*, would haue *à stridore, & auibus fœdissimis eiusdem nominis*, which I the rather incline to, out of *Ouid's* authoritie, *Fast. lib. 6.* where the *Poet* ascribes, to those birds, the same almost that these doe to the Witches, *Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes, Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis: Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris, Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.*

6.

I Had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant, to haue his fat.
A Piper it got, at a *Church-ale*,
I bad him, againe blow wind i'the taile.

6. Their killing of infants is common, both for confection of their oyntment (whereto one ingredient, is the fat boyl'd, as I haue shew'd before out of *Paracelsus* & *Porta*) as also out of a lust to doe murder. *Sprenger in Mall. Malefic.* reports, that a witch, a midwife in the *Diocæse* of *Basil*, confessed to haue kill'd aboue fortie infants (euer as they were new borne, with pricking them in the braine with a needle) which she had offered to the *deuill*. See the storie of the three witches in *Rem. Dæmonola, lib. cap. 3.* about the end of the chapter. And M. *Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 8.* And, that it is no new *vice*, read the practice of *Canidia, Epod. Horat. lib. Ode. 5.* and *Lucan. lib. 6.* whose admirable verses I can neuer be wearie to transcribe. *Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo Est opus, erumpat iugulo qui primus aperto. Nec refugit cædes, vivum si sacra cruorem Extaq; funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ. Vulnere si ventris, non qua Natura vocabat Extrabitur partus calidos ponendus in aris; Et quoties sæuis opus est, & fortibus umbris Ipsa facit Manes. Hominum mors omnis in vsu est.*

7.

A Murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,
The Sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines;
I bit off a sinew, I clipp'd his haire,
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i'the ayre.

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witch-craft, both *Porphyrio* and *Psellus* are graue Authors of. The one *lib. de sacrif. cap. de vero cultu.* The other *lib. de dæmo.* which *Apuleius* toucheth too, *lib. 2. de Asin. aureo.* But *Remigius*, who deales with later persons, and out of their owne mouths, *Dæmonola, lib. 2. cap. 3.* affirmes, *Hæc & nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cuius supplicio affecti cadauer exemplo datum est, & in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegijs suis materiam mutuantur: Sed & ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem ijs vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam & potestatem.* And to this place, I dare not, out of religion to the diuine *Lucan*, but bring his verses from the same book. *Laqueum, nodosque nocentes Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit, Abrasitque cruces, percussaque viscera nimbis Vulsit, & incoctas admisso sole medullas. Insertum manibus chalibem nigramque per artus Stillantis tabi saniem, virusque coactum Sustulit, & nervo morsus retinente perpendit.*

8.

THe Scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the Frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I haue beene getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe Sir CRANION in.

8. These are *Canidia's* furniture, in *Hora. Epod. lib. Ode. 5. Et vnctа turpis ova ranæ sanguine, Plumamque nocturnæ strigis.* And part of *Medeas* confection, in *Ouid. Metamorph. lib. 7. Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas.* That of the skin (to make a purse for her *Fly*) was meant ridiculous, to mocke the keeping of their Familiars.

9.

AND I ha'beene plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, Henbane, Adders-tongue,
Night-shade, Moone-wort, Libbards-bane;
And twise, by the dogges, was like to be tane.

9. *Cicuta, Hyoscyamus, Ophioglosson, Solanum, Martagon, Doronicum, Aconitum*, are the common *veneficall* ingredients, remembred by *Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa*, and others; which I make her to haue gather'd, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogges) among ruines, and wild heapes.

10. *Ossa ab ore rapta ieiunæ canis*, Horace giues *Canidia*, in the place before quoted. Which *ieiunæ*, I rather change to Gard'ners, as imagining such persons to keepe Mastifes for the defence of their grounds, whither this Hagge might goe also for *simples*: where, meeting with the bones, and not content with them, shee would yet doe a domesticke hurt, in getting the Catt's braines: which is another speciall *ingredient*; and of so much more efficacie, by how much blacker the Cat is, if you will credit *Agrip. cap. de suffitibus.*

10.

I, From the iawes of a Gardiners bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch;
Yet went I backe to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke Cat, and here's the braine.

11. These also, both by the confessions of Witches, and testimonie of Writers, are of principall vse in their witchcraft. The Toad mention'd in *Virg. Geo. lib. 3. Inuentus aque canis Bufo.* Which by *Plinie* is call'd *Rubeta, Nat. Hist. lib. 32. cap. 5.* and there celebrated for the force in *Magick*. *Iuuenal* toucheth at it twice, within my memorie, *Satir. 1. & 6.* And of the Owles eyes, see *Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philos. lib. 1. cap. 15.* As of the Bats bloud, and wings there: and in the 25. chapter, with *Bapt. Porta, lib. 2. cap. 26.*

11.

I Went to the Toad breedes vnder the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the Owle before,
I tore the Batts wing; what would you haue more?

12. After all their boasted labors, and plentie of *Materialls* (as they imagine) I make the *Dame* not only to adde more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first *Papauer cornutum*, which I haue touch'd at in the confection) as *Sepulchris caprificos erutas, & cupressos funebreis*, as *Horace* calls them, where he armes *Canidia*, *Epod. lib. Ode. 5.* Then *Agaricum Laricis*, of which, see *Porta. lib. 2. de Nat. Magi*, against *Plinie*. And *Basiliſci, quem & Saturni sanguinem vocant venefici, tantasq; vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos. lib. 1. cap. 42.* With the Viper, remembred by *Lucan. lib. 6.* and the skins of Serpents. *Innataq; rubris Æquoribus cuſtos pretiose vipera conche, Aut viuentis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ.* And *Ouid, lib. 7. Nec deſuit illis Squamea Cinipbei tenuis membrana chelidri.*

12.

DAME.

YEs, I haue brought (to helpe our vowes)
Horned Poppie, Cypresse boughes,
The Fig-tree wild, that growes on tombes,
And iuice, that from the *Larch-tree* comes,
The *Basiliskes* bloud, and the *Vipers* skin:
And, now, our *Orgies* let's begin.

Here, the Dame *put her selfe in the midst of them, and began her following Inuocation; wherein she tooke occasion, to boast all the power attributed to Witches by the* Ancients; *of which, euery* Poet *(or the most) doe giue some:* HOMER *to* CIRCE, *in the* Odyss. THEOCRITVS *to* SIMATHA, *in* Pharmaceutria; VIRGIL *to* ALPHESIBŒVS, *in his.* OVID *to* DIPSAS, *in* Amor. *to* MEDEA *and* CIRCE, *in* Metamorph. TIBVLLVS *to* SAGA; HORACE *to* CANIDIA, SAGANA, VEIA, FOLIA; SENECA *to* MEDEA, *and the Nurse, in* Herc. OEte. PETR. ARBITER *to his* SAGA, *in* Frag. *and* CLAVDIAN *to* MEGÆRA, lib. 1. in Rufinum; *who takes the habit of a Witch, as these doe, and supplies that* historicall *part in the* Poeme, *beside her* morall *person of a* Furie; *confirming the same drift, in ours.*

a These Inuocations are solemne with them, whereof we may see the formes, in *Ouid. Metam. lib. 7.* in *Sen. Trag. Med.* in *Luc. lib. 6.* which of all is the boldest and most horrid: beginning, *Eumenides, Stigiumq; nefas, panæq; nocentũ, &c.*

a YOu *Fiends* and *Furies* (if yet any bee
Worse then our selues) you, that haue quak'd to see
These b knots vntied; and shrunke, when we haue charm'd.
You, that (to arme vs) haue your selues disarm'd,
And to our powers, resign'd your whips and brands,
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands.

b The vntying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatall businesse: as *Sagana* is presented by *Horace. Expedita, per totam domum Spargens Auernalcis aquas, Horret capillis, vt marinus asperis, Echinus, aut uirrens Aper.*

You,

You, that haue seene me ride, when HECATE
Durst not take chariot; when the boistrous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the skie;
And that hath thundred, IOVE not knowing why:
When we haue set the elements at warres,
Made midnight see the sunne, and day the starres;
When the wing'd lightning, in the course, hath staid;
And swiftest riuers haue run backe, afraid,
To see the corne remoue, the groues to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change,
When the pale *moone*, at the first voice downe fell
Poison'd, and durst not stay the second *spell*.
You, that haue oft, beene conscious of these sights;
And thou [c] *three-formed starre*, that, on these nights
Art onely powerfull, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, *once*, *twice*, and *thrise the same*;
If now with *rites* prophane, and foule inough,
We doe inuoke thee; darken all this roofe,
With present fogges. Exhale earths rott'nest vapors,
And strike a blindnesse through these blazing tapers.
Come, let a murmuring *charme* resound,
The whilst we [d] bury all, i' the ground.
But first, see euery [e] foote be bare;
And euery knee. HAG. Yes, *dame*, they are.

c *Hecate*, who is called *Trivia*, and *Triformis*, of whom *Virgil. Æneid. lib. 4. Tergeminamq; Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.* She was beleeu'd to gouerne in witchcraft; and is remembred in all their inuocations. See *Theoc. in Pharmacent.* χαῖρ Ἑκάτα. *Ouid. Metam. lib. 7.* & *Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, Pessimos induta vultus: Fronte non una minax.* And *Bricht.* in *Luc. Persephone, nostræq; Hecatis pars vltima, &c.*

d This *Rite*, of burying their Materials, is often confest in *Remig.* and describ'd amply in *Hor. Sat. 8. lib. 1. Vtq; Lupibarbam varia cum dente colubra Abdiderint furtim terris, &c.*

e The *Ceremony* also, of baring their feet, is expressed by *Ouid. Metamorph. lib. 7.* as of their haire. *Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas, Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.* And *Horac. ibid. Pedibus nudis passoq; capillo.* And *Senec. in Tragad. Med. Tibi more Gentis, vinculo soluens comam Secreta nudo nemora lustraui pede.*

4. CHARME.

DEepe, [f] O deepe, we lay thee to sleepe;
We leaue thee drinke by, if thou chance to be dry;
Both milke, and bloud, the dew, and the floud.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot, and the head;
We couer thee warme, that thou take no harme:
And when thou dost wake,
Dame earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her backe were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue *drake*:
Whose forme thou shall take.

f Heere they speake as if they were creating some new feature, which the *deuill* perswades them to be able to do, often, by the pronouncing of words, and powring out of liquors, on the earth. Heare what *Agrip.* saies *De occul. Phil. lib. 4.* neer the end. *In euocationibus vmbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum, & carne, cum ouis, lacte, melle, oleo, & similibus, quæ aptè medium tribuunt animabus, ad sumendum corpora*; and a little before. *Namq; anima cognitis medijs, per quæ quondam corporibus suis coniungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresq; facile allicientur.* Which doctrine he had from *Apuleius*, without all doubt, or question, who *in lib. 3. de Asin aureo.* publisheth the same. *Tunc decantatis spirantibus fibris litat vario latice; nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libat & mulsa. Sic illos capillos in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat viuis carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus inexpugnabili Magicæ Disciplinæ potestate, & cæcanuminum coactorum violentia, illa corpora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli spiritum mutuantur humanum, & sentiunt, & audiunt, & ambulant. Et quâ nidor suarum ducebat exuuiarum veniunt.* All which are meere arts of *Sathan*, when either himselfe will delude them with a false forme, or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the meanes: as in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.

DAME.

NEuer a ſtarre yet ſhot?
Where be the aſhes? HAG. Here i'the pot.
DAM. g Caſt them vp; and the flint ſtone
Ouer the left ſhoulder bone:
Into the weſt. HAG. It will be beſt.

g This throwing of aſhes, and ſand, with the flint ſtone, croſſe ſticks, and burying of ſage &c. are all vs'd (and be-leeu'd by them) to the rayſing of ſtorme, and tempeſt. See *Remig. li. 1. dæmon. cap. 25. Nider. Formicari. cap. 4. Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2. cap. 8.* And heare *Godelman: lib. 2. cap. 6. Nam quando dæmoni grandines ciendi poteſtatem facit Deus, tum Maleficas inſtruit, vt quandoque ſilicet poſt tergum in occidentem verſus proïciant, aliquando vt arenam aquæ torrentis in aërem conïciant, plerumque ſcopas in aquam intingant, cœlumq; verſus ſpargant, vel foſſulâ factâ & lotio infuſo, vel aquâ digitum moueant: ſubindè in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripâ tranſuerſè collocent, & alia id genus deliramenta efficiant.* And when they ſee the ſucceſſe, they are more confirm'd, as if the euent followed their working. The like illuſion is of their phantaſie, in ſayling in egge-ſhels, creeping through augur-holes, and ſuch like, ſo vulgar in their confeſſions.

5. CHARME.

THe ſtickes are a-croſſe, there can be no loſſe,
The ſage is rotten, the ſulphur is gotten
Vp to the sky, that was i'the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round;
Vnder the bramble, ouer the brier,
A little more heat will ſet it on fire:
Put it in mind, to doe it kind,
Flow water, and blow wind.
Rouncy is ouer, *Robble* is vnder,
A flaſh of light, and a clap of thunder,
A ſtorme of raine, another of hayle.
We all muſt home, i'th' egge-ſhell ſayle;
The maſt is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the ſayle as thin,
And if we goe through and not fall in ——

DAME.

h STay. All our *charmes* doe nothing winne
Vpon the night; our labour dies!
Our *Magicke*-feature will not riſe;
Nor yet the ſtorme! We muſt repeate
More direfull voyces farre, and beate
The ground with vipers, till it ſweate.

h This ſtoppe, or interruption ſhew'd the better, by cauſing that generall ſilence, which made all the following *Noyſes*, enforced in the next charme, more direfull, firſt imitating that of *Lucan. Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuiſſe moras; iraque morti Verberat immotum viuo ſerpente cadauer*, and then their barking, howling, hiſſing, and confuſion of noyſe expreſſed by the ſame *Author*, in the ſame perſon. *Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis Excantare deos, confodit murmura primùm. Diſſona & humana multùm diſcordia lingua. Latratus habet illa canum, gemituſq; luporum, Quod trepidus bubo, quod ſtrix nocturna queruntur, Quod ſtridet vlulatq; fera, quod ſibilat anguis Exprimit, & planctus illiſæ cautibus vndæ, Siluarumq; ſonum, fractæq; tonitrua nubis, Tot rerum vox vna fuit.* See *Remig. 100, Dæmonolat. lib. 1. cap. 19.*

6. CHARME.

6. CHARME.

BArke dogges, wolues howle,
Seas roare, woods roule,
Cloudes cracke, all be blacke,
But the light our *charmes* doe make.

DAME.

NOt yet? my rage beginnes to swell;
Darkenesse, deuills, night, and *hell*,
Doe not thus delay my *spell*.
I call you once, and I call you twise;
I beat you againe, if you stay my thrise:
Thorough these cranyes, where I peepe,
[i] I'le let in the light to see your sleepe.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As vnto me. Still are you deafe?
Reach me a bough, [k] that ne're bare leafe,
To strike the aire; and [l] *Aconite*,
To hurle vpon this glaring light;
[m] A rustie knife, to wound mine arme;
And, as it drops, I'le speake a *charme*,
Shall cleaue the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-vp CHAOS, and let rise,
Once more, his darke, and reeking head,
To strike the world, and *nature* dead,
Vntill my *magicke* birth be bred.

i This is one of their common menaces, when their *magicke* receiues the least stop. Heare *Erichtho* againe, *ibid. Tibi pessime mundi Arbiter immittam ruptis Titana cauernis Et subito feriere die.* And a little before to *Proserpina. Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te Contineant, Ennea dapes, &c.*

k That wither'd streight, as it shot out, which is called *Ramus feralis*, by some, and *tristis*, by *Senec. Trag. Med.*

l A deadly poysonous herbe fain'd by *Ouid. Metamo. libr. 7.* to spring out of *Cerberus* his foame. *Plinie* giues it another beginning of name. *Nat. Hist. lib. 27. cap 3. Nascitur in nudis cautibus, quas aconas vocant, & inde aconitum dixere, nullo iuxtà ne puluere quidem nutriente.* Howsoeuer the iuice of it is like that liquor which the deuill giues witches to sprinkle abroad, & do hurt in the opinion of all the *magick masters.*

m A rusty knife I rather giue her, then any other, as fittest for such a deuilish Ceremony, which *Seneca* might meane by *sacro cultro* in the *Tragedy*, where he armes *Medea*, to the like rite, (for any thing I know) *Tibi nudato petlore Mœnae, sacro feriam brachia cultro: Manet nostet sanguis ad aras.*

7. CHARME.

BLacke goe in, and blacker come out;
At thy going downe, we giue thee a shout.
[n] *Hoo!*
At thy rising againe, thou shalt haue two,
And if thou dost what, we would haue thee doe,
Thou shalt haue three, thou shalt haue foure,
Thou shalt haue ten, thou shalt haue a score.
Hoo. Har. Har. *Hoo!*

n These shouts and clamors, as also the voice *Har. Har.* are very particular with them by the testimony of *Bodin. Remig. Delrio.* and *M. Phil. Ludouicus, &c.* who out of them reports it, that. *Tota tuba colluuieq; pessima fescanninos in honorem Dæmonum canat obscœnissimos: Hæc canit* Har. Har. *Illa Diabolo, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc; Altera, lude hic, lude illic; Alia, Sabaath, Sabaath. &c. Imò clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, popysmis, furit, ac debacchatur: pulueribus, vel veneniis accepto qui hominibus pedibusque spergant.*

8. CHARME.

8. Charme.

A Cloud of pitch, a spurre, and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlewind play,
Before, and after, which thunder for laughter,
And stormes for ioy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his taile of a snake.

9. Charme.

A Bout, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights flie out,
The images neither be seene, nor felt;
The wollen burne, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors vpon the ground,
And into the ayre; around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
o Till a musique sound,
And the pase be found,
To which we may daunce,
And our *Charmes* aduance.

o Nor doe they want *musique*, and in strange manner giuen them by the *deuill*, if we credit their confessions in *Remig. Dæm. lib. 1. cap.* 19. Such as the *Syrbenean Quires* were, which *Athenæus* remembers out of *Clearchus, Deipnos. lib.* 15. where euery one sung what he would without harkening to his fellow; like the noise of diuers oares, falling in the water. But be patient of *Remigius* relation. *Miris modis illic miscentur, ac turbantur omnia, nec vllâ oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel veriùs ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum buccæ tibiam admouet. Ille pro lyra equi caluariam pulsat, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuste vel clauâ graniore quercum tundit, vnde exanditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum. Intercinunt rancidè, & composito ad litui morem clangore Dæmones; ipsumque cœlum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.*

p The manner also of their dauncing is confest in *Bodin. lib. 2. cap. 4.* And *Remig li. 1. cap. 17.* and 18. The summe of which *M. Phili. Lud. Elich.* relates thus, in his *Dæmonom.*

At which, with a strange, and sodayne musique they fell into a p *magicall daunce*, full of præposterous change, and gesticulation, but most applying to their *property*: who at their meetings, doe call things contrary to the custome of men, dauncing back to backe, and hip to hip, their hands ioin'd, and making their circles backeward, to the left hand, with strange *phantastique* motions of their heads, and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the *daunce*, *M.* Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

Quæst. 10. Tripudys interdum intersunt facie liberâ & apertâ, interdum obducta laruâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario excerniculo inuoluta. And a little after. *Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, & ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis inuicem obuersis, & in orbem iunctis manibus, saltando circumeant, perinde sua iactantes capita, vt qui œstro agitantur. Remigius* addes out of the confession of *Sibilla Merelia, Gyrum semper in lauam progredi.* which *Plinie* obserues in the Priests of *Cybile. Nat. Hist. lib.* 28 *cap* 2. and to be done with great religion. *Bodin* addes, that they vse broomes in their hands, with which we arm'd our witches; and here we leaue them.

In the heat of their daunce, *on the sodaine, was heard a sound of lowd musique, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not onely the* Hags *themselues, but the* hell, *into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the* Scene *altred, scarce suffring the memory of such a thing: But in the place of it, appeared a glorious, and magnificent building, figuring the* house of fame, *in the top of which, were discouered the* 12. masquers, *sitting vpon a throne triumphall, erected in forme of a* pyramide, *and circled with all store of light. From whom a person, by this time descended, in the furniture of* Perseus, *and expressing* heroique, *and* masculine vertue, *began to speake.*

HERO-

HEROIQVE VERTVE.

SO should, at FAMES lowd sound, and VERTVES sight,
All darke, and envious witchcraft flie the light.
*I did not borrow HERMES wings, nor aske
His crooked sword, nor put on PLVTO's caske,
Nor on mine arme, aduanc'd wise PALLAS shield,
(By which, my face auers'd, in open field
I slue the GORGON) for an emptie name:
When VERTVE cut off TERROR, he gat FAME.
And, if when FAME was gotten, TERROR di'de,
What black ERYNNIS, or more hellish pride,
Durst arme these HAGS, now shee is growne, and great,
To thinke they could her glories once defeat?
I was her parent, and I am her strength.
Heroique Vertue sinkes not vnder length
Of yeeres, or ages; but is still the same,
While he preserues, as when he got *good* FAME.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built of all sounding brasse, whose columnes bee
Men-making *Poets*, and those well-made *Men*,
Whose strife it was, to haue the happyest pen
Renowne them to an after-life, and not
With pride, to scorne the *Muse*, and die forgot;
Shee, that inquireth into all the world,
And hath, about her vaulted *Palace*, hoorl'd
All rumors and reports, or true, or vaine,
What vtmost lands, or deepest seas containe;
(But only hangs great actions, on her file)
Shee, to this lesser world, and greatest Ile,
To night sounds *Honor*, which shee would haue seene
In yond' bright BEVIE each of them a Queene.
Eleuen of them are of times, long gone.
PENTHESILEA, the braue *Amazon*,
Swift-foot CAMILLA, Queene of *Volscia*,
Victorious THOMYRIS of *Scythia*,
Chast ARTEMISIA, the *Carian* dame,
And fayre-hayr'd BERONICE, *Ægypts* fame,
HYPSICRATEA, glorie of *Asia*,
CANDACE, pride of *Æthiopia*.
The *Brittane* honor, VOADICEA,
The vertuous PALMYRENE, ZENOBIA,
The wise, and warlike *Goth*, AMALASVNTA,
And bold VALASCA, of *Bohemia*.

*The ancients expressed a braue & masculine *Vertue* in three figures (of *Hercules*, *Perseus*, and *Bellerophon*.) Of which wee choose that of *Perseus*, arm'd as we haue describ'd him, out of *Hesiod. Scuto. Herc.* See *Apollodor*, the Grammarian, *l.2. de Perseo.*

These,

These, in their liues, as fortunes, crown'd the choice
Of woman-kind, and 'gainst all opposite voyce
Made good to *time*, had, after death, the clame
To liue eternis'd in the house of *Fame*.
Where hourely hearing (as, what there is old?)
The glories of BEL-ANNA so well told,
Queene of the *Ocean*; How, that shee alone
Possest all vertues, for which one by one
They were so fam'd; And, wanting then a head
To forme that sweet, and gracious *pyramede*
Wherein they sit, it being the sou'raigne place
Of all that *Palace*, and reseru'd to grace
The worthyest Queene: These, without enuy', on her,
In life, desir'd that honor to confer,
Which, with their death, no other should enioy.
Shee this embracing with a vertuous ioy,
Farre from selfe-loue, as humbling all her worth,
To him that gaue it, hath againe brought forth
Their names to memorie; and meanes, this night,
To make them once more visible to light:
And to that light, from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.
To you, most royall, and most happy *king*,
Of whom, *Fames* house, in euery part, doth ring
For euery vertue; but can giue no'increase:
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your *peace*.
To you, that cherish euery great *example*
Contracted in your selfe; and being so ample
A field of honor, cannot but embrace
A *spectacle*, so full of loue, and grace
Vnto your *court*: where euery *Princely dame*
Contends to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her:
For, by their liues, they only did confer
Good on themselues; but, by their fame, to yours,
And euery age, the benefit endures.

Here, the throne wherein they sate, being Machina versatilis, *sodainly chang'd; and in the place of it appear'd* Fama bona, *as shee is describ'd (in* Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa) *attyr'd in white, with white wings, hauing a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which* ORVS APOLLO, *in his* Hierogl. *interprets the note of a good fame. In her right hand, shee bore a trumpet, in her left an oliue branch: And for her state, it was, as* *VIRGIL *describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the cloudes. Shee, after the musique had done, which wayted on the turning of the* machine, *call'd from thence, to* Vertue, *and spake this following speech.*

Æne id. 4.

FAME.

FAME.

VERTVE, my father, and my honor; thou
That mad'it me good, as great; and dar'ſt auow
No *fame*, for thine, but what is perfect: Ayde,
To night, the triumphs of thy *white-wing'd mayde.*
Doe thoſe renowned *Queenes* all vtmoſt rites
Their ſtates can aske. This is a night of nights.
In mine owne *chariots* let them, crowned, ride;
And mine owne *birds*, and *beaſts* in geeres appli'de
To draw them forth. Vnto the firſt *carre* tye
Farre-ſighted *eagles*, to note *Fames ſharpe eye.*
Vnto the ſecond, *Griffons*, that deſigne
Swiftneſſe and *ſtrength*, two other gifts of mine.
Vnto the laſt, our *Lyons*, that imply
The top of graces, *ſtate*, and *maieſtie.*
And let thoſe *Hags* be led as captiues, bound
Before their wheeles, whilſt I my trumpet ſound.

AT which, the lowd muſique ſounded, as before; to giue the *Maſquers* time of deſcending. And here, we cannot but take the opportunitie, to make ſome more particular deſcription of their *ſcene*, as alſo of the *perſons* they preſented; which, though they were diſpoſed rather by *chance*, then *election*, yet is it my part to iuſtifie them all: And then, the *Lady* that will owne her preſentation, may.

To follow, therefore, the rule of *Chronologie*, which I haue obſeru'd in my verſe, the moſt vpward in time was PENTHESILEA. Shee was Queene of the *Amazons*, and ſucceeded OTRERA, or (as ſome will) ORITHYA; ſhee liu'd, and was preſent, at the warre of *Troy* on their part, againſt the *Greekes*, and (as IVSTINE giues her teſtimonie) *Inter fortiſſimos viros, magna eius virtutis documenta extitere.* Shee is no where nam'd, but with the preface of honor, and vertue; and is alwayes aduanced in the head of the worthieſt women. *DIODORVS SICVLVS makes her the daughter of MARS. Shee was honor'd in her death to haue it the act of ACHILLES. Of which [a]PROPERTIVS ſings this triumph to her beautie.

Aurea cui poſt quam nudauit caſſida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

Next, followes CAMILLA, Queene of the *Volſcians*, celebrated by [b]VIRGIL, then whoſe *verſes* nothing can be imagin'd more exquiſite, or more honoring the perſon they deſcribe. They are theſe, where hee reckons vp thoſe, that came on TVRNVS his part, againſt ÆNEAS.

Hos ſuper aduenit Volſca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, & florenteis ære cateruas,
Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathiſue Mineruæ
Fœmineas aſſueta manus, ſed prælia virgo
Dura pati, curſuq; pedum præuertere ventos.
Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu laſſiſſet ariſtas:

* *Hiſt. lib. 2.*

a *Lib. 3. Eleg. 10.*

b *Æneid. lib. 7.*

Vel

Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celereis nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterward tells her attyre, and *armes*, with the admiration, that the *spectators* had of her. All which if the *Poet* created out of himselfe, without *nature*, he did but shew, how much so diuine a soule could exceed her.

The third liu'd in the age of CYRVS, the great *Persian Monarch*; and made him leaue to liue. THOMYRIS, Queene of the *Scythians*, or *Massagets*. A *Heroine* of a most inuincible, and vnbroken fortitude. Who, when CYRVS had inuaded her, and, taking her onely son (rather by trecherie, then war, as she obiected) had slaine him; not touch'd with the griefe of so great a losse, in the iuster comfort she tooke of a greater reuenge, pursued not only the occasion, and honor of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand souldiers: but (what was right memorable in her victorie) left not a messenger suruiuing, of his side to report the massacre. She is remembred both by *HERODOTVS and [a] IVSTINE, to the great renowne, and glorie of her kind: with this *Elogie*. *Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsamq; & vita & castris spoliauit, ad iustè vlciscendam filij eius indignissimam mortem.*

* *In Clio.*
a *Epit. lib. 1.*

The fourth was honor'd to life in the time of XERXES, and present at his great expedition into *Greece*; ARTEMISIA, the Queene of *Caria*: whose vertue [b] HERODOTVS, not without some wonder, records. That, a woman, a Queene, without a husband, her sonne a ward, and shee administring the gouernment, occasion'd by no necessitie, but a meere excellence of spirit, should embarque herselfe for such a war; and there, so to behaue her, as XERXES beholding her fight, should say: [c] *Viri quidē extiterunt mihi fœminæ, fœminæ autem viri.* She is no lesse renowned for her chastitie, & loue to her husband, MAVSOLVS, [d] whose bones (after he was dead) she preseru'd in ashes, and drunke in wine, making her selfe his tombe: and, yet, built to his memorie a *monument*, deseruing a place among the *seuen wonders of the world*, which could not be done by lesse then a wonder of women.

b *In Polymn.*
c *Herod. in Vrania.*
d *Val. Max. l. 4. cap. 6.* and *A. Gel. l. 10. c. 18.*

The fifth was the faire hayr'd daughter of PTOLOMAEVS PHILADELPHVS, by the elder ARSINOE; who, married to her brother PTOLOMAEVS, surnamed EVERGETES, was after Queene of *Ægypt*. I find her written both BERONICE, and BERENICE. This lady, vpon an expedition of her new wedded Lord into *Assyria*, vowed to VENVS, if he return'd safe, and conqueror, the offering of her haire; which vow of hers (exacted by the successe) she afterward perform'd. But, her father missing it, and therewith displeas'd, CONON, a *Mathematician*, who was then in household with PTOLOMEY, and knew well to flatter him, perswaded the king that it was ta'ne vp to heauen, and made a *constellation*; shewing him those seuen stars, *ad caudam Leonis*, which are since called *Coma Beronices*. Which storie, then presently celebrated by CALLIMACHVS, in a most elegant *poeme*, CATVLLVS more elegantly conuerted; wherein they call her *the Magnanimous, euen from a virgin*: alluding (as [e] HYGINVS saies) to a rescue shee made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honor of his armie, euen to a victorie. Their wordes are,

e *Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo.*

[a] Cog-

[a] *Cognoram à parua virgine magnanimam.*

The sixth, that famous wife of MITHRIDATES, and *Queene* of *Pontus*, HYPSICRATEA, no lesse an example of vertue then the rest; who so loued her husband, as shee was assistant to him in all labours, and hazards of the warre, in a masculine habite. For which cause (as [b] VALERIVS MAXIMVS obserues) shee departed with a chiefe ornament of her beauty. *Tonsis enim capillis, equo se & armis assuefecit, quo facilius laboribus & periculis eius interesset.* And, afterward, in his flight from POMPEY, accompanied his misfortune, with a minde, and body equally vnwearied. She is solemnly registred, by that graue *Author*, as a notable President of *marriage-loyaltie*, and *loue*: vertues, that might raise a meane person to equality with a *Queene*, but a *Queene* to the state, and honour of a *deitie*.

a *Catul. de Coma Beronis.*

b *Lib. 4. ca. 6. de Amor. coniug.*

The seuenth, that renowne of *Æthiopia*, CANDACE: from whose excellencie, the succeeding *queenes* of that *nation* were ambitious to bee called so. A woman, of a most haughtie spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subiects. I finde her celebrated by [c] DION, and [d] PLINIE, inuading *Ægypt* in the time of AVGVSTVS; who, though she were enforc'd to a peace by his Lieutenant PETRONIVS, deeth not the lesse worthily hold her place here; when, euery where, this *Elogie* remaines of her fame: That she was *Maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, vt omnes deinceps Æthiopum Reginæ eius nomine fuerint appellatæ.* She gouern'd in *Meroe*.

c *Hist. Rom. l. 54*
d *Nat. hist. lib. 6. cap. 29.*

The eight, our owne honour, VOADICEA, or BOODICEA; By some BVNDVICA, and BVNDVCA: *queene* of the *Iceni*. A people, that inhabited that part of our *Iland* which was called *East-Anglia*, and comprehended *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, *Cambridge*, and *Huntington* shires. Since she was borne here at home, we will first honour her with a home-borne testimony; from the graue and diligent [e] SPENSER.

e *Ruines of Time.*

——BVNDVCA *Britonesse*,
BVNDVCA, *that victorious conqueresse*,
That lifting vp her braue Heroique thought
Boue womans weakenesse, with the Romans *fought*;
Fought, and in field against them thrice preuail'd, &c.

To which, see her orations in story, made by [f] TACITVS, and [g] DION: wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her Countrey. The latter of whom, doth honest her beside, with a particular description. BVNDVICA, *Britannica fœmina, oriunda stirpe Regia, quæ non solum eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administrauit, cuius animus virilis potius quam muliebris erat.* And afterwards, *Fœmina, forma honestissima, vultu seuero, &c.* All which doth waigh the more to her true praise, in comming from the mouthes of *Romanes*, and enemies. She liu'd in the time of NERO.

f *Annal. lib. 14.*
g *Epit. Ioan. Xiphilon. in Ner.*

The ninth, in time, but equall in fame, and (the cause of it) vertue, was the chaste ZENOBIA *queene* of the *Palmerynes*, who, after the death of

her husband ODENATVS, had the name to be reckoned among the XXX. that vsurped the *Romane Empire*, from GALIENVS. She continued a long and braue warre, against seuerall *Chiefes*; and was at length triumphed on by AVRELIAN: but, *ea specie, vt nihil pompabilius. P. Rom. videretur.* Her chastitie was such, *Vt ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus.* Shee liu'd in a most royall manner, and was ador'd to the custome of the *Persians*. When shee made Orations to her souldiers, shee had alwaies her caske on. A woman of a most diuine spirit, and incredible beautie. In [h] TREBELLIVS POLLIO, reade the most noble description of a *queene*, and her; that can be vtter'd, with the dignitie of an *Historian*.

h *In trigin. Tyrann.*

The tenth, succeeding, was that learned, and *Heroique* AMALASVNTA, *queene* of the *Ostrogothes*, daughter to THEODORICK, that obtained the principalitie of *Rauenna*, and almost all *Italy*. Shee draue the *Burgundians*, and *Almaines* out of *Liguria*, and appear'd in her gouernment rather an *example*, then a *second*. Shee was the most eloquent of her *age*, and cunning in all languages of any *nation* that had commerce with the *Romane Empire*.

i *M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod) Ennead. 7. lib. 2.*

[i] It is recorded of her, that, *sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in decernendo grauitas, vt criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.*

The eleuenth was that braue *Bohemian queene*, VALASCA, who for her courage, had the surname of *bold*: That to redeeme her selfe and her *sexe*, from the *tyrannie* of men, which they liu'd in, vnder PRIMISLAVS, on a night, and at an houre appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous *husbands* and *lords*. And possessing themselues of their horses, armes, treasure, and places of strength, not onely ruled the rest, but liued many yeares after, with the libertie, and fortitude of *Amazons*. Celebrated by [k] RAPHAEL VOLATERRANVS, and in an elegant tract of an *Italians* [l] in *Latine*, (who names himselfe PHILALETHES, *Polytopiensis ciuis*) *inter præstantissimas fœminas.*

k *In Geograph. lib. 2.*

l *Forcia. Quæst.*

The twelu'th, and worthy *soueraigne* of all I make BEL-ANNA, royall *queene* of the *Ocean*; of whose dignity and person, the whole *scope* of the *inuention* doth speake throughout: which, to offer you againe here, might but proue offence to that sacred modestie, which heares any testimonie of others iterated, with more delight, then her owne praise. Shee being plac'd aboue the need of such ceremonie, and safe in her princely vertue, against the good, or ill, of any witnes. The *name* of BEL-ANNA I deuis'd, to honor hers proper by; as adding to it, the attribute of *faire*: And is kept by mee, in all my *Poemes*, wherein I mention her *Maiestie* with any shaddow, or figure. Of which, some may come forth with a longer *destinie*, then this *age*, commonly, giues to the best births, if but help'd to light by her gracious, and ripening fauour.

But, heere, I discerne a possible obiection, arising against me; to which I must turne: As, *How I can bring* persons *of so different* ages, *to appeare properly together? or, why (which is more vnnaturall) with* VIRGIL'S *Mezentius, I ioyne the liuing with the dead?* I answere to both these, at once. Nothing is more proper; Nothing more naturall. For these all liue; and together,

in

in their *fame*: and so I present them. Besides, if I would flye to the all-daring power of *Poetrie*, where could I not take sanctuarie? or in whose *Poeme?* For other obiections, let the lookes and noses of Iudges honer thicke; so they bring the braines: or if they doe not, I care not. When I suffer'd it to goe abroad, I departed with my right: And now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither prayse, nor dispraysе shall affect me.

There rests, only, that wee giue the description (we promis'd of the *scene*, which was the house of *Fame*. The structure, and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master *Iones* his inuention, and designe. First, for the lower columnes, hee chose the *Statues* of the most excellent *Poets*, as HOMER, VIRGIL, LVCAN, &c. as being the substantiall supporters of *Fame*. For the vpper, ACHILLES, AENEAS, CAESAR, and those great *Heroes*, which these *Poets* had celebrated. All which stood, as in massie gold. Betweene the pillars, vnderneath, were figur'd *Land-battailes*, *Sea-fights*, *Triumphs*, *Louers*, *Sacrifices*, and all magnificent subiects of honour: in brasse, and heighten'd with siluer. In which, hee profest to follow that noble description, made by CHAVCER, of the place. Aboue were sited the *Masquers*, ouer whose heads he deuis'd two eminent figures of *Honour*, and *Vertue*, for the *Arch*. The *Freezes*, both below, and aboue, were fill'd with seueral-colour'd lights, like *Emeralds*, *Rubies*, *Saphyres*, *Carbuncles*, *&c.* the reflexe of which, with other lights, placed in the Concaue, vpon the *Masquers* habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellencie of all deuice, and riches; and were worthily varied by his inuention, to the *Nations*, whereof they were *queenes*. Nor are these, alone, his due; but diuers other accessions to the strangenesse, and beautie of the *Spectacle*: as the *Hell*, the going about of the *Chariots*, the binding the *Witches*, the turning *Machine*, with the presentation of *Fame*. All which I willingly acknowledge for him: since it is a vertue, planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtaine fruitfully from others, they will giue ingenuously themselues.

By this time, imagine the *Masquers* descended; and againe mounted into three triumphant *Chariots*, ready to come forth. The first foure were drawne with *Eagles*, (whereof I gaue the reason, as of the rest in *Fames* speech) their foure torch-bearers, attending on the *Chariot* sides, and foure of the *Hagges*, bound before them. Then followed the second, drawne by *Griffons*, with their torch-bearers, and foure other *Hagges*. Then the last, which was drawne by *Lions*, and more eminent; (wherein her Maiestie was) and had sixe torch-bearers more, (peculiar to her) with the like number of *Hagges*. After which, a full triumphant *Musique*, singing this *Song*, while they rode, in state, about the stage.

SONG.

HElpe, helpe all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voyce of *Fame* should be as lowd as thunder.

Her house is all of *echo* made,
Where neuer dyes the sound;
And, as her browes the cloudes inuade,
Her feet doe strike the ground.
Sing then *good Fame*, that's out of *Vertue* borne:
For, who doth *Fame* neglect, doth *Vertue* scorne.

Here they lighted from their *Chariots*, and danc'd forth their first *dance*; then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtile and excellent changes, and seem'd performed with no lesse spirits, then of those they personated. The first was to the *Cornets*, the second to the *Vyolines*. After which, they tooke out the men, and danc'd the *measures*; entertaining the time, almost to the space of an houre, with singular varietie: when, to giue them rest, from the *Musique* which attended the *Chariots*, by that most excellent *tenor* voice, and exact singer (her Maiesties seruant M. Io. ALLIN) this *Dittie* was sung.

SONG.

WHen all the *Ages* of the earth
Were crown'd, but in this *famous Birth*;
And that, when they would boast their store
Of *worthy Queenes*, they knew no more:
How happier is that *Age*, can giue
A *Queene*, in whom all they doe liue!

After it, succeeded their third *dance*; then which, a more *numerous* composition could not be seene: *Graphically* disposed into *Letters*, & honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious *Prince* CHARLES *Duke of Yorke*. Wherein, beside that principall grace of perspicuitie, the motions were so euen and apt, and their expression so iust; as if *Mathematicians* had lost *Proportion*, they might there haue found it. The *Author* was M. THO. GILES. After this, they danc'd Galliards, and Corrantoes. And then their last *dance*, no lesse elegant (in the place) then the rest, with which they tooke their *Chariots* againe, and triumphing about the stage, had their returne to the *House of Fame* celebrated with this last *Song*; whose notes (as the former) were the work, and honour of my excellent friend, ALFONSO FERRABOSCO.

SONG.

WHo, *Vertue*, can thy power forget,
That sees these liue, & triumph yet?
Th' *Assyrian* pompe, the *Persian* pride,
Greekes glory, and the *Romanes* di'de:
And who yet imitate
Their noyses, tarry the same fate.
Force greatnesse all the glorious waies
You can, it soone decaies;
But so *good Fame* shall neuer:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for euer.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of *Epilogue*, then the celebration of who were the *Celebraters*.

The QVEENES MAIESTY.	The Co. of MONTGOMERY.
The Co. of ARVNDEL.	The Vicou. CRANBORNE.
The Co. of DERBY.	The La. EL. GVILFORD.
The Co. of HVNTINGTON.	The La. ANNE WINTER.
The Co. of BEDFORD.	The La. WINDSORE.
The Co. of ESSEX.	The La. ANNE CLIFFORD.

THE SPEECHES AT PRINCE HENRIES BARRIERS.

The Lady of the Lake, first *discouered.*

ASilence, calme as are my waters, meet
Your rays'd attentions, whilst my siluer fee
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat
Vow my new duties and mine old repeat.
Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What *Nymph* I am; behold the ample lake
Of which I am stil'd; and neere it MERLINS tombe
Graue of his cunning, as of mine the wombe.
By this it will not aske me to proclaime
More of my selfe, whose actions, and whose name
Were so full fain'd in *Brittish* ARTHVRS court;
No more then it will fit me to report
What hath before bin trusted to our squire
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire
To meet, if not preuent his destiny
And stile him to the court of *Britany*;
Now when the Iland hath regain'd her fame
Intire, and perfect, in the ancient name,
And that a *monarch*, equall good and great,
Wise, temperate, iust, and stout *claimes* ARTHVRS seat.
Did I say equall? O too prodigall wrong
Of my or'e-thirstie, and vnequall tongue!
How brighter farre, then when our ARTHVR liu'd,
Are all the glories of this place reuiu'd!
What riches doe I see; what beauties here!
What awe! what loue! what reuerence! ioy! and feare!
What ornaments of counsaile as of court!
All that is high and great, or can comport
Vnto the stile of maiestie, that knowes
No riuall, but it selfe, this place here showes.
Onely the house of *Chiualrie* (how ere
The inner parts and store be full, yet here
In that which gentry should sustaine) decayed
Or rather ruin'd seemes; her buildings layd

Flat with the earth; that were the pride of time
And did the barbarous *Memphian* heapes out-clime
Those *Obilisks* and *Columnes* broke, and downe,
That stroke the starres, and raisd the *Britisb* crowne
To be a constellation? Shields and swords,
Cob webd, and rusty; not a helme affords
A sparke of lustre, which were wont to giue
Light to the world, and made the nation liue,
When in a day of honour fire was smit
To haue put out VVLCAN'S and haue lasted yet.
O, when this Ædifice stood great and high
That in the carcasse hath such maiestie,
Whose very sceleton boasts so much worth,
What grace, what glories did it then send forth?
When to the structure went more noble names
Then the *Ephesian* temple lost in flames;
When euery stone was laid by vertuous hands;
And standing so (O that it yet not stands,)
More truth of *architecture* there was blaz'd,
Then liu'd in all the ignorant *Gothes* haue raz'd.
There *Porticos* were built, and seates for knights.
That watch'd for all *aduentures*, dayes and nights,
The *Nieces* fill'd with statues, to inuite
Young valures forth, by their olde formes to fight.
With arkes triumphall for their actions done,
Out-striding the *Colossus* of the sunne.
And *Trophæes*, reard, of spoyled enemies,
Whose toppes pierc'd through the clouds, and hit the skies.

ARTHVR.

Discouerd as a starre aboue. AND thither hath thy voyce pierc'd. Stand not maz'd,
Thy eyes haue here on greater glories gaz'd
And not beene frighted. I thy ARTHVR am
Translated to a starre; and of that frame
Or constellation that was call'd for mee
So long before, as showing what I should bee.
ARCTVRVS, once thy king, and now thy starre.
Such the rewards of all good princes are.
Nor let it trouble thy designe, faire dame,
That I am present to it with thy flame
And influence; since the times are now deuolu'd
That MERLIN'S misticke propheSies are absolu'd,
In *Brittain's* name, the vnion of this Ile;
And clayme both of my sceptre and my stile.
Faire fall his vertue, that doth fill that throne
In which I ioy, to find my selfe so out-shone;

And

And for the greater, wish, men should him take,
As it is nobler to restore then make.
Proceed in thy great worke; bring forth thy knight
Preserued for his times, that by the might
And magicke of his arme, he may restore
These ruin'd seates of vertue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was TRISTRAM, *Tor*
LAVNC'LOT, and all our list of knight-hood: or
Who were before, or haue beene since. His name
Strike vpon heauen, and there sticke his fame.
Beyond the paths, and searches of the sunne
Let him tempt fate; and when a world is wunne,
Submit it duly to this state and throne,
Till time, and vtmost stay make that his owne.
But first receiue this shield; wherein is wrought
The truth that he must follow; and (being taught
The wayes from heauen) ought not to be despis'd.
It is a piece, was by the fates deuis'd
To arme his mayden valure; and to show
Defensiue armes th'offensiue should fore-goe.
Indow him with it *Lady* of the Lake.
And for the other mysteries, here, awake
The learned MERLIN; when thou shutst him there,
Thou buriedst valure too, for letters reare
The deeds of honour high, and make them liue.
If then thou seeke to restore *prowesse*, giue
His spirit freedome; then present thy knight:
For armes and arts sustaine each others right.

LADY.

MY errour I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it; There's no resisting fate.
Arise great *soule*; Fame by surreption got
May stead vs for the time, but lasteth not.
O, doe not rise with storme, and rage. Forgiue
Repented wrongs. I'am cause thou now shalt liue
Eternally, for being depress't a while,
Want makes vs know the price of what we auile.

MERLIN.

Arising out of the Tombe.

I Neyther storme, nor rage; tis earth; blame her
That feeles these motions when great spirits stirre.
Shee is affrighted, and now chid by heauen,
Whilst we walke calmely on, vpright and euen.
Call forth the faire MELIADVS thy knight,
They are his fates that make the elements fight:

And

And theſe but vſuall throwes, when time ſends forth
A wonder or a ſpectacle of worth.
At common births the world feeles nothing new;
At theſe ſhe ſhakes; Mankind liues in a few.

LADY.

THe heauens, the fates, and thy peculiar ſtarres,
MELIADVS ſhew thee; and conclude all iarres.

MELIADVS, *and his ſix aſsiſtants here diſcouered.*

MERLIN.

I, Now the ſpheares are in their tunes againe.
What place is this ſo bright that doth remaine
Yet vndemoliſh'd? or but late built! O
I read it now. Saint GEORGES *Portico!*
The ſupreme head of all the world, where now
Knighthood liues honor'd with a crowned brow.
A noble *Scene*, and fit to ſhew him in
That muſt of all worlds fame the ghirland winne.

LADY.

DO's he not ſit like MARS, or one that had
The better of him, in his armour clad?
And thoſe his ſixe aſſiſtants, as the pride
Of the olde *Grecian Heroes* had not dyed?
Or like APOLLO, rays'd to the worlds view,
The minute after he the *Python* ſlew.

MERLIN.

TIs al too little, *Ladie*, you can ſpeake.
My thought growes great of him, and faine would breake.
Inuite him forth, and guide him to his tent,
That I may read this ſhield his fates preſent.

LADY.

GLorie of Knights, and hope of all the earth,
Come forth; your foſtreſſe bids; who from your birth
Hath bred you to this houre, and for this throne.
This is the field to make your vertue knowne.
If he were now (he ſayes) to vow his fires
Of faith, of loue, of ſeruice, then his ſquires
Had vttered nothing for him: But he hopes
In the firſt tender of himſelfe, his ſcopes
Were ſo well read, as it were no decor'me
Where truth is ſtudied, there to practiſe forme.

MER-

MERLIN.

NO, let his actions speake him; and this shield
Let downe from heauen, that to his youth will yeeld
Such copie of inticement: Not the deeds
Of antique Knights, to catch their fellowes steeds
Or Ladies palfreyes, rescue from the force
Of a fell gyant, or some scorne to vnhorse.
These were bold stories of but Arthurs age;
But here are other acts; another *Stage*
And *Scene* appeares; it is not since as then:
No gyants, dwarfes, or monsters here, but men.
His arts must be to gouerne, and giue Lawes
To peace no lesse then armes. His fate here drawes
An Empire with it, and describes each state
Preceding there, that he should imitate.
First, faire MELIADVS, hath she wrought an Ile,
The happiest of the earth (which to your stile
In time must adde) and in it placed high
Britaine, the only name, made CAESAR flye,
Within the neerer parts, as apt, and due
To your first speculation, you may view
The eye of *Iustice* shooting through the land,
Like a bright *Planet* strengthned by the hand
Of first, and warlike EDWARD; then th'increase
Of trades and tillage, vnder lawes and peace,
Begun by him, but settled and promou'd
By the third *Heroe* of his name, who lou'd
To set his owne aworke, and not to see
The fatnesse of his Land a portion bee
For strangers. This was he erected first
The trade of clothing, by which art were nurst
Whole millions to his seruice, and releeu'd
So many poore, as since they haue beleeu'd
The golden Fleece, and need no forraine mine,
If industrie at home doe not decline.
To proue which true, obserue what treasure here
The wise and seuenth HENRY heapt each yeere,
To be the strength and sinewes of a warre,
When MARS should thunder; or his peace but iarre.
And here how the eighth HENRY his brane sonne
Built forts, made generall musters, train'd youth on
In exercise of armes, and girt his coast
With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue can boast
Vp to her worth, though all best tongues be glad
To name her still) did great ELIZA adde

A wall of ſhipping, and became thereby
The aide, or feare of all the nations high.
Theſe worthieſt Prince, are ſet you neere to reade,
That ciuill arts the martiall muſt precede.
That lawes and trade bring honours in and gaine,
And armes defenſiue a ſafe peace maintaine.
But when your fate ſhall call you forth to'aſſure
Your vertue more (though not to make ſecure)
View here, what great examples ſhe hath plac'd.
First, two braue *Britaine Heroes*, that were grac'd
To fight their *Sauiours* battailes, and did bring
Deſtruction on the faithleſſe; one a King,
RICHARD, ſurnamed with the *Lyons heart.*
The other EDWARD, and the firſt, whoſe part
(Then being but Prince) it was to lead theſe warres
In the age after, but with better ſtarres.
For here though *Cœur de Lyon* like a ſtorme
Powre on the *Saracens*, and doth performe
Deeds paſt an angell, arm'd with wroth and fire,
Ploughing whole Armies vp, with zealous ire;
And walled cities, while he doth defend
That cauſe that ſhould all warres beginne and end;
Yet when with pride, and for humane reſpect
The *Auſtrian* cullours he doth here deiect
With too much ſcorne, behold at length how fate
Makes him a wretched priſoner to that ſtate;
And leaues him, as a marke of *Fortunes* ſpight,
When Princes tempt their ſtarres beyond their light:
Whilſt vpright EDWARD ſhines no leſſe then he,
Vnder the wings of golden victorie,
Nor lets out no leſſe riuers of the bloud
Of *Infidels*, but makes the field a floud,
And marches through it, with Saint GEORGES croſſe,
Like *Iſraels* hoſt to the *Ægyptians* loſſe,
Through the *Red Sea*: the earth beneath him cold
And quaking ſuch an enemie to behold.
For which, his temper'd zeale, ſee Prouidence
Flying in here, and armes him with defence
Againſt th' aſſaſſinate made vpon his life
By a foule wretch, from whom he wreſts the knife,
And giues him a iuſt hire: which yet remaines
A warning to great chiefes, to keepe their traines
About 'hem ſtill, and not, to priuacie,
Admit a hand that may vſe treacherie.
Neerer then theſe, not for the ſame high cauſe,
Yet for the next (what was his right by lawes

Of

Of nations due) doth fight that MARS of men
The blacke Prince EDWARD, 'gainſt the *French*, who then
At *Creſſey* field had no more yeeres then you,
Heere his glad father has him in the view
As he is entring in the ſchoole of warre,
And powres all bleſſings on him from a farre.
That wiſhes can; whilſt he (that cloſe of day)
Like a yong lyon, newly taught to prey,
Inuades the herds, ſo fled the *French*, and teares
From the *Bohemian* crowne the plume he weares;
Which after for his creſt he did preſerue
To his fathers vſe, with this fit word, *I SERVE.*
But heere at *Poictiers* he was MARS indeed.
Neuer did valour with more ſtreame ſucceed
Then he had there. He flow'd out like a ſea
Vpon their troupes, and left their armes no way:
Or like a fire carryed with high windes
Now broad, and ſpreading, by and by it findes
A vent vpright, to looke which way to burne.
Then ſhootes along againe, or round doth turne,
Till in the circling ſpoile it hath embrac'd
All that ſtood nigh, or in the reach to waſt:
Such was his rage that day; but then forgot
Soone as his ſword was ſheath'd, it laſted not,
After the King, the *Dauphine*, and *French* Peeres
By yeelding to him, wiſely quit their feares,
Whom he did vſe with ſuch humanitie,
As they complayn'd not of captiuitie;
But heere to *England* without ſhame came in.
To be his captiues was the next to win.
Yet reſts the other thunder-bolt of warre,
HARRY the fift, to whom in face you are
So like, as *Fate* would haue you ſo in worth,
Illuſtrious Prince. This vertue ne're came forth,
But *Fame* flue greater for him, then ſhee did
For other mortalls; *Fate* her ſelfe did bid
To ſaue his life: The time it reach'd vnto,
Warre knew not how to giue him enough to doe:
His very name made head againſt his foes.
And here at *Agin-Court* where firſt it roſe,
It there hangs ſtill a comet ouer *France*,
Striking their malice blind, that dare aduance
A thought againſt it, lightned by your flame
That ſhall ſucceed him both in deedes and name.
I could report more actions yet of weight
Out of this orbe, as heere of *eightie eight.*

Againſt

Against the proud *Armada*, stil'd by *Spaine*,
The Inuincible; that couer'd all the mayne,
As if whole Ilands had broke loose, and swame;
Or halfe of *Norway* with her firre-trees came,
To ioyne the continents, it was so great;
Yet by the auspice of ELIZA beat:
That deare belou'd of heauen, whom to preserue
The winds were call'd to fight, and stormes to serue.
One tumor drown'd another, billowes stroue
To out-swell ambition, water ayre out-droue,
Though she not wanted on that glorious day,
An euer honor'd HOWARD to display
S. GEORGES ensigne; and of that high race
A second, both which ply'd the fight and chase:
And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,
Then shot themselues like ord'nance; and a tire
Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moone,
That wan'd before it grew, and now they soone
Are rent, spoild, scatterd, tost with all disease,
And for their thirst of *Britayne* drinke the seas.
The fish were neuer better fed than then,
Although at first they fear'd the blood of men
Had chang'd their element; and NEPTVNE shooke
As if the Thunderer had his palace tooke.
So here in *Wales*, *Low Countreys*, *France*, and *Spaine*,
You may behold both on the land and mayne
The conquest got, the spoiles, the *trophaes* reard
By *British* kings, and such as no blest heard
Of all the nation, which may make t'inuite
Your valour vpon need, but not t'incite
Your neighbour Princes, giue them all their due,
And be prepar'd if they will trouble you.
He doth but scourge himselfe, his sword that drawes
Without a purse, a counsaile and a cause.
But all these spurres to vertue, seedes of praise
Must yeeld to this that comes. Here's one will raise
Your glory more, and so aboue the rest,
As if the acts of all mankind were prest
In his example. Here are kingdomes mixt
And nations ioyn'd, a strength of empire fixt
Conterminate with heauen; The golden veine
Of SATVRNES age is here broke out againe.
HENRY but ioyn'd the *Roses*, that ensign'd
Particular families, but this hath ioyn'd
The *Rose* and *Thistle*, and in them combin'd
A vnion, that shall neuer be declin'd.

Ireland that more in title, then in fact
Before was conquer'd is his *Lawrels* act.
The wall of shipping by ELIZA made,
Decay'd (as all things subiect are to fade)
He hath new built, or so restor'd, that men
For noble vse, preferre it afore then:
Royall, and *mightie* IAMES, whose name shall set
A goale for all posteritie to sweat,
In running at by actions hard and high:
This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.
He knowes both how to gouerne, how to saue
What subiects, what their *contraries* should haue,
What can be done by power, and what by loue,
What should to *Mercie*, what to *Iustice* moue:
All *Arts* he can; and from the hand of *Fate*
Hath he enforc'd the making his owne date
Within his proper vertue hath he plac'd
His guards 'gainst *Fortune*, and there fixed fast
The wheele of *chance*, about which Kings are hurl'd,
And whose outragious raptures fill the world.

LADY.

I, This is hee, MELIADVS, whom you
Must only serue, and giue your selfe vnto:
And by your diligent practice to obay
So wise a Master learne the arte of sway.
MERLIN, aduance the shield vpon his tent
And now prepare faire Knight to proue th' euent
Of your bold *Challenge*. Bee your vertue steeld,
And let your drumme giue note you keepe the field.
Is this the land of *Britaine* so renownd
For deeds of *Armes*, or are their hearings drownd
That none doe answere?

MERLIN.

Stay, me thinkes I see
A person in yond' *caue*. Who should that bee?
I know her ensignes now: 'Tis *Cheualrie*
Possess'd with sleepe, dead as a *lethargie*:
If any *charme* will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our MELIADVS. I'll vse his *Fame*.
Lady, MELIADVS, lord of the Iles,
Princely MELIADVS, and whom *Fate* now stiles
The faire MELIADVS, hath hung his shield
Vpon his tent, and here doth keepe the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike, and sword.

CHEVALRY.

WEre it from death that name would wake me. Say
Which is the Knight? O I could gaze a day
Vpon his armour that hath so reuiu'd
My spirits and tels me that I am long liu'd
In his apparance. Breake you rustie dores
That haue so long beene shut, and from the shores
Of all the world, come knight-hood like a flood
Vpon these lists, to make the field, here, good,
And your owne honours, that are now call'd forth
Against the wish of men to proue your worth.

THE BARRIORS.

After which MERLIN *speakes.*

NAy, stay your valure, 'tis a wisdome high
In Princes to vse fortune reuerently.
He that in deeds of *Armes* obeyes his blood,
Doth often tempt his destinie beyond good.
Looke on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must haue grace in you:
His equall *Iustice*, vpright *Fortitude*
And settled *Prudence*, with that *Peace* indued
Of face, as minde, alwayes himselfe and euen.
So HERCVLES, and good men beare vp heauen.
I dare not speake his vertues for the feare
Of flattring him, they come so high and neare
To wonders: yet thus much I prophesie
Of him and his. All cares your selues apply.
You, and your other you, great King and Queene,
Haue yet the least of your bright *Fortune* seene,
Which shall rise brighter euerie houre with *Time*,
And in your pleasure quite forget the crime
Of change; your ages night shall be her noone.
And if this yong Knight, that now puts forth so soone
Into the world, shall in your names atchieue
More *ghyrlands* for this state, and shall relieue
Your cares in gouernment; while that yong lord
Shall second him in *Armes*, and shake a sword
And launce against the foes of God and you.
Nor shall lesse ioy your royall hopes pursue
In that most princely *Mayd* whose forme might call
The world to warre, and make it hazard all
His valure for her beautie, she shall bee
Mother of *Nations*, and her Princes see
Riuals almost to these. Whilst you sit high
And lead by them behold your *Britaine* flie
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to the skie then stretch his shore.

OBERON,
THE FAERY PRINCE:
A MASQVE
of Prince HENRIES.

THe first face of the Scene *appeared all obscure, & nothing perceiu'd but a darke Rocke, with trees beyond it; and all wildnesse, that could be presented: Till, at one corner of the cliffe, aboue the* Horizon, *the* Moone *began to shew, and rising, a* Satyre *was seene (by her light) to put forth his head, and call.*

SATYRE. I.

[a]CHROMIS, [b]MNASYL? None appeare?
See you not, who riseth here?
[c] You saw SILENVS, late, I feare!
I'le proue, if this can reach your eare.

a b They are the names of two yong *Satyres*, I find in *Vir. Eclog.* 6. that took *Silenus* sleeping; who is fain'd to bee the *Pædagoge* of *Bacchus*: As the *Satyres* are his Collusores, or Play-fellowes. So doth *Diodor. Siculus*, *Synesius*, *Julian.* in *Cæsarib.* report them. c A prouerbiall speech, when they will taxe one the other of drinking, or sleepinesse; alluding to that former place, *in Virgil. Chromis & Mnasylus in antro Silenum, pueri, somno videre iacentem, Inflatum hesterno venas, vt semper Iacchо.*

He wound his Cornet, and thought himselfe answer'd; but was deceiued by the Echo.

O, you wake then: Come away,
Times be short, are made for play;
The hum'rous Moone too will not stay:
What doth make you thus delay?
[d] Hath his tankard touch'd your braine?
Sure, they'ar falne asleepe againe:
Or I doubt it was the vaine
Echo, did me entertaine.

d *Silenus* is euery where made a louer of wine, as in *Cyclope Eurip.* and known by that notable ensigne, his tankard: out of the same place of *Virg. Et grauis attritâ pendebat cantharus ansâ.* As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of *Iasper*, obseru'd by *Monsieur Causabon*, in his tract *de Satyricâ poësi*, from *Rascasius Bagarrius*: wherein is described the whole manner of the *Scene*, and *chori*, of *Bacchus*, with *Silenus*, and the *Satyres*. An elegant and curious antiquitie, both for the subtiltie and labour: where, in so small a compasse, (to vse his words) there is *Rerum, Personarum, Actionum plane stupenda varietas.*

Proue againe. I thought 'twas shee. { *He wound the second time, and found it.* }
Idle *Nymph*, I pray thee, bee
Modest, and not follow me:
[e] I nor loue my selfe, nor thee.

e Respecting that knowne fable of *Echo*'s following *Narcissus*; and his selfe-*Loue.*

Here he wound the third time, and was answer'd by another Satyre, *who likewise shewed himselfe. To which he spoke.*

I, this sound I better know:
List! I would I could heare mo.

At this they came running forth seuerally, from diuers parts of the Rocke, leaping, and making antique action, and gestures, to the number of tenne; some

of them speaking, some admiring: And among st them a SILENE, *who is euer the* Præfect *of the* SATYRES, *and so presented in all their* Chori, *and meetings.*

SATYRE. 2.

Thanke vs, and you shall doe so.

SATYRE. 3.

I, our number soone will grow.

SATYRE. 2.

See [a] SILENVS!

a In the pomps of *Dyonysius*, or *Bacchus*, to euery Companie of *Satyres*, there was stil giuen a *Silene*, for their ouer-seer, or gouernour. And in that which is describ'd by *Athenæus*, in his fifth Booke, *Bini* Sileni *non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium* Satyrorum *gregibus præsint. Erant enim eorum Episcopi, Præsules, & Coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem.* He was also *purpureo pallio vestitus, cum albis soleis, & petasum aureum caduceum parum ferens. Vid. Athen. Deipnos. lib. 5. de pompâ Ptolomæiâ.*

SATYRE. 3.

CERCOPS, too!

SATYRE 4.

Yes. What is there now to doe?

SATYRE 5.

Are there any *Nymphes* to woo?

SATYRE 4.

[b] If there bee, let mee haue two.

SILENVS.

[c] Chaster language. These are nights
Solemne, to the shining rites
Of the *Fayrie* Prince, and Knights:
While the Moone their *Orgies* lights.

SATYRE 2.

Will they come abroad, anon?

SATYRE. 3.

Shall wee see yong OBERON?

SATYRE 4.

Is hee such a princely one,
As you speake him long agone?

SILENVS.

Satyres, he doth fill with grace,
Euery season, eu'ry place;
Beautie dwels, but in his face:
[d] H'is the height of all our race.

b The nature of the *Satyres* the wise *Horace* expres'd wel, in the word, when hee called them *Risores & Dicaces*, as the *Greeke* Poets, *Nonnus*, &c. stile them φιλοκερτόμους. *Nec solùm dicaces, sed & proni in venerem, & saltatores assidui & credebantur, & fingebantur.*

Vnde Satyrica *saltatio, quæ σίκιννις dicebatur, & à quâ* Satyri *ipsi σικιννισται. Vel à Sicino inuentore; vel ἀπὸ τῆς κινήσεως, id est, à motu saltationis Satyrorũ, qui est concitatissimus.*

c But in the *Silenes*, was nothing of this petulance, and lightnesse; but on the contrarie, all grauitie, and profound knowledge, of most secret mysteries. Insomuch as the most learned of Poets, *Virgil*, when he would write a Poeme of the beginnings, and hidden nature of things, with other great Antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them, to *Silenus*, rather then any other. Which whosoeuer thinkes to bee easily, or by chance, done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his owne ignorance, or folly. To this see the testimonies of *Plato*, *Synesius*, *Herodotus*, *Strabo*, *Philostratus*, *Tertullian*, &c.

d Among the ancients, the kind, both of the *Centaures*, and *Satyres*, is confounded; and common with eyther As sometimes the *Satyres* are said to come of the *Centaures*, and againe the *Centaures* of them. Eyther of thẽ are *Lydia* but after a diuers manner. And *Galen* obserues out of *Hippocrat. Comment. 3. in 6. Epidemior*: that both the *Athenians* and *Ionians*, call'd the *Satyres* σῆπας, or σηπίας; which name the *Centaures* haue with *Homer*: from whence, it were no vnlikely coniecture, to thinke our word *Faëries* to come. *Viderint Critici.*

Our

Our PAN's father, [a] god of tongue,
BACCHVS, though he ſtill be yong,
PHŒBVS, [b] when he crowned ſung,
Nor MARS [c], when firſt his armor rung,
Might with him be nam'd, that day.
He is louelier, then in May
Is the Spring, and there can ſtay'
As little, as he can decay.

a *Mercurie*, who for the loue of *Penelope*, while ſhe was keeping her father *Icarius* heards on the mountaine *Taygetan*, turn'd himſelfe into a faire Buck-Goat; with whoſe ſports and flatteries, the *nymph* being taken, he begat, on her, *Pan*: who was borne, *capite cornuto, barbâque, ac pedibus hircinis.* As *Homer* hath it, in *Hymnis*: and *Lucian. in dialogo Panis & Mercurij.* He was call'd the *Giuer of Grace*, χαριδοτὴς, φαιδρὸς, καὶ λουκὸς. *Hilaris, & albus, nitens Cyllenius alis.* As *Bacchus* was call'd ἄνθιος, *floridus*: and *Hebo, à lanugine & molli ætate, ſemper virens.* b *Apollo* is ſaid, after *Iupiter* had put *Saturne* to flight, to haue ſung his fathers victorie to the Harpe, *Purpureâ togâ decorus, & lauro coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in conuiuio delectauiſſe.* Which *Tibullus, in lib. 2. Elegiar.* points to. *Sed nitidus, pulcerq; veni. Nunc indue veſtem Purpuream, longas nunc bene pecte comas. Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato Victoris laudes tunc cecinisse Iouis.* c He was then louely, as being not yet ſtayn'd with bloud, and called χρυσοπήληξ ἄρης, *quaſi aureum flagellum (vel rectum) aureaw galeam habens.*

CHORVS.
O, that he would come away!

SATYRE 3.

[d] Grandſire, we ſhall leaue to play
With [e] LYÆVS now; and ſerue
Only OB'RON?

d In *Iulius Pollux, lib. 4. cap. 19.* in that part, which he entitles *de Satyricis perſonis*, we reade, that *Silenus* is called παππῶος, that is, *auus*, to note his great age: as amongſt the comick perſons, the reuerenced for their yeares, were called παππῶοι: and with *Iulian*, in *Cæſ. Bacchus*, when he ſpeakes him faire, calls him παππῶδιον. e A name of *Bacchus*, *Lyæus*, of freeing mens mindes from cares: παρὰ τὸ λύω, *ſoluo.*

SILENVS.
Hee'le deſerue
All you can, and more, my boyes.

SATYRE 4.
Will he giue vs prettie toyes,
To beguile the girles withall?

SATYRE 3.
And to make 'hem quickly fall?

SILENVS.
Peace my wantons: he will doe
More, then you can aime vnto.

SATYRE 4.
Will he build vs larger caues?

SILENVS.
Yes, and giue you yuorie ſtaues,
When you hunt; and better wine:

SATYRE 1.
Then the maſter of the Vine?

SATYRE 2.
And rich prizes, to be wunne,
When we leape, or when we runne?

SATYRE 1.
I, and gild our clouen feet?

SATYRE 3.
Strew our heads with poulders ſweet?

SATYRE 1.
Bind our crooked legges in hoopes
Made of ſhels, with ſiluer loopes?

SATYRE 2.
Tie about our tawnie wriſts
Bracelets of the *Fairie* twiſts?

SATYRE 4. (ſcornes,
And, to ſpight the coy Nymphes
Hang vpon our ſtubbed hornes,
Garlands, ribbands, and fine poeſies;

SATYRE 3.

Fresh, as when the flower discloses?

SATYRE 1.

Yes, and stick our pricking eares
With the pearle that *Tethys* weares.

SATYRE 2.

And to answere all things els,
Trap our shaggie thighs with bels;
That as we do strike a time,
In our daunce, shall make a chime

SATYRE 3.

Lowder, then the rattling pipes
Of the wood-gods;

SATYRE 1.

Or the stripes
* Of the *Taber*; when we carrie
BACCHVS vp, his pompe to varie.

* *Erat solenne Baccho in pomo. tenerorum more puerorum gestaui à Sileno, & Satyris, Bacchis præcedentibus, quarum vna semper erat Tympanistria, altera Tibicina, &c. vide Athenæ.*

CHORVS.

O, that he so long doth tarrie!

SILENVS.

See, the rocke begins to ope,
Now you shall enioy your hope;
'Tis about the houre, I know.

There the whole Scene *opened, and within was discouer'd the* Frontispice *of a bright and glorious* Palace, *whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two* Syluanes, *armed with their clubs, and dress in leaues, asleepe. At this, the* Satyres *wondering,* SILENVS *proceedes.*

Looke! Do's not his *Palace* show
Like another *Skie* of lights?
Yonder, with him, liue the knights,
Once, the noblest of the earth,
Quick'ned by a second birth;
Who, for prowesse, and for truth,
There are crownd with lasting youth:
And do hold, by *Fates* command,
Seats of blisse in *Fairie* land.
But their guards (me thinks) do sleep!
Let vs wake 'hem. Sirs, you keepe
Proper watch, that thus doe lye
Drown'd in sloth.

SATYRE 1.

They'ha'ne're an eye
To wake withall.

SATYRE 2.

Nor sence, I feare;
For they sleepe in either eare.

SATYRE 3.

Holla, *Syluanes!* Sure, they'ar'caues
Of sleepe, these; or els they'ar'graues!

SATYRE 4.

Heare you, friends, who keepes the keepers?

SATYRE 1.

They'are the eight & ninth sleepers?

SATYRE 2.

Shall we crampe 'hem?

SILENVS.

SATYRES, no.

SATYRE 3.

Would we'had *Boreas* here, to blow
Off their leauie coats, and strip 'hem.

SATYRE 4.

I, I, I; that we might whip 'hem.

SATYRE 3.

Or, that w'had a waspe, or two
For their nostrills.

SATYRE 1.

Hayres will doe
Euen as well: Take my tayle.

SATYRE 2.

What do'you say t'a good nayle
Through their temples?

SATYRE 3.

Or an eele,
In their guts, to make 'hem feele?

SATYRE 4.

Shall wee steale away their beards?

SATYRE 3.

For PANS goat, that leads the herds?

SA-

SATYRE 2.

Or trie, whether is more dead,
His club, or the'others head.

SILENVS.

Wags, no more: you grow too bold.

SATYRE 1.

I would faine, now, see 'hem rol'd
Downe a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-
Bones: or to some riuer take 'hem;
Plump: and see, if that would wake
SATYRE 2. ('hem.
There no motion, yet, appeares.

SILENVS.

Strike a charme into their eares.

At which the Satyres *fell sodainely into this catch.*

Buz, quoth the blue Flie,
Hum, quoth the Bee:
Buz, and hum, they crie,
And so doe wee.
In his eare, in his nose,
Thus, doe you see?
He eat the dormouse,
Else it was hee.

The two Syluanes *starting vp amazed, and betaking themselues to their armes, were thus question'd by* SILENVS.

How now, *Syluanes!* can you wake?
I commend the care you take
I'your watch. Is this your guise
To haue both your eares, and eyes
Seal'd so fast; as these mine *Elues*
Might haue stolne you, from your
(selues?

SATYRE 3.

We had thought we must haue got
Stakes, and heated 'hem red-hot,
And hauebor'd you, thrugh the eies
(With the * *Cyclops*) e're you'ld rise.

SATYRE 2.

Or haue fetch'd some trees, to heaue
Vp your bulkes, that so did cleaue
To the ground, there.

SATYRE 4.

Are you free
Yet of sleepe, and can you see
Who is yonder vp, aloofe?

SATYRE 1.

Be your eyes, yet, Moone-proofe?

SYLVANE.

Satyres, leaue your petulance;
And goe friske about, and dance;
Or else raile vpon the moone:
Your expectance is too soone.
For, before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not vnlock.
And, till then, we know we keepe
Guard enough, although we sleepe.

SATYRE 1.

Say you so? then let vs fall
To a song, or to a brawle:
Shall we, grand-sire? Let vs sport,
And make expectation short.

SILENVS.

Doe my wantons, what you please.
Ile lie downe, and take mine ease.

SATYRE 1.

Brothers, sing then, and vpbraid
(As we vse) yond' seeming maid.

* *Vid. Cyc. Euripid. vbi Satyri Vlyssi auxilio fint ad amburendum oculum Cyclopis.*

SONG.

NOw, my cunning lady; Moone,
Cā you leaue the side, so soone,
Of the boy, you keepe so hid?
Mid-wife IVNO sure will say,
This is not the proper way
Of your paleness to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To weare sickness i'your face,
That there might be wagers laid,
Still, by fooles, you are a maid.
Come, your changes ouerthrow,
What your looke would carry so;
Moone,

Moone, confesse then, what you are.
And be wise, and free to vse
Pleasures, that you now doe loose;
Let vs *Satyres* haue a share.

Though our forms be rough & rude
Yet our acts may be endew'd
With more vertue: Euerie one
Cannot be ENDYMION.

The song ended: They fell sodainely into an antique dance, full of gesture, and swift motion, and continued it, till the crowing of the cock: At which they were interrupted by SILENVS.

SILENVS.

STay, the cheerefull *Chanticleere*
Tels you, that the time is neere:
See, the gates alreadie spread!
Euerie *Satyre* bow his head.

There the whole palace open'd, and the nation of Faies *were discouer'd, some with instruments, some bearing lights; others singing; and within a farre off in perspective, the knights masquers sitting in their seuerall sieges: At the further end of all,* OBERON, *in a chariot, which to a lowd triumphant musique began to moue forward, drawne by two white beares, and on either side guarded by three* Syluanes, *with one going in front.*

SONG.

MElt earth to sea, sea flow to aire,
And aire flie into fire,
Whil'st we, in tunes, to ARTHVRS chaire
Beare OBERONS desire;
Then which there nothing can be higher,
Saue IAMES, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.
Who hath not heard, who hath not beene;
Who hath not sung his name?
The soule, that hath not, hath not beene;
But is the verie same
With buried sloth, and knowes not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.

By this time, the chariot was come as far forth as the face of the Scene. *And the* Satyres *beginning to leape, and expresse their ioy, for the vn-vsed state, and solemnitie, the formost* Syluane *beganne to speake.*

SYLVANI.

GIue place, and silence; you were rude too late:
This is a night of greatnesse, and of state;

Not

Not to be mixt with light, and skipping sport:
A night of homage to the *British* court,
And ceremony, due to ARTHVRS chaire,
From our bright master, OBERON the faire:
Who, with these knights, attendants, here preseru'd
In *Faery* land, for good they haue deseru'd
Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay
Their annuall vowes; and all their glories lay
At feet, and tender to this only great,
True maiestie, restored in this seate:
To whose sole power, and magick they doe giue
The honor of their being; that they liue
Sustayn'd in forme, fame, and felicitie,
From rage of fortune, or the feare to die.

SILENVS.

AND may they well. For this indeed is hee,
My boyes, whom you must quake at, when you see.
He is aboue your reach; and neither doth,
Nor can he thinke, within a *Satyres* tooth:
Before his presence, you must fall, or flie.
He is the matter of vertue, and plac'd high.
His meditations, to his height, are euen:
And all their issue is a kin to heauen.
He is a god, o're kings; yet stoupes he then
Neerest a man, when he doth gouerne men;
To teach them by the sweetnesse of his sway,
And not by force. H'is such a king, as thay,
Who' are tyrannes subiects, or ne're tasted peace,
Would, in their wishes, forme, for their release.
'Tis he, that stayes the time from turning old,
And keepes the age vp in a head of gold.
That in his owne true circle, still doth runne;
And holds his course, as certayne as the sunne.
He makes it euer day, and euer spring,
Where he doth shine, and quickens euery thing
Like a new nature: so, that true to call
Him, by his title, is to say, Hee's all.

SYLVANE.

I Thanke, the wise SILENVS, for this prayse.
Stand forth, bright *Faies*, and *Elues*, and tune your layes
Vnto his name: Then let your nimble feet
Tread subtle circles, that may alwayes meet
In point to him; and figures, to expresse
The grace of him, and his great empresse.

That

That All, that shall to night behold the rites,
Perform'd by princely OBERON, and these knights,
May, without stop, point out the proper hayre
Design'd so long to ARTHVRS crownes, and chayre.

The SONG, *by two Faies.*

1. SEeke you maiestie, to strike?
Bid the world produce his like.
2. Seeke you glorie, to amaze?
Here, let all eyes stand at gaze.
1. } Seeke you wisedome, to inspire?
2. } Touch, then, at no others fire.
1. Seeke you knowledge, to direct?
Trust to his, without suspect.
2. Seeke you pietie, to lead?
In his foot-steps, only, tread.
CHO. } Every vertue of a king,
} And of all, in him, we sing.

Then, the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended, A full song followes, by all the voyces.

SONG.

THe solemne rites are well begunne;
And, though but lighted by the moone,
They shew as rich, as if the sunne
Had made this night his noone.
But may none wonder, that they are so bright,
The moone now borrowes from a greater light:
Then, princely OBERON,
Goe on,
This is not euery night.

There OBERON, *and the knights dance out the first masque-dance: which was follow'd with this song.*

SONG.

NAy, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary, yet;
This 's no time to cast away;
Or, for *Faies* so to forget
The vertue of their feet.
Knottie legs, and plants of clay
Seeke for ease, or loue delay.
But with you it still should fare
As, with the ayre of which you are.

After which, they danced forth their second masque-dance, and were againe excited by a song.

SONG.

SONG.

1 NOr yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
Must you haue will, or hope to rest.
2 If you vse the smallest stay,
You'll be ouertane by day.
1 And these beauties will suspect
That their formes you doe neglect,
If you doe not call them forth:
2 Or that you haue no more worth
Then the course, and countrey *Faerie*,
That doth haunt the harth, or dairie.

Then follow'd the measures, corantoʼs, galliards, &c. till PHOSPHORVS, *the day-starre appear'd, and call'd them away; but first they were inuited home, by one of the* Syluanes, *with this Song.*

SONG.

GEntle Knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-grac'd OBERON,
It is time, that we were gone.
Here be formes, so bright, and ayrie,
And their motions so they varie:
As they will enchant the *Faerie*,
If you longer, here, should tarrie.

PHOSPHORVS.

TO rest, to rest; The *Herald* of the day,
Bright PHOSPHORVS commands you hence; Obay.
The *Moone* is pale, and spent, and winged night
Makes head-long haste, to flie the mornings sight:
Who, now, is rising from her blushing warres,
And, with her rosie hand, puts backe the starres.
Of which my selfe, the last, her harbinger,
But stay, to warne you, that you not defer
Your parting longer. Then, doe I giue way,
As night hath done, and so must you, to day.

After this, they danc'd their last dance, into the worke. And with a full Song, starre vanish'd, and the whole machine clos'd.

SONG.

OYet, how early, and before her time,
The enuious *Morning* vp doth clime,
Though shee not loue her bed!
What haste the iealous *Sunne* doth make,
His fierie horses vp to take,
And once more shew his head!
Lest, taken with the brightnesse of this night,
The world should wish it last, and neuer misse his light.

A MASQVE OF HER MAIESTIES.

LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE and FOLLY.

SO soone as the Kings Maiestie was set, and in expectation, there was heard a strange Musique of wilde Instruments. To which a SPHYNX *came forth dauncing, leading* LOVE *bound.*

SPHYNX *leading* LOVE *bound.*

By this *Sphynx* was vnderstood *Ignorance*, who is alwaies the enemie of *Loue*, & *Beauty*, and lyes still in wait to entrap them. For which, *Antiquitie* hath giuen her the vpper parts, and face of a woman: the nether parts of a *Lion*, the wings of an Eagle to shew her fierce nesse, & swiftnesse to euill, where shee hath power.

COme sir TYRANNE lordly LOVE,
You that awe the gods aboue,
As their creatures, here below,
With the scepter, call'd your bow;
And doe all their forces beare
In the quiuer, that you weare,
Whence no sooner you doe draw
Forth a shaft, but is a law:
Now, they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten, or dissemble,
Any more; And, though you see
Whom to hurt, you ha' not free
Will, to act your rage. The bands
Of your eyes, now tye your hands.
All the Triumphs, all the spoiles
Gotten by your artes, and toiles,
Ouer foe, and ouer friend,
O're your mother, here must end.
And you, now, that thought to lay
The world wast, must be my pray.

LOVE.

CRuell SPHYNX, I rather striue
How to keepe the world aliue,
And vphold it; without mee,
All againe would *Chaos* bee.
Tell me, *Monster*, what should moue
Thy despight, thus, against LOVE?
Is there nothing faire, and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still, thou art thy selfe, and made
All of practice, to inuade
Clearest bosomes. Hath this place
None will pittie CVPIDS case?
Some soft eye, (while I can see
Who it is, that melts for mee)
Weepe a fit. Are all eyes here
Made of marble? But a teare,
Though a false one; It may make
Others true compassion take.
I would tell you all the storie
If I thought you could be sorie.
And, in truth, thers none haue reason,
Like your selues, to hate the treason.
For it practis'd was on beautie,
Vnto whom LOVE owes all dutie.
Let your fauour but affright
SPHYNX here, I shall soone recite
Euery passage, how it was.

SPHYNX.

DOe, Ile laugh, or cry alas. (lookes
Thinks, poore LOVE, can Ladies
Saue him frō the SPHYNXES hookes?

LOVE.

NO, but these can witnesse beare
Of my *candor*, when they heare
What thy malice is; or, how
I became thy captiue now:
And it no small content;
Falling, to fall innocent.
Know, then, all you *Glories* here,
In the vtmost East there were

Eleuen

Eleuen Daughters of the morne.
Ne're were brighter Beuy borne,
Nor more perfect beauties seene.
The eldest of them was the Queene
Of the Orient, and 'twas sed,
That shee should with *Phœbus* wed.
For which high-vouchsafed grace,
He was lou'd of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise
Doe him earely sacrifice
Of the rich, and purest gumme,
That from any plant could come;
And would looke at him as farre
As they could discerne his carre:
Grieuing, that they might not euer
See him; and when night did seuer
Their aspects, they sate and wept
Till he came, and neuer slept:
In so much, that at the length
This their fervour gate such strength,
As they would a iourney proue,
By the guard, and ayde of LOVE,
Hither to the fartheſt West:
Where, they heard, as in the East,
He a Palace, no lesse bright,
Had, to feast in every night
With the Ocean, where he rested
Safe, and in all state inuested.
I, that neuer left the side
Of the faire, became their guide.
But behold, no sooner landing
[a] On this Ile, but this commanding
To the wisdome of the sunne,
From a cliffe surpriz'd them all.
And, though I did humbly fall
At her lions feete, and pray'd
As shee had the face of mayd,
That shee would compassion take
Of these ladies, for whose sake
LOVE would giue himselfe vp; shee,
Swift to euill, as you see
By her wings, and hooked hands,
First did take my offred bands
Then, to prison of the night,
Did condemne those sisters bright,
There, for euer to remaine,
'Lesse they could the knot vn-straine
Of a riddle, which shee put
Darker, then where they'are shut:
Or, from thence, their freedomes proue
With the vtter losse of LOVE.
They vnwilling to forego
One, who had deserued so
Of all beautie, in their names,
Were content to haue their flames
Hid in lasting night, e're I
Should for them vntimely die.
I, on th'other side as glad
That I such aduantage had
To assure them mine, engag'd
Willingly my selfe, and wag'd
With the monster, that if I
Did her riddle not vntie,
I would freely giue my life
To redeeme them, and the strife.

SPHYNX.

Ha'you said, Sir? will you try,
Now, your knowne dexterity?
You presume, vpon your artes,
Of tying, and vntying hearts:
And it makes you confident,
But, anone, you will repent.

LOVE.

No, SPHYNX, I do not presume,
But some little heart assume
From my Iudges heere, that sit
As they would not loose LOVE yet.

[a] The meaning of this is, that these Ladies being the perfect issue of Beautie, and all worldly grace, were carried by *Love* to celebrate the Maiestie, and wisdome of the King, figur'd in the Sunne, and seated in these extreme parts of the world; where they were rudely receiued by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature to hinder all noble actions; but that the *Love* which brought them thither, was not willing to forsake them, no more then they were to abandon it, yet was it enough perplex'd, in that the monster ignorance still couets, to enwrap it selfe in darke, and obscure tearmes, and betray that way, whereas true loue affects to expresse it selfe, with all cleareneſſe, and simplicitie.

SPHYNX.

You are pleasant, Sir, 'tis good.

LOVE.

LOVE do's often change his mood.

SPHYNX.

I shall make you sad agen.

LOVE.

I shall be the sorier, then.

SPHYNX.

Come, Sir, lend it your best eare.

LOVE.

I begin t'haue halfe a feare.

SPHYNX.

First, *Cupid*, you must cast about
To find a world the world without,
Wherein what's done, the eie doth doe;
And is the light, and treasure too.
This eye still moues, and still is fixed,
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries; which time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how.
Yet, if you hit the right vpon,
You must resolue these, all, by on.

LOVE.

SPHYNX, you are too quick of tongue:
Say't againe, and take me along.

SPHYNX.

I say, you first must cast about
To finde a world, the world without.

LOVE.

I say, that is alreadie done,
And is the new world i'the Moone.

SPHYNX.

Cupid, you doe cast too farre;
This world is neerer by a starre.
So much light Ile giue you to'it.

LOVE.

Without a Glasse? Well, I shall do't.
Your world's a Lady, then, each creature
Humane, is a world in feature.
Is it not?

SPHYNX.

Yes, but finde out
A world you must, the world without.

LOVE.

Why, if her seruant be not here,
She doth a single world appeare
Without her world.

SPHYNX.

Well, you shall runne.

LOVE.

Nay, SPHYNX, thus far is wel begunne.

SPHYNX.

Wherein what's done, the eye doth doe,
And is the light, and treasure too.

LOVE.

That's cleare as light; for wherein lies
A Ladies power, but in her eyes?
And not alone her grace, and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth, and dower.

SPHYNX.

I spake but of an eye, not eyes.

LOVE.

A one eyd Mistresse that vnties.

SPHYNX.

This eye still moues, and still is fixed.

LOVE.

A rolling eye, that, natiue there,
Yet throwes her glaunces euery where;
And, being but single, faine would doo
The offices, and artes of two.

SPHYNX.

And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries.

LOVE.

That's smiles, and teares,
Or fire, and frost; For either beares
Resemblance apt.

SPHYNX.

Which time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how.
How now CVPID? at a stay?
Not another word, to say?
Doe you finde by this, how long
You haue beene at a fault, and wrong?

LOVE.

SPHYNX, it is your pride, to vexe
Whome you deale with, and perplexe
Things most easie: Ignorance
Thinkes she doth her selfe aduance,
If of problemes cleare, shee make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,

Which

Which came gentle from the Muſes,
Till her vttring, it abuſes.

SPHYNX.

Nay, your rayling will not ſaue you
CVPID, I of right muſt haue you.
Come my fruitfull iſſue forth,
Dance, and ſhew a gladneſſe, worth
Such a captiue, as is LOVE,
And your mothers triumph proue.

The Follies dance, which were twelue ſhee-fooles.

SPHYNX.

NOw, [b] go take him vp, & beare him
To the cliffe, where I wil teare him
Peece-meale, and giue each a part
Of his raw, and bleeding heart.

b This ſhewes, that *Loues* expoſitions are not alway ſerious, till it be diuinely inſtructed; and that ſometimes it may be in the danger of Ignorance and Folly, who are the mother, and iſſue: for no folly but is borne of ignorance.

LOVE.

Ladies, haue your lookes no power
To helpe LOVE, at ſuch an hower?
Will you looſe him thus? adiew,
Thinke, what will become of you,
Who ſhall praiſe you, who admire,
Who ſhall whiſper, by the fire
As you ſtand, ſoft tales, who bring you
Prettie newes, in rimes who ſing you.
Who ſhall bathe him in the ſtreames
Of your blood, and ſend you dreames
Of delight.

SPHYNX.

Away, goe beare him
Hence, they ſhall no longer heare him.

The Muſes *Prieſts: their number twelue: their ſong, to a meaſure.*

GEntle [c] LOVE, be not diſmay'd.
See, the *Muſes* pure, and holy,
By their Prieſts haue ſent thee ayde
Againſt this brood of Folly.
It is true, that SPHYNX their dame
Had the ſenſe firſt from the *Muſes*,
Which in vttring ſhee doth lame,
Perplexeth, and abuſes.
But they bid, that thou ſhould'ſt looke
In the brighteſt face here ſhining,
And the ſame, as would a booke,
Shall helpe thee in diuining.

c Here is vnderſtood the power of wiſdome in the *Muſes* miniſters, by which name al that haue the ſpirit of propheſie are ſtil'd, and ſuch they are that need to encounter Ignorance, and Folly: and are euer readie to aſſiſt *Loue* in any action of honor, and vertue, and inſpire him with their owne ſoule.

LOVE.

'Tis done, 'tis done. I haue found it out,
Britayne's the world, the world without.
The King's the eye, as we do call
The ſunne the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treaſure too;
For 'tis his wiſdome all doth doo.
Which ſtill is fixed in his breſt,
Yet ſtill doth moue to guide the reſt.
The Contraries which Time till now
Nor Fate knew where to ioyne, or how
Are maieſtie, and LOVE; which there,
And no where els, haue their true ſphear.
Now SPHYNX, I haue hit the right vpon,
And doe reſolue theſe All by on:
That is, that you meant *Albion*.

PRIESTS.

'Tis true in him, and in no other,
LOVE, thou art cleare abſolued.
Vaniſh Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is reſolued.
SPHYNX muſt flie, when *Phœbus* ſhines,
And to ayde of LOVE enclines.

LOVE.

Appeare then you my brighter charge,
And to light your ſelues enlarge,
To behold that glorious ſtarre,
For whoſe loue you came ſo farre,
While the monſter, with her elues,
Do præcipitate themſelues.

GRACES.

Their Song crowning CVPID.

A Crowne, a crowne for LOVES bright head,
Without whose happie wit
All forme, and beautie had beene dead,
And we had di'd with it.
For what are all the graces
Without good formes, and faces?
Then *Loue* receiue the due reward
Those *Graces* haue prepard.
CHO. {And may no hand, no tongue, no eie
{Thy merit, or their thankes enuie.

A Dialogue betweene the CHORVS *and the* GRACES.

WHat gentle formes are these that moue
To honour *Loue*?
They are the bright and golden lights
That grace his nights.
And shot from *Beauties* eyes,
They looke like faire AVRORAS streames,
They are her fairer daughters beames,
Who now doth rise.
Then night is lost, or fled away
For where such *Beautie* shines, is euer day.

The Masque daunce followed.

That done, one of the PRIESTS *alone sung.*

PRIE. {O What a fault, nay, what a sinne
{In *Fate*, or *Fortune* had it beene,
So much beautie to haue lost!
Could the world with all her cost
Haue redeem'd it? CHO. {No, no, no.

PRIE. {How so?

CHO. {It would *Nature* quite vndoe,
{For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Reuells follow.

Then another of the Priests *alone.*

HOw neere to good is what is faire!
Which we no sooner see,

But

But with the liues, and outward aire
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and proue,
What waies we may deserue,
We court, we praise, we more then loue,
We are not grieu'd to serue.

The last Masque-dance.

And after it, this full Song.

WHat iust excuse had aged *Time*,
His wearie limbes now to haue eas'd,
And sate him downe without his crime,
While euerie thought was so much pleas'd!
But he so greedie to deuoure
His owne, and all that he brings forth,
Is eating euerie piece of houre
Some obiect of the rarest worth.
Yet this is rescued from his rage,
As not to die by time, or age.
For beautie hath a liuing name,
And will to heauen, from whence it came.

The going out.

NOw, now, Gentle *Loue* is free, and *Beautie* blest
With the sight it so much long'd to see.
Let vs the *Muses* PRIESTS, and GRACES goe to rest,
For in them our labours happie bee.
Then, then, angrie *Musique* sound, and teach our feet,
How to moue in time, and measure meet:
Thus should the *Muses* PRIESTS, and GRACES goe to rest,
Bowing to the Sunne, throned in the west.

LOVE RESTORED,

In a Masque at Court, by Gentlemen the KINGS *Seruants.*

MASQVERADO.

I Would, I could make 'hem a shew my selfe. In troth Ladies, I pittie you all. You are here in expectation of a deuice to night, and I am afraid you can doe little else but expect it. Though I dare not shew my face, I can speake truth, vnder a vizard, Good faith, and 't please your Maiestie, Your

Maſquers are all at a ſtand; I cannot thinke your Maieſtie will ſee any ſhew to night, at leaſt worth your patience. Some two houres ſince, we were in that forwardneſſe, our dances learn'd, our maſquing attire on and attyred. A prettie fine ſpeech was taken vp o' the Poet too, which if hee neuer bee paide for, now, its no matter; His wit coſts him nothing, vnleſſe wee ſhould come in like a Morrice-dance, and whiſtle our ballat our ſelues, I know not what we ſhould doe: we ha' neither Muſician to play our tunes, but the wild muſicke here, and the rogue play-boy that acts *Cupid*, is got ſo hoarſe, your Maieſty cannot heare him, halfe the bredth o' your chaire. See, they ha' thruſt him out, at aduenture, humbly beſeech your Maieſtie to beare with vs. We had both hope and purpoſe it ſhould haue beene better, howſoeuer we are loſt in it.

PLVT. What makes this light, fether'd vanitie, here? Away, impertinent folly. Infect not this aſſembly.

MASQ. How boy!

PLVT. Thou common corruption of all manners, and places that admit thee.

MASQ. Ha' you recouered your voice, to raile at me?

PLVT. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player, nor Maſquer; but the god himſelfe, whoſe deitie is here prophan'd by thee. Thou, and thy like, thinke your ſelues authoris'd in this place, to all licence of ſurquedrie. But you ſhall finde cuſtome hath not ſo grafted you here, but you may be rent vp, and throwne out as vnprofitable euils. I tell thee, I will haue no more maſquing; I will not buy a falſe, and fleeting delight ſo deare: The merrie madneſſe of one houre ſhall not coſt mee the repentance of an age.

ROBIN-Goodfellow. How! no Maſque, no Maſque. I pray you ſay, are you ſure on't? no Maſque indeed? What doe I here then? Can you tell?

MASQ. No. Faith.

ROB. 'Slight, I'le be gone againe, and there be no Maſque; There's a ieſt. Pray you reſolue me. Is there any? or no? A Maſque?

PLVT. Who are you?

ROB. Nay, I'le tell you that when I can. Do's any bodie know themſelues here, thinke you? I would faine know if there be a Maſque, or no.

PLVT. There is none, nor ſhall be, ſir; do's that ſatisfie you?

ROB. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of *Englands Ioy*, this. Are theſe your court-ſports! would I had kept mee to my gamboles o' the countrie ſtill, ſelling of fiſh, ſhort ſeruice, ſhooing the wilde Mare, or roſting of ROBIN Red-breſt. Theſe were better then after all this time no Maſque: you looke at me. I haue recouer'd my ſelfe, now, for you, I am the honeſt plaine countrie ſpirit, and harmeleſſe: ROBBIN-good-fellow, hee that ſweepes the harth, and the houſe cleane, riddles for the Countrey maides, and does all their other drudgerie, while they are at hot-cockles: one, that ha's diſcours'd with your Court ſpirits, e're now; but was faine to night to runne

runne a thouſand hazards to arriue at this place; neuer poore goblin was ſo put to his ſhifts, to get in, to ſee nothing. So many thornie difficulties as I haue paſt, deſeru'd the beſt Maſque: the whole ſhop of the *Reuels*. I would you would admit ſome of my feates, but I ha' little hope o' that i'faith, you let me in ſo hardly.

PLVT. Sir, here's no place for them, nor you. Your rude good-fellowſhip muſt ſeeke ſome other ſpheare for your admittie.

ROB. Nay, ſo your ſtiffe-necked Porter told mee, at the gate, but not in ſo good wordes. His ſtaffe ſpoke ſomewhat to that boiſtrous ſenſe: I am ſure he concluded all in a nonentrie, which made me, eene climbe ouer the wall, and in by the wood-yard, ſo to the tarras, where when I came, I found the okes of the guard more vnmou'd, and one of 'hem, vpon whoſe arme I hung, ſhou'd mee off o' the ladder, and dropt mee downe like an Acorne. 'T was well there was not a Sow in the verge, I had beene eaten vp elſe. Then I heard ſome talke o' the Carpenters way, and I attempted that, but there the woodden rogues let a huge trap dore fall o' my head. If I had not beene a ſpirit, I had beene amazed. Though I confeſſe I am none of thoſe ſubtle ones, that can creepe through at a key-hole, or the crackt pane of a windore. I muſt come in at a dore, which made me once thinke of a trunke; but that I would not imitate ſo Catholique a Cockeſcombe as CORYAT, and make a caſe: vſes. Therefore I tooke another courſe. I watch'd what kind of perſons the dore moſt open'd to, and one of their ſhapes I would belye to get in with. Firſt, I came with authoritie, and ſaid, I was an Ingineer, and belong'd to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting Beare of laſt yeere, and laught me out of that, and ſaid, the motions were ceas'd. Then I tooke another figure, of an old tyre-woman: but tyr'd vnder that too, for none of the *Maſquers* would take note of me, the marke was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to bee a Muſician, marie, I could not ſhew mine Inſtrument, and that bred a diſcord. Now, there was nothing left for me that I could preſently thinke on, but a Feather-maker of *Blacke-fryers*, and in that ſhape I tolde 'hem. Surely, I muſt come in, let it bee opened vnto me: but they all made as light of mee, as of my feathers; and wonder'd how I could bee a *Puritane*, being of ſo vaine a vocation. I anſwer'd, Wee all are *Maſquers* ſometimes: with which they knock'd *hypocriſie* o' the pate, and made roome for a bombard man, that brought bouge for a Countrie Ladie or two, that fainted, hee ſaid, with faſting, for the fine ſight ſince ſeuen a clocke i' the morning. O how it gricu'd mee, that I was preuented o' that ſhape, and had not touch'd on it in time. It lik'd mee ſo well. But I thought I would offer at it yet. Marie before I could procure my properties, alarum came, that ſome of the Whimlen's had too much; and one ſhew'd how fruitfully they had watered his head, as hee ſtood vnder the grices; and another came out complaining of a cateract, ſhot into his eyes, by a planet, as hee was ſtarre-gazing. There was that deuice defeated. By this time I ſaw a fine Citizens wife, or two, let in; and that figure prouok'd mee exceedingly to take

take it: which I had no sooner done, but one o'the *Black-guard* had his hand in my vestrie, and was groping of me as nimbly as the *Christmas* cut-purse. He thought he might bee bold with mee, because I had not a husband in sight to squeake to. I was glad to forgoe my forme, to bee rid of his hot steeming affection, it so smelt o' the boyling-house. Fortie other deuices I had, of *Wyre-men*, and the *Chandry*, and I know not what else: but all succeeded alike. I offered monie too, but that could not bee done so priuately, as it durst bee taken, for the danger of an example. At last, a troope of strangers came to the doore; with whom I made my selfe sure to enter: but before I could mixe, they were all let in, and I left alone, without, for want of an Interpreter. Which, when I was faine to bee to my selfe, as a *Colossus*, the companie told me, I had *English* enough to carrie mee to bed; with which, all the other statues of flesh laugh'd. Neuer, till then, did I know the want of a hooke, and a piece of beefe, to haue baited three or foure o'those goodly wide-mouthes with. In this despaire, when all inuention, and translation too, fail'd mee, I eene went backe, and stucke to this shape you see me in, of mine owne, with my broome, and my candles, and came on confidently, giuing out, I was a part o'the deuice: At which, though they had little to doe with wit; yet, because some on't might bee vs'd here to night, contrarie to their knowledge, they thought it fit, way should be made for me; and, as it falls out, to small purpose.

PLVT. Iust as much as you are fit for. Away idle spirit; and thou the idle cause of his aduentring hither, vanish with him. 'T is thou, that art not only the sower of vanities, in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall, and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigalitie, nor ryots no more; they are the ruines of states. Nor shall the tyrannie of these nights, hereafter impose a necessitie vpon mee, of enterrayning thee. Let 'hem embrace more frugall pastimes. Why should not the thriftie and right worshipfull game of *Post* and *Payre* content 'hem? Or the wittie inuention of *Noddie*, for *counters?* or *God make them rich*, at the *Tables?* but Masking, and Reuelling? Were not these Ladies, and their Gentlewomen more housewifely employ'd, a dozen of 'hem to a light, or twēty (the more the merrier) to saue charges i'their chambers, at home, and their olde night-gownes, at *Draw-gloues*, *Riddles*, *Dicames*, and other prettie *Purposes*, rather then, to wake here, in their flaunting wyres, and tyres, lac'd gownes, embroydered petti-coats, and other taken-vp braueries. Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make mee heare so ill, both in towne and countrie, as I doe: which, if they continue, I shall bee the first shall leaue 'hem.

MASQ. Either I am verie stupid, or this a reformed CVPID.

ROB. How? do's any take this for CVPID? the *Loue in Court.*

MASQ. Yes, is't not hee?

ROB. Nay then, we spirits (I see) are subtler yet, and somewhat better discouerers. No; it is not he, nor his brother ANTI-CVPID, the *loue of vertue*, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'Tis that Impostor

postor PLVTVS, the god of *money*, who ha's stolne LOVE's ensignes; and in his belyed figure, raignes; the world making friendships, contracts, mariages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the neerest respects of mankind; and vsurping all those offices in this Age of gold, which LOVE himselfe perform'd in the golden age. 'Tis he, that pretends to tie kingdomes, maintaine commerce, dispose of honors, make all places and dignities arbitrarie from him: euen to the verie countrey, where LOVE's name cannot be ras'd out, he ha's yet gain'd there vpon him, by a prouerbe, insinuating his preeminence, *Not for loue, or money*. There LOVE liues confin'd, by his tyrannie, to a cold Region, wrapt vp in furres like a *Muscouite*, and almost frozen to death: while he, in his enforced shape, and with his rauish'd Armes, walkes as if he were to set bounds, and giue lawes to destinie. 'Tis you, mortalls, that are fooles; and worthie to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdome, he had no godhead. He should stinke in the graue with those wretches, whose slaue he was. Contemne him, and he is one. Come, follow me. Ile bring you where you shall find LOVE, and by the vertue of this Maiestie, who proiecteth so powerfull beames of light and heat through this Hemispheare, thaw his icie fetters, and scatter the darknesse that obscures him. Then, in despight of this insolent and barbarous *Mammon*, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthie an idoll.

PLVT. I, doe; attempt it: 'Tis like to find most necessarie and fortunate euent, whatsoeuer is enterpris'd without my aides. Alas! how bitterly the spirit of *Pouertie* spouts it selfe against my weale and felicitie! but I feele it not. I cherish and make much of my selfe, flow forth in ease, and delicacie, while that murmures, and starues.

Enter CVPID, in his Chariot, guarded *with the* MASQVERS.

SONG.

O, How came LOVE, that is himselfe a fire,
to be so cold!
Yes, tyran Money quencheth all desire,
or makes it old.
But here are beauties will reuiue
LOVES youth, and keepe his heat aliue:
As often as his Torch here dies,
He needs but light it at fresh eies.
Ioy, joy, the more: for in all Courts,
If LOVE be cold, so are his sports.

CVPID.

I haue my spirits againe, and feele my limmes,
Away with this cold cloud, that dimmes

My

My light. Lie there my furres, and charmes,
LOVE feeles a heat, that inward warmes,
And guards him naked, in theſe places,
As at his birth, or 'mongſt the graces.
Impoſtor *Mammon*, come, reſigne
This bow and quiuer; they are mine.
Thou haſt too long vſurp'd my rites,
I now am Lord of mine owne nights.
Be gone, whil'ſt yet I giue thee leaue.
When, thus, the world thou wilt deceiue,
Thou canſt in youth and beautie ſhine,
Belye a godheads forme diuine,
Scatter thy gifts, and flye to thoſe,
Where thine owne humor may diſpoſe:
But when to good men thou art ſent,
By IOVE's direct commandement,
Thou, then, art aged, lame, and blind,
And canſt nor path, nor perſons find.
Go, honeſt ſpirit, chaſe him hence,
T'his caues; and there let him diſpence,
For *murders*, *treaſons*, *rapes*, his bribes
Vnto the diſcontented tribes;
Where, let his heapes grow daily leſſe,
And he, and they, ſtill want ſucceſſe.
The Maieſtie, that here doth moue,
Shall triumph, more ſecur'd by loue,
Then all his earth; and neuer craue
His aides, but force him as a ſlaue.
To thoſe bright beames I owe my life,
And I will pay it, in the ſtrife
Of dutie backe. See, here are ten,
The ſpirits of Court, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flam'd intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly preſence grace.
Nor will they rudely ſtriue for place,
One to precede the other; but,
As *muſique* them in forme ſhall put,
So will they keepe their meaſures true,
And make ſtill their proportions new,
Till all be come one *harmonie*,
Of *honor*, and of *courteſie*,
True *valure*, and *vrbanitie*,
Of *confidence*, *alacritie*,
Of *promptneſſe*, and of *induſtrie*,
Habilitie, *Realitie*.

Nor

Nor shall those graces euer quit your Court:
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

DAVNCES.

SONG.

THis motion was of loue begot,
It was so ayrie, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
Or else himselfe into their bloud.
But aske not how. The end will proue,
That loue's in them, or they'are in loue.

SONG.

HAue men beheld the Graces daunce,
Or seene the vpper Orbes to moue?
So these did turne, returne, aduance,
Drawne backe by doubt, put on by loue.
And now, like earth, themselues they fixe,
Till greater powers vouchsafe to mixe
Their motions with them. Doe not feare
You brighter planets of this spheare:
Not one male heart you see,
But rather to his female eyes
Would die a destin'd sacrifice,
Then liue at home, and free.

SONG.

GIue end vnto thy pastimes, LOVE,
Before they labors proue:
A little rest betweene,
Will make thy next showes better seene.
Now let them close their eyes, and see
If they can dreame of thee,
Since morning hasts to come in view,
And all the morning dreames are true.

A Challenge at Tilt, at a Marriage.

Two CVPIDS *striuing the day after the Marriage.*

1.

IT is my right, and I will haue it.

2. By what law or necessitie? pray you come back.

1. I serue the man, and the nobler creature.

2. But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier: because you are a handfull aboue mee, doe you thinke

thinke to get a foot afore mee, sir: No, I appeale to you ladies.

1. You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2. That cannot put modestie into me, to make me come behind you though, I will stand for mine inches with you, as peremptorie as an Ambassador; ladies, your soueraignties are concern'd in me, I am the wiues page.

1. And I the husbands.

2. How!

1. Ha!

2. One of vs must breake the wonder, and therefore, I that haue best cause to be assur'd, of mine owne truth, demand of thee, by what magick thou wear'st my ensignes? or hast put on my person?

1. Beware, yong ladies, of this impostor: and mothers, looke to your daughters and neeces: A false CVPID is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to doe these glad solemnities their proper rites, haue beene contented (not to put off, but) to conceale my deitie, and in this habit of a seruant, to attend him, who was yesterday the happy *Bridegroome*, in the complement of his nuptialls, to make all his endeuours, and actions more gracious and louely.

2. He tells my tale, he tells my tale: and pretends to my act. It was I, that did this for the *Bride*: I am the true loue, and both this figure, and those armes, are vsurp'd by most vnlawfull power: Can you not perceiue it? Doe I not looke liker a CVPID then he? am I not more a child? Ladies, haue none of you a picture of me in your bosome? is the remembrance of loue banish'd your brests? Sure, they are these garments that estrange me to you! If I were naked, you would know me better: No relique of loue left, in an old bosome here? what should I doe?

1. My little shaddow is turn'd furious.

2. What can I turne other, then a *Furie* it selfe, to see thy impudence? If I be a shaddow, what is substance; was it not I that yester-night wayted on the *Bride*, into the nuptiall chamber, and against the *Bride-groome* came, made her the throne of loue? Had I not lighted my torches in her eyes? Planted my mothers roses in her cheekes? were not her eye browes bent to the fashion of my bow? and her lookes ready to be loos'd thence, like my shafts? Had I not rip'ned kisses on her lips, fit for a MERCVRY to gather? and made her language sweeter then his vpon her tongue? was not the girdle about her, he was to vntie, my mothers? wherein all the ioyes and delights of loue, were wouen.

1. And did not I bring on the blushing *Bride-groome*, to taste those ioyes? and made him thinke all stay a torment? did I not shoot my selfe, into him, like a flame? and made his desires and his graces equall? were not his lookes of power, to haue kept the night aliue in contention with day, and made the morning neuer wish'd for? was there a curle in his haire, that I did not sport in? or a ring of it crisp'd, that might not haue become IVNOS fingers? His very vndressing was it not loues arming? did not all his

his kisses charge? and euery touch attempt? but, his wordes, were they not feathered from my wings? and flue in singing at her eares, like arrowes tipt with gold?

2. Hers, hers did so into his: and all his vertue was borrowed from my powers in her; as thy forme is from me. But, that this royall and honor'd assembly be no longer troubled with our contention: behold, I challenge thee of falshood; and will bring vpon the first day of the new yeere, into the lists; before this palace, ten knights arm'd, who shall vnder-take against all assertion, that only I am the child of MARS and VENVS: and, in the honor of that ladie (whom it is my ambition to serue) that, that loue is the most true and perfect, that still waiteth on the woman, and is the seruant of that sexe.

1. But, what gage giues my confident counterfeit of this?

2. My bow and quiuer, or what else I can make.

1. I take only them; and in exchange giue mine, to answere, and punish this thy rashnesse, at thy time assign'd, by a iust number of knights, who, by their vertue, shall maintayne me, to bee the right CVPID; and the true issue of valure and beautie: and that no loue can come neere either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and deriues his proper dignitie from thence.

2. It is agreed.

1. In the meane time, ladies, suspend your censures, which is the right: and to entertayne your thoughts, till the day, may the court hourely present you, with delicate and fresh obiects, to beget on you, prettie and pleasing fancies: may you feed on pure meats, easie of concoction, and drinke that will quickly turne into bloud, to make your dreames the cleerer, and your imaginations the finer. *So they departed.*

On new-yeeres-day, he that before is numbred the second CVPID, *came now the first, with his ten Knights, attyr'd in the Brids colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake.*

NOw, ladies, to glad your aspects once againe, with the sight of loue, and make a *Spring* smile i' your faces, which must haue look'd like *Winter* without me; behold me, not like a seruant now, but a *Champion*, and in my true figure, as I vse to reigne and reuell in your fancies, tickling your soft eares with my feathers, and laying little strawes about your hearts, to kindle bone-fires, shall flame out at your eies; playing in your blouds, like fishes in a streame, or diuing like the *boyes* i' the *Bath*, and then rising on end, like a *Monarch*, and treading humour like water, bending those stiffe pickardills of yours, vnder this yoke my bow, or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales, with my bow-string, and made 'hem run vp into your wastes (they haue lyen so flat) for feare of my indignation: what! Is CVPID of no name with you? haue I lost all reputation (or what is lesse, opinion) by once putting off my deitie? Because I

was a Page at this ſolemnitie, and would modeſtly ſerue one, for the honor of you all: am I therefore diſhonor'd by all? and loſt in my value ſo, that euery iuggler, that can purchaſe him a paire of wings, and a quiuer, is committed with me in balance? and contends with me for ſoueraignitie? well, I will chaſtice you, ladies, beleeue it, you ſhall feele my diſpleaſure for this; and I will be mightie in it: Thinke not to haue thoſe acceſſes to me you were wont, you ſhall wait foure of thoſe galleries off, and ſixe chambers for me; ten dores lock'd betweene you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you ſhall petition me, and I will not heare you; kneele, I will not regard you; I will paſſe by like a man of buſineſſe, and not ſee you, and I will haue no maſter of requeſts for you. There ſhall not the greateſt pretender, to a ſtate-face, liuing, put on a more ſupercilious looke then I will doe vpon you. Truſt me: Ha! what's this?

The other CVPID *enters with his companie.*

O, Are you here, ſir? you haue got the ſtart of me now, by being *Challenger*, and ſo the precedency, you thinke? I ſee you are reſolu'd to trie your title by armes then? you will ſtand to be the right CVPID ſtill? how now! what ailes you? that you anſwere not? Are you turn'd a ſtatue vpon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appeare, and that hope ha's deceiu'd you?

1. Art thou ſtill ſo impudent, to belie my figure? that in what ſhape ſoeuer, I preſent my ſelfe, thou wilt ſeeme to be the ſame? Not ſo much as my chariot, but reſembled by thee? and both the Doues and Swannes, I haue borrowed of my mother, to draw it? the verie number of my companions emulated! and almoſt their habites? what inſolence is this?

2. Good little-one, quarrell not, you haue now put your ſelfe vpon others valure, not your owne, and you muſt know you can bring no perſon hither, to ſtrengthen your ſide, but wee can produce an equall. Be it PERSWASION, you haue got there, the peculiar *Enchantreſſe* of your *Sexe*; behold, wee haue MERCVRY here to charme againſt her, who giues all louers their true and maſculine eloquence; or are they the GRACES, you preſume on (your knowne Clients) SPRING, BEAVTY, and CHEEREFVLNESSE: Here are YOVTH, AVDACITY, and FAVOVR, to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerfull in working for loue: child, you are all the wayes of winning too weake, there is no thinking, either with your honour, or diſcretion kept ſafe, to continue on a ſtrife, wherein, you are alreadie vanquiſhed, yeeld, be penitent, early, and confeſſe it.

1. I will breake my bow and quiuer into duſt firſt (reſtore mee mine owne armes) or be torne in pieces with *harpies*, marry one of the *furies*; turne into *Chaos* againe, and diſſolue the harmonie of nature.

2. O, moſt ſtiffely ſpoken! and fit for the ſexe you ſtand for! well, giue the

the signe then: let the Trumpets sound, and vpon the valure, and fortune of your champions, put the right of your cause.

1. 'Tis done.

THE TILTING.

After the second CVPID.

2

NOw sir, you haue got mightily by this contention, and aduanc'd your cause, to a most high degree of estimation with these *spectators*? Ha you not?

1. Why, what haue you done, or wonne?

2. It is enough for me, (who was cal'd out to this triall) that I haue not lost, or that my side is not vanquish'd.

Enters HYMEN *to them.*

HYMEN.

COme, you must yeeld both: this is neither contention for you, nor time, fit to contend: there is another kinde of Tilting would become loue better then this; to meete lips for lances; and cracke kisses in stead of staues: which, there is no beautie here, I presume, so yong, but can fancie, nor so tender, but would venter: Here is the palme, for which you must striue: which of you wins this bough, is the right and best CVPID; and whilst you are striuing, let HYMEN, the *president* of these solemnities, tell you something of your owne storie, and what yet you know not of your selues: you are both true CVPIDS, and both the sonnes of VENVS by MARS, but this the first-borne, & was called EROS: who vpon his birth prou'd a child of excellent beautie, & right worthie his mother; but after his growth not answering his forme, not onely VENVS, but the *Graces*, who nurs'd him, became extremely solicitous for him: and were impeld out of their griefe and care, to consult the *oracle* about him: THEMIS (for APOLLO, was not yet of yeres) gaue answere there wanted nothing to his perfection, but that they had not enough consider'd, or look'd into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only; for though loue, and the true, might bee borne of VENVS single and alone, yet he could not thriue and encrease alone. Therefore if shee affected his growth, VENVS must bring forth a brother to him, and name him ANTEROS: that with reciprocall affection, might pay the exchange of loue. This made, that thou wert borne her second birth. Since when your natures are, that either of you, looking vpon other, thriue, and by your mutuall respects and interchange of ardor, flourish and prosper; whereas if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both: This is the loue, that *Hymen* requires, without which no marriage is happie: when the contention is not, who is the true loue, but (beeing both true) who loues most; cleauing the bough betweene you, and deuiding

the Palme; This is a ſtrife, wherein you both winne, and begets a concord worthy all married mindes emulation, when the louer transformes himſelfe into the perſon of his belou'd, as you two doe now; By whoſe example, let your Knights (all honourable friends and ſeruants of loue) affect the like peace, and depart the lifts equall in their friendſhips for euer, as to day they haue bene in their fortunes. And may this royall court neuer know more difference in humours; or theſe well grac'd nuptials more diſcord in affections, then what they preſently feele, and may euer auoid.

1. 2.

To this LOVE *ſayes Amen.*

THE IRISH MASQVE AT COVRT, BY GENTLEMEN THE KINGS SERVANTS.

On the marriage of Robert Kerhart of Somerſet to Anne Countes of Vaux, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk Dec. 1613.

The King being ſet in expectation, out ranne a fellow attir'd like a cittizen: after him, three or foure foote-men.

DENNISE. DONNELL. DERMOCK. PATRICK.

In 1616 when this volume was publiſhed, Somerſet and his wife were diſgraced. Their names therefore were kept out of ſight.

FOr chreeſhes ſayk, phair iſh te king? Phich iſh hee, an't be? ſhow me te ſhweet faiſh, quickly. By got, o' my conſhence, tiſh iſh he! Ant tou bee king YAMISH, me name is DENNISH, I ſherue ti mayeſties owne caſhtermonger, bee mee trote: and cry peep'ſh, and pomwater'ſh i'ty mayeſties ſherunce, tis fiue yeere now. Ant, tou vilt not truſh me now, cal vp ti clarke o' ti kitchin, be ant be, ſhall giue hiſh wort, vpon hiſh booke, iſh true.

DON. Iſhit te faſhion, to beate te Imbaſheters, here? ant knoke 'hem o' te heads, phit te phoit ſtick?

DER. Ant make ter meſhage runne out at ter mouthſh, before tey ſhpeake vit te King.

DEN. Peaſh DERMOCK, here iſh te king.

DER. Phair iſh te King?

DON. Phich iſh te king?

DON. Tat iſh te king.

DER. Iſh tat te king? got bleſh him.

DEN. Peaſh, ant take heet, vat tou ſhayſht, man.

DER. Creeſh bleſh him I ſhay. Phat reaſon I tayk heet, for tat?

DON. Creſh bleſh ti ſhweet faiſh, king YAMISH; and my miſtreſh faiſh

faiſh too: Pre tee, heare me now. I am come a great vay of miles to ſhee tee now, by my fayt and trote, and graiſh o' got.

DEN. Phat iſh ti meaning o' tiſh, DONNELL? Didſh tou not ſhay a gotſh name, I ſhould tell ti tayle for tee? ant entrayt me com to te court, ant leaue me vare at ſhixe, ant ſeuen? By got, iſh true now.

DON. Yeſh. But I tanke got I can tell my tayle my ſhelfe, now I be here, I varrant tee: Pre dee heare me king YAMISH.

DEN. Pre dee heare me king YAMISH. I can tell tee better ten he.

PAT. Pre dee heare neder noder on 'hem: Here 'ſh DERMOCK vill ſhpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

DER. No fayt ſhweet hart tow lyeſht. PHATRICK here iſh te veſht man of hiſh tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

PAT. By chreeſh ſhaue me tow lyeſht. I haue te vorſht tongue in te company at thy ſheruiſh. Vill ſhome body ſhpeake?

DON. By my fayt I vill not.

DER. By my goſhips hand I vill not.

PAT. Speake DENNISH ten.

DEN. If I ſpeake, te diuell tayke me. I vill giue tee leaue to cram my mout phit ſhamrokes and butter, and vayter creſhes in ſtead of pearſh and peepſh.

PAT. If no body vill ſhpeake, I vill ſhpeake. Pleaſh ty ſhweet faiſh wee come from Ireland.

DER. Wee be Iriſh men and't pleaſh tee.

DON. Ty good ſhubſhects of Ireland, and pleaſh ty mayeſty.

DEN. Ot Connough, Leymſter, Vlſter, Munſter. I mine one ſhelfe vaſh borne in te Engliſh payle and pleaſh ty Mayeſty.

PAT. Sacrament o' chreeſh, tell ty tale, ty ſhelfe, and bee all tree.

DEN. And pleaſh ty graiſh I vill tell tee, Tere vaſh a great neweſh in Ireland of a great Brideall of one o' ty lords here ant be.

PAT. Ty man Robyne, tey ſhay.

DON. Mary ty man Toumaiſh, hiſh daughter, tey ſhay.

DER. I, ty good man, Toumaiſh, o' ſhuffolke.

DON. He knoke vſh o' te payt here aſh we come by, by a good token.

DER. I fayt tere iſh very muſh phoyt ſtick here ſtirring to night. Hee takes vſh for no ſhquires I tinke.

PAT. No, he tinkſh not ve be Imbaſheters.

DON. No fayt I tinke ſho too. But tiſh Marriage bring ouer a doſhen of our beſht Mayſhters, to be merry perht tee ſhweet faiſh, andt be; and daunſh a fading at te vedding.

DEN. But tey vere leeke to daunſh naked, ant pleaſh ty mayeſty; for te villanous vild Iriſh ſheas haue caſht away all ter fine cloyſh, as many aſh coſht a towſand cowes, and garraues I varrant tee.

DER. And te priſhe of a Caſhtell or two vpon teyr backs.

DON. And tey tel ty mayeſty, tey haue ner a great fiſh now, nor a ſheamoynſhter to ſhaue teyr cloyſh aliue now.

Robert Ker, Earl of Somerſet

Thomas Earl of Suffolk

PAT. Nor a deuoiſh vit a clowd to feſh 'hem out o' te bottome o' te vayter.

DER. But tey muſht eene come and daunch i' teyr mantels now; and ſnow tee how tey can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip adunboyne I trow.

Two Winters Tales.

DON. I pre dee now, let not ty ſweet fayſht ladies make a mocke on 'hem, and ſcorne to daunſh vit 'hem now, becaſh tey be poore.

PAT. Tey drinke no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now

DON. It iſh better ten vſquebagh to daunſh vit PHATRICK.

PAT. By my faters hand tey vill daunſh very vell.

DER. I by S^t. PATRICK vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

DEN. And will leape aſh light, be creeſh ſaue me, aſh he tat veares te biggeſht fether in ty court, king YAMISH.

DER. For all tey haue no good vindſh to blow tem heter, nor elementſh to preſherue 'hem.

DON. Nor all te foure cornerſh o' te world, to creepe out on.

PAT. But tine owne Kingdomes.

DON. Tey be honeſht men.

PAT. And goot men: tine owne ſhubſhects.

DER. Tou haſht very good ſhubſhects in Ireland.

DEN. A great good many, o' great goot ſhubſhects.

DON. Tat loue ty mayeſty heartily.

DER. And vil runne t'rough fire, and vater for tee, ouer te bog, and te Bannoke, be te graiſh o' got, and graiſh o' king,

DER. By got, tey vil fight for tee, king YAMISH, and for my miſtreſh tere.

DEN. And my little mayſhter.

PAT. And te vfrow, ty daughter, that is in Tuchland.

DON. Tey vill ſpend ter heart, in rer belly for tee, as vell as ter legs, in ter heelſh.

DER. By creeſh, tey vill ſhpend all teyr coweſh for tee.

DEN. Pretee make muſh on 'tem,

PAT. Pretee, ſweet fayſh doe.

DON. Be not angry vit te honeſh men, for te few rebelſh, & knaueſh.

PAT. Nor beleeue no tayles, king YAMISH.

DER. For, by got, tey loue tee in Ireland.

DON. Pray tee, bid 'hem velcome, and got make 'hem riſh for tee.

DER. Tey vill make tem ſhelues honeſht.

DEN. Tou haſht not a hundret touſand ſuſh men by my trote.

PAT. No, nor forty, by my hand.

DON. By iuſtiſh Delounes hant, not twenty.

DER. By my Lo. deputiſh hant not ten, in all ti great Britayne. Shall I call hem to tee?

DON. Tey ſhit like poore men i' the porſh yonder.

PAT. Shtay te peepe i'ſh come! harke, harke.

DER.

DER. Let vſh daunſh ten. Daunſh DENNISE.
DEN. By creeſh ſa' me I ha' forgot.
DON. A little till our mayſhterſh be ready.

Here the Foot-men had a daunce, being ſixe men, and ſixe boyes, to the bag-pipe, and other rude muſique, after which they had a ſong, and then they cry'd,

Peaſh. Peaſh. Now roome for our mayſhters. Roome for our mayſhters.

Then the Gentlemen dance forth a dance in their Iriſh mantles, to a ſolemne muſique of harpes: which done, the foot-men fell to ſpeake againe, till they were interrupted by a ciuill gentleman of the nation, who brings in a Bard.

DER. How like tow tiſh YAMISH? And tey had fine cloyſhs now, and liueries, like tine owne men and bee.
DON. But terugs make t'em ſhrug a little.
DER. Tey haue ſhit a great phoyle i' te cold ant bee
DON. Iſht not pitty te cloyſh be drown'd now?
PAT. Pre tee ſhee anoter daunſh and be not veary.
GENT. He may be of your rudeneſſe. Hold your tongues.
And let your courſer manners ſeeke ſome place,
Fit for their wildneſſe. This is none, be gone.
Aduance, immortall Bard, come vp and view
The glad, ding face of that great king, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.
This is that IAMES of which long ſince thou ſung'ſt,
Should end our countreyes moſt vnnaturall broyles;
And if her eare, then deafned with the drum,
Would ſtoupe but to the muſique of his peace,
Shee need not with the ſpheares change harmony.
This is the man thou promiſ'd ſhould redeeme:
If ſhe would loue his counſels as his lawes,
Her head from ſeruitude, her feete from fall,
Her fame from barbariſme, her ſtate from want,
And in her all the fruits of bleſſing plant.
Sing then ſome charme, made from his preſent lookes,
That may aſſure thy former prophecies,
And firme the hopes of theſe obedient ſpirits,
Whoſe loue no leſſe, then dutie hath cald forth
Their willing powers: who if they had much more,
Would doe their All, and thinke they could not moue
Enough to honour that, which he doth loue.

Here the Bard ſings to two harpes.

SONG. I.

BOw both your heads at once, and hearts:
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but ſtanding in his eye,
You'll feele your ſelues chang'd by and by,

Few

Few liue, that know, how quick a ſpring
Workes in the preſence of a king:
Tis done by this; your ſlough let fall,
And come forth new-borne creatures all.

In this ſong, the Maſquers let fall their mantles; and diſcouer their maſquing apparell. Then dance forth.

After the dance the Bard ſing this.

SONG. 2.

SO breakes the ſunne earths rugged chaines,
Wherein rude winter bound her vaines;
So growes both ſtreame and ſource of price,
That lately fetterd were with ice.
So naked trees get criſped heads,
And cullord coates the rougheſt meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and ſpright,
That are but look'd on by his light.

MERCVRIE VINDICATED FROM THE ALCHEMISTS AT COVRT BY *Gentlemen the Kings Seruants.*

AFter the lowd muſique, the Scene diſcouered; being a laboratory, or Alchymiſts workehouſe: *Vulcan* looking to the Regiſters, while a *Cyclope*, tending the fire, to the Cornets began to ſing.

CYCLOPE.

SOft, ſubtile fire, thou ſoule of art,
Now doe thy part
On weaker Nature, that through age is lamed:
Take but thy time, now ſhe is old,
And the Sunne her friend growne cold,
She will no more, in ſtrife with thee be named.

Looke, but how few confeſſe her now,
In cheeke or browe!
From euery head, almoſt, how ſhe is frighted.
The very age abhorres her ſo,
That it learnes to ſpeake and goe
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, *Mercurie* appeared, thruſting out his head, and afterward his body, at the Tunnell of the middle furnace; which *Vulcan* eſpying, cryed out to the *Cyclope*.

VVLCAN.

VVLCAN.

STay, see! our *Mercury* is comming forth; Art and all the Elements assist. Call forth our *Philosophers*. He will bee gon, he will euaporate. Deare *Mercury*! helpe. He flies. He is scap'd. Precious golden *Mercury*, be fixt; be not so volatile. Will none of the Sonnes of Art appeare?

In which time Mercurie *hauing run once or twice about the roome, takes breath, and speakes.*

MERCVRY.

NOw the place and goodnesse of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature, or other, saue *Mercury*, and free him. Ne're an olde Gentlewoman i'the house, that has a wrinckle about her, to hide mee in? I could run into a Seruing-womans pocket now; her gloue, any little hole. Some mercifull vardingale among so many, be bounteous, and vndertake me: I will stand, close, vp, any where, to escape this polt-footed *Philosopher*, old *Smug* here of *Lemnos*, and his smoaky familie. Has he giuen mee time to breathe? ô the variety of torment, that I haue endur'd in the reigne of the *Cyclops*, beyond the most exquisite wit of *Tyrannes*. The whole household of 'hem are become *Alchymists* (since their trade of armour-making fail'd them) onely to keepe themselues in fire, for this winter; for the mischiefe of *Secret*, that they know, aboue the consuming of coales and drawing of *Vskabah*. Howsoeuer they may pretend vnder the specious names of *Geber*, *Arnold*, *Lully*, *Bombast of Hohenhein*, to commit miracles in art and treason againⁿ nature. And, as if the title of *Philosopher*, that creature of glory, were to be fetch'd out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous *Nation* of metall-men through the world, and make *Mercury* their instrument. I am their Crude, and their Sublimate; their Præcipitate, and their vnctuous; their male and their female; Sometimes their *Hermaphrodite*; what they list to stile me. It is I, that am corroded, and exalted, and sublim'd, and reduc'd, and fetch'd ouer, and filtred, and wash'd, and wip'd; what betweene their salts and their sulphures; their oyles, and their tartars, their brines and their vinegers, you might take me out now a sous'd *Mercury*, now a salted *Mercury*, now a smoak'd and dri'd *Mercury*, now a pouldred and pickl'd *Mercury*: neuer Herring, Oyster, or Coucumer past so many vexations: my whole life with 'hem hath bene an exercise of torture; one, two, three, foure and fiue times an houre ha' they made mee dance the *Philosophicall* circle, like an Ape through a hoope, or a dogge in a wheele. I am their turne-spit indeed: They eate or smell no rost-meate but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-roome. It is through mee, they ha 'got this corner o' the Court to coozen in, where they sharke for a hungry diet below staires, and cheat vpon your vnder-Officers, promising mountaines for their meat, and all vpon *Mercuries* security. A poore *Page* o' the Larder, they haue made obstinately beleeue, he shalbe *Phisician* for the Houshold, next Summer: they will giue him a quantity of the quintessence, shall serue him to cure kibes,

or

or the mormall o' the ſhinne, take away the puſtles i' the noſe, and *Mercury* is ingag'd for it. A child o' the *Scullery* ſteales all their coales for 'hem too, and he is bid ſleepe ſecure, hee ſhall finde a corner o' the *Philoſophers* ſtone for't, vnder his bolſter, one day, and haue the Prouerbe inuerted. Againſt which, one day I am to deliuer the Buttry in, ſo many firkins of *Aurum potabile*, as it deliuers out Bombards of Budge to them, betweene this and that. For the *Pantry*, they are at a certaintie with mee, and keepe a Tally, An Ingot, a loafe, or a wedge of ſome fiue pound weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And ſo the Blacke guard are pleaſed with a any leaſe of life (for ſome 999.) eſpecially thoſe o' the boyling houſe, they are to haue *Medeas* kettle hung vp, that they may ſouſe into it when they will, and come out renew'd like ſo many ſtrip'd Snakes at their pleaſure. But theſe are petty Engagements, and (as I ſaide) below the ſtaires; Marry aboue here, Perpetuity of beauty, (doe you heare, Ladies) health, Riches, Honours, a matter of Immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a graue matron (as it might bee a mother o' the maides) and ſpring vp a yong virgin, out of her aſhes, as freſh as a *Phœnix*: Lay you an old Courtier o' the coales like a ſauſedge, or a bloat-herring, and after they ha' broil'd him enough, blow a ſoule into him with a paire of bellowes, till hee ſtart vp into his galliard, that was made when *Mounſieur* was here. They profeſſe familiarly to melt down all the old ſinners o' the ſuburbes once in halfe a yeere, into freſh gameſters againe. Get all the crack'd maiden-heads, and caſt 'hem into new Ingots, halfe the wenches o' the towne are *Alchymie*. See, they begin to muſter againe, and draw their forces out againſt me! The *Genius* of the place defend me. You that are both the *Sol* and *Iupiter* of this ſpheare *Mercury*, inuokes your maieſty againſt the ſooty Tribe here; for in your fauour onely, I growe recouer'd and warme.

At which time Vulcan *entring with a troupe of threedbare* Alchymiſts, *prepares them to the firſt* Antimasque.

VVLCAN.

BEgin your charme, ſound muſique, circle him in, and take him: If he will not obey, bind him.

They all dane'd about Mercury *with varietie of changes, whilſt he defends himſelfe with his* Caducæus, *and after the dance ſpake.*

MERCVRIE.

IT is in vaine, *Vulcan*, to pitch your net in the ſight of the fowle thus: I am no ſleepy *Mars*, to be catch'd i' your ſubtile toyes. I know what your aymes are, Sir, to teare the wings from my head, and heeles, and lute mee vp in a glaſſe, with my owne ſeales, while you might wreſt the *Caduceus* out of my hand, to the adultery and ſpoile of *Nature*, and make your acceſſes by it, to her diſhonour, more eaſie. Sir, would you beleeue, it ſhould be come to that height of impudence, in mankind, that ſuch a neſt of fire-wormes, as theſe are (becauſe their Patron *Mulciber* heretofore has made

ſtooles

ſtooles ſtirre, and ſtatues dance, a dog of braſſe to barke, and (which ſome will ſay, was his worſt acte, a woman to ſpeake) ſhould therefore with their heats cal'd *Balnei, cineris*, or horſe-doung, profeſſe to outworke the *Sunne* in vertue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay, almoſt creation? it is ſo, though. For, in yonder veſſels which you ſee, in their laboratorie, they haue inclos'd *Materials*, to produce men, beyond the deedes of *Deucalion*, or *Prometheus* (of which, one, they ſay, had the *Philoſophers* ſtone, and threw it ouer his ſhoulder, the other the fire, and loſt it.) And what men are they, they are ſo buſie about, thinke you? not common or ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, ſuch as the times wanted, and the *Age* had a ſpeciall deale of neede of: ſuch, as there was a neceſſitie, they ſhould be artificiall; for *Nature* could neuer haue thought or dreamt o' their compoſition. I can remember ſome o' their titles to you, and the ingredients doe not looke for *Paracelſus* man among 'hem, that he promiſed you out of white bread, and dele-wine, for hee neuer came to light. But of theſe, let me ſee; the firſt that occurres; a maſter of the *Duel*, a carrier of the differencies. To him went ſpirit of ale, a good quantitie, with the amalgama of ſugar and nutmegs, oyle of othes, ſulphure of quarrell, ſtrong waters, valour precipitate, vapor'd o're the helme with tobacco, and the roſin of *Mars* with a dram o'the buſineſſe, for that's the word of tincture, the buſineſſe. Let me alone with the buſineſſe, I will carrie the buſineſſe. I doe vnderſtand the buſineſſe. I doe finde an affront i' the buſineſſe. Then another is a fencer i' the *Mathematiques*, or the townes-cunning-man, a creature of arte too; a ſuppoſed ſecretary to the ſtarres; but, indeed, a kind of lying *Intelligencer* from thoſe parts. His materials, if I be not deceiu'd, were iuyce of almanacks, extraction of *Ephemerides*, ſcales of the *Globe*, fylings of figures, duſt o'the twelue houſes, conſerue of queſtions, ſalt of confederacy, a pound of aduenture, a graine of skill, and a drop of trueth. I ſaw vegitals too, aſwell as minerals, put into one glaſſe there, as adders tongue, title-bane, nitre of clyents, tartar of falſe conueyance, *Aurum palpabile*, with a huge deale of talke, to which they added tincture of conſcience, with the faces of honeſty; but for what this was, I could not learne; onely I haue ouer-heard one o' the *Artiſts* ſay, Out o'the corruption of a Lawyer was the beſt generation of a Broker in ſuits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

VVLCAN.

THou art a ſcorner, *Mercury*, and out of the pride of thy protection here, mak'ſt it thy ſtudy, to reuile Art, but it will turne to thine owne contumely ſoone. Call forth the creatures of the firſt claſſe, and let them moue to the harmony of our heat, till the ſlanderer haue ſeal'd vp his owne lips, to his owne torment.

MERCVRY.

LEt 'hem come, let 'hem come, I would not wiſh a greater puniſhment to thy impudence.

There

There enters the second Antimasque *of imperfect creatures, with helmes of lymbecks on their heads: Whose dance ended,*

MERCVRY *proceeded.*

ART thou not asham'd, *Vulcan*, to offer in defence of thy fire and Art, against the excellence of the Sunne and Nature, creatures more imperfect, then the very flies and insects, that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish with thy insolence, thou and thy Impostors, and all mention of you melt, before the Maiesty of this light, whose *Mercury* henceforth I professe to be, and neuer againe the *Philosophers*. Vanish, I say, that all who haue but their senses, may see and iudge the difference betweene thy ridiculous monsters, and his absolute features.

At which the whole Scene changed to a glorious bowre, wherein Nature *was placed, with* Prometheus *at her feete; And the twelue Masquers, standing about them. After they had bene a while viewed,* Prometheus *descended, and* Nature *after him, singing.*

NATVRE.

HOw yong and fresh am I to night,
To see't kept day, by so much light,
And twelue my sonnes stand in their Makers sight?
Helpe, wise *Prometheus*, something must be done,
To shew they are the creatures of the Sunne,
That each to other
Is a brother,
And *Nature* here no stepdame, but a mother.

CHORVS. Come forth, come forth, proue all the numbers then,
That make perfection vp, and may absolue you men.
But shew thy winding wayes and artes,
Thy risings, and thy timely startes
Of stealing fire, from Ladies eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the yong mans heauen,
And there more orbes and Planets are then seuen,
To know whose motion
Were a Notion
As worthy of youthes study, as deuotion.

CHORVS. Come forth, come forth, proue all the time will gaine,
For *Nature* bids the best, and neuer bad in vaine.

The first dance.

After which this song.

PROMETHEVS. NATVRE.

PRO. HOw many, 'mongst these Ladies here,
Wish now they such a mother were!

NA. Not one I feare,

And

And read it in their laughters.
Ther's more I gueſſe would wiſh to be my daughters.
PRO. You thinke they would not be ſo old, for ſo much glory.
NA. I thinke that thought ſo told
Is no falſe piece of ſtory.
'Tis yet with them, but Beauties noone,
They would not Grandames be too ſoone.
PRO. Is that your Sexes humor? (tumor.
'Tis then ſince *Niobe* was chang'd that they haue left that
CHO. Moue, moue againe, in formes as heretofore.
NA. 'Tis forme allures.
Then moue, the Ladies here are ſtore.
PRO. *Nature* is motions mother, as ſhe is your's.
CHO. The ſpring, whence order flowes, that all directs,
And knits the cauſes with th'effects.

The maine dance.
Then dancing with the Ladies;
Then their laſt dance.

After which, Prometheus *calls to them in ſong.*

PROMETHEVS.

WHat 'ha you done
So ſoone?
And can you from ſuch Beauty part?
You'll doe a wonder more then I.
I woman with her ills did flie,
But you their good, and them denie.
CHO. Sure each hath left his heart
In pawne to come againe, or els he durſt not ſtart.

NATVRE.

THey are loth to goe
I know,
Or ſure they are no ſonnes of mine.
There is no banquet, boyes like this,
If you hope better, you will miſſe,
Stay here, and take each one a kiſſe.
CHO. Which if you can refine,
The taſte knowes no ſuch cates, nor yet the pallate wine.
No cauſe of tarrying ſhun,
They are not worth his light, goe backward from the Sun.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORD.

In a Maske at Court, 1615. by the Lords, and Gentlemen, *the Kings seruants.*

Lowd musique.

PALLAS *in her chariot descending.*

To a softer musique.

LOoke, looke! reioyce, and wonder!
That you offending mortalls are,
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him, that beares the thunder!
IOVE can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your lesse inuade,
Or, that your weake, though bad, be made
A prey vnto the stronger.
And therefore, meanes to settle
ASTRAEA in her seat againe;
And let downe in his golden chaine
The age of better mettle.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That euen enuie may behold
Time not enioy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserueth
As time, so all times honors too,
Regarding still what heau'n should doo,
And not what earth deserueth.

A tumult and clashing of armes, heard within.

But harke, what tumult from yond' caue is heard!
What noise, what strife, what earth-quake and alarmes!
As troubled Nature, for her maker, fear'd;
And all the iron-age were vp in armes!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their prophaner eyes,
Till insolent rebellion take the field,
And as their spirits, with their counsels, rise,
I frustrate all, with shewing but my shield.

Iron age presents it selfe, calling forth the Euills.

COme forth, come forth, doe we not heare
What purpose, and, how worth our feare,
The King of gods hath on vs?
Hee is not of the iron breed
That would, though Fate did helpe the deed
Let shame in so vpon vs.

Rise,

Rise, rise then vp, thou Grandame vice
Of all my issue, Auarice,
Bring with thee fraud and slander,
Corruption with the golden hands.
Or any subtler ill, that stands
To be a more commander.
Thy boyes, Ambition, Pride, and Scorne,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last borne,
Smooth Trecherie call hither,
Arme Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our *Pyrrhick* dance,
We may triumph together,
Vpon this enemie so great,
Whom, if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring vnder,
Wee are the masters of the skyes,
Where all the wealth, height, power, lyes,
The scepter, and the thunder.
Which of you would not in a warre
Attempt the price of any scarre,
To keepe your owne states euen?
But, heere, which of you is that hee,
Would not himselfe the weapon bee,
To ruine IOVE and heauen?
About it then, and let him feele,
The iron-age is turn'd to steele,
Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are lesse
Then were the Giants; hee'l confesse
Our malice is farre greater.

The Antimasque, and their dance, two drummes, trumpets, and a confusion of martiall musique: at the end of which

PALLAS *shewing her shield.*

SO change, and perish, scarcely knowing, how,
That 'gainst the gods doe take so vaine a vow:
And thinke to equall with your mortall dates,
Their liues that are obnoxious to no fates,
'Twas time t'appeare, and let their follies see
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destinee
Die all, that can remaine of you, but stone,
And that be seene a while, and then be none.
Now, now, descend you both belou'd of IOVE,
And of the good on earth no lesse the loue,
Descend you long long wish'd, and wanted paire,
And as your softer times diuide the aire,

They metamorphos'd, and the scene chang'd, shee calls *Astraea* and the golden age.

So shake all clouds off, with your golden haire,
For spight is spent: the iron age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

1. ASTRAEA. 2. AGE *descending.*

1. 2. And are we then,
To liue agen,
With men?
1. Will IOVE such pledges to the earth restore
As iustice? 2. or the purer ore?

PALLAS.

Once more.

ASTRAEA. AGE.

2. But doe they know,
How much they owe,
Belowe?
1. And will of grace receiue it, not as due?

PALLAS.

If not, they harme themselues, not you.

ASTRAEA. AGE.

1. *True.* 2. *True.*

QVIRE.

Let narrow Natures (how they will) mistake,
The great should still be good for their owne sake.

PALLAS.

They are descended. Welcome to earth and raigne.

ASTRAEA. AGE.

But how without a traine
Shall we our state sustaine?

PALLAS.

Leaue that to IOVE: therein you are
No little part of his MINERVA's care.
Expect a while.

Shee calls the Poets. You farre-fam'd spirits of this happie Ile,
That, for your sacred songs haue gain'd the stile
Of PHOEBVS sons: whose notes they aire aspire
Of th'old *Ægyptian*, or the *Thracian* lyre,
That *Chaucer*, *Gower*, *Lidgate*, *Spencer* hight
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To waite vpon the age that shall your names new nourish,
Since vertue prest shall grow, and buried arts shall flourish.

Poets descend.

2. We come. 2. We come.
4. Our best of fire
Is that which PALLAS doth inspire.

PALLAS.

PALLAS.

Then see you yonder soules, set far within the shade,
And in *Elysian* bowres the blessed seates doe keepe,
That for their liuing good, now semigods are made,
And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with sleepe:
These we must ioyne to wake; for these are of the straine
That iustice dare defend, and will the age sustaine.

THE QVIRE.

Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had neuer slept,
Make haste and put on arie, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is still reward.

PALLAS.

Thus PALLAS throwes a lightning from her shield.

QVIRE.

To which let all that doubtfull darkenesse yeeld. The Scene of light discouered.

1. ASTREA. 2. AGE.

1. Now peace. 2. and loue, 1. faith 2. Ioyes, 1. 2. all all increase.

POETS.

2. And strife 2. and hate, 2. and feare, 2. and paine, 4. all cease. A pause.

PALLAS.

No tumour of an yron vaine.
The causes shall not come againe.

QVIRE.

But, as of old, all now be gold.
Moue, moue then to these sounds.
And, doe, not onely, walke your solemne rounds,
But giue those light and ayrie bounds,
That fit the *Genij* of these gladder grounds.

The first dance, after which PALLAS.

Alreadie? Doe not all things smile?

ASTRAEA.

But when they haue enioy'd a while,
The ages quickning power:

AGE.

That euery thought a seede doth bring,
And euery looke a plant doth spring,
And euery breath a flower:

PALLAS.

Then earth vnplough'd shall yeeld her crop,
Pure honey from the oake shall drop,
The fountaine shall runne milke:
The thistle shall the lilly beare,
And euery bramble roses weare,
And euery worme make silke.

QVIRE.

The verie shrub shall *Balsame* sweat,
And *Nectar* melt the rocke with heat,
Till earth haue drunke her fill:
That she no harmefull weed may know,
Nor barren *Ferne*, nor *Mandrake* low,
Nor *Minerall* to kill.

The maine daunce, after which,

PALLAS.

But here's not all: you must doe more,
Or else you doe but halfe restore
The *ages* libertie.

PORTS.

The male and female vs'd to ioyne,
And into all delight did coyne
That pure simplicitie.
Then feature did to forme aduance,
And youth call'd beautie forth to dance,
And euerie grace was by.
It was a time of no distrust,
So much of loue had nought of lust,
None fear'd a iealous eye.
The language melted in the eare,
Yet all without a blush might heare,
They liu'd with open vow.

QVIRE.

Each touch and kisse was so well plac'd,
They were as sweet as they were chast,
And such must yours be now.

Dance with Ladies.

ASTRAEA.

What change is here! I had not more
Desire to leaue the earth before,
Then I haue now, to stay;
My siluer feet, like roots, are wreath'd
Into the ground, my wings are sheath'd,
And I cannot away.

Of all there seemes a second birth,
It is become a heau'n on earth,
And *Ioue* is present here,

I feele

I feele the Godhead: nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
Whoſe power is euery where.

This, this, and onely ſuch as this,
The bright *Aſtræa's* region is,
Where ſhe would pray to liue,
And in the midd'ſt of ſo much gold,
Vnbought with grace or feare vnſold,
The law to mortals giue.

Galliards and Coranto's.

PALLAS *aſcending calls them.*

'Tis now inough, behold you here,
What IOVE hath built to be your ſphere,
You hither muſt retire.
And as his bountie giues you cauſe,
Be readie ſtill without your pauſe
To ſhew the world your fire.

Like lights about ASTRAEA's throne,
You here muſt ſhine, and all be one,
In feruor and in flame.
That by your vnion ſhe may grow,
And, you ſuſtaining her, may know,
The age ſtill by her name.

Who vowes, againſt, or heat or cold,
To ſpin you garments of her gold,
That want may touch you neuer,
And making garlands euery hower,
To write your names in ſome new flower,
That you may liue for euer.

QVIRE.

To *Ioue*, to *Ioue*, be all the honour giuen,
That thankefull hearts can raiſe from earth to heauen.

The end.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM